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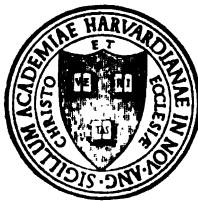
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FROM

James Byrne  
of New York







THE

# IRISH MONTHLY:

A

Magazine of General Literature.

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*FIFTH YEARLY VOLUME.*

1877.

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## · TO THE READER.

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**O**N this leaf, otherwise doomed by the exigencies of binding to be left a blank, a few words may be set down, not necessary, indeed, but perhaps not useless, as a postscript to the present volume and a preface to its successor.

To "speed the parting guest," to commend our fifth yearly volume which is now happily completed, we trust that nothing more is needed than a glance at its table of contents. In many respects we neither expect nor desire to improve upon it, but in a few points we do. To those whose names appear there and to some who could not be induced to enhance the worth of their contributions by adding their names—amongst these last, notably to the author of "The New Utopia"—our most earnest thanks are due and are most sincerely given.

Let us with pride and gratitude assign a more permanent record in this place to a passage from one of our prospectuses which enumerates the following among the contributors who have brought the *IRISH MONTHLY* through the most critical period of its history: Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Miss Rosa Mulholland, Author of "Hester's History," "Eldergowan," "The First Christmas," &c.; Miss Kathleen O'Meara, the biographer of Ozanam and Bishop Grant, who, under the name of Grace Ramsay, has published some excellent fictions in London and New York; the Rev. Joseph Farrell, Author of "Lectures by a Certain Professor;" Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S. J., the Rev. C. W. Russell, D. D., Aubrey de Vere, the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D. D., John O'Hagan, Q. C., Denis Florence MacCarthy, the Rev. R. B. O'Brien, D. D., Cecilia Caddell, Katharine Roche, Alice Esmonde, Ethel Tane, Wilfrid Meynell, Rev. Denis Murphy, S. J.,

Rev. Thomas Finlay, S. J., Edward Harding, Rev. Michael Watson, S. J., of Melbourne, Oscar Wilde, M. O'C. Morris Bishop, and among those whose names cannot be published, the Author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," the Author of "Tyborne," and the writer of the excellent sketches in our own pages of "Eugene O'Curry," and "Hogan, the Sculptor."

To these names of distinction or of promise our present volume joins, amongst others, Lord O'Hagan and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; and in our next volume we are allowed to hope for the co-operation of Lady Herbert of Lea, Lord Emly, Doctor Mapother, the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R., and, even amidst all his anxious labours, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Thus it is that our Magazine strives to put in practice, as regards its friends and contributors, the wise advice of Dr. Johnson: "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances in life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

Our new Volume and its successors will begin at the natural date for beginning, New Year's Day. Home Subscribers will henceforth be good enough to defray the cost of postage, adding a shilling to the small annual subscription of six shillings, as our Australian friends have from the first added three shillings for this purpose, and Subscribers within the postal union (France, United States, &c.), two shillings a year. And all are requested to pour their subsidies into our treasury at once, and thus save the useless expense, labour, and delay of any further personal application.

So closes our first lustrum. Our sixth year begins with the best hopes, wishes, resolutions, and prayers. Let one of these prayers take the form of the genial greeting which shall soon be current, whilst we wish to our kind readers, and they in return wish to us and our Magazine, many happy New Years.

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# THE IRISH MONTHLY.

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## ROBIN REDBREAST'S VICTORY.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA,

AUTHOR OF "IXA'S STORY," "THOMAS GRANT, FIRST BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK," "BELLS OF THE SANCTUARY," &c.

### CHAPTER I.

SHE IS SENT FOR.

IT was a loud, imperious ring, so unusually loud that the portress, in her startled hurry to answer it, dropped her knitting, and, as it turned out, several stitches too; she did not think of this, however; none but a messenger from a death-bed would ring like that; greater cares than even the precious knitting were in her helpful old heart. The messenger was a tall footman in a showy livery. He touched his hat to the sister. Even atheists yield an instinctive respect to such as she. They understand ladies leaving their neat and dainty homes to look after the suffering bodies of their fellow-creatures; there is sense in that. Rough, bad men like to be tended by pure and gentle women, and they approve of the fanaticism that prompts them to the service. With those other fanatics, who call themselves contemplatives, the case is different. They are fools or hypocrites, and have no right to exist. What help is it to men that Carmelites and Poor Clares should starve all the year round, and break their short sleep to rise and pray for sinners, and lacerate their innocent bodies with hair shirt and discipline? Sisters of Charity, and all who slave for the bodily alleviation of suffering humanity, are the only nuns whom the children of this world tolerate and understand. The gay flunkey in his plush leggings was unquestionably a child of this world.

"Ma sœur, I have come for a nurse," he said, closing the door, and stepping aside out of the biting blast; "will you please send one at once? Madame will take her back in the carriage."

"If madame will take the trouble to walk in, I will fetch our Mother Superior to speak to her," said the portress.

The flunkey sallied out into the blast again, and held a parley of some moments at the carriage door. The lady was evidently reluctant to alight, for the cold was intense, the ground was hard with a black frost, and the east-wind blew over it sharp as a razor. At last, holding her muff to her face with both hands, she cautiously

descended the steps of her brougham, and then made a spring like a young antelope across the pavement into the convent hall. She was a very splendid-looking person, with shining black eyes and hair, and satin draperies that swept the polished floor like a court train; her complexion, preternaturally pink and white, struck the old portress as the most wonderfully beautiful thing she had ever seen, but it was a kind of beauty that scared her, as the beauty of death had sometimes done, only with less pathos. This splendid lady drew her velvet and sable mantle closer round her, and stood shivering in the warm hall, as if the light, passing breath of the cold outside had penetrated the very marrow of her bones. The portress showed her into the parlour, and hastened away to call the Mother Superior. In a few minutes the latter appeared. Alas! she had not a single sister left in the house—all were out on duty. Was the case a very pressing one?

Yes; the lady declared it was. A gentleman had been thrown from his horse and received terrible injuries, a leg broken, and a wound in the right side. The leg had just been set, but the surgeons said this would be of no use unless the patient had a skilful and experienced nurse to attend him, and carry out their instructions; it was a case that required watching night and day.

"Good mother! I entreat you, do something; invent a nurse if you have not got one!" the lady implored.

The Superior thought for a moment. There was a nun in the community who was exactly the kind of person required, but she was occupied, and would not be home till the next day, perhaps the day after.

"The only thing I can invent, madame, is to go and attend to the case myself until one of our sisters is free to take my place. It is against our rules; but in a case of this kind charity allows us to break them."

The visitor was bursting out into thanks, when the portress came in and whispered something in the mother's ear.

"Ah, thank God! This is fortunate!" she exclaimed. "The sister I meant to send you in a few days has unexpectedly returned, madame. If you will kindly wait a few minutes, she will be ready to accompany you. Meantime, will you let me have the name and address of the patient?"

"The Count de Bois-Ferré, Champs Elysées, No. 200 —"

"The husband of madame, or her brother?"

"Neither. He is a young, unmarried man, with no relatives in Paris; I am only a distant relation, but under the circumstances I devote myself as much as possible to him."

A strange expression passed over the lady's face as she said this, but the room was dark, and she sat with her back to the light. The superior noticed nothing; and if the speaker's voice trembled a little, it was natural enough.

"That is good of you, madame; your devotion will bring its own reward," she said, gently.

Sister Theresa was a bright-faced, blue-eyed little creature, with a florid complexion, and the voice of a singing bird, that gave her a

strong resemblance to a robin redbreast. The very look of her in a sick room had a healing power in it; there was balsam in her cheery notes, and the touch of her fat little hand was soothing. She was about thirty, but she looked much younger; she had been ten years in religion, and had never once been a day ill; she said she had no time to be ailing, there were always too many other sick people to be looked after. Her sisters generally wanted rest after a long spell of nursing, especially when the case had been arduous and anxious; but Sœur Thérèse was as fresh after a month's watching, and poulticing, and dressing of wounds as if she had been away on a holiday. The doctors delighted in her. When there was a delicate case that required skilful handling and a devotion that never flagged, they would petition for Sister Theresa, the little "Rouge-gorge;" so one of them had christened her playfully, and the name clung to her; she was known amongst the faculty as the little Redbreast. It was a curious fact that, though she had attended the most dangerous cases—terrible fevers, accidents of the worst description, all manner of diseases that flesh is heir to—no one had ever died in her hands; either they were cured while under her care, or she was called away for some urgent case, and replaced by some other sister who remained to the end. This gave rise to a kind of superstitious trust in her; people fancied it was a good omen when the Redbreast was told off to nurse them; they grew hopeful at once, and determined to get well.

The brilliant pink-and-white, black satin lady knew nothing of these antecedents, but the mere aspect of the blithe, happy young face under its white cap attracted her and inspired her with confidence in Sister Theresa's capabilities. These nuns were called the Sisters of Hope. The words themselves have a reviving sound that is pleasant in a sick room.

"Reverend Mother knows about the case?" she said, interrogatively, turning from the lady's voluble welcome and explanation to the Mother Superior who stood by in silence; "Monsieur is a Catholic?"

The lady gave a little shrug.

"Mon Dieu! what else would you have him? All Frenchmen are Catholics," was the evasive reply.

"Ha!" Sœur Thérèse accompanied the ejaculation with a most expressive little grimace. It was certainly not intended to be comical, but it was. The lady laughed, and the Superior in spite of herself laughed too.

"Ma sœur, you will have a sick soul to look after as well as a wounded body, I see," said the latter.

"Good gracious! not for the world, ma mère!" cried the lady, in a tone of terror that had nothing at all comical in it, though it held a grain of supreme irony; "you will have nothing to do with the soul; it must be distinctly understood that you don't meddle with monsieur's soul. I tell you he is a Catholic; he does not want either to be converted or preached to. You understand this? You must promise me not to preach to him?"

The Redbreast was so amused at the conceit that she laughed like a child.

"Oh, ma mère, fancy me preaching! what a funny sermon it would be!" Indeed, madame, I have a notion if I once began you would beg me never to leave off. It would make my patient laugh till he cried; and nothing, you know, is so good for a patient as a hearty laugh!"

The lady was apparently reassured by this unexpected answer to her terrified appeal, for she pressed it no further; and the two drove away together.

The journey was made in silence. Sister Theresa pulled out her office-book, and with a pleasant little nod to her companion, intimating that she was going to say Lauds, opened it, and began at once to recite them in a low, quick tone under her breath.

Who was she, this painted gorgeous-looking person, who, all unknown, had come to the quiet convent, and carried off its happy, holy little Robin Redbreast? She was called Madame de Genvriac. This is all it concerns us to know about her.

The carriage thundered in under the porte-cochère of No. 200, in the Champs Elysées, and Sister Theresa was received on alighting by a spruce young servant-man, little more than a boy, dressed in chocolate-coloured livery; he had been watching for the carriage from the drawing-room window, and had flown down from the entresol to meet it.

"How is Monsieur le Comte now?" inquired Madame de Genvriac.

"Alas! madame, monsieur suffers terribly! I ran out of the room not to hear his groans," replied the lad.

"You are an idiot! You are a brute! to run away and leave him all alone! A dog would be more humane!" cried the lady, and she brushed past him up the stairs. Clement shrugged his shoulders, and muttered a disrespectful something about people doing their *dévouement* by proxy.

He had said truly, the count was suffering terribly; but it was not true that his groans filled the apartment; when the surgeons were changing the splints on the broken leg, the agony of the operation had wrenched a few loud cries from him, but this was all. He lay perfectly still now, breathing hard, his hand clenched as it rested outside the counterpane, but giving no sign of impatience, scarcely of pain. His face was so pallid and discomposed by pain that one could hardly say whether it was handsome; but the lines were unmistakably noble, the forehead looked almost unnaturally large, with the black hair brushed right back from it, and falling like a mane on the snowy pillow all round. Madame de Genvriac approached the bed with a gesture of intense distress, and a little suppressed exclamation like a sob.

"My poor boy! it is dreadful to hear how you have been suffering," she cried, bending over him tenderly, "and to think of Clement's being so heartless as to run away and leave you! I always felt he had no heart, and now I loathe the sight of him; horrid

little brute ! You had better send him away. The sister will take care of you. See, I have brought you a dear, kind nun to nurse you and get you well ! Come and speak to Monsieur le Comte, sister !" she cried, sweeping her silks about, and making a noise as of a dozen rustling in the room.

The Robin Redbreast came over, and stood with her bright, smiling face beside the sick-bed. There could not be imagined a greater contrast than the two women presented ; one bedizened in all the elegance of fashion, redolent of delicate perfumes, the other in her black serge, with her white guimpe and white lining to her black veil, breathing no essences but the fragrance of simplicity and charity.

"You are come to take care of me, sister ; that is very good of you. I am sadly in need of your skill," said Monsieur de Bois-Ferré. "Have you ever had a broken leg to look after ?"

"I have had a score of them, monsieur, and I have mended them all !" said Sœur Thérèse.

"Ah ! so much the better ! That is a good omen for me. But I have a bad wound under the right arm too ; that is a terrible complication. There are two wounds to dress ; do you think you can manage two, *ma sœur* ?"

"I could manage ten ; there is no complication in the matter at all. But is it good for you to be talking, and to have so many of us in the room ? Have not the doctors recommended you to keep very quiet ?"

"They swear my life depends on it ; that I am a dead man if I open my lips for the next twenty-four hours."

"Eh, gracious heavens !" shrieked Madame de Genvriac, wringing her hands ; "why did you not say that sooner, *mon cher* ? To think we may have been killing him by talking here ! It is the fault of that wicked, unfeeling Clement. He did not tell us. Why did you not warn us we were going to kill Monsieur le Comte ? You odious little wretch, get out of my sight ! *Ma sœur*, you must send him away ; you will get on much better without him. I will send my valet-de-chambre every morning to see if you want anything done. It will be a relief to me to have him out of the way ; I can't bear to think of such an unfeeling wretch being near our dear patient ! *Mon cher*, the sister will feel for you !"

"I hope not," said the count, in a tired voice ; "if she tends me, that is all I ask. I don't want her to suffer for me. I am not such a brute, *ma sœur*," he added, with a faint smile.

He was suffering intensely she could see ; his mouth twitched nervously, his fingers opened and closed by starts, and the rising colour in his cheeks gave warning of the presence of fever. If Madame de Genvriac remained much longer, she might seriously compromise the case. Her loud voice and voluble talk were intolerable ; they must be got rid of at once. The sister left the room, beckoning her to follow.

"He is feverish ; we must leave him quite alone for some time,"

she said, in a whisper. "You can go home now, madame, and trust fully to my doing all that is necessary."

"Yes, I had better go; the sight of suffering is unbearable to me," said the delicate lady; "I feel for people so acutely! Ah! my sister, you are happy not to have such sensibility as mine!"

"The good God gives us each the temperament that best suits our vocation, madame," replied the Redbreast, cheerfully; "if He had called you to be a Sister of Charity, He would have given you less sensitive feelings."

"I suppose so," assented the lady; and then, with a thousand injunctions to Sister Theresa about the care she was to take of the patient, and how she was to keep up his spirits, and above all, how on no account she was to meddle with his soul, Madame de Genvriac took her departure.

It was a relief. Peace seemed to come into the house the moment she left it. Clement, whom she had insisted on having dismissed at once, set about his work in a quiet, orderly way, having first asked the sister if she had any orders for him. For the present she had not. All her patient wanted was to be kept perfectly quiet. She crept with a noiseless step about the room, setting all to rights with the deftness of an experienced president of the sick chamber. She removed ugly or inappropriate objects from before the patient's eyes, and set something pleasant in their place. There was a pretty green plant on the drawing-room table; she watered it, and carried it into the bed-room, placing it so that he could see it as he lay. When this was done, she took out her knitting, and set to it with the comfortable air of a diligent person who knows she is not going to be disturbed. Monsieur de Bois-Ferré watched her for full half an hour without speaking; there was something soothing to him in the nimble, monotonous play of her fingers, in the silence and assiduity of the operation altogether; she was as noiseless as a mouse, never coughing, or sneezing, or disturbing so much as by a sigh the perfect stillness. At the end of half an hour, she rose, went towards the bed, and felt his pulse.

"Would you like a drink, monsieur? You are very hot."

"Yes; I have been longing for one!"

"How stupid of me not to have asked you sooner!" said the Robin Redbreast, with a little impatient shake of the head; "I fancied you were asleep. You must call me always when you want anything; it worries patients to keep asking continually if they want this and that. But in a day or two I shall be able to guess without giving you the trouble of speaking."

She was preparing the tisane for him as she said this; and then gently, but with wonderful ease, she lifted his head, and administered the drink, saving him the least effort.

"Bravo! You are a capital nurse, ma sœur, I see," said the count; "now sit down near me and talk to me a little."

"No, I can't do that; the doctors don't approve of it; they say you are to be kept perfectly quiet."

"Devil take the doctors!" was the pettish rejoinder.

"Not till they have cured you at any rate," said Sister Theresa ; "you would be very sorry if he did."

M. de Bois-Ferré had expected her to be shocked.

"So you believe in the devil, do you ?" he said ; "I thought you were too young for that ; it's only old women who believe in him as a rule, at least in my experience."

"Then I am sorry for your experience, monsieur," replied the sister. She looked serious, but still not shocked.

"I wonder," he observed presently, as she arranged his pillows, and raised his head that was slipping down rather uncomfortably ; "I wonder your Mother Abbess—is that what you call her ?—was not afraid of letting you come to take care of one like me."

"What should she be afraid of, monsieur ? You are not the devil ?" said Sœur Thérèse, with the same imperturbable simplicity.

He tossed his head a little backwards, and laughed loudly. She promised to be capital fun, this merry-faced little nun.

"How do you know but I am ? Have you ever seen him ?"

"Not that I know of ; but you are talking too much. You must keep silent, or I will go into the next room, and send Clement to watch by you."

"Oh ! he's there, is he ?" said the count, languidly ; a spasm of pain crossed his face, and told him he had better obey. "He's not a bad fellow, although Madame de Genvriac cries him down. He will do your bidding, ma sœur ; if he doesn't, just tell me, and I'll get up and kick him out of the window."

With this, he closed his eyes, stifled a groan, and lapsed into silence. Sister Theresa went back to her knitting, already satisfied that she knew exactly the kind of man she had to deal with. She had had experience of scores of such men, who make fun of the devil as if they thought him a good joke, but who in reality, deep down in their hearts somewhere, believe in him and dread him. They find this out in time, not often till very late, almost at the last, when they discover that the time has come for facing the enemy they have laughed at, and seeing how far the joke will hold good on the other side of the grave. It was generally a good sight when they laughed and talked about the devil spontaneously, without anything to provoke it. It showed they believed in him, and very likely feared him ; and the fear of the devil was never very far off from a certain kind of sneaking fear of God. On the whole, Sœur Thérèse took a cheerful view of the spiritual premises of her patient's case ; she resolved to keep to the rule she usually followed of saying nothing on the subject, rather keeping it off when the other broached it, until she felt the moment had come to speak with some effect.

Dear, hopeful, serene Robin Redbreast ! this was all a sad delusion. Her experience held no precedent whatever for the kind of infidel she had to deal with here. M. de Bois-Ferré was not one of that numerous class of young Frenchmen who call themselves Catholics, and are Catholics, as far as they are anything ; who never put their foot inside a church to hear Mass except on New Year's Day, or, perhaps, at a friend's wedding ; and who would laugh them-

selves into convulsions at the idea of going to confession ; men who practically are nothing at all, but who, when it comes to a distinct and responsible profession of faith—as in the case of a marriage, for instance—would rather be shot than apostatize, than marry a Protestant heiress, and consent that their children should be brought up Protestants. These kind of men have nearly always had good mothers. They have had the faith instilled into them when they were babies, and it has left a residuum of belief in their minds which the fires of passion, the sway of evil example, and the wear and tear of life seldom ever entirely do away with. The conviction has been stamped into them so deep and so early that it is next to impossible to eradicate it quite. These men are sure to turn to the God of their mothers in the end ; He generally lies in wait for them. St. Augustine says a mother is omnipotent for her child with God, and he could speak of that grand maternal power with authority. M. de Bois-Ferré had had no mother ; she died in giving him birth. He had been taught his catechism, but the teacher who would have impressed it indelibly on his little soft soul was wanting. The seed had fallen on a rock, and the birds of the air had come and picked it up.

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## CHAPTER II.

### SHE GOES HOME.

It was dark when the doctors came again that evening. Clement had lighted lamps in the drawing-room ; but Sister Theresa would not allow any in the sick-room ; she sat in the window, saying her rosary, and listening to that regular breathing of the patient that sounds pleasantly in a nurse's ear, promising a good night.

The two medical men arrived together, and blustered in like a tempest. The sister hurried out to meet them.

"Comment ! The Robin Redbreast ! This is a piece of good fortune one did not count on !" cried the chief physician, M. Vauban, "we are all in luck ! Count, you are the luckiest man in Christendom !" he continued, as Clement ushered them in, a lamp in each hand ; "the Rouge-gorge has never killed man, woman, or child, though she has had the best opportunities of any one I know, these ten years ! Come ! Let us see the leg !"

The leg was a sorry sight. Even Sister Theresa, who was used to see cuts, and wounds, and horrors of every sort, could not but wince when the poor, shattered limb was uncovered, and the splinters moved for the dressing. She took her part in it bravely for all that, assisting the surgeons with her ready hands, and when they did not want her, devoting herself to soothing the patient's agony. She had a way of her own with sick people ; she never petted or pitied them ; she would declare she felt no pity for them ; all her thoughts were away in practical devices to relieve their pain. It was no affectation



of humility that made her accept so simply Madame de Genvriac's ridiculous congratulations on her want of sensibility; she had no natural shrinking from the sight of wounds; her first impulse was to go forward and help.

"Don't put too much restraint on yourself, monsieur," she said, as cheerfully as if she were inviting him to take a drink; "if it would be a relief to you to cry out, do so, I don't mind it the least, and I'm sure these gentlemen don't."

"Not we!" assented M. Vauban; "shout out if you feel inclined. It does good sometimes."

M. de Bois-Ferré did not profit by the permission; he locked his teeth till Sœur Thérèse heard them grind, and he clenched her hand until she almost swooned with the pain. It was soon over. The two doctors eased him by changing the position as far as they could, and then left him with wishes for a quiet night.

"It is an ugly wound, messieurs," said Sister Theresa, speaking in a low tone, although they were in the antechamber, and she had closed the door noiselessly behind them.

"Very ugly, ma sœur," said M. Vauban; "we shall have a hard fight to pull him through."

"You fear mortification?"

"We fear inflammation and erysipelas first. Keep him as quiet as you can. Sit up with him yourself till midnight; you will see then if you can leave him, and go to sleep yourself and let his servant watch. Is he to be trusted, this young servant-man?"

"I think so; he is a steady lad, and does what he is told."

They were on the stairs, when, just as Sister Theresa was closing the door, M. Vauban called out:

"See that no visitors of any description are let up! There's a noisy Madame de Something who was here this morning, and is likely to be coming again; you must on no account let her in. She would talk him into a brain fever."

The sister promised to follow out these injunctions, but, to make it more certain, Dr. Vauban himself gave orders to the porter to let no one up.

It was easier for him to give the order than for the porter to obey it. Madame de Genvriac was outside on the watch. The doctors had announced their visit for six; it was now half-past six; she had given them time to get through their painful work, and arrived when all was over. She did not drive in, but alighted on the pathway outside, and passed rapidly by the lodge door, and up the stairs before the porter had time to challenge her. She knew right well what she was doing. Her instinct had warned her she should be forbidden the house. She saw signs of this in the doctor's manner, in his cool dismissal of her tears and hysterical emotion, coupled with a polite request to put as much restraint on her sensibility as possible, such demonstrations being undesirable in a sick room. She rang gently, and when Clement opened the door, she brushed past him without asking a question. So far she was safe, but the real barrier had now to be crossed. The Robin had heard the ring, and the rustling of

the silk skirts, and hastened out to waylay her in the drawing-room.

"Alas! sister, I fear I am too late to assist in dressing the wounds!" exclaimed the lady. "But it is as well; I never should have stood it! my heart is too sensitive; I almost faint at the sight of a drop of blood. It is dreadful, is it not, to have such a tender sensibility?"

"It is a great source of suffering to oneself," said Sœur Thérèse, "and it prevents our being as helpful to others sometimes as we might."

"That is the worst part of it! That is why I so deplore it; it would be such a delight to me to help. How I envy you your hard heart, sister! But tell me, how is our dear patient? Take me to him; I must stay some time with him now and cheer him up."

She was moving with swift, fussy steps to the door, but Sister Theresa, with a quiet, determined little gesture, arrested her.

"I have strict orders to let nobody, absolutely nobody see him," she said, in a subdued voice, and pointing to the outer door, intimated that she had something to say to her. But Madame de Genvriac was not to be so easily managed.

"What! Prevent me from seeing him! Deprive him of the greatest consolation he can have! He who has neither mother nor sister here to look after him! What a preposterous idea! Ma sœur, you are here to carry out orders, not to give them. Let me pass!"

She said all this in a loud voice, and then rudely brushing the firm hand from her arm, she advanced to the darkened room.

"Madame, I entreat you, as you value his recovery, don't insist on seeing monsieur now," said the sister, placing herself before the intruder pleadingly, and yet with a certain air of resolute resistance; "the wounds have been dressed, he has suffered a great deal, it is all-important that he should be left perfectly undisturbed."

"I will not disturb him; let me pass, ma sœur. I *insist* upon it!" and she went on.

"What is it? What is it?" called out M. de Bois-Ferré.

He had heard the sound of altercation, the low tones of the sister, and the loud protest of Madame de Genvriac. She sailed in triumphantly.

"Mon cher! they pretend it will kill you to see me! I cannot go away without seeing how you are. I should not close my eyes all night. It *cannot* hurt you to let me come in for one minute?"

"What nonsense! It is just what I want. Bring a light, ma sœur. Don't be frightened; I promise you I will sleep all the better for the distraction. Madame will tell me the news of the day, and give me something pleasant to dream of."

There was nothing for it but to give way; it would have made matters worse to oppose him. The Robin carried in the lamp herself, placed it so that the light did not fall upon the patient's face, and then sat down by it herself and began to read.

"Whom have you seen this afternoon?" said M. de Bois-Ferré.

"Did you see Bangy? Did you find out about Papillon? Is she much hurt?"

"Don't worry yourself about Papillon, mon cher," urged the lady, soothingly, "it will be time enough to think of her when you are well. How provoking it is you should miss Stella's *début* to night! They say there has not been such a house these twenty years as we shall have. People are offering the most outrageous prices for a ticket!"

"Stella be hanged! Answer me about Papillon. Did you ask Bangy about her?" repeated the count.

"Oh, yes; but I really cannot let you bother yourself about Papillon, you will make yourself ill, and Sœur Thérèse says you are to be kept quiet. Is it not so, sister?"

"I will have an answer, Eulalie!" repeated the count, vehemently, and he raised himself on his elbow in an excited manner. "Was she killed?"

"N-n-o," replied the lady, hesitatingly; "she was not killed; but for goodness sake, don't worry about her now!"

"Was she much hurt?" persisted the count.

"Well, I believe so; I—I really don't know exactly."

"You are tantalizing me on purpose, I believe!" he said, passionately; "you must know; why can't you tell me the truth at once! Ma sœur, she will irritate me into a fever!"

"Pray speak out, madame; monsieur is evidently prepared for the worst; he will bear it better by being told at once. Tell him if the lady's injuries have put her life in danger," said Sister Theresa.

Madame de Genvriac burst into a merry peal of laughter. M. de Bois-Ferré looked amused, but he was too eager and excited to laugh.

"The lady is my most valuable hunter, ma sœur," he explained; "I was riding her when I was knocked out of my saddle by that stupid dolt of a jockey! She was thrown down too, but I have not been able to learn whether she was seriously hurt or not. It would be a terrible loss to me, quite as bad as the loss of my leg."

"Mon cher Gustave! what nonsense you talk!" expostulated the lady, still laughing at the nun's mistake.

"I tell you it would! I have staked every penny I am worth on her for the coming races," he cried, in a tone that was almost savage.

Madame de Genvriac stopped laughing in an instant. "Good heavens! you are ruined!" she shrieked.

"She *was* killed then?"

"She has been killed."

"Mille tonnerres! They have shot her!"

He fell heavily back on his pillows, white as a sheet.

"For goodness sake, be calm! What is the use —," began Madame de Genvriac; but Sister Theresa, with a gesture which this time was not to be resisted, laid her hand on the lady's arm, and signed to her to withdraw. She was less reluctant to do so now; she saw the mischief she had done, and was terrified at it. She muttered

something about being so sorry, but not being able to help it, etc., etc., and rustled out of the room.

The mischief was indeed great. At any time the news M. de Bois-Ferré had just heard would have been a heavy blow; prostrate as he was now, it threatened to be a fatal one. He was quite stunned; Sister Theresa gently tried to rouse him to some external sign of emotion, to make him vent his feelings in words, angry or sorrowful, it mattered not if he would but speak; but he did not. All her tender artifices failed. She tried to turn his vexation against the immediate cause of it; she scolded at Madame de Genvriac, accused her of stupidity, of selfish inconsiderateness in bursting out with the intelligence so brusquely instead of gradually preparing him for it; she scolded him for allowing her to come in when he heard the doctor's emphatic orders that he was to be kept quiet; she threatened, coaxed, upbraided—it was to no purpose; M. de Bois-Ferré lay as still and silent as if he had passed beyond the reach of earthly strife and care. What was she to do? It was necessary that something should be done to arouse him, to bring about a reaction against this torpor. She moved softly about the bed for a few minutes, and then glided away with the lamp. Clement was reading the *Figaro* in the drawing-room.

"Get me a pen and ink and paper," she whispered; "you must take a note to M. Vauban's at once."

She wrote a line, saying what had happened, and despatched the lad with it.

He had not been long gone when there came a ring at the hall-door. Who could have forced the porter's lodge again? Surely Madame de Genvriac would not dare? It was a gentle ring, evidently some one who knew of the necessity for avoiding noise. Sister Theresa went herself to open the door. A gentleman stood outside.

"How is your patient, ma sœur?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Very ill. I have just sent for the doctor. I regret, sir, but I cannot allow you to see him."

"I know that. It is a pity you were not as firm against other visitors, sister. The count has had a great shock just now? Is that why you have sent for Vauban?"

"Yes."

"What do you expect he will do for him? Can drugs undo the mischief, do you think?"

"I fear not. A moral drug is what Monsieur le Comte wants."

"That woman behaved like a fool!" he muttered; then he added, with a sudden thought, "tell Bois-Ferré that it is a lie, a mistake; tell him Madame de Genvriac confounded Papillon with the horse of the jockey that ran against her; that it was his horse, not Papillon, that was shot."

"Ah! thanks be to God!" exclaimed the Redbreast, heartily; "that is indeed a good drug. That will do more for him than all the doctors in Paris. How thankful I am! What is your name, monsieur, that he may believe me?"

"The Vicomte de Bangy. Here is my card. Stay! I will scratch a line on it; that will be safer."

Sister Theresa never thought to have felt so deep an interest in the welfare of a race horse, or to have breathed so heartfelt a *Deo Gratias* for its safety as she did on re-entering the darkened room of her patient.

"Good news! monsieur," she cried, in a jubilant voice, as she tripped up to his bed-side; "it is all a mistake. Your beautiful mare is not killed; she is quite safe and well. It was the other horse that was shot, the horse that caused your accident. M. de Bangy has been here and told me so."

"Bangy! N—o! Im-pos-si-ble!" he said, slowly.

"You shall see it in his own hand. I will fetch the light."

She did, and held the card close, so that he might read it. A long, deep-drawn sigh, and some inarticulate exclamation was all the emotion he expressed. But it was enough. The evil consequences were not, indeed, averted, but they were immeasurably lessened. When M. Vauban arrived a couple of hours later, he found his patient in high fever; but, compared to what might have been, he was thankful for this.

It seemed very little to be thankful for; the night was as bad as could well be. No sleep for Robin Redbreast; she never left her post for a moment. Delirium came on soon after midnight, and all her skill, and courage, and experience were called out to fight against it, to save the sick man against himself, to prevent his doing irreparable mischief to the wounded limb, to the bruised side. She was thoroughly worn out at daybreak when the two medical men came again.

Gustave de Bois-Ferré was young, and blessed with what the physicians called a golden constitution; these were two great guarantees for his recovery; without them, indeed, no human skill could have availed, for erysipelas had set in, and it was a hand-to-hand strife between life and death. The struggle lasted many days; it ended in what seemed at best but a drawn battle. The immediate danger was past, but the patient was in a state of alarming exhaustion, and his wounds showed angry symptoms that made the surgeons and the nurse look graver and graver, as day after day they dressed them.

"You are uneasy, monsieur?" said Sister Theresa, when she accompanied Vauban to the door one morning.

"We have reason to be," he replied, compressing his lips, and giving a significant shake of his head.

"I have seen worse wounds, nevertheless," she said; "and then he is young, and he has the best of care."

"No doubt, no doubt," assented the physician; "all the same; it is a bad case."

"You see more than I see, doctor; do you apprehend a sudden turn for the worse? a fatal turn?" inquired Sœur Thérèse. She had a point-blank way of putting questions that few of her sisters dared imitate; the doctors would have snubbed them if they had; but nobody snubbed Robin Redbreast. Not that it would have made any

difference if they did ; she never met a doctor yet that she was afraid of. Her motto was, in truth, " Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte."

" We do, my good sister ; this intense cold, coming on top of the erysipelas, the shock and the extraordinary weakness that it seems as if he could not rally from, give serious cause for anxiety. Poor fellow !" the doctor sighed, compassionately.

" Has he no family within reach ?" inquired Sœur Thérèse.

" None, that I know of."

" Except Madame de Genvriac ?"

" Oh ! for heaven's sake, don't let her near him !"

" I don't think she will come here again. Doctor, as there are no relatives to do it, I suppose I must," said Sœur Thérèse. There was just that imperceptible note of defiance in her voice that seemed to suggest it was no use saying No ; she had a thing to do and she would do it.

" Tut, tut, sister," retorted Vauban, peremptorily ; " it is too soon for that business. We are not beyond hope yet ; let there be no mention of funeral rites until I give the order. You understand me ?"

" Perfectly, doctor."

" And you mean to obey me ?"

" Did I ever disobey you ?"

" No, my good little Rouge-gorge, no," said the doctor, kindly ; " but you have many crochets in your intelligent little head, and it is my duty to see you don't scare my patient with them."

" Can you tell me if he is anything of a Christian ?" she asked, with the coolest audacity ; " is he the kind of man who would prefer being let die like a dog ?"

" What should I know about that ? I have never sounded his soul ; the faculty has no stethoscope for that sort of examination," the medical man answered with a shrug. " I have said there is time enough to think of all that ; don't agitate him. The great thing is to keep him free from fever now."

Sister Theresa knew the importance of this as well as any doctor in Paris ; but there was something else that was still more important in her eyes. M. Vauban was not an unbeliever ; or, at any rate, not a hostile one ; he had no objection to sick people's seeing a priest, or performing their little devotions of one sort or another, so long as it amused and interested them, and consequently helped on their bodily recovery ; but the idea of compromising one of their meals, or an hour of their night's rest for the sake of humouring these fancies—crochets he called them—was something too ridiculous to be contemplated. He was too sympathetic a nature and too thorough a man of the world to rail at any person's religious feelings ; and as a medical man he had often seen the advantage of humouring them ; such things were helps when they were not decided hindrances in the sick-room. Sister Theresa had more than once seen him seize with avidity the proposal to read a spiritual book aloud to a patient, to pray with him, even to call in the aid of higher ministrations.

She had been misled by these facts, and built more upon them than they warranted. She saw this now for the first time; M. Vauban was not to be counted on as an ally in the great crisis.

M. de Bois-Ferré had taken immensely to his nurse. He liked to have her tripping about his bed, smoothing his pillows, feeding him, performing the thousand little offices that are either insufferably irritating to a sick person, or strangely soothing. Much of this depends on the way they are done. There was something magnetic in the touch of the sister's hand—a white, soft, but singularly firm little hand; but her voice was sweet and metallic; could be sharp too, if she was provoked beyond reasonable bounds; it had a peculiar power over her patients: she would sing to them over her knitting by the hour; sometimes low, plaintive, psalm-like melodies, that lulled them to sleep, sometimes joyous canticles set to jubilant airs, that chased away melancholy, and had an awakening rather than a lulling effect, cheering and amusing them. These latter were her own favourites; but her repertory was a long one, and included other than pious subjects. She had a number of merry little ballads, pretty legends of her native Brittany, and innocent comic songs that she had sung in her girlish days at home. M. de Bois-Ferré delighted in these. When he was inclined to be refractory about his medicine or his meals, she would bribe him with the promise of a new song, "prettier than any she had yet sung him," and the expedient never failed.

But her heart was troubled as she sang. Her patient was not progressing as he should have done. The wounds showed no sign of healing. M. Vauban still looked grave. What if M. de Bois-Ferré were to die? He could not be let walk into eternity with no better preparation than canticles and comic songs. She had now been nearly a fortnight with him without returning to her convent. It was the rule for the sisters to go back one day every week for confession and certain conventual exercises, as well as to report how they were going on, and to seek advice, sometimes consolation and courage, at the hands of the Superior. Sister Theresa had broken through this rule on account of her patient's state; she had been afraid to leave him to the sole care of Clement, except when she hurried out to Mass at daybreak. When she spoke of absenting herself for part of the afternoon, he had grown nervous and impatient, and entreated her not to go. But now it was essential that, for his sake, she should go; she must take counsel with her Superior; and he was calm this morning, and freer than he had yet been from pain.

"I must run home for a few hours, monsieur," she said, in an off-hand way, as Clement cleared away the breakfast things, and she settled the pillows comfortably at her patient's back.

"What do you want at home, sister?"

"Oh, many little things," said the Robin, gaily.

"Why can't you get them here? Tell Clement to go out and get them for you. Clement, you lout! why do you let the sister want for things? Did I not tell you you were to wait upon her as you do on me? If you don't attend to her properly, I will take you by the nape of the neck and fling you out of the window."

"Yes, monsieur," assented Clement, complacently.

"Do you hear me?" insisted the count.

"Yes, monsieur."

Sœur Thérèse stood looking on, laughing like a child.

"Poor Clement! that is hard on you," she said at last. "Why, monsieur, he serves me as if I were a bishop!"

"If he did not, I should wring his neck for him," said the count. "But why, then, do you want so much to go home, sister?"

"I have something to do there."

"Make Clement do it."

She rang out another merry peal of laughter.

"He could not manage it."

"He must! I shall make him. Tell me what it is? What have you got to do, ma sœur?" urged the count, coaxingly.

She was silent for a moment, and then, looking at him gravely, "I want to go to confession," she said.

"Is that all? Confess to me. That will do just as well. I will let you off easier than M. l'Abbé; I will give you for penance to sing me 'Bonjour, petite voisine!'"

She shook her head, and turned away.

"You are not angry with me? I did not mean to vex you," he said; "I was only joking."

"There are subjects one must not joke upon. The sacraments are too sacred to be made a jest of."

"Pshaw! you are not going to turn *bigote* all in a minute, sister?" retorted Gustave, superciliously; "I meant to jest only at the notion of your having anything to confess. What sins did you commit since you have been here? Perhaps you have been out of patience with Clement now and then? There is no harm in that; you ought to bully him more and he would behave better. I give you full permission to box his ears as often as he deserves it."

"You are unjust to Clement. He never deserves it; he is an excellent lad," said the Robin.

"Then what else have you to confess?" persisted the count; "I have had nothing to do but watch you all these days, and I solemnly declare you have not committed a sin big enough to send a midge to Purgatory!"

"I am afraid you understand too little about the nature of sin to be any judge of that, monsieur," replied Sister Theresa. "I must be going now; I shall make as little delay as possible."

The Superior was glad to see her brave Robin Redbreast. She had been anxious, knowing what it was that prevented her joining the community on the usual meeting-day. Sister Theresa looked more tired and depressed than they remembered to have seen her.

"I am not at all tired," she declared, "only perplexed and very uneasy. I have discovered that this poor young man has no religion at all. I have not questioned him directly; he has been too ill, and there seemed no hurry so far; indeed I think there would be no use in it; but I can see by the remarks he makes on the hymns I sing to him that he considers religion altogether a foolish delusion, perhaps a



vicious invention. His servant thinks he does not even believe in God. I have never before had to do with an unbeliever of that sort. It is dreadful! One has nothing to lay hold of; you cannot touch his heart by the sufferings of our Blessed Lord; you cannot terrify him by the thought of judgment and eternity. Dear Reverend Mother, what am I to do?"

"You must just go on and do as you have done hitherto," replied the Superior; "take care of him with all possible devotion, and pray for him unceasingly. We shall join you in praying for him every night. As you say, there would be no use in questioning him on the subject; it would only irritate him; you must wait for an opportunity, and then ask for grace and light to turn it to good account. It is a great point that he likes you and is not suspicious of you; you must be careful to do nothing that would put him on the defensive too soon."

"I wonder if he would let me read him something?" suggested Sister Theresa; "I fancy he would, if it did not bore him."

The Superior opened a well-filled book-case and took out a volume and gave it to her. It was the "Life of the Père de Ravignan."

"This may interest him; I have known unbelievers read it with pleasure. Courage, my daughter!" she added, as she blessed the Robin, and sent her forth again on her mission.

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## SONNET.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

### FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

THE hand of Time is heavy; yet how soft,  
 Laid on those flower-decked chancel-walls, it grows!  
 The ruin too can "blossom like the rose;"  
 Nor e'er from orchard bower, or garth, or croft,  
 More sweetly sang the linnet than aloft  
 She sings from that green tower! The sunset glows  
 Behind it; and yon stream that, darkling, flows  
 From arch to arch, reflects it oft and oft,  
 Humbly consenting 'mid the gloom to smile,  
 And take what transient gladness may befall.  
 Rejoice thou, too, O venerable Pile,  
 With loftier heart answering a holier call:  
 Like those, thy buried saints, make strong thy trust,  
 Waiting the Resurrection of the Just.

*September, 1876.*

## LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

## XVII.—ABOUT SELF-POSSESSION.

FROM a very early period wisdom has been in the habit of expressing itself in the form of proverb. There is a certain convenience in packing truth into such small parcels. It becomes portable even to the weakest intelligence, and finds a place in minds too small for the accommodation of more pretentious forms of philosophy. Hence it comes that proverbs form the stock-in-trade of common-place people, and have this strange destiny, that, whereas in the case of the person who invented them they are generally the quintessence of very severe and accurate thought, they become in the case of persons who use them machines for saving the labour of thinking at all. It is only, however, by thinking them over that the wisdom that is in them can be made available. Truth has been packed so closely that it has become somewhat compressed in the process, and if you will have it serve to any useful purpose you must unpack it again by a course of thinking of your own. There was an ambitious attempt to express a great deal in a very limited compass, and like ambitious attempts generally, it ends in failure.

The proverb I have in mind just now, and that suggested what I have been saying, is this: "Extremes meet." And of a surety they do meet, and meet to such purpose that not unfrequently they are looked upon as identical. But they are extremes for all that, and it is at the very point of contact in which they do meet that their most essential difference can be detected.

What, for instance, can be more extreme than Zeno the Stoic on the one hand, and Lord Dundreary on the other? Yet, each might take for his motto, "*nil admirari*." If Zeno, by a long course of philosophic discipline, has schooled himself into indifference, Lord Dundreary has, by occult processes of nature, arrived at a condition which, if not the same, is yet sufficiently like it to deceive a superficial observer. The condition in which these extremes meet may in both cases take the name of self-possession; but in the one case it has been arrived at deliberately, and by a highly intellectual process of suppression of very keen emotions, and wide-spreading sympathies; in the other it has arisen chiefly from the fact that there is neither emotion nor sympathy to suppress, nor any intellectual force to suppress them if there were. Let us try and take some account of these two kinds of self-possession, and we shall then be in a position both to appraise them more accurately and to find out what it is they have in common that brings them under the category of extremes that meet.

There is a self-possession that is merely superficial. It takes hold of the manners rather than of the man, and is expressed by behaviour rather than by thought or character. You will find it any day, in any drawing-room, doing work excellent of its kind, even

though that kind be not the highest or the most sublime. You will find it abolishing awkwardness, smoothing asperities of character, filing down peculiarities of temperament, muffing your eccentricity that it may meet mine without the shock of collision. Society is an elaborate system of "give and take," and the giving and taking are more nicely balanced in proportion as the actors are sufficiently self-possessed to take command of circumstances and not allow circumstances to take command of them. To have such command even over ordinary circumstances gives claim to the title of a self-possessed man; but to have equal command over extraordinary circumstances is to be a great man. But neither great men nor self-possessed men are common.

The man of the street is dominated by circumstance. He can be played upon by every passing incident as if he were an instrument, which, indeed, he is, albeit seldom very musical or melodious. Jostle him, and he is apt to swear; touch him with a personal criticism, and he will retort in kind, more anxious in his retort to give as good as he got than to frame his phrase according to the exigencies of special relevance. A passing "Punch" delights him; a street row is quite a treat; any show or spectacle will, for the moment, secure an attention that is never so much engaged as on the look-out for an engagement. The man has no possession of himself. There seems to be no principle of intellectual movement within him. He waits, and must wait, for impulse from without. He is not an organism that absorbs external circumstance and assimilates it, but an unorganised mass that receives external circumstance as a mere accretion, the accumulation of which rather conceals him than enables him to display his real self.

But the man, and, still more, the woman of the drawing-room are so different that a philosophic visitor from a neighbouring planet might be excused if on cursory examination he were to class them as different species. The difference is, these latter have acquired more or less control over ordinary circumstances. If the circumstances be extraordinary, the common human nature is apt to peep through in most cases. Should the house go on fire, or the carriage horses run away, the habitual self-possession of even the finest of fine ladies will break down temporarily.

There is one circumstance incidental to human life which one might call ordinary enough, but which, nevertheless, has a very disturbing effect upon average mortals, even though they happen to be of more than average social culture. It is the circumstance of death. It comes to everyone in his turn; it is the most certain of all things, yet few can receive it without being a good deal shaken out of even the most inveterately habitual self-possession. But, then, it may be remembered that though death is one of the common things of the world, though no day comes that does not bring its list of dead, and leave its line of graves; yet to you, and to me, our own deaths shall be the most uncommon thing that ever happened to us in the whole course of our lives.

Abstracting from the spiritual aspects of death, and taking it as a mere physical fact, most people die much after the same fashion.

There is something hurried about it, no matter how long it may seem to have been coming. The exit made in a hurry can scarcely be dignified, and hurry of all kinds is an enemy to self-possession. Even if the superficial self-possession of the dying man be not shaken as the supreme instant approaches, it is probably because he has no real notion that the supreme instant is so alarmingly near. Besides, nature has her anodynes and her soporifics. She drops her poppy-juice upon one sense and upon another. She drugs the memory. She gently puts out one after one all the lights of life. The patient goes to sleep piecemeal, and is stolen away so lapped in slumber that he does not feel the unrelenting pressure of the hand that is drawing him away to the great reality that lies beyond these shadows. When we were children, we had all a child's reluctance to go to bed betimes, and then the mother took us into her lap, and with lullaby or legend, beguiled our weary eyelids into gentle slumber, which, once established, we were laid unconscious in our little beds. So one day shall mother Nature lull us into that sleep that knows no waking, and lay us in the narrow bed, and leave us to such dreams as we have deserved.

The self-possession of which I first speak has command over ordinary circumstances. It does good work, but is in itself no very valuable thing, still less is it a certain guarantee of greatness or nobility of character. It may be found quite apart from the finest attributes of human nature, may, in fact, be only the smilelike ripple upon a prevailing current of worthlessness. The best thing about it is that it always implies a certain amount of self-restraint which, however trivial the objects about which it is exercised, or however mean the motive that prompts it, is always very desirable as a habit. Self-restraint is, so far as it goes, a discipline that affords a fine basis for any possible future.

If there be a science of this self-possession, its first principle would be, "*nil admirari*." It is a principle repressive of human emotion, good, bad, and indifferent, or, at all events, repressive of their outward expression. When this principle is thoroughly apprehended, and thoroughly absorbed into character, I cannot say it makes its votaries more amiable. There is, and must be, in a perfect exposition of it a touch of the sardonic that unpleasantly affects ordinary mortals. It gives a sense of power, but of a power somewhat malign in its tendency. What a perfect gentleman, in the world's sense of the word, was, nay is, (for is he not immortal?) Mephistopheles. Quiet and self-possessed, not unpleasantly eager even in his relentless seeking for the soul of Faust. Determined, to be sure, to have it in due time, but, meanwhile, too much of a gentleman to make a fuss before the time came.

However, there is a nobler kind of self-possession that comes of well-digested experience, and that can co-exist with warm feelings and keen sympathies, nay, even with that enthusiasm which, if latent, is not, on that account the less, but the more effective. A man finds himself, so to speak, an inhabitant of two worlds, the world without and the world within. It is a condition of perfect sanity that a man

live a little in both. If he live exclusively in the one or in the other he will lose his balance. In the one case he will become a lunatic, will, "see men as trees walking;" in the other, he will become a fribble and a trifier, carried hither and thither by every wind of circumstance. Even should a man so live in both these worlds as to preserve the minimum of sanity that is indispensable to a rational being, he may have his predilection for one over the other, and it is certain that the development of his character will depend for its direction on the precise co-relation he establishes between the two. It is all in all in a man's history whether he has possession of himself or whether he is under the dominion of circumstance. Circumstance is, as it were, the outer world incarnate, and there is no doubt but it wages continual warfare to secure exclusive possession of the human soul.

If a man have possession of himself, he enjoys a liberty of which nor sword nor chain can deprive him. To such a spirit, "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." The world may fall in ruins about him, but he, just and strong of purpose, will remain self-possessed. On the other hand, what charter won by blade of sword and sealed by hilt of dagger can bestow freedom upon the man who is at the beck and bidding of every chance circumstance that befalls.

But a man may learn by living, if he be capable of learning. Time and nature are continually bringing to men lessons of more than sibylline wisdom. But a lesson once rejected is rarely presented again; and even should nature over and over teach it to the full, time is perpetually destroying the opportunities of putting it to use. There is no lesson time teaches better worth learning than the value of a day. Few know it. Either they underrate it or overrate it; most probably they do both under different aspects. It is one of the illusions that we think of great things only in connection with large spaces of time. But the really great things are done on individual days. At the root of the greatest of deeds is a great thought, and that thought sprang full grown into the world on some one day, nay, at some one moment. Everything else followed in time, but everything else was included in the thought, so that having once brought himself (and it needed preparation) to the pitch of thinking this thought the thinker might have rested as men rest after seed-sowing in the spring time. The great things that were not done on individual days were, and remained, mere day-dreams. Now if we only knew the real value of a day nothing would more contribute to put us in possession of ourselves. Most of the perturbations of the human spirit come either from too persistent brooding over the past or from too anxious solicitude about the future. In either case the day is robbed of a portion of the force that had no profitable use save to be spent in its service. Once a man fully realises that he can mould only the day he has, or if other days, only through it, he will begin both to take things easily and to do them well, and these two have a closer connection than most people seem to imagine.

There is no way in which life force is more certainly wasted than

when it is expended in bemoaning the irremediable and in resisting the inevitable. Yet there are numbers of people who do both ; people who seem to think that the never-resting shadow will go back upon the dial as many degrees as they please if only they shout their lamentation loud enough ; people who imagine that Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos will undo the web they have woven, and submit their decrees to some court of appeal that will be moved to reverse them by a strong expression of mortal discontent. It is a great part of wisdom to find out where sorrow ceases to be useful and when resistance becomes mere folly. To find out this is like stanching some artery through which life was gently ebbing away. Even a creature so low in the scale as an insect can teach one a lesson. Place before it an impassable barrier, it will first try to get over it. Perhaps in its minute mind it has some ambitious idea of the possibility of pushing the obstacle aside by main force. But it can neither push it aside nor get over it. Then what is the next best thing ? Why it seeks a passage on one side or the other, or if all fails it turns back ; that is, mark you, it recognises the full meaning of the obstacle. And if it did not it might wear its antennæ to the stumps and never get any further. The man who most vividly realises a difficulty is the man who is most likely to overcome it ; and if it be unconquerable, the man who first recognises that it is so, is the man to whom defeat only serves to suggest a way to a wider victory all the more decisive because it was deferred.

The secret of all power is—save your force. If you want high pressure you must choke off waste. A great waste cock is speech. You can let off by talking any amount of steam that will merely serve to the formation of vapoury clouds, which, catching the sunshine of youth and hope, look beautiful enough, but have nothing substantial in them, and contribute largely to the chances of a wet and dismal evening. Under most circumstances silence is, to say the least, safe. It is, besides, a great saving of force. People will tell you, and I have no doubt but they believe it, that it is a relief to cry out under suffering ; but, even as an anodyne, complaint is of questionable value. It is like some of the drugs that give momentary surcease of pain at the cost of such general lowering of vitality as makes after-pain more intolerable. Pain is best born in silence. Let instinct itself give you a lesson. Should you chance to put your finger on hot iron your first instinctive movement—try the experiment, if you please—will be to clap the burnt finger into your mouth. Is it not as if nature herself, consulting for both your dignity and your well-being, were trying to hinder you from screaming ?

Thoughtful men, especially if circumstances have placed them a little apart on the skirts of life's great battle, soon come to perceive through what an exaggerating medium the keen strugglers see the objects of their desires. In vast dimension and gorgeous colouring the object looms before their eager vision, but size and colour are given by the eye, not existing in the thing. As experience widens, one begins to see how much upon a level all human things are. In the vast sweep of the earth's curve the difference between ant-hill and

Andes is scarcely appreciable. Time disenchant the votaries of every shrine. Head of gold but feet of clay, and even the gold only the glinting of sunflash or gleaming of moonshine, is the history of all the idols. What yesterday was the one thing to make us happy, to-day we would not stoop for if it lay at our feet. It is said that, in most cases, what youth wishes eagerly age will bring in abundance. It may be so, but even realised wishes do not always mean happiness. Views change, points of views are different. Every year, or every lustrum at all events, there is a new ideal so mighty that it enforces, so jealous that it exacts the breaking up and burning of all the ideals that have gone before. Besides, the longer we live the more we learn to revise our estimates. What seemed a very crisis in the happening has proved barren of result, while the real crisis came, so to speak, in the night, and went its way unrecognised. Darkness hangs upon the turning points. As we till the field, not the seeds only that we planted come up in due season, but other seeds sown by an enemy while we slept—and who is a man's worst enemy?—spring up to surprise and to pain us. Again, most of the people we lived amongst seem to have had little or no influence upon our lives, while some stranger who merely looked us once in the face, and spoke, and passed, has his influence woven into the very texture of our fate. We need not look beyond our own hearts to find great schemes come to nothing, and deep-laid plans frustrated, and, on the other hand, the direction of life falling into the hands of what, from impatience of exhaustive analysis, we are content to call chance. No truth we may sooner learn if we will than the two-sided truth that like the shield in the fable, seems a contradiction till it is examined on all sides : "Nothing is important, everything is of importance." Life is made up of trifles, but their sum total is a human destiny. A fortress is no stronger than its weakest point, and if it have a weak point the enemy will be sure to find it out. One or other weak strand in an anchor rope does not seem of much consequence, but it is precisely upon that the storm will press with greatest force in the hour of peril. What, you may well say, is the drift of all this? Well, all these things seem to me to teach a certain wise fatalism that will conduce to the suppression of fuss and to the growth of self-possession. A *wise* fatalism, not the fatalism that expresses itself by apathy, but that which gives the spring to exertion; not the fatalism of the man who tills no land and sows no seed, and then complains that fate will give no harvest; but the fatalism of the man who believes that he too, his strong right arm, his contriving brain, is a part and no small part of fate; and ploughs and sows, and having done his part, sits quietly knowing two things, one, that having done his part the other forces needful for result are by no means likely to fail; the other, that harvest-time will be no surer, nor will it come a day sooner, though he were to worry the world talking about it and fussing about it.

The human mind in its best specimens has always highly appreciated a certain kind of quietism, under the influence of which a man might sit, as it were, apart (the Stoics gave him a throne, and called him a king), and, unvexed by the storms of passion and untroubled by the

currents of emotion, might manage his life and his affairs. And at all times, consciously or unconsciously, men seek this quietism, and seek it in ways as various as the social conditions that surround them. The Stoic sought it by hard paths, and ruthlessly trampled down the flowers of life that he might reach the goal and sit crowned monarch over a loveless and a hopeless world. The Red Indian too had his ideal, and deemed that he had attained it when deliberate apathy touched his tortured lips with a silence that anticipated and prefigured the silence of death. Poets seek refuge in the rapture, like a dream within a dream, that enfolds the human spirit, that can fuse hard reality in the liquid fire of song. Even the fop has some notion of the fascination of quietism, and in the *poco-curantism* of his languid drawl will ape the manners of the man, "*justum ac tenacem propositi*." In fact, men who have thought over the matter, and men who have not, steadily set themselves to resist the irruptions, which the outer world, condensed under the name of circumstance, is continually making upon the world within. There is the problem—Circumstance is lying in wait to rob me of myself, how to prevent the robbery? And men of all classes answer with one word, however different may be the meaning they severally attach to it—"By self-possession."

What is at the bottom of this likeness that makes in this matter extremes meet, or seem to meet? Whence comes this almost universal belief in the charm of quietism? Nature teaches it, is always teaching it. Calmness and composure are the natural manners, and very striking manners they are, of power. The force both vital and mechanical, that is at work on any single day of spring, sending the sap through the tree, from root to bud-mark, making the grass sprout up in all the fields, is simply incalculable by any process within the reach of the human intellect. Yet all goes on in the most absolute silence. Can you hear the grass grow, or the flower gathering bloom, or the seedling breaking its case and despatching its messenger to bore up to the daylight, or the riot and convulsion of growth of which the myriad buds upon the hedge-rows are the certain tokens? Universally it seems to be the case, that quietude, or, if motion, then intensely silent motion, gives the impression of immense power. What is noiseless is strong. Force expended in the mere production of noise is force wasted. It is so much lost to the main end of power. What takes hold of the world like light, and yet what ever comes so quietly as the silent footsteps of the dawn? Would the sunrise be any the more impressive, nay, would it not soon grow less impressive if it were ushered in every morning by thunder pealing down the eastern hills? In the very centre of the cyclone—the nucleus around which gathers its terrific force—there is one spot where the flame of a taper would not be shaken. Before the thunder crashes upon the ear, the lightning has rent its passage through the living rock. Or, see some vast piece of machinery at work, is not your idea of its enormous power enlarged by the fateful deliberateness and the absolute absence of anything like fuss with which it does its work?

And we ourselves are microcosms. The world is incarnate in us.



All its secrets are told in our organization. Its laws reproduce themselves in our thoughts and in our history. Nay, in man all worlds meet, and the universe fulfils itself. Matter and spirit, the extreme results of creative power, meet and make a man. Hence it is never wonderful that a law of nature or a custom of the physical world should have its counterpart in the world of mind and of morals. The quiet manner is the effective manner. This man is not moved by what moves you; you begin to suspect in him a larger mass of mind. A force that touching you produces a spasm of emotion, has on him no apparent effect. Forthwith you begin to have a conviction that the emotional force that is lost to you by the very act of expression is hoarded up by him for worthier uses; and that from such hoardings his stock of latent force is quite beyond your conjecture. You credit him with a larger knowledge and a finer experience because, even in a crisis that marks for you the shouting point, he preserves all the composure of a man whose resources are, if not inexhaustible, at all events unexhausted.

Even superficial self-possession will, at first sight, produce something of this impression. It may not be quite a correct impression. There may not be under it all or nearly all that you imagine. But all the same fine manners have their inevitable influence and place the man who has them at an advantage in the presence of the man who lacks them. That is, however, until some crisis comes that transcends the ordinary and calls not for manners but for a man. When it comes to a hand-to-hand fight with nature for the daily bread, then manners are apt to go to the wall. Then a man courts circumstance, and cringes to it, not commands it. The mere struggler for bread has no time to sit down and possess himself or anything. Everyone of his days that are, or that are to be, presents itself to his imagination as a possible loaf. Meantime, the children cry for supper, and he must work, work, work. His manners are, and is it any wonder, the manners of scramble not of leisure.

It may be said that self-possession is a delusive quality, that it may be a mere mask concealing very real perturbation and disquiet. But I answer that disquiet and perturbation so masked cease to be their ugly selves. They are subdued by the self-possession that looks them in the face. A man may be startled at night by an unexpected apparition. If he have courage to go up to it, and examine it, he will find merely a scooped turnip into which the waggish boys have put a candle end. But let him run away, and he will carry to his grave an ineradicable conviction that he has seen a ghost. Besides, a little observation will teach any one that where there is real weakness the weakling seeks to hide it, not by calmness but by bluster.

There is, indeed, as I have more than once hinted, a self-possession that has its root deep in character, and a self-possession that is only superficial. Between these, in their external manifestation, it may seem impossible to distinguish. But it is impossible only to superficial observers. It is in these as in other things—not so much by flower or foliage, but “by their fruits shall you know them.” The two classes that seem most unmoved by the spectacle of human

suffering are, the heartless and the helpful; yet how infinitely different and with quite an ascertainable difference is the unemotional gloating of the tyrant over the suffering he inflicts, and that deliberate suppression of emotion that guides the hand of a skilled surgeon to the removal of human pain. It is in what a man does rather than in what he feels or expresses that his real quality is discernable. Feeling may be an indication of tendency, but only in act do we find tendency realised. The man who loudliest blows the horn is the very man most likely to spoil it in the process of converting it into the serviceable spoon.

The self-possession worth having comes only from just estimates of life, both of the life that is, and that which is to come. The statesman boasted that he had called into existence a new world to redress the balance of the old. It was glittering rhetoric, but, as a matter of fact, the boast was absurd. But we in far higher sense may make the boast true for ourselves by learning to read the world around us by the light of the far more real world that lies beyond the realms of sense. What a depth of wisdom is contained in the "book mark" of St. Theresa which my readers, even should they thank me for nothing else, will thank me for giving them in Longfellow's translation:

"Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee;  
All things are passing,  
God never changeth;  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things;  
Who God possesseth,  
In nothing is wanting;  
Alone God sufficeth."

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## OLD HOUSES RE-STORIED.

### PART II.

JOHN CLAUDIUS BERESFORD, the third son of the First Commissioner of the Revenue, had no more cause to complain of the ill-usage of fortune than any of the host of brothers, uncles, cousins, and connections who grew up and prospered in the sunshine of the family patronage. Nothing came amiss to him that brought an increase of power, pay, or importance. In Parliament he represented, successively, the borough of Swords, the city of Dublin, and the county of Waterford. He was a Privy Councillor in Ireland; Inspector-General of Exports and Imports; Secretary to the Grand Lodge of Orangemen; captain commandant of a corps of yeomanry; a Commissioner

of Wide Streets; one of the Corporation for improving the Port of Dublin; agent to the Hon. the Irish Society over their estates in Derry; a banker, an alderman, governor of the aldermen of Skinner's Alley, a trustee of the linen manufacture, and once in a way Lord Mayor of Dublin.

In 1790, being then about twenty-four years of age, he entered the Irish Parliament as member for Swords—a borough described as notorious in the annals of bribery and corruption, the franchise being then exercised by the Protestant inhabitants who had been six months resident in the town previous to the election. A writer, quoted in Dalton's "History of the County of Dublin," gives, in reference to this election, a curious sketch of the way in which such matters were managed in times gone by. "General Massey," says this authority, "some time since cast a longing eye on this borough, which he considered as a common open to any occupant; and, to secure the command of it to himself, he began to take and build tenements within its precincts, in which he placed many veteran soldiers, who, having served under him in war, were firmly attached to their ancient leader. Mr. Beresford, the First Commissioner of the Revenue, who has a sharp look-out for vacant places, had formed the same scheme with the general for securing the borough to himself, and a deluge of revenue officers was poured forth from the Custom House to overflow the place, as all the artificers of the new Custom House had before been exported in the potato-boats of Dungarvan to storm that borough. The wary general took the alarm, and threatened his competitor, that, for every revenue officer appearing there, he would introduce two old soldiers, which somewhat cooled the First Commissioner's ardour. Thus the matter rests at present; but whether the legions of the army or the locusts of the revenue will finally remain masters of the field, or whether the rival chiefs, from an impossibility of effecting all they wish, will be content to go off, like the two kings of Brentford, smelling at one rose, or whether Mr. Hatche's interest will preponderate in the scale, time alone can clearly ascertain." As a matter of history, we may add that the gallant general and the First Commissioner's son did pass off the stage in the aforesaid kingly fashion.

Having represented this very independent constituency for six years, Mr. John Claudius Beresford stood for the metropolitan city, and was returned in 1797. During this part of his career he distinguished himself by speaking and voting against the Union; thereby, certainly, representing the electors of Dublin, while going in direct opposition to the chiefs of his house, whose support—no unimportant aid, since it was calculated that they exercised a more or less direct influence over about four-and-twenty seats—was relied on by the English ministry. His father was, at the same time, lending very important assistance in carrying the measure; his grandfather, the Earl of Tyrone, a stanch, though not by any means a brilliant supporter of the Government, proposed the Union in a speech written in the crown of his hat; and his uncle, Lord Clare, was earning, by his strenuous advocacy of the cause, the sobriquet of "Union Jack." The patriotic Beresford does not appear to have got much

credit for sincerity. However, we learn from the Cornwallis correspondence that his conduct at some of the Dublin meetings was so very hostile to the Union measure, that it became a question whether he should not be dismissed from his situation as Inspector-General of Exports and Imports; and, as a matter of fact, he did resign this agreeable sinecure post of £400 a year. "Mr. John Claudius Beresford this morning resigned his office," writes Lord Cornwallis to the Duke of Portland, "very liberally expressing his wish to relieve the Administration from all difficulties on his account, and desirous that the support which he intends to afford the Government on all other questions might not be attributed in any degree to his wish to retain his situation."

Unfortunately, this energetic anti-Unionist displayed more than equal zeal in a worse cause. His ultra-loyal energy in putting down insurrection found expression in very unmeasured language. A contemporary accuses him of having expressed a wish for the rebellion, in order to have an opportunity of showing the world that it might be quelled *in two days*. But, whether he did or did not use these words, he showed unbounded satisfaction when the Government proposed to adopt the most vigorous measures of repression in the month of May, 1798. Oratory was not among the gifts of the well-endowed Beresfords, and on this occasion John Claudius appears to have particularly lamented his want of eloquence. Words failed him, he told the House of Commons, to express what he felt. He was glad that the Government of the country at last thought fit to adopt these vigorous measures. Leniency had failed. He was for the exertion of still greater vigour. He was for proclaiming military law at once—for trying before a military tribunal every traitor found with arms in his hands against the State, and hanging them up at once upon conviction. He highly lauded the good policy of crushing rebellion in the bud.

He made, however, a much more remarkable figure at the head of his yeomanry corps than in his seat in the Irish Parliament. The feelings which he could not adequately express in a speech he gave full vent to when he led his light horse into action. It will be remembered that in the reign of terror that preceded the outbreak of '98, and during the days of slaughter that followed, the military, the militia, and the yeomanry were employed in exciting the people to revolt, in seizing and torturing suspected rebels, and in slaying insurgents in the field. The British troops and the German mercenaries, let loose over the country, were active agents in carrying out the measures which Lord Castlereagh admitted were taken by Government in order to cause the premature explosion of the insurrection. Murder, according to Lord Cornwallis, was the favourite pastime of the militia; while the Orange yeomanry, fully equal in ferocity to the Ancient Britons, the Homsperg Dragoons, the Dumbarton Fencibles, and the North Cork and Armagh regiments,\* had, owing to their

\* The Highland regiments serving at that time in Ireland were a creditable contrast in their conduct to the other troops. These regiments, says Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in the "Story of Ireland," p. 538, "behaved with the greatest humanity, and where possible, kindness towards the Irish peasantry."

intimate acquaintance with the people, still greater opportunities of destroying the innocent. Whom they would they declared suspected, and private enmities as well as party animosities could alike be gratified by the consequences—horrible torturing or disgraceful death—sure to follow such a denunciation.

The captain commandant of "Beresford's corps" took considerable pride in the efficiency of his troop. At the Sunday parades in Stephen's-green and the reviews in the Phoenix Park, their martial appearance was calculated to attract the admiration of the crowds that gathered on these occasions; for, the country being in danger, Sabbath decorum was constantly disturbed by military displays in the streets and public places. For the better training of his men he built a riding-school in the grounds of Tyrone House. Talbot-street had no existence at that date, and the large wooden building was raised on the site now occupied by Mr. Quan's coach factory and the National Education Model School. On one side the riding-house faced Marlborough-green, then a place of fashionable promenade, and on the other looked into the well-planted lawn of the Marquis of Waterford's residence, which on the Marlborough-street side was protected by a high wall that served to screen it from the pile over the way, once Lord Annesley's dwelling, but then, and until it made room for the Metropolitan Church, a barrack.

By-and-by, the times not improving, and the zeal of excited loyalty waxing still hotter, the commandant supplemented his force by the addition of a battalion of spies; the yeomen were otherwise employed than in equestrian exercise; and the riding-house was turned to the same account as the Shelbourne barracks in Stephen's-green, the old Custom House at Essex-bridge, and the yard of the Royal Exchange. Denounced by the spies, and hunted down by the Orange yeomen, suspected rebels were driven into the riding-house, suspended from a triangle and flogged until they made "confession," true or false, or fainted away in their agony; while there stood by, like an incorrigible Saul, the captain of the rebel-hunting troop of informers and light cavalry thenceforth known as "Beresford's Bloodhounds."

The exploits of this corps of the loyal Dublin horse were somehow or another not remarkable in the field. We hear of them in a miserable affray at Rathfarnham, when the leader of a party of rebels was killed and four of his men hanged in the street; and they appear again in history scouring the neighbourhood of Artane, and, attended by a detachment of the Coolock cavalry, triumphantly entering Dublin with their prize—a number of pikes and firearms—which they proceeded to lodge in the barracks. Their gallantry, no doubt, was equal to that of their comrades in arms, which was so often "difficult to restrain within prudent bounds;" possibly like the rest they "distinguished themselves in a high style," on different occasions, and earned, one way or another, a share of the extravagant eulogy bestowed on all his majesty's forces on duty in Ireland, by all the government officers, civil and military. There was a good deal of work for soldiers of this kind in the city itself when the yeomanry

went into permanent duty, and patrols were established through every street. Numbers of prisoners were being brought in daily, and had to be hanged, *pour encourager les autres*, on the bridges, with the gallant yeomanry in attendance. Captain John Claudius did not shirk his duty in this sphere of action. He made no difficulty about assisting at the executions with his highly-effective force. The new bridge at the end of Sackville-street (there was no sign of Westmoreland-street at that date) was desecrated by such scenes as these. The scaffolding; still erect, afforded facilities for the execution of the dreadful work. There suffered the prisoners taken at Santry by Lord Roden and his dragoons, called, from the fine horses they rode, the Foxhunters; and there also was put to a disgraceful death, on a bright summer afternoon, Dr. Esmond, of the old Catholic family of that name, who had been engaged in the tragic affair at Prosperous.

No achievement of the Bloodhounds and their master made so strong an impression on the public mind as their treatment of a master chimney-sweeper named Horish, concerning whom that indefatigable gleaner in the fields of history, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, has collected some curious particulars. Horish, it would appear, was a well-known citizen. He lived in a good house, which he himself or his father had built on Redmond's-hill; employed a number of climbing boys, whom he treated remarkably well, and had the best business in his line in Dublin, having a contract for sweeping the chimneys of all the public offices, including those of the Castle. Although held in good repute, he had enemies who gave out that he was a member of the United Irish Society, and was to lend his aid in conveying some infernal machine into the Castle for the purpose of blowing up the building.\* This was enough. The unfortunate man was seized forthwith, carried to the riding-house in Marlborough-green, and flogged unmercifully in the presence of the commandant.†

In strange ways did the populace give expression to the rage enkindled in their hearts by such transactions as these. One night a signboard was affixed to the door of the riding-house, with the inscription: "Mangling done here by Beresford & Co." Some in their blind fury destroyed the banker's notes whenever they could lay hands on them; and Mr. Fitzpatrick refers to instances in which a man was seen lighting his pipe, and a rebel was discovered wadding his gun with waste paper of the same quality.

When in 1802 an attempt was made to break the Beresford party, and Sir Jonah Barrington and Mr. Latouche contested the city of Dublin with the Orange candidates, Horish again appeared upon the scene, and in a very unexpected and effective way confronted his late tormentor at the hustings. All the chimney-sweepers in Dublin, and they were many, who had votes, polled for the Counsellor, as Sir Jonah was popularly called. "I lost the election," says the

\* "Ireland before the Union," chap. ix.

† Horish, according to a humorous writer, was punished for "assuming the title of Earl of Charlemont, making pikes, introducing the French, and intending to separate us," &c. &c.

latter, "but I polled to the end of the fifteen days, and had the gratification of thinking that I broke the knot of a virulent ascendancy, was the means of Mr. Latouche's success, and likewise of Mr. Grattan's subsequent return."\* Many years afterwards, at elections in other parts of Ireland, triangles were set up in the streets, for the purpose of exciting the people against a candidate, whose claims to the support of a tenantry enjoying peace and plenty under a just landlord of the house of Beresford, were forgotten in the detestation attaching to the name of the master of the riding-house.

But the mistakes and misdeeds of this man might have had a chance of dropping into comparative oblivion, or becoming confounded with the wrongdoings of other parties, if the attention of "an able editor," with a viciously sharp pen, had not been concentrated on the remarkable figure of John Claudius Beresford. The vengeance thus taken was prolonged and deadly. He was tracked through every path of his subsequent life, picketed on the merciless pen, triangled in every possible position, lashed with envenomed words, and gibbeted for posterity. In one of the now very scarce magazines of seventy years ago this retributive war was carried on; and the result is, that, whenever the word Beresford is mentioned in the hearing of the people, John Claudius, with his Bloodhounds and his riding-house, start up as if there never had been another of his patronymic met with in the pages of history or the walks of life. As was remarked by a worthy man, who, himself an Irishman of the truest blood and feeling, had, while serving in the employment of the Waterford family, many opportunities of observing the high spirit, generosity and other good qualities of the race—"John Claudius ruined the Beresfords!"†

Alderman John Claudius was an active member of the old Corporation. He diligently and efficiently attended to public business, without, however, letting slip any opportunity of improving his own position. He rented some of the tolls, then levied off agricultural produce conveyed into Dublin for supply of the inhabitants. How much of these were rented by him cannot at this moment be stated, but he certainly rented the tolls collected in Dorset-street. A

\* "Personal Sketches and Recollections of his Own Times."

† If we were asked to name a member of the same family, as a striking set-off against John Claudius, we would name his cousin, the late John George Beresford, Protestant Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland. No one who had once seen him could ever forget his handsome face and truly noble appearance. He was a man of discerning mind and generous feeling, and showed these qualities in the way in which he ruled his see, and in his relations with his clergy. The large revenue he derived from the Church he employed chiefly in its service. He contented himself with his private fortune, and died not rich. On his cathedral choir he spent £700 a year; the expenses incurred by the publication of a valuable antiquarian work were defrayed by him; and he built, at a cost of £11,000, the Campanile in the grand square of Trinity College. Our late venerated Primate, the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, had the sincerest esteem for Archbishop Beresford; and on one occasion, when speaking of him, he said: "He is a large-hearted, large-minded man, and each night in prayer I ask God to preserve his life, and to prolong the term of his benevolence and charity."

gentleman, who then wrote remonstrances against levying the tolls, while the city was taxed, house by house, for the purposes to which the tolls were alleged to be applied, raised so strong a feeling against the exaction, that the country people at length resolved to drive the vehicles conveying their produce through the collectors by force; and the legality of the tolls having been generally disputed, the collection was abandoned. The alderman also rented the ferries, and the tolls collected on the bridges which had been built where ferry boats once had plied. For many years after Carlisle-bridge was opened there stood a toll-house at either end, and the last remnant of the old system still survives in the Metal-bridge, which useful and really graceful object we owe to the much-abused toll-farmer. In conjunction with his partner, a Mr. Walsh, he threw a wooden structure across the ferry station at the Bachelor's Walk. This bridge, having been carried away by a flood, the metal bridge was cast to take its place. The alderman's—or, more properly, as he was then chief magistrate, the Lord Mayor's—relentless pursuer with the envenomed pen made great fun out of the occasion, in a paragraph headed "Hanging a Bridge," and in other witty half pages. "A neat iron bridge," we are thus informed, "being ready to be placed across the river, John Claudius Beresford, who farms the ferries as he does the tolls, is to hang his bridge: no man fitter," &c. &c. An apple woman, who is represented to have lost her whole stock-in-trade when her standing was carried off by the fall of the bridge, said that it ought to be called Beresford's-bridge; and being asked the reason, replies: Because it *whipt* away all she possessed. "The twentieth of July," we are elsewhere told, "being the birthday of his long lordship, as well as the second day of the shooting term, the same will be observed with the usual demonstrations of joy. The Beresford standard\* will be hoisted on each boat of the ferry fleet; twenty-one rounds will be fired from each of the toll-houses, and the Riding-house colours in crimson will be displayed."

For some years Mr. John Claudius Beresford's town residence was at No. 2, Beresford-place, where the business of the banking firm in which he was a partner was carried on. There was an inconvenient run on the bank—not for gold, however, but for window smashing—on the day Lord Camden arrived in Dublin as Viceroy of Ireland. The mob, well knowing the party that was answerable for the sudden recall of Earl Fitzwilliam, having attacked the Chancellor (Lord Clare), and nearly demolished his magnificent equipage, rushed to the Custom House, broke the windows of that part of the building in which the First Commissioner resided, and then attacked the bank; but the military, soon afterwards arriving on the spot, dispersed the crowd, without, as the report says, any more mischief occurring. It seemed hardly worth while to put on record that one man was killed and two or three were wounded by shots fired from the Custom House.

During the period in which Mr. John Claudius Beresford repre-

\* A stag's head, with a crucifix between the horns,



sented the county of Waterford in the Imperial Parliament, he resided when in town in the handsome house now so well known as the Children's Hospital, Buckingham-street. The mansion stood, not as now in the centre of a row, but as the end house of a block, with waste grounds in the offing, and a wide space extending between it and the palatial edifice built about the middle of the last century at the cost of £40,000, by the Earl of Aldborough. Not long before the rebellion broke out, the eccentric earl and the future resident in the Buckingham-street mansion came into collision about certain lots of ground in the neighbourhood. A suit at law was the consequence, and the case having been brought into the Court of Chancery, Lord Clare's decision was given in favour of his nephew. In an appeal, carried to the House of Lords, the same chancellor being on the woolsack, the nobleman was again defeated. Thus, left without legal means of obtaining what he considered justice, the earl wrote a book attacking the Lord Chancellor. Thereupon he was cited to defend himself before his peers; but, not succeeding in doing so, he was voted guilty of a high breach of privilege and a libel on the Lord Chancellor, as chairman of the House. The end of the matter was that the earl was sent to Newgate, where he remained for some months; until, having obtained by memorial a remission of his sentence of imprisonment, he was liberated on payment of £1,000.

Buckingham-street was one of the new lines laid out during the building of the Custom House. There was not even a roadway between the Strand line and Summer-hill until 1790. We find the street mentioned in "*Ireland Ninety Years Ago*,"\* in the narrative of a gentleman who described to the writer of that book the way in which he had passed the night of the 23rd of May, 1798. "On the morning of that day," he says, "I received a pressing invitation from my sister, who then lived in Buckingham-street, to join her family, that we might, as she said, 'all die together.' I set out in the evening for her house. The streets were silent and deserted; no sound was heard but the measured tread of the yeomanry corps taking up their appointed stations." He met an acquaintance who wanted him to go home and pass the night with him as it was dangerous to be out. This, however, he declined to do. "While we were talking," he continues, "we heard the sound of approaching steps, and saw the attorney's corps, with solemn tread, marching towards us. My companion disappeared down a lane, and I walked up to meet them, and when they passed me, proceed on my way. When I reached my sister's house in Buckingham-street, I found a neighbour had called there, and given to my brother-in-law, who was a clergyman, a handful of ball cartridges, bidding him defend his life as well as he could. So great was their alarm, they had, on parting, taken a solemn leave of each other, as people who never hoped to meet again. The only weapon of defence in the house was a fowling-piece, which I charged with powder, but found the balls in the cartridges too large for the calibre. The family were persuaded to go to bed, leaving me to keep

guard; and with the fowling-piece on my shoulder, and the large ball stuck in the muzzle, I marched up and down until sunrise in the morning. Meetings of the disaffected were held that night in the Barley Fields (as the neighbourhood of George's Church was then called), and on the strand of Clontarf. More than once, in the still, calm night, I thought I heard the undulating buzz and sound of a crowd, and the regular tread of a mass of men marching, but all else was awfully still."

The mansion, which a few years afterwards became the residence of Alderman Beresford, M. P., commanded, as it still commands, magnificent prospects from its upper apartments. To the north opens a view of great extent over the Clontarf estuary, the country from Glasnevin and Santry to Howth, and the Bay of Dublin east of the Poolbeg Lighthouse. Southward are seen the rounded outline of the Dublin mountains, Bray Head with its tufted knobs, and the peaked summits of the Wicklow range; while immediately in the foreground, backed by the graceful line of those heights, the city is spread out like a map, showing conspicuously the church steeples and towers, the green dome of the Four Courts, the cupola of the King's Inns, and the Custom House amidst the shipping in the river and the docks.

The style of living which was adopted when Alderman Beresford, with his Scottish wife and troop of handsome children, removed to Buckingham-street, was "the same sort of singing, dancing, and dinnering life," so much in vogue in Dublin at that time. The master of the house, though in personal habits simple and plain enough, was generous in expenditure and magnificent in hospitality. Tall and somewhat gaunt in figure, he was not, at least at this period of his life, without a touch of the family grace about him. He had some good features, and his manners were agreeable and unpretentious. Truth to say, he was amiable and good-natured in private life, bore an excellent character as a family man, made no distinction in society or in the household between Protestants and Catholics, and was not without friends and well wishers.\* Indeed, if he had not possessed the good will of many of his fellow-citizens, he never could have held his ground after the transactions of '98.

Beauty and fashion were in the right place passing up and down the wide staircase and sweeping through the fine drawing-rooms of the Buckingham-street mansion; while the alderman and banker's city friends, patrician relatives, and country supporters had abundant reason to laud his cordiality and praise the *cuisine*. During his occupancy, a Dublin architect executed for him a great improvement by removing the old basement story, laying foundations at a greater depth which he faced with hammered limestone, vaulting the cellars and storerooms, and extending the culinary accommodations. The

\* Dr. R. R. Madden in his "Lives of the United Irishmen," says that John Claudius Beresford lived "when he waxed old on decent terms with Roman Catholics, nay, even went out of his way to promote the interests of some men who had suffered much in purse and person in 1798," Vol. I., p. 356, 2nd Edition.

neighbours, unused to such architectural feats, were amazed to see the alderman's big house, supported on uprights, standing without its fundamental storey. This change being effected, there was nothing wanting to the comfort and convenience of the house, which had been built, we believe, by the First Commissioner of the Revenue.

When Mr. Beresford held hospitalities in the high and wide red house that overtops Dublin and commands splendid prospects, there were usually among his guests Sir John Stevenson and his beautiful daughters, Anna and Olivia. The composer was just then engaged in arranging the Irish airs, for which Moore was writing the immortal words. The early numbers of the melodies were being published by Mr. Power, of Dame-street; the musical world of professors and amateurs were kept on the *qui vive*, in a state of alternate expectation and delight; and so irresistible was the charm of music and verse, that Erin and her sorrows became the favourite theme in circles composed of the betrayers of her honour, and the slayers of her sons.\* Weep on, sang the poet to the mourning children of the nation—survivors of the day of disaster and disgrace:—

“ Weep on—perhaps in after days  
They'll learn to love your name;  
When many a deed shall wake in praise  
That now must sleep in blame!  
And when they tread the ruin'd aisle,  
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,  
They'll wondering ask how hands so vile  
Could conquer hearts so brave.”

Sir John Stevenson, who enjoyed as much as any man the convivial meetings in Mr. Beresford's great dining-room, was also quite at home among the evening guests, who talked and sang beneath a blaze of wax lights in the drawing-room. He was of middle height and slight figure, handsome, and invariably well dressed. At times, when he had his company manners on, he was a little pompous; but more frequently he lapsed into those boyish and paradoxical ways, which Moore tells us used to make the matter-of-fact English people stare whenever he visited the Sister Island. Under the influence of lyric inspiration, as in the hour he sang “ Give me the Harp of Epic Song,” or touched the tender chords that sighed o'er “ Faithless Emma,” or set the anthems for the choirs of St. Patrick's and Christ Church, he

\* “ Les Irlandais aiment à faire de la patrie un être réel qu' on aime et qui nous aime; ils aiment à lui parler sans prononcer son nom, et à confondre l'amour qu' ils lui vouent, cet amour austère et périlleux, avec ce qu' il y a de plus doux et de plus fortuné parmi les affections du cœur. Il semble que, sous le voile de ces illusions agréables, ils veulent déguiser à leur âme la réalité des dangers auxquels s'expose le patriote, et s'entretenir d'idées gracieuses, en attendant l'heure du combat; comme ces Spartiates qui se couronnaient de fleurs, sur le point de périr aux Thermopyles. . . . C'est un grand titre à la reconnaissance d'une nation que d'avoir su chanter, en vers capables d'être populaires, sa liberté présente ou passée, ses droits garantis ou violés. Celui qui ferait pour la France ce que M. Moore a fait pour l'Irlande serait récompensé au-delà de ses peines par l'estime du public et par la conscience d'avoir rendu service à la plus sainte de toutes les causes.”—AUGUSTIN THIERRY “ Dix Ans d'Etudes Historiques.”

cast the spell of poetry on all around him. His voice was full of charm; and the violin, his favourite instrument, responded under his hand to the soul of music within him. Both his daughters had the gift of beauty, but one, Olivia, likewise possessed pre-eminently the gift of song. No one better understood the spirit of Moore's songs. It used to flatter the poet greatly when apropos of one of his new lyrics, Stevenson would exclaim, "How finely Olivia would sing that!" Destined to become the wife of a nobleman, she had just then to receive the addresses of humbler suitors. One of these became enamoured at the parties in Buckingham-street, and, full of youthful confidence, made a proposal for the hand of the fair Olivia. However, as he had no particular prospects in life, save a vague expectation that his father would do something for him, his suit was peremptorily rejected by her father. Possibly Sir John preferred for a son-in-law one who had more music in his soul than this not very engaging youth, as well as a more substantial income to begin life with; and possibly, too, the lady's fancy inclined the same way. At any rate, she soon after married Mr. Edward Tuite Dalton, a gentleman of acknowledged taste, connected with the amateur musical societies of Dublin, and promoter of a glee club patronised by the Duke of Leinster and the Earl of Meath, for which Moore, an honorary member, wrote a charter glee, set to music by Stevenson. Mr. Dalton held some post in the Custom House, and was, therefore, in a rather better position than the rejected suitor, who, however, in after years, found himself in more independent circumstances than his early rival. Moore, who counted Mr. Dalton among his dearest friends, dedicated to him his "Sacred Songs," many of which were set to music by Sir John Stevenson. In the poet's journals and correspondence one frequently notes the affectionate terms in which he speaks of the Daltons; and in the "Rhymes on the Road" there is a burst of loving recollection quite touching to read even now. The Bard is in Italy—in places which should be "thrilling alive with melody." Yet he has heard no music—

— "not a note  
Of such sweet native airs as float,  
In my own land, among the throng,  
And speak our nation's soul for song."

Nor even in higher walks, where art makes richer the gifts that are scattered by the wayside, does any taste win his perfect praise like his dear friend Dalton's, or any voice charm his ear like Olivia's.

"She, always beautiful, and growing  
Still more so every note she sings—  
Like an inspir'd young sibyl, glowing  
With her own bright imaginings!  
And thou, most worthy to be tied  
In music to her, as in love,  
Breathing that language by her side,  
All other language far above."

And then his thoughts revert to the days when her father led their

evening choir, and Time itself seemed changed to music, and they lived in song! How graceful is the tribute to Stevenson—

“He who, if aught of grace there be  
In the wild notes I write or sing,  
First smooth’d their links to harmony,  
And lent them charms they did not bring.”

Lord Byron knew the Daltons, and used to meet them at London parties. On one occasion, writing to Moore, he tells him that Mrs. Dalton sang one of his (Moore’s) best songs so well that only for the appearance of affectation, he could have cried. Moore wonders what was the song; was it, “Couldst thou look?” Mr. Dalton died of a lingering and painful disease, and, after two years of widowhood, Olivia, still young and beautiful, became Countess of Bective. This event gave occasion to an impromptu “attributed” to the facetious Lord Norbury, who, having heard of the marriage, is reported to have answered:

“Yes—Stevenson always was good at a *glee*,  
But the daughter excels at a *catch*!”

Moore still continued to keep up cordial relations with the countess as well as with her sister Anna, who was married to Mr. Lambert of Beaupark. We find in his journals such entries as this: “Sang with Lady Bective and her daughter some of the songs she and I sang together before that daughter existed, I believe.” And again: “Lady Bective’s daughter Adelaide sang some Italian things with the true hereditary taste and feeling.”\* In due course the Earl of Bective succeeded to his father’s title, and his charming wife became Marchioness of Headford. To her, under her new title, Moore dedicated the tenth number of the *Irish Melodies*, recalling once more the happy circle that met to sing the earlier numbers together under her father’s roof. Stevenson had gone to another world at that date; but with true and faithful feeling, the poet made the last of all the *Irish Melodies* a song of sorrow for the friend who first suggested to him the work in which their names are indissolubly associated, and which has done so much to “preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes.”

“Silence is in our festal halls—  
Sweet son of song! thy course is o’er;  
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,  
Her minstrel’s voice responds no more:

\* It is, of course, the daughter of Mr. Dalton who is here referred to. The countess’s second family were not, however, without a share of the gift of song. Charles Dickens, writing from Lausanne, in September, 1846, tells his correspondent that a most agreeable addition to their own special circle were two nice girls, the Ladies Taylor, daughters of Lord Headford. They were of the party that visited the convent of the Great St. Bernard. “Their mother was daughter (I think) of Sir John Stevenson, and Moore dedicated one part of the ‘*Irish Melodies*’ to her. They inherit the musical taste, and sing very well.”—Foster’s “*Life of Dickens*,” vol. ii.

All silent, as th' æolian shell  
 Sleeps at the close of some bright day,  
 When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell  
 At sunny morn, hath died away.

“ Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit, long,  
 Awaked by music's spell, shall rise ;  
 For name so link'd with deathless song  
 Partakes its charm and never dies :  
 And ev'n within the holy fane,  
 When music wafts the soul to heaven,  
 One thought of him, whose earliest strain  
 Was echoed there, shall long be given.

“ But, where is now the cheerful day,  
 The social night, when, by thy side,  
 He, who now weaves this parting lay,  
 His skilless voice with thine allied ;  
 And sung those songs whose every tone,  
 When bard and minstrel long have past,  
 Shall still in sweetness all their own,  
 Embalm'd by fame, undying last ?

“ Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame—  
 Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,  
 From thee the borrow'd glory came,  
 And at thy feet is now laid down.  
 Enough, if Freedom still inspire  
 His latest song, and still there be,  
 As evening closes round his lyre,  
 One ray upon its chords from thee.”

But the singing and dinnering life was destined to come to a sudden termination in Buckingham-street. Mr Beresford, though so many resources were open to him,\* some way or another did not manage his affairs well. He became an insolvent, his name disappeared from the banking firm with which he was connected, his seat in Parliament was left vacant, and his effects, including his valuable library, were brought to the hammer.† A grimly fantastic turn was given to this day of distress by the appearance once more upon the scene of Horish's fraternity. The sweeps purchased the alderman's carriage, and in their sooty livery drove the elegant equipage up and down the streets of Dublin. It was not, however, to be supposed that a member of so powerful a house could be irretrievably ruined by one stroke of ill-fortune. Though no longer a banker or a county member, he still held his place in the Corporation. He gave up his

\* His numerous offices and pursuits were thus burlesqued : “ Mr. Beresford has been a banker, a brickmaker, a limeburner, a distiller, miller, and a lamplighter, but became insolvent.”

† The library contained all the British classics, from Chaucer to Gibbon and Johnson, and a beautiful collection of French books. There were also in it valuable artistic works, foreign galleries, &c. Well chosen as this library was, it still could not compare with that of the Right Hon. John Beresford, which was sold after the death of its owner. The collection of engravings sold with the books was choice indeed, and did honour to the fine taste of the First Commissioner of the Revenue. The catalogues of these two sales are in the library of Trinity College.

town residence, but only to retire to a splendid retreat. He removed with his family to Drumcondra House, a stately mansion in Portland stone, erected about the middle of the last century by the Earl of Charleville, on the estate of his wife, the only daughter and heir of James Coghill, LL.D., of the Yorkshire family of that name.

The new resident's editorial tormentor affected to take a great interest in the Drumcondra establishment, making observations on the way in which the pleasure walks were being laid out, and suggesting that it might suitably be named Mount Horish, in compliment to a friend who had once held a triangle situation under the proprietor in the riding-house. The singing-hall, it was ascertained, had been tried by the vocal powers of Mr. Spray, who declared the echo would be unparalleled as soon as the croppy skulls were inserted in the walls. But stories to the effect that the stucco ornaments of the breakfast and supper rooms were to be designed in triangular and whip-cord patterns, were pronounced to be malicious fabrications, for it was known the proprietor was determined that no visible marks of such materials of Irish history should be introduced, either to gratify the whipping visitors, or frighten the whipped ones.

There could hardly be a nicer house for a family to grow up in than this. The rooms, not too vast or splendid for comfort, were panelled in brown oak, and opened five *en suite*; the ceilings were good, and the chimney-pieces of beautiful design; while the large, deeply-recessed windows looked out on well-planted well-kept grounds. A door in the boundary wall, which on one side ran near to the house, gave admission to the enclosure of the parish church, and a pathway across the graveyard\* afforded the family easy access to their place of worship. Mr. Beresford's children, treading their way along the path and taking their places in the pew belonging to the owner of Drumcondra House, used to be as familiar a sight to the congregation as was the minister in the pulpit.†

The stables, a remarkable block, with groined roof supported on stone pillars, stood at right angles to the house front, and in very unusual proximity to the dwelling, from which, however, it was screened by a row of trees. More than once it has been asserted that these stables were built for "Beresford's Bloodhounds;" certain

\* Drumcondra churchyard is, even to the present day, the burial-place of some Dublin families. It is the last resting-place of the poet, Thomas Furlong. Francis Grose, the antiquary, is buried here; and in the same vault lie the remains of his friend, James Gandon. There appears a very strange inscription on the tablet erected to the memory of the writer, whose unfinished work on the "Antiquities of Ireland" is, perhaps, like a broken column, his best monument on Irish soil. Not a line marks the resting-place of Gandon. His name, indeed, might fitly be inscribed, although he needs no "pompous epitaph upon his marble" as long as those noble buildings shall remain, in perfect beauty or in picturesque decay, upon the river side.

† Some years later on another troop of children, for whom the public (at least those outside the church) had more welcome, used to trip along the same path and sit in the same pew. These were the grandchildren of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Major-General Sir Guy Campbell, Bart., who was married to the younger Pamela, resided for some years at Drumcondra House.

spots are indicated as the scene of tragic incidents ; and one of the fine old trees is pointed out as the gibbet on which rebels were hanged by order of the master of the house. We are, however, bound to say that we can find no trace in history of any such proceedings. The stables, which are, to all appearance, of an older date than the era of the rebellion, may possibly have sheltered some yeomanry corps at the time when the royal troops were stationed in the village to protect the northern route. It is not impossible that some private hanging may have been accomplished in the neighbourhood while military law was the only law of the land. By the Drumcondra road, no doubt, Lord Roden's Foxhunters brought into town the miserable rebels taken in the affray at Santry, and afterwards hanged on the bridges. One thing, however, is certain, namely, that Mr. Beresford did not live at Drumcondra House until fourteen or fifteen years after the rebellion. Nor do we believe that anything more remarkable occurred in the house and premises during Mr. Beresford's occupancy than the brilliant illumination of the establishment, in rejoicing for some victory won by British arms in the Peninsula—a victory in which we may be sure Marshal Lord Beresford, a greatly distinguished general and a close connection of the Waterford family had had a creditable share.

Alderman Beresford was residing here when, in 1814, he was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin: an office which, by the way, he appears to have filled to the complete satisfaction of the citizens. When his equipage, as newly-installed chief magistrate, appeared in the streets the crowd looked in wonder at the crest painted on the doors, presenting between a stag's horns the image of the crucified Redeemer, with the motto, *Nil nisi cruce*. "Beresford," said a contemporary, "wore on his coach more Christianity than he would allow in his parish church."

The present condition and character of the fine town house and the handsome country residence of Mr. John Claudius Beresford afford as striking an example of the vicissitudes of fortune as any of the instances already cited. The Buckingham-street mansion, we need hardly repeat, is the locale of the Children's Hospital. In the upper storeys with the beautiful prospects, dwell the Sisters of the community to which the institution belongs. The bright drawing-rooms are considered the best possible place for the sick children, who lie there in their pretty white cots to have their temporary ailments cured and their crooked limbs made straight ; or, if Death have already cast his shadow across their little span of life, to have the passage smoothed for them to the heaven peopled with the saints of the Isle of Destiny and the martyrs of the Gaelic race. Above the mantelpiece in the front room hangs suspended a large sculptured crucifix, signifying there something very different from the crest of La Poer. The lofty lower rooms that once re-echoed with convivial laughter, the clinking of glasses, and "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory" drunk with three-times-three, are now respectively the reception-room of the convent, and the chapel wherein reigns the reverential silence that befits the sacramental presence of the Saviour of men.



Drumcondra House and Park became, in 1842, the property of the Missionary College of All Hallows, having been purchased from the Corporation during the mayoralty of Daniel O'Connell. The mansion remains unaltered in external appearance. Over the doorway is still conspicuous the Coghill crest, a cock with wings expanded. Handsome as the house is, with its surmounting balustrade, the originally imposing elevation is considerably dwarfed by the high-pitched roof and the square tower of the new collegiate buildings.\* The stables, deprived of their leafy screen, fitted with glazed windows and a clock dial, look like nothing so much as just what they are—a distinct, though integral part of the educational establishment, in which are the class rooms and the chapel of the junior students.

From out the postern door no phantom Bloodhound horses issue forth with mailed hoofs to stamp out insurrectionary pride. Through the wicket no one cares now to pass into the pathway to the church. But, year after year, through wide open gates, marches out a chosen army of the Lord, to plant on eastern plains and western shores the standard of the holy cross, and turn upon arid soil the streams of living water from founts that never yet ran dry in the land of faith and sorrow.

S. A.

## FAMILIAR FACES.

BY ETHEL TANE.

I KNOW the words are beautiful,  
That those well chosen rhymes  
Fall smoothly clear, and musical  
As softly calling chimes.

But seldom now I heed the flow  
Of rhymes so often told,  
Although the thoughts that lie below  
Seem sweeter than of old.

'Tis much the same, O friend, with you :  
I often hardly see  
How darkly fringed and deeply blue  
The eyes you turn on me.

Yes, words and faces that we know  
Will pall at times, I fear :  
'Tis thoughts and souls that do but grow  
More intimately dear.

\* See the Rev. John O'Hanlon's "Lives of the Irish Saints," vol. i., p. 348, for an excellent view of All Hallows, including the old mansion, the chapel, and the new college.

## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### A COMPACT.

"Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;  
Thou little valiant great in villainy!  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
Thou fortune's champion that dost never fight,  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety; thou art perjured, too,  
And sooth'st up greatness."

*King John.*

It had been a successful day—another glorious day for the Parliament of England. Since early morn its guns had been pouring an incessant fire on the walls of the last stronghold of the Irish rebels. The gunners had plied their craft cunningly, and shot and shell had done well the work of ruin for which they had been sent. A huge rent yawned in the black walls of the town; and a mound of loose stones and mortar sloped from the opening down to the green field outside. From a fort, which he had constructed at an early stage of the siege, General Ireton saw the destruction that had been done upon the enemies of the Lord, and poured forth his soul in thanksgiving for the great mercy vouchsafed him. It was a spectacle which he could have continued to contemplate with much inward satisfaction, but, not being able, like Joshua, to keep the sun above the horizon, the pious commander at length closed his glass, and, accompanied by an escort of his officers, retired to his quarters to make arrangements for the storming of the breach on the following morning.

The house in which the general had established himself was a gaunt, lank building perched on a solitary rock which protrudes from the side of a pleasant hill overlooking the city of Limerick.\* Its lofty gables terminating in weird chimneys, and ornamented with huge stone water-spouts, still stand upon the rock like a skeleton of the former structure. The side walls have yielded to the wind and rain, and are being beaten to the ground; but the stout old gables scornfully defy the storms, and, judging by the way in which the blast roars about them on wild nights, their contempt is deeply felt and fiercely resented. Every inhabitant of Limerick knows that the ruin is the resort of innumerable ghosts, who meet there on dark nights to shriek, and groan, and rattle chains, and burn blue lights, and indulge in other elfish pastimes, to the terror of the midnight wayfarer. The phantom gathering includes representatives of a dozen generations—ladies, who in life, talked scandal across ruffs as high as Queen Elizabeth's; gentlemen who, in life, had aped the swagger of the Duke

\* Local tradition is our only authority for the statement.

of Buckingham ; men who swore oaths with Prince Charles, and men who prayed and chaunted hymns with Cromwell ; sinners of the type of Prince Rupert, and saints of the type of Ludlow ; spirits that left the earth when the plain below the ruin was a battlefield, and spirits that left the earth when the slope above it was a race-course. All meet here to discuss the concerns of the ghost world, and to scare the duller spirits who pass by the adjoining road in their clumsy cages of bones and flesh.

To this building General Ireton now bent his way. The labours of the day had been eminently successful, and success being for pious temperaments a stimulant to devotion, General Ireton's devotional feelings were roused to an unusual pitch. He was one of the most prolific of the vessels of election that had been raised up into the high places by the events of the civil war ; he now poured himself forth in thanksgiving and praise. In his early days he had been a student of the law, and to the end of his career he was "able with sword and pen." His early studies had given him a strong liking for the compiling of lengthy and formal documents ; few men could better embody a statement of grievances or frame a petition for redress. The prolixity of his written communications made him formidable as a correspondent to Cromwell himself ; and for this reason, when Cromwell desired news of his son-in-law's family, he preferred to address himself to his son-in-law's wife.\* Ireton's studies in the Middle Temple had furthermore discovered in him moderate oratorical powers, and these he had much improved by his assiduity in exhorting the pious Ironsides he commanded. The events of the momentous day that was closing furnished him with a fitting theme ; it was important that his officers should entertain sentiments worthy of the grace that had been vouchsafed them ; and he accordingly proceeded to impart to them the devout reflections which had occurred to himself. The edifying discourse occupied the ride from the fort to the General's quarters, and did, it is to be presumed, produce abundant fruit in the hearts of the listeners. He reminded them that the wonders they had just seen done were the work of the right arm of the Most High ; that not in the weak arm of the flesh had they triumphed, but in the strength that is not of man ; that at the sound of their guns, even as at the voice of the priests of Israel, the walls of their enemies had fallen flat, so that the people might now go up into the city every one straight before him. Their success had cost them little, the shooters had shot from the walls upon the servants of the Lord ; but they had not been hurt, they had made the battle more strong against the city, and it had fallen. The Lord had opened to them a way into the stronghold of their enemies ; only let them be strong and of a good courage, and to-morrow the city would be theirs. And when they had entered into its streets, they would smite its people that were in it with the edge of the sword, would slay them until the evening, would make an utter end of it, so that the affliction should not rise up a second

\* See Cromwell's letter to Bridget Cromwell, Oct. 16th, 1646.

time. His fervour was at its height when they reached the foot of the rock on which the old house stood. Turning towards the doomed city which lay gloomy and lightless in the thick shadows of the valley, he exclaimed with a menacing gesture :

"He that dasheth in pieces is come before thy face. The horseman hath lifted up both the bright sword and the glittering spear, and there shall be a multitude of slain, and a great number of carcases, and there shall be none end of their corpses. The Lord hath given me a commandment concerning thee that no more of thy name shall be sown. I will make thy grave, for thou art vile. I will set thee up as a gazing-stock."

With this threat upon his lips the General dismounted from his horse, and, followed by his officers, entered the house. An attendant announced to him as he crossed the threshold that a messenger from the city had been for some time waiting his return.

"Let him come before us," replied Ireton, entering an apartment at hand ; and beckoning to him some of the officers of his staff : "verily the carnal man hath much need of sustenance, howbeit we will first attend to the work of the Lord."

He was still in his excitedly devout mood when Lucas Plunkett entered. The appearance of his visitor caused no surprise in the Parliamentary general. It was plain that this was not their first meeting. The general's greetings were of the briefest ; preoccupied with the subject on which he had been discoursing, he discarded all idle formalities.

"Thou hast sought speech of me," he began ; "whereunto art thou come ?"

"On a mission of humanity," replied his visitor meekly, "to work peace between you and your enemies."

"Say rather to rescue from our hand those whom God hath delivered into it," retorted Ireton, quickly. "Thou hast journeyed hither in vain ; the work which the Lord hath given us to do we will execute faithfully. A commandment hath been laid upon me, and I will obey it."

"I am unskilled in the operations of inspired souls," answered Plunkett, with some irony ; "in plain terms, my message is this—the citizens are disheartened by the result of the siege, and are ready to listen to terms of surrender. The mayor, many of the principal aldermen, and even some of the officers of the garrison are prepared to open the gates, if honourable terms are granted them. Delay the storming of the breach ; many lives will thus be saved, and the end you seek will be gained with greater certainty."

"The lives of a brood of vipers !" replied Ireton, scornfully. "Save them whom I have sworn to destroy ! Nay, I will cut them off as the tops of the ears of corn ; I will cut them off, head and tail, branch and rush in one day, and that day shall be to-morrow !"

"My proposal is humane towards your own soldiers as well as towards those who hold the town," responded Plunkett. "Think not that our state is desperate. Your grenadiers may mount the breach to meet a reception such as they got at Clonmel. The men who

wait for them behind yon fallen wall drove them back from the breach of Clonmel under General Cromwell's eyes, and the commander who opposes you is the same who defeated him. Do not think that your victory is secure. The townsmen are inclined for surrender; but even with their aid, you may have a tough struggle with the Ulstermen. They believe themselves able to hold the city against you, and in spite of the citizens they will make the attempt."

"Their blood be upon their head!" answered Ireton. "We will go up against them in the might of the Lord; we will deride their strongholds, and their bulwarks shall be subdued."

"Be it so," said the emissary of peace; "I will merely repeat my warning—Beware of another Clonmel!"

The enthusiasm of Ireton was not shared by his officers. Their experience of O'Neill and his Ulstermen had been such that they preferred negotiating an entrance into the town to forcing a passage, where the northern Irish troops barred the way. They expressed unequivocally by their looks their dissent from their general's uncompromising views. At such a moment the dissatisfaction of his officers was more than Ireton dared provoke. He was a fanatic and a cruel one; but his fanaticism as well as his cruelty had been often restrained by the same influence which now moderated his pious ferocity.

"What answer wouldst thou have me to give the messenger of our enemies?" he asked of a gray-bearded veteran of his staff.

"I would hear first what he has got to propose," returned the officer, bluntly.

"Thou counsellest with prudence," observed Ireton. "Sit thou down amongst us," he continued, addressing Plunkett, and seating himself by the table, "and unfold unto us after what manner the city may be delivered into our hands."

The conference was long and interesting, so interesting that Ireton and his officers ceased to think of that sustenance of which the carnal man had such exceeding need.

"Go thy way in peace," exclaimed at length the Parliamentary commander, rising from the table, "but remember the covenant between thee and me. The heads of this people I will not spare, the leaders of their armed men I will smite with the sword, their priests I will utterly cut off. For the leaders of this people caused them to err, and they that are led of them are destroyed."

"Your stipulations on this head you can make when you treat with the commissioners of the town," replied Plunkett. "To-morrow at an early hour the parley will be beaten; you will have time before then to draw up the list of the proscribed."

"O'Neill and his abettors shall die the death," muttered Ireton, with savage determination.

"This is a matter with which I am not concerned," answered Plunkett, carelessly. "The object of my coming hither has been nearly attained. One thing yet remains."

"It is?"

"To make provision for myself. The humane motives that im-

pelled me to the step I have taken will be badly appreciated by a large faction in the town. I must quit it to-morrow evening with some friends for whose safety I am concerned. With the soldiers who shall come to-morrow night to St. John's Gate, I would ask you to send a small escort of horse to conduct us beyond your lines. Do I require too large a reward for the service I have rendered?"

"Not so," answered Ireton; "it shall be as you require. We return manifold vengeance to our foes, but recompense to them from whom we have received good things."

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE FUNERAL.

"Heaven gives its favourites early death."

*Childe Harold.*

ON the river side of St. Mary's Cathedral there is a small open space in which many of the "great people" of Limerick have been laid. It has about it a dismal, charnel-house air, which chills the visitor; yet it does not look its worst at the present day. Time, which is said only to waste and to disfigure, has laboured for the enlivenment and embellishment of this melancholy patch of ground. It worked steadily for many years, sapping the strength of the tall red gables that once stood round about it; their palsied masses fell, and the sunlight which they had excluded streamed into the dismal area. No one thought of rebuilding the ruined houses, and so the sun continued to pour in his rays across the heaps of brick and mortar, and did his best to make the desolate place look cheerful. At last, the heaps of rubbish either sank into the earth, or were removed; a gaol and a courthouse were erected on the ground they had obstructed, and modern civilisation marked the spot for its own.

In a corner of this enclosure, under the wall of the venerable church, Kathleen's grave was made. It was the pleasantest nook of the many which the church walls formed. The earliest sunbeams nestled there, and on calm evenings the echoes from the neighbouring ford kept up such a babble in the quiet corner that no one would have thought they had passed over melancholy ranges of graves on their way to this their favourite rendezvous. It was a cold morning in October when the grave was dug. The grave-diggers were evidently not experts. They handled mattock and pickaxe very clumsily, and though they worked with great energy, their progress was slow. They wore a rather scant undress for so chill a morning. On the tombstones around were disposed pieces of armour, of which the workmen must have divested themselves before beginning their task. An officer of cavalry, muffled in a heavy cloak, stood upon the mound of fresh earth watching the progress of the work. He was silent and abstracted, lost, it seemed, in the melancholy reflections which the spot suggested.

In truth, Heber MacDermott was, just then in a meditative mood. A serious disappointment in life will make most men moralists. We never sympathise so heartily with the philosophic theories of the nothingness of human things as when some cherished scheme of our own has broken down. When we have striven for some of the great prizes of life and been defeated, we readily accept, in our discomfiture, the doctrine that the prizes of life are not worth fighting for. There is something in being able to see, in our own disappointment, only an example of a vast system of deception which the world practises on all who trust in it. We enter uncompromisingly into the views of the cynic and the misanthropist. Friendship is a pretence, for we have found it hollow; love is a mockery, for we have been toyed with; sincerity does not exist, for we have been deceived; the world in which we believed so confidently when we were happy and successful, is a dishonest and an insincere world, for in the shifting of its confused elements our favourite plans have been spoiled,

Heber MacDermott's philosophy took this unamiable turn. His plan of life, which he had framed with much ingenuity, had been summarily demolished, his schemes for the quiet future which lay beyond the career of strife and danger which was ending, had been blasted. Fortune, or fate, or the world, or whatever other vague impersonation is responsible for our misfortunes, had used him badly, and he was embittered against it. Looking down into the new-made grave, he began to think that he had had enough of life; that it would be a pleasant thing to lie down in peace under the shadow of those hoary walls and sleep on for ever. It would be almost enjoyable to rest there undisturbed, and think of the senseless din and bustle of the world overhead, and chuckle at the folly of the simpletons who played so noisily their childish games, and were presently to drop down into their quiet cells beneath the clay, when the game was ended and they had lost. What is life worth when we cease to feel an interest in the events that compose it? If we cannot be eager in the race, why should we take part in it? Had we not better stand aside and make way for more earnest competitors? There are many whose eyes have not been opened, who do not see things as we do, and who would eagerly step into our place if we would but retire. Why deprive them of the object of their ambition by retaining what is the object of our contempt?

There are moments when we realise that life, for its own sake, is not worth the living; when the most acceptable offering earth can make us would be a peaceful nook in one of its churchyards, where the sight of the world and its frivolities could not torment us more.

In the proud, contemptuous mood which such thoughts beget, MacDermott watched the progressive deepening of the grave. A clod of earth struck his foot, and roused him from his cynical meditations.

"It is enough, Donogh," he said, hastily, to one of the diggers. "She will lie deep enough to hear nothing more of the world, and that is for this that graves are made. It will be a cheerful sleeping-place,

too," he added, glancing up at the patch on the gray walls which the morning sun had brightened. "Few of those who will soon need a grave will find so pleasant a one. The sun is up. The rest of our work must be got through quickly. Put on your gear, and follow me."

He led them up the narrow street that opened into the main thoroughfare of the "English Town." They halted in front of one of the tall brick houses. Their leader knocked softly at the door, and, after a moments' conversation with some of the inmates, beckoned to a few of his men to follow, and entered the house. In a short time the soldiers reappeared bearing a coffin on their shoulders. It had been consigned to them by a lady, who had abandoned herself to a passionate burst of grief as they bore it away. Their commander delayed to offer consolation to the mourner.

"Her fate is to be envied rather than mourned," he said, gently. "Let this thought console you. And let it recall your attention to your own situation; I do not know how far my offers may be unseasonable or superfluous; but if you should yet need any aid it is in my power to give, do not hesitate to ask it. My troop lies close to the Cluam Towers; your messenger will find me there. Good-bye, Miss Dillon. Possibly we shall not meet again. If not, accept for the last time, my best wishes for your happiness."

His voice was very gentle, very respectful, very sympathising, but it had lost the accent of tenderness in which he had spoken to her by the death-bed of her sister. He was again the generous, courteous stranger, and nothing more. She could not reply to his farewell. A choking grief, aggravated by every word he spoke, stopped her utterance. She offered him her hand in silent acknowledgment of her indebtedness. She felt the chill clasp of his fingers, and heard him descend the stair. A moment after his voice set in motion the funeral procession that waited at the door, and he was gone.

Curious eyes watched the cortege as it made its way up the street. The inmates of the neighbouring houses were, of course, assured that a death from the plague had happened in the house from which the coffin had been carried, and resolved to keep the other side of the street when necessity next compelled them to pass the door. It was to some a matter of surprise that these Ulster soldiers of the garrison should undertake the funeral. But, then, how many females of the street knew enough of the private history of the bereaved family to give an easy explanation of this circumstance! Was it not a well authenticated fact that the young ladies who affected such a life of seclusion were not inaccessible to the attentions of the northern officers? How often had servants of the house been sent to invite passing troopers to enter? Was it not well ascertained that the officers chose strange hours for their visits to the family? In fact it was quite intelligible why the concerns of this household should interest the Ulster soldiers, and there was really nothing surprising in their exposing themselves to the infection which had entered it.

Few frivolous women, and not many idle men, include a reluctance to judge harshly of their neighbour in the number of their virtues.



The world is largely stocked with critics who have a keen eye for the shortcomings of their fellows, and who by practice have so far improved their natural powers in this respect that they are able to detect wickedness in appearances which have no significance for other eyes. They are assiduous observers of the actions of all around them, and compensate themselves for this voluntary assiduity by the license they permit themselves in their criticisms. The world is, doubtless, a bad world, but it would be much better than it is if it had fewer censors; the number of its scandal-giving sinners would be less, if the number of its scandal-seeking saints was diminished.

Heedless of the comments to which they gave occasion, the troopers, with slow and solemn step, bore their melancholy burden to the old churchyard. They were the only mourners round Kathleen's grave. Other friends in the city she had none; had it been otherwise, the dread of the awful infection, to which all deaths then occurring were attributed, would probably have kept them away from her coffin. Gently these grim northern horsemen lowered her into the quiet sleeping-place they had made for her. The sun sent a shower of his brightest rays down into the grave, and the river echoes, that were playing in the nooks of the venerable church, came to sing a subdued requiem over the spot: but the roll of a distant drum broke upon the air; the soldiers hurriedly filled in the grave, shut out the sunbeams and the echoes, and left Kathleen alone.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### ANOTHER VICTIM.

"Hate cannot wish thee worse  
Than guilt and shame have made thee."  
*Moore.*

THE funeral procession had hardly disappeared at the upper extremity of the street, when a gentleman, closely muffled, entered it at the other. With a quick, but somewhat uneven step, he advanced up the street. The door from which the coffin had been carried still lay open. The gentleman stopped, glanced round as if seeking an explanation of this strange circumstance, and finally entered. He was evidently a privileged visitor, or considered himself such. He mounted the stairs, and tapped at the door of Kathleen's chamber. There was no answer. He tapped again; the silence remained unbroken. Cautiously he pushed open the door, and entered on tiptoe. The bed was empty. Half-burnt candles, in tall candlesticks, stood upon the floor, various pieces of white drapery were lying near them, and withered flowers lay scattered about in considerable profusion. Death had visited the house, and he had left these tokens of his presence. One glance round the room was enough to tell Lucas Plunkett what had happened. The folds of his cloak had fallen from about his face. He was ghastly pale, one would have said very unwell; but, at sight of the disordered and desolate room, a livid tinge over-

spread his face, he shuddered strangely, his hand shook the handle of the door, and it rattled with a hoarse, unearthly rattle—just such a sound as one would have expected to hear in an apartment so dismal.

The noise disturbed a figure which was kneeling in a darkened corner of the room before a small altar, on which stood a statue of the Virgin. Mary Dillon rose from her posture of devotion, and moved across the room to the spot where her cousin was standing. She looked so wan and sorrowful that she might easily have been mistaken for some ghost that haunted the dreary chamber.

"She is dead!" said the pale girl, pointing to the empty bed.

"Dead!" repeated her visitor, and the same shudder again passed through him, and his hand, still on the door handle, made it rattle with the same harsh noise.

"And buried too," she added. "They have taken her away to the churchyard."

"Good God!" ejaculated her cousin, hoarsely. He knew that in cases of the plague interment followed immediately after death.

"She died last night," continued Mary, "not long after the cannon ceased firing. It was a lonely death, poor child! so far from home, and so few friends near her!"

The words fell as a bitter reproach on Plunkett's ear. It was his duty to have been present at that death-bed. But at the moment he was busy elsewhere, bartering away the last stronghold in which the dying freedom of Ireland had taken refuge.

"O heaven!" he exclaimed. "It is too dreadful." The paleness of his face became more death-like, and the cold sweat stood out upon his brow in bright beads. "The news has made me sick, Mary. I feel faint and weak, and the heavy air of this room is becoming intolerable."

He staggered towards the window, which was partially open, and greedily inhaled the fresh air of the morning.

"We must fly from this charnel-house," he gasped, when he had somewhat recovered himself; "this cursed plague we must escape at all risks. Let it only keep its clutches off us till evening, and we will defy it. If we can mount our horses to-night, untainted by its poison, we shall soon be beyond its reach. We will leave it to glut itself on the fools who are cutting each others' throats, as if the work of death which it is doing were not enough."

There was something very ghastly in his cynicism. It combined the expression of bodily pain with the murmurings of a cowardly heart in a state of unusual excitement. Dejected as Mary Dillon was, the fierce bitterness of her cousin's words drew her attention from her own griefs towards him. From the expression of his face she perceived that he was suffering acute pain. Bound to him as she was, by ties which she felt to be bonds of iron—as durable, but as oppressive—she had for him no other feeling than contempt and aversion; yet at sight of his suffering, her womanly nature overcame her, and there was almost an accent of tenderness in her exclamation:

"You are ill, Cousin Plunkett!"

"Ill!" he cried, impatiently. "Who said I was ill? I did not sleep much last night. I am a little tired, and the foul air of this room has almost choked me. It is but a passing ailment which a few hours' sleep will cure. But I have not come to parade my indisposition, I have come to say that you must be ready to-night by eight o'clock to quit Limerick and its horrors. At that hour the way out of the city and through Ireton's lines will be open to us."

"But surely ——"

"Aye, surely—so surely as I am then a living man. Another night we will not pass in this poisoned air."

"Cousin, you are too sick to travel," she answered, mildly. She pitied his excited condition, which she believed to be the result of his indisposition.

"I shall be quite well again long before that hour," he returned. "Have everything in readiness when I come. Sick! I am not sick. But even if I were, there is no sickness in the foul list of human ills will tear from me the prize I have so long coveted and won at last. No, no," he continued, in a low voice, as if unconscious of the presence of his cousin; "it has cost too much. I have sacrificed and sold too much for it, and not sickness, nor death, nor hell itself shall rob me of it."

He gnashed his teeth like one in frenzy. His demeanour terrified his cousin. She began to think his mind had become unsettled, and she strove to calm him.

"You speak wildly, cousin. What prize do you mean?"

Her voice was gentle and compassionate. Plunkett lifted his eyes to her face; they were dulled and sunken, and a broad black line was drawn beneath them.

"Yourself, Mary," he exclaimed, with a sort of a maniac passion. He made a movement as if he would grasp her hand, but instinctively she shrank from his touch. "You have promised to be mine, and to save you I have sold what thousands think more precious than their lives. You are dearer to me than the liberty of this or a thousand towns. I have bought your freedom," his voice sank to a hollow whisper, "at the price of the freedom of the city."

Her doubts of his sanity increased each moment.

"You are excited and unwell, and cannot collect your thoughts. Let me advise you take the rest you need so much."

"Do not think I rave, Mary," he replied. "It was a high price to pay for a woman's safety, but it has been paid. To-night the soldiers of Ireton will be masters of St. John's Gate and the Cluam Towers, and to-morrow they will cut down in the streets any fool-hardy rebel who dares to resist them. You will see them on guard as we pass. But have no fear, the hypocritical cut-throats will respect you, and the respect will be deserved. They will owe it to you that they have not been left outside the walls, to freeze or to rot in their trenches."

Briefly he told her the story of the last night's adventure. He laid aside his fretful and impatient tone, and made the communication

with an insinuating familiarity which showed how much he felt entitled to gratitude for what he had done. With flashing eye, and dilated nostril, his cousin heard him reveal his secret.

"For me you have done this deed!" she said, drawing herself up haughtily, while a crimson flush mantled in her white cheek. "Dare not to connect my name with treachery so foul. I have lost what is dearest to me in life, my only sister. To redeem a promise, forced from me by a cowardly artifice, I have refused the protection of the stoutest arm and the love of the most generous heart within the city, and trusted to such a thing as you. Death in many shapes, and accompanied by many horrors, is busy about me. God knows I am desolate and wretched enough, and I would do much to put an end to my miseries. But I would not buy happiness, nor even life, at the price you have paid; and I will not accept either the safety or the life that has been purchased by dishonour. Never, I vow it before the heaven from which my angel sister is looking down on us, will I quit the town by a gate that a traitor's hand has opened. I have enough of the pride of my family to prefer a grave under the ruins of this house to life obtained at such a sacrifice. Return to Ireton, cancel the compact you have made, and come back to tell me that if Limerick is to fall, kinsman of mine has not hastened its ruin. Go, and if the scheme you have revealed to me is not undone, let me never look on your face again. The touch of a traitor's hand I will not suffer, and the sound of a perjurer's voice I will not endure."

With a commanding gesture, she motioned him to the door. Subdued and abashed by the demeanour of his cousin, he vainly struggled to find words in which to defend himself.

"Do not speak to me again," she said, perceiving that he was about to reply, "until you can tell me this infamous bargain has been broken. Leave me, and if you cannot come with this news, do not come to me again!"

Without casting another look on her cousin, Mary passed out of the room. Plunkett, overwhelmed by the contemptuous rebuke that had been administered to him, crestfallen and humbled in mind, and racked too by physical pain, followed a few moments after, and slowly descended the stairs with unsteady step. His mind was so much engrossed by the incidents of the interview which had just ended, or so much distracted by the pain of body he was enduring, that he did not hear the tramp of feet which was sounding in the street. Had he been more self-possessed, he would probably have been more cautious. As it was, he emerged into the street just as a party of cuirassiers on foot were passing the door. He raised his heavy eyes and cast a glance of indifference on the troopers. One or two of them stared curiously at him as they went by, called the attention of a comrade to his appearance, but most passed heedless of his presence.

Behind the last rank walked an officer covered with a heavy cloak. He raised his head as he approached the doorway, and his eyes met those of the figure that occupied it. An involuntary exclamation of fright burst from Lucas Plunkett's blue lips, and he shrank within

the doorway. But it was too late. With a bound, the soldier was beside him; and before he could utter even a cry for mercy, he was gripped by the throat and dragged into the street. He stumbled on the pavement without, and with a howl of frantic despair, fell in the gutter. In an instant, his captor's heavy boot was upon his breast, and the flash of steel above him dazzled his eyes.

"Hell-hound, we have met at last," hissed Heber MacDermott into the face of his prostrate enemy. "If you yet hope for mercy on your soul, ask it before my dagger pierces your traitor's heart."

"Mercy! mercy!" gasped the wretched Plunkett, struggling against the pressure of the iron heel that was sinking into his chest.

"Ask it of God, foul assassin," answered MacDermott, hoarse with passion; "from me you shall have but justice. I have sworn that the blood of the hero you murdered shall be avenged. Talk not of mercy to me. Pray for pardon to heaven, and do it quickly."

"Spare me, spare me, I cannot pray —"

"Then die a traitor's death, body and soul!" cried the infuriated soldier, and with a sudden movement, he raised above his head the hand that grasped the dagger.

Before the blow could descend, his arm was clutched tightly by two hands from behind, and a woman's voice interceded for his victim.

"Do not kill him, Captain MacDermott. Spare him for my sake!"

He turned almost furiously upon the suppliant. His hand was stayed as he met the pleading eyes of Mary Dillon, and saw her pale face raised to him.

"You know not for whom you plead, Miss Dillon," he said, roughly; "perjurers and murderers are not worthy your sympathy."

"Nor of your indignation," she replied; "leave it to other hands to punish such crimes."

"I swore by the death-bed of my general, whom he assassinated, to take revenge when I should meet him."

"You are saved the trouble, captain," said one of the troopers who stood by. He pointed to the figure which writhed in the gutter under MacDermott's foot. A glance in the direction indicated made MacDermott start back hurriedly. The features of his enemy were contracted by hideous convulsions; his lips were black except where covered with the foam that oozed from his mouth; his eyes rolled wildly, and livid blotches spotted his sallow face. Blasphemies and execrations burst from his foaming lips as he writhed in agonising unconsciousness on the pavement.

"I will have her, she is mine," he howled, frantically. "Did she not promise? Did I not tell her I would save her sister if she consented? Neither plague nor devil will separate us. Ha, rebel-hobeller, I have outdone you! I have bought her and she is mine. Ireton will tell you what I paid for her. St. John's Gate! It was a nice trick. Ha! ha!" and he laughed with a maniac laugh which made the blood run cold in the veins of the on-lookers

"Take him up," said MacDermott, turning away in disgust, and addressing his troopers; "bear him away."

"Whither?" they asked.

"To the pest-house!"

The plague-stricken wretch was hurried away. MacDermott turned to the lady at his side.

"You have done a good deed, Miss Dillon, you have prevented me staining my hands with that villain's blood. My vow is satisfied, O'Neill's murder has been avenged, and my hands are still pure."

"And I am free," she whispered, softly. "His ravings have told you all."

He pressed her hand tenderly and led her within the door. "Farewell, farewell, we meet soon again."

"Captain MacDermott!" cried a voice, impatiently, without, "report yourself at once to General O'Neill. St. John's Gate has been seized, and is held for the enemy!"

## ALONE.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

EAGLE, dost thou shrink in fear,  
When the lightnings flash at night,  
Round thy bare and dizzy height,  
And the winds roar wild and drear?

Does thy proud heart feel alone  
When the pale clouds robe the sky—  
When in crowds the small birds fly,  
And the gray dawn chills thy throne?

Mountain-peaks that upward rise,  
Near, yet ever parted far,  
Parted, as estranged hearts are—  
Separate, ye must seek the skies.

When the valleys smile in gold,  
And each shaded glen below  
Bursts in flower at summer's glow,  
Ye must must bear the white snow's cold.

Soaring heart and gifted mind,  
You too should your dreamings wean  
On no sympathy to lean,  
No souls quite alike to find.

Quick to read, where hearts are shown—  
You must find half life is vain,  
Bear alas! far keener pain,  
Suffer, think, and dream alone.

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Mystical Flora of St. Francis de Sales : or, The Christian Life under the Emblem of Plants.* Translated by CLARA MULHOLLAND. With Introduction by the Most Rev. Dr. CONROY, Bishop of Ardagh. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1877.)

If we could adopt what we believe would be the surest means of enabling our readers to form a proper estimate of this work, we should transcribe in full its preface, in which the Bishop of Ardagh seems to have borrowed the pen of the Bishop of Geneva himself. Although much briefer, this Introduction, in its delicate and sympathetic appreciation of the Saint's peculiarly graceful genius, is worthy of being compared with the delightful Dissertation on the Spirit of St. Francis with which Cardinal Wiseman prefaced the translation of his Conferences. Of the present work itself we shall only say that it displays in the most attractive manner those charms of style and thought which have made St. Francis de Sales a classic of predilection, even among the secular glories of French literature.

The Translator's very difficult task has been well performed. Her's is not the "fruitless labour" of her namesake in *Marmion*, but one full both of flowers and fruits. May one of its fruits be to infuse a little of the spirit of St. Francis into many hearts that would else have remained aliens to his genial and holy sway.

As regards the external adornment of this first English edition, many arts have conspired to make the casket worthy of such a gem. The dainty binding, the large and bold type, the sumptuous quarto-page, the glowing flower-pictures, so brightly and truly coloured, and then the ever fresh and vivid flowers of the Saint's pious fancy, combine to render this volume one of the most charming additions that our religious literature has ever received. We rejoice particularly in being able to lay emphasis on this gratifying circumstance, that the printing, illustrating, and binding of this beautiful book are all Dublin workmanship. The part of this statement which may surprise us the most is that which regards the chromo-lithographs, which reproduce so wonderfully in their natural colours rose and lily, and vine and violet, and the other flowers selected to form the full-page illustrations. A few words of explanation might have been given somewhere as to the scriptural and other scenes connected with the virtue symbolised by each flower, which furnish the subjects of the little pictures in the golden borders of these illustrations.

On the whole, if there should ever be an International Typographical Exhibition, Ireland would do wisely in choosing as one of her champions in the tournament this *edition de luxe* of the "*Mystical Flora of St. Francis de Sales.*"

- II. *Sonnets and other Poems.* By the Hon. Mrs. O. N. KNOX. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE *Sonnets* are the best work in this little volume. They are not

strictly in conformity with Italian models; but even those limits which Mrs. Knox has observed in their formation give to her compositions in this especial form a strength which her other verse does not possess, without losing any of the sweetness which is the characteristic of the whole. Of the Sonnets we quote the following as a specimen:—

“You lift your hands, and pray to God for grace  
To tread down Satan underneath your feet,  
When a fierce struggle with him comes: you cheat  
Yourself with hopes that now, that for a space,  
You may be noble where your life was base,  
Have strength bestowed by God, whom you despised,  
Obtain that mercy which you never prized,  
And overcome a foe you dared not face.  
Ah, fool and blind! canst thou not yet perceive  
How equity is found in all God's ways?  
Thou shrinking, burdened one, He will not raise  
The load thou dost not strain at. This believe:  
That prayer is weak when born of present need;  
It should be life-long, shaping word and deed.”

In *Sonnets and other Poems* we seem to catch every now and then an echo from the pages of Christina Rossetti, whose characteristics of tender melancholy and gentle familiarity Mrs. Knox also has made her own. Of the poem entitled *Oliver Cromwell*, we can only say what Dr. Johnson said of a similar composition, by the courtly Edmund Waller, that its chief fault lay in its choice of a hero. But, on the whole, for the sentiment expressed by Mrs. Knox we have nothing but concurring praise.

III. *Albert the Great, of the Order of Friar-Preachers*. By Doctor SIG-HART. Translated by the Rev. T. A. DIXON, Ord. Præd. (R. Washbourne.)

In the tenth canto of the *Paradiso*, Dante ascends to the sun, and there St. Thomas of Aquin addresses him thus: “I was a sheep of the sacred flock which Dominic leads through pastures fair. He who stands on my right hand was my brother and master—he is Albert of Cologne.” And, in truth, the names of Albertus Magnus and the Angelical Doctor, the great master and the greater pupil, are indissolubly linked together. Born of noble parents, in the year 1193, Albertus was educated at the University of Padua. After many youthful struggles, “the two-edged sword of God's word happily cut asunder the painful coils” which bound him to the world; and, entering the newly-established Order of St. Dominic, he further prosecuted his studies at the University of Bologna, which ranked at that time as the second centre of the scientific world. “Thus transplanted into the garden of the Lord, the young warrior strove with holy zeal to preserve the purity of his soul, to consecrate himself entirely to study, and to advance from virtue to virtue.” We are told that he soon surpassed his fellows in theology as well as in philosophy and science. “The Old and New Testaments were so familiar to him, he was able to explain and compare their texts with surprising



facility," and he was a diligent student of the writings of the fathers and doctors of the Church.

The Order of St. Dominic had taken root in Germany, and Albertus came in due course to Cologne as a preacher, and as a professor in its university. It was here that he had for his pupil Thomas of Aquin, whose modesty and reserve rendered him an object of contempt to his companions; and Albertus was not long in discerning his extraordinary genius. "You call this young man a dumb ox," he exclaimed on one occasion, "but I declare that his bellowing will be so loud as to resound throughout the world." We cannot follow Albertus through his long and laborious life any further than merely to remind the reader how he served by his words and by his writings the cause of theology, of philosophy, and of science, at a critical epoch in the history of the Church; how he was appointed bishop of Ratisbon, and how, after ruling his diocese for a brief period, he obtained permission to relinquish the dignity which weighed so heavily on him, and to fall back again into his old life of poverty and simplicity; how he preached the Crusade in Germany; and, finally, how, on the 15th of May, 1280, "he gave up his beautiful soul into the hands of Him whom he had so faithfully served." All this, and more, as recorded in the volume now before us, goes to make up one of the most interesting religious biographies recently issued from the Catholic press.

IV. *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge.* Edited by her Daughter. New and Cheaper Edition. (H. S. King & Co.)

To be the daughter of the immortal author of "Christabel," the sister of Hartley Coleridge, and the niece of Southey, was in itself no small claim to distinction; but Sara Coleridge—who, by the way, bore the same name through her maiden and her married life—was all this and much besides. Her own attainments were very great; and as the author of "Phantasmion, a Fairy Romance," and the writer of the brilliant letters here gathered together, she will long be remembered and admired. Born at Greta Hall, in Cumberland, in 1802, and dying in London, in 1852, Sara Coleridge was reared amid religious, or rather, Protestant traditions which are fast losing their hold on the educated classes of society; and there is something infinitely sad in the picture of an amiable and a highly educated lady of the last generation who, learned in literature and art, was profoundly ignorant of that knowledge which the simplest Catholic child gathers from his catechism, and before which all other knowledge sinks into insignificance; who honestly believed Catholicism and idolatry to be synonymous terms; thought "the system of the Romish Church a monstrous structure of imposture and wickedness;" gravely expressed satisfaction that the Church of Rome *agrees with the Church of England* on certain vital truths; who at the same time admitted, with a pitifully inconsistent liberality, that there may be some good in the Church, "especially for the lower orders;" and finally, with a pathos all the greater because so unintentional, declared that she was "endeavouring to get rid of Protestant prejudice." If that endeavour was, in the case of Sara Coleridge, sadly

unsuccessful, we can hardly marvel at the fact, when we remember the atmosphere in which she lived, and the tone of the Protestant literature of the early half of the present century. Had she lived a few years longer, she would have seen a member of her own family numbered among the sons of St. Ignatius in England; she would have been startled into inquiry by the conversion of her dear friend, Mr. Aubrey de Vere—to whom a large number of the letters now published were addressed—and Catholic readers might the more easily have forgotten and forgiven the pain her early sayings sometimes gave them in the joy with which they would have hailed her own conversion to the truth. But when we have said this, we have said all that can be said regretfully or fault-findingly of this memoir, which gives a beautiful portrait of an otherwise beautiful character; or of these letters which treat of politics, literature, art, and a hundred other subjects, in a manner that cannot fail to give delight. But to the Catholic reader, perhaps, the most interesting portion of the book is that which records the intimate friendship, “so faithful and so un-exacting,” which Sara Coleridge cherished for Mr. Aubrey de Vere, and which the poet faithfully reciprocated. “I never walk beside the Greta or the Derwent,” he writes, in an only too brief biographical notice incorporated in the memoir, “without hearing her describe the flowers she had gathered on their margin in her early girlhood. For her they seemed to preserve their fragrance amid the din and the smoke of the great metropolis.” From the letters which Sara Coleridge wrote to Mr. de Vere, and which form, as the editor of the volume well remarks, “some of the most interesting portions of its contents,” we make the following extracts, as specimens of her literary taste and style: “1845. I admire Keats extremely, but I think he wants solidity. His path is all flowers, and leads to nothing but flowers. The end of the *Endymion* is no point. I must say that, spite of the beautiful poetry, I’ve no patience with that Adonis lying on a couch with his ‘white arm’ and ‘faint damask mouth,’ like a ‘dew-dipped rose,’ with lilies above him and cupids all around him. If Venus was in love with such a girl-man as that, she was a greater fool than the world has ever known yet, and didn’t know what a handsome man is. I do think it rather effeminate in a young man to have even dreamed such a dream, or presented his own sex to himself in such a *pretty-girl* form. Nevertheless, I take great delight in his volume, and thank you much for putting it into my hands.”

And again, in 1849, she writes: “My dear friend, I have just read your article (in the *Edinburgh Review*) on Tennyson, Shelley, and Keats, and can no longer delay expressing to you my delighted admiration. I think it is quite your finest and most brilliant piece of prose composition. It is full of beautiful sayings and pithy remarks, and it does a justice to Keats, not only which was never done to him before, but I should almost say a justice greater than any poet of this age has ever yet received from the pen of another. I must say I think that, beautifully gentle as is your treatment of Shelley if viewed by itself, yet taken with your judgment of Keats it is hardly fair; (though) I quite agree with you as to the excellence of Keat’s poetry, and that

he was even, upon the whole, more gifted in that way than Shelley. I shall chat with you some day soon about your splendid article, which contains matter enough for four such as the *Edinburgh* has usually favoured the world with. Think of the *Edinburgh* beginning in her old age to criticise poetry poetically! 'Age, twine thy brow with fresh spring flowers!'"

V. *Intemperance. An Ethical Poem.* By J. K. C. (James Duffy & Sons: Dublin and London.)

THIS poem certainly does not belong to the same class as Shelley's *Skylark* or Keat's *Nightingale*; but there are thousands for whom it would be more pleasant reading, and tens of thousands to whom it would be more useful if they took its lessons to heart. The Author might have taken his motto from Burns—"Perhaps it may turn out a song, perhaps a sermon." A very effective and practical sermon it is, in which the preacher, with thorough earnestness and zeal, and with great metrical fluency, denounces the miseries which pursue the drunkard in this world and the next. Priests may even find this little book good "spiritual reading" for such of their flocks as may be composed of too "bibulous clay."

VI. *Essays on Religion and Literature.* Edited by HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Third Series. (London: H. S. King & Co.)

AT the beginning of the present century, when infidelity was making such ravages in Europe, there was formed an Academia in Rome for the purpose of demonstrating the connection between science and revealed religion, and of "applying the truths and laws of the intellectual and natural world to the confirmation of the faith." About twelve years ago a similar society was established in London by the late Cardinal Wiseman, and its sessions are still held, as is well known, at the residence of his successor. Those who have been privileged to attend its sittings can bear witness to the ability of the papers read, and the interest of the discussions which usually follow. But one might almost be inclined to think that so much force was expended with prodigality, if the benefits of the Academia were confined to the average fifty members who muster at its meetings. This, however, is not the case; many of the papers have been published—some of them in magazines and reviews, as, for instance, Cardinal Manning's article in last month's *Contemporary*, entitled "Philosophy without Assumptions;" some of them in volumes, such as that which heads this notice, and to which, though it is not strictly a new book, we take leave to call the attention of the reader, because it is less widely known than it has every right and title to be. Amongst its contents, besides an inaugural address by the Cardinal Archbishop, are papers from the pens of Professor St. George Mivart, Monsignor Patterson, and Father William Humphrey, S. J., as well as an article of more than common interest in these days, on "Ancient and Modern Spiritism," by the late Dominican Father Aylward.

## WINGED WORDS.

## XV.

1. WE live from hand to mouth, most of us, with a small family of immediate desires. We do little else than snatch a morsel to satisfy the hungry brood, rarely thinking of seed-corn or the next year's harvest.

2. So much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory : doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature, as the sunlight of long past mornings is wrought up in the soft mallowness of the apricot.

3. Think what it is not to hate anything but sin, to be full of love to every creature ; to be frightened at nothing ; to be sure that all things will turn to good ; not to mind pain because it is our Father's will ; to know that nothing—not if the earth was to be burned up and the water come and drown us—nothing could part us from God who loves us, and who fills our souls with peace and joy, because we are sure that whatever He wills is holy, and just, and pure.

4. Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chirp, while thousands of great cattle, reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, that they are many in number, or that they are, after all, anything better than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour.

[This famous sarcasm of our great Edmund Burke is applicable to a greater subject than the shadow of the British oak. It tells against the snarling slanderers of that Church which is likened to the mustard seed that grew up into a mighty tree.]

5. It is the moment when our resolution seems about to become irrevocable—when the fatal iron gates are about to close upon us—that tests our strength. Then, after hours of clear reasoning and firm conviction, we snatch at any sophistry that will nullify our long struggles, and bring us the defeat that we love better than victory.

6. It is certain—we will not say of all races, for, as Mrs. Gamp very justly remarks, “there may be Rooshians, and there may be Prooshians,” and we do not pronounce upon them ; but it is certain that all members of the Anglo-Saxon race will take it out in some way or other, if they are thwarted of what they feel their legitimate share of their own way. Among the surest recipes to be well loved, well obeyed, well served, is to be careful not to interfere with this inalienable privilege. Even with our servants, if they know their business, it is best to confine our orders to things being well done without interfering minutely with times and modes.—*Friswell*.

7. All egotism and selfish care or regard are, in proportion to their constancy, destructive of imagination, whose play and power depend altogether on our being able to forget ourselves and enter, like possessing spirits, into the bodies of things about us.—*Ruskin*.

## ROBIN REDBREAST'S VICTORY.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA,

AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "THOMAS GRANT, FIRST BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK," "BELLS OF  
THE SANCTUARY," &c.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE NOVEL IN THE FIGARO.

"O SISTER! what a pity you went away!" exclaimed Clement, as he opened the door to her; "Madame de Genvriac has been here ever since you left. I believe she saw you going out, for she came up a minute after, and she and M. le Comte had great laughing when she went in."

"Is she here still?"

"Yes. She is reading to him now."

"Ah!" This was a good sign, anyhow. Sœur Thérèse entered the room, and with a polite "Bon jour, madame!" to the visitor, proceeded to inquire how her patient had fared during her absence. He reported himself most satisfactorily; he had not had any crisis of pain, and the time had not hung heavily on him, thanks to Madame de Genvriac, who had come just at the right moment to amuse and entertain him.

"Madame has been reading to you, I see?" said Sœur Thérèse, smilingly; she was grateful to the noisy lady for her good offices on this occasion.

"Yes, ma sœur; I have read him all the news of the day; Monsieur was ignorant of all the world has been doing these last ten days or so; then the *Figaro* has just begun a most amusing story in the 'Feuilleton'; it has made him laugh a great deal: you must read it to him as it comes out every day. But perhaps you would think it wrong to read a novel? Does your superior allow you to read any books that are not pious?"

"She allows me, nay, my rule orders me, to do everything that can be of use or any pleasure to my patient," replied the Robin; "I am delighted to find out a way of passing the time pleasantly for him."

"Ma sœur, you are a—a—what shall I call you?—a saint? an angel?—which do you like best?" said M. de Bois-Ferré.

"A good nurse! That is the most complimentary name you can give me, because it runs a chance of being true," she replied, laughing.

"You are the very pearl and diamond of nurses! I am so grateful to you, sister, for your care of him!" exclaimed Madame de Genvriac, seizing her hand and pressing it warmly. "Is there nothing I can do to prove it?"

Sister Theresa laughed in her merry, child-like way. "Pray for me, madame; but you owe me no gratitude. I am only doing my

duty. Ask our dear Lord to enable me to do it better, and the gratitude will be all on my side."

Madame de Genvriac promised, gathered up her velvets, and departed.

After this, Sister Theresa read the *Figaro* aloud regularly every day. It was very unpalatable reading, but there was so far nothing positively wrong in it, either in the paper itself or its "Feuilleton," and it amused the count highly. About the third morning, however, the story opened with a chapter which sounded rather repugnant, and grew unmistakably so, as it went on. "To the pure all things are pure." The guileless spirit of Sœur Thérèse failed to apprehend the gross allusions, to see the vicious current which all along had been running through the story, and which only now rose more visibly to the surface. She began to feel vaguely perplexed, but it was rather the instinctive shrinking of a delicate soul from the possible approach of evil, than the definite fear of one who clearly recognised it. Her colour rose once or twice, her tongue imperceptibly faltered over certain expressions. She did not understand them; it was like the taste of poison, or the unseen proximity of a deadly foe, that makes some animals shudder involuntarily, and betray signs of horror before they are conscious of the cause. It was this intuitive sense of an unknown and hidden danger that made the chastened pulses of the nurse beat with vague fear, and sent the blood, mantling to her cheek. M. de Bois-Ferré had been waiting for this from the beginning. It was exquisite fun to him to watch the symptoms that were so painfully bewildering to the pure, child-like creature before him. How much did she understand, or how little? Frenchmen of a certain school have, or, at any rate, affect a cynical disbelief in the angelic element that exists in a woman's nature, that instinct which they owe, perhaps, to their kinship with the Woman who crushed the serpent's head, the lily, whose whiteness outshines the sun. This opportunity furnished a curious study to him. He listened with a smile of inexpressible amusement as the Robin Redbreast, in her infantine simplicity, read out the poisoned passages, generally least nervous when the poison was foulest, tremulously abashed when there was comparatively no cause for it, but when the veil was more transparent.\*

"It is a capital story, so clever and amusing!" said the count, as she finished the chapter, and laid down the paper; "does it not amuse you very much, ma sœur?"

"No; it does not amuse me at all. I do not understand it," she answered, with unabashed simplicity.

"You will understand it better as it goes on," observed Gustave. "I am so glad Madame de Genvriac came and found it out! It is a capital distraction for me; Vauban is so anxious I should have a distraction."

\* The Superior of the Sœurs de bon Secours, in Lower Mount-street, Dublin—an admirable institute, similar to the Sœurs de l'Esperance of our story—tells us that the provisions of their Rule are not so pliant on this point of reading as seems to be supposed here. Of course there are obvious limitations in the exercise of the charity that makes itself all to all.—Ed. I. M.

Sœur Thérèse said nothing ; but, by-and-by, after reciting her Office, she went to her usual seat in the window, and opened the "Life of the Père de Ravignan." As she anticipated, it was not long before the count wanted to know what she was reading.

"Ah, yes ! He was a clever fellow, Ravignan ; a good man, too, although he was a Jesuit."

"Oh ! Monsieur le Comte ! you are not one of those ignorant, prejudiced people who believe the Jesuits are bad men ?" exclaimed Sœur Thérèse, indignantly.

"Not of necessity ; they are not all bad, I suppose, but then they are not all Jesuits ; they fancy they are, but it's not the same thing. Ravignan, for instance, never was. Guizot said of him : 'That excellent young man has the naïveté to think he is a Jesuit !' Guizot was a judge of men."

Sœur Thérèse knew nothing about that, and very little about Guizot himself ; but she was distressed at the tone and spirit of the count's remarks.

"If you read Père de Ravignan's Life you would see whether or not he was a Jesuit, and what sort of men the Jesuits are," she said.

"Have you ever read it ?" he asked.

"Yes, I have."

"Then what do you want reading it again ?"

"A good book is always worth reading twice."

"Confess it, ma sœur, you brought it to read to me in hopes it would convert me !" said the count, with a quizzical look on his handsome face.

The Robin blushed as deep as any redbreast this time.

"What if I did ? There was no harm in that, if you need to be converted," she said, trying to laugh it off.

"But I don't !"

"No ? Then you are not a Catholic at heart, monsieur ?"

"I don't want to be converted ; that is all you need care to know about it," he said, evasively, but in a tone that distinctly implied he would not be meddled with.

It was part of the secret of Sœur Thérèse's success in leading wanderers home that she did it, as it were, unintentionally, never taking the initiative, or rather doing it with such delicate tact that it was not noticed. Ah, me ! the pity of it, that those who love God, and the souls He died for, should be driven to practise wiles and little arts and expedients in that glorious cause, like statesmen angling for their country's interests in the shallow waters of diplomacy !

"I own I brought the book with the idea of reading it aloud to you," she said ; "I thought it would be pleasant to you to be read to now and then, and I asked our mother if there was a book in the library that she thought would amuse you ; she selected this one, and said it was sure to interest you. There was no harm in all that ; it could not have hurt you to have listened to it ; but I shall not ask you now to do so."

"I will listen to anything to give you pleasure, my good little sister," he said; "only I give you warning, it's no use trying to convert me. I told Madame de Genvriac she was to make that a *sine qua non* of my letting her engage a nun to come and nurse me. I was not to be preached to. Did she tell you that?"

"She did, monsieur. I promised not to preach to you. Have I not kept my word?" demanded Sœur Thérèse.

She did not look at him, but attended steadily to her knitting; she had laid aside the book.

"Yes, most loyally, so far," he replied, laughing; "has it been a great penance to you?"

"On the contrary; it would have been a terrible penance to me if I were obliged to preach," she said, good-humouredly, "besides it would be quite out of my vocation; we poor nuns are only permitted to preach by our example."

"What are you ordered to preach in that way?"

"The love of God and of our neighbour; that is the sermon we are told to put in practice by our lives."

"Ma sœur, what put it into your head to become a nun?" said M. de Bois-Ferré, after a pause of some moments, during which he had been steadily gazing at her.

"The love of God, monsieur," she answered, smiling.

"Humph! Are you an orphan?" he inquired, presently.

"No, thank God! my dear parents are both alive."

"Were you happy at home?"

"As happy as the day was long!" she said, heartily; "I had the most indulgent parents that ever lived; they had only one defect, they spoiled me dreadfully."

"Then what in the name of mercy possessed you to leave them?" exclaimed Gustave, in real amazement,

Sœur Thérèse laughed joyously. "I have told you, monsieur. It was for love of our dear Lord I left them."

It told him nothing. She was talking an unknown tongue.

"What do you understand by the love of our dear Lord?" he said, not scoffingly at all; he was honestly puzzled; "what proof of love to Him is it in you to leave your natural duties and pleasures, and go and nurse people who have no claim on you?"

"Ah! that's just it; they *have* a claim on me; because He loves them, and suffered and died for them," answered the Robin, and her gentle face was lifted with a sweet light upon it that he had never seen before; "that is what makes it all easy to us, what turns the hard ways into soft, what gives us courage to deny ourselves, and serve, and toil, and persevere, the thought that while so many are forgetting Him, we at least are mindful of Him, that we are helping Him to carry his cross."

What strange fanaticism was this! Gustave de Bois-Ferré had read of such things in books here and there; but he had never believed they were put in practice by sane human beings. Yet here was one most unquestionably sane, who had surrendered her whole life to their control. For the first time he began to wonder what



motive could in the first instance prompt a young girl, born in comfort, perhaps in affluence, tenderly nurtured and well educated, to trample all the ties of nature, and the joys of home under her feet, and take to the life of a servant, nursing all kinds of people, good and bad, rich and poor, through every sort of disease and sickness that humanity suffers from. "This is what turns the hard ways into soft," she had said. They were hard, then, in spite of the love that prompted her to tread them? How could it be otherwise! He was a brute and a fool not to have known that instinctively. What was there in the service of his own sick room that was not repugnant? the service of a common hospital nurse performed by a refined lady towards a man who was neither father nor brother, kith nor kin to her? It was the triumph of her humility, her modest, self-obliterating charity that he had not thought of this before, and been pained and embarrassed by it, but had taken it as a natural thing, extending towards Sœur Thérèse little more than the gratitude that we feel towards a servant who serves us kindly and punctually.

"Come and read me some of that book of yours," he said, impelled to do something to atone for his ingratitude. "I want very much to hear what it is like."

"No, I will not read it," she replied; "you said it would bore you; and M. Vauban does not wish you to be bored."

"I only said that to teaze you, ma sœur. I assure you it will amuse me very much."

"Then I certainly will not read it; it is not a book to be made an amusement of," said Sœur Thérèse.

"I did not mean that; I will not laugh at it; I promise you I won't," repeated Gustave.

Sœur Thérèse suspended her knitting, and looking at him, said: "I will read it for you, then, but on one condition, that you don't ask me to read you any more of that 'Feuilleton'?"

"Ah, no! I can't agree to that, the Feuilleton is much too amusing; I must hear the end of it. What objection have you to it? It won't interfere with the Père de Ravignan the least in the world; we can have the novel in the morning, and the *Perè* in the afternoon."

"No; the mixture would not do at all; they would spoil each other," said Sœur Thérèse; "it would be like giving you opposite kinds of food that must disagree, and doctors never approve of that, you know, monsieur!"

"On the contrary; it is sometimes very salutary," protested the count; "when you have eaten anything unwholesome, or even poisonous, they give you its opposite as an antidote."

"Ah! then you admit that the novel is poisonous?"

"I only admit it for the sake of argument. Come, ma sœur, don't be obstinate; it is bad for sick people to be contradicted!" he said, coaxingly.

She had intended all along to yield; but she was clever enough to see that a little contradiction would prepare the way by stimulating M. de Bois-Ferré's curiosity, and also disarm his suspicions that she was bent on converting him. She rose and took the book from the

table. Before she had opened it, however, the clock struck, and reminded them it was the hour for the dressing of the wounds. It had always been a subject of admiration to him, the skill which his nurse displayed in this operation, uniting such swiftness and neatness, delicacy and strength: for he was a large, strong-limbed man, and it was necessary to raise the shattered leg, and hold it suspended while putting on the bandages, and to do this without inflicting acute pain was a feat that required a practised and a skilful hand. Clement was there to help, but the lad's good will was not of much avail against his nervousness and utter want of experience, so the whole task devolved on the nurse. He watched her to-day with a greater interest than usual. It was certainly a most repulsive task, revolting to natural fastidiousness in all its details. He felt grieved and humiliated to see it performed by one who was not his sister, and whom he could not class amongst those who undertake disagreeable work in order to gain their bread. To do him justice, M. de Bois-Ferré had never looked upon Sœur Thérèse in the light of a person whose services could be paid by money. He had not thought of what other kind of payment she was working for. He had simply admired and wondered, and felt devoutly thankful for the state of society which evolved such institutions as these admirable women. His feelings were, unknown to himself, very much those of the pious cat who gave thanks to a benign Providence that provided mice for the food and entertainment of all cats; he had a vague idea that gentlemen with broken legs were the final cause of Sisters of Charity, or of Hope, it was all the same.

"You don't seem to have suffered as much as usual under the *pansement*, monsieur?" said Sœur Thérèse, when it was over, and she was arranging him in a comfortable position.

"No, ma sœur; I never suffered anything to speak of, only I am a cowardly dog, and cry out the moment I'm pricked," said the count; "I tried to be more patient to-day."

"You are always patient enough," she said; "don't put too much restraint on yourself; it is not necessary. On the contrary, sometimes it is a guide to me when you cry out a little, I know I am hurting you, and try to be more gentle."

She was smoothing his pillows as she spoke. M. de Bois-Ferré bent his head over her hand and touched it reverently with his lips. There was a moisture in his eyes that was very near overflowing. He had suffered more than he owned just now, and the effort at complete self-command had been a greater strain than his exhausted nerves could bear. Besides this, he was strangely moved by the ministrations of Sœur Thérèse, so tender, so unconscious, so perfectly natural in their kindness and simplicity. She saw that he was overcome, and taking her crucifix from her girdle, she held it up, and with a smile that was half entreating, half humorous, "If you would kiss this, it would do you more good," she said.

He made a sign for her to approach it to his lips, and then turned away, and was silent for a long while. Sœur Thérèse did not volunteer

again to read the contested book. She went back to the window and resumed her knitting.

Monsieur Vauban came earlier than usual next day, which she was preparing her patient's breakfast. M. de Bois-Ferré was in the habit of ordering in his meals from a neighbouring café, when he took them at home, which, indeed seldom occurred; but the doctor disapproved of this arrangement now, the dishes of the professed cook being too highly seasoned for a feverish patient; he must have nothing but the most nourishing and the simplest food—strong beef-soup, broiled meat, and plain boiled vegetables. Sœur Thérèse volunteered to prepare all this, and with Clement for *marmite*, she managed to combine satisfactorily the duties of cook and nurse. She undertook it so simply and spontaneously, that it never occurred to the count to be surprised, or to consider whether it was too much for her, or work that she was not accustomed to. If Madame de Genvriac had offered to go into the kitchen to superintend the concoction of a *tisane*, he would have been immensely surprised and amused at the incongruity of the thing. But then Madame de Genvriac was a fine lady. It was against all the laws of nature that she should set her bronze or satin foot on the tiled floor of a kitchen.

"What! Did I give you permission to read?" cried the doctor, who found M. de Bois-Ferré engrossed in the *Figaro* when he entered: "I said you might be read aloud to, so long as it did not fatigue you; I can't yet allow you to read yourself; it is a strain on you holding the paper; why do you not let Sœur Thérèse read to you?"

"She does not approve of the *Figaro*," said the young man, "and there is a very amusing 'Feuilleton' in it that I want to see the end of."

"Pshaw! Nonsense! She will read it. She is much too sensible to refuse. I cannot have you strain your neck trying to read; it fatigues the spine."

Sœur Thérèse came in, and the usual morning's services were performed by herself and the doctor. The wounds showed still the same unfavourable symptoms. Things were not worse, but decidedly no better.

"He makes no progress, doctor?" she said, when they were out of hearing.

"No; still, on the whole, I am more hopeful about him; he ought to be a great deal worse by this time, unless he is to recover. There is less fever. You must keep him amused; read aloud to him anything he fancies. He said, half in a joke, that you would not read the *Figaro* for him; that is nonsense; he must be kept amused at any price. You are not so foolish, ma sœur, as to refuse to do anything that is necessary for your patient?"

"Is it necessary for him to read bad books?" said Sœur Thérèse. "I will read till I am hoarse if he will listen to good ones."

"Tut, tut! what squeamishness is this!" exclaimed the medical man, confronting her, with an expression of surprise and irritation. "I never knew you shirk your duty before, ma sœur. I order you to

read aloud any book that can divert your patient's mind, and keep him from dwelling on his wounds and other painful subjects. I may as well tell you now that he is in very great trouble. He does not yet know it himself; I have had a great deal to do to keep it from him, to prevent its getting into the *Figaro* precisely, and to keep people away. That mare that he prized so much is dead; she was shot at once, as Madame de Genvriac foolishly told him; the other story was got up to undo the mischief."

"After all, doctor, a horse can be replaced?" said Sœur Thérèse, but slightly moved by the startling information.

"The loss of this one just at this moment is nothing short of ruin, I believe, to M. de Bois-Ferré. If he recovers, he may curse us both for not letting him die; but we can't consider that: our business is to cure him."

M. Vauban passed out, and went down the stairs, humming a snatch from an old song. He was neither heartless nor cynical, but a long professional career had inured him to the most painful and critical experiences. He was sorry for Bois-Ferré, and was doing his best for him; but what most needed his compassion he could not take *au sérieux*.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### MORE PUZZLED THAN EVER.

SŒUR Thérèse went back with a heavy heart. Poor fellow! There was something very touching in his position. On the brink of ruin and on the brink of death. There was no proportion, of course, in her mind between the two impending dangers; but the feeling that she knew his secret, and that he was so entirely ignorant of it, filled her with greater pity for his worldly troubles than she felt they deserved.

He had read the *Figaro*, so she was spared that odious task for to-day at least. But the next morning he called on her to perform it. He had had a bad night, and was very restless and irritable. "It has been worse than no sleep," he said; "those abominable dreams have made me as nervous as a woman; I want to get them out of my head."

She made no opposition, but took up the paper and began to read. The story had come to that point where sentiment was being translated into action, vague, flowery talk explained itself practically, and the most unsophisticated novice could no longer remain blind to the result. There was a married woman who came forward in her true character as the heroine of one romance, while her husband was the hero of another; two vile mud-streams running side by side. Either the sound of her voice produced a soothing, somnolent effect on the count, or he was already too worn out for the effort of attending to what she read, for Sœur Thérèse had not gone many pages when he fell asleep. She slept softly on her knees, and prayed

beside him. Would God not come to her rescue, and enable her to do something for this poor blind soul that was hastening into His presence so fearfully unprepared? There was something very hopeless about him; unlike any other bad Catholic or unbeliever she had ever come in contact with. He was not like some who were fiercely antagonistic, who sneered or railed. M. de Bois-Ferré had no violent feeling of that sort; he had no objection to people's believing in Christianity if it made them happy; neither had he to their adopting the Koran or the Talmud; since so many insisted on having a religion, it was a good thing there was a variety to choose from. For himself, his choice would have been with the Koran, had he been compelled to make one. There was something in this cynical indifference that seemed to Sœur Thérèse more difficult far to deal with than downright hostility. Nothing short of a miracle would save him. And how was she to get one! She turned to God in her helplessness, and sent up one of those cries that come from the very core of our souls in their uttermost need, and reach the heart of God like a lightning shaft. She had fallen on her knees, her hands were clasped and pressed close to her breast, her eyes closed, her whole aspect bespeaking utter self-forgetfulness. There was a noise of carts and carriages passing that dulled all nearer sounds, and M. Vauban was in the room, looking at her fixedly, before she was aware of his arrival. She rose up with a start, crimsoning violently. She was used to being caught on her knees; but it seemed as if the intensity of her soul, as she knelt just now, must have betrayed itself outwardly, and revealed the motive of her supplication. And indeed it was so. The doctor saw as clearly as if she had confessed it to him, what the impulse was that had thrown her on her knees by the young man's bedside. She pointed to the bed, and put her finger to her lips. The doctor beckoned her away.

"Has he been long asleep?" he inquired.

"About a quarter of an hour. He dropped off while I was reading to him."

"What were you reading, ma sœur?"

"The novel in the *Figaro*. You ordered me to do it."

"You see I was right, since it sent him to sleep. Has he had a good night?"

"No, one of the worst he has yet had. I was up five times with him; he could get no rest any way."

"Nor you either, my poor child; you look sadly tired," said old M. Vauban, kindly; "don't overdo it, or you will break down, and to lose you now would be that poor boy's death-warrant."

She was going to add that she feared the signing of it did not depend on her, when a noise in the sick-room warned them that the sleeper was awake. They went in immediately.

"He who sleeps dines," cried the doctor, in loud cheery tones; "I should not have disturbed you, but since you are awake, let us to business."

"Doctor, I have never pestered you with questions about my

case," said the young man, when the morning's work was done; "but I should very much like to know what you think of it. Tell me frankly, do you expect me to recover?"

"The use of your leg? Undoubtedly," said Vauban; "it is likely to be rather a long business, partly because of the nature of the wound, and partly because of the cold; but if the weather took a sudden turn, you might make a start that would surprise us all, and be well in no time."

"Do you really mean that? You have no apprehension of my not recovering at all? Of my dying?" said the count. His pale face showed no trace of emotion as he put the question. Vauban laughed.

"Of your dying! I suppose you must die some day," he said, and it was impossible to doubt the perfect honesty of his face as he turned it with a humorous glance on the count; "but I see no chance of your escaping from the cares of this world at present. On the contrary, that leg is as good as a life-income; it will keep you alive for ever; I am sorry for your heirs; but it's a fact."

In spite of his stoical philosophy, Gustave was evidently much relieved by this answer. He drew a long breath, and observed, laughingly, that his heirs would, indeed, be sorely disappointed; but that, for the present, he was glad to be spared the bother of making his will.

"I should think so!" exclaimed the doctor; "you had much better issue invitations for your wedding, my dear young gentleman; I shall expect to receive one very shortly. The moment you are on your legs again, you must look out for a wife, and settle down respectably, and have no more of this harum-scarum flying over ditches and dykes; the wonder is you did not break every bone in your body ages ago."

"So I should probably if it were not that I rode such capital horses," said the count, good-humouredly. "I wish, by the way, Bangy would come and tell me something more of Papillon; I can't conceive why none of them come to see me."

"M. de Bangy is in England," replied the doctor; "and I have up to this strictly forbidden any visitors to be admitted. So long as this constant threat of fever is hanging over you, I must have absolute quiet. You hear that, *ma sœur*?"

"Yes, monsieur; no one has disobeyed you, except Madame de Genvriac, who came again a few days ago when I was out."

"She did me no harm," said the count, quickly; "on the contrary, she amused me and cheered me up."

"Ah, well, she shall be one of the first admitted by-and-by," said M. Vauban; "but not yet, not yet."

He wished his patient good morning, and left the room.

Sœur Thérèse did not follow him. She was used to hear physicians tell these shameless falsehoods to sick men; she had seen them beguile their patients with hopes of a perfect recovery up to the very moment of their agony, and been compelled to remain a silent witness of the cruel deceit. If she had dared to gainsay a

medical man, the whole faculty would have risen like one man against her order, and no member of it would have been ever again allowed to stand near a sick bed where they attended. Practically, she and her sisters constantly contradicted the doctor's verdict, and, aided by a member of the family, a friend, sometimes a servant, managed to break the truth gradually and gently to the invalid, and open the door to God's minister. This was the real aim of their hard service, to make the healing of the body a means to the saving of the soul. But, in the present instance, she was totally alone. There was no one to second, or even to approve of what she must try to do. It was necessary to act with consummate prudence, so as not to give the alarm to Vauban, who, it was quite clear, was determined to keep up the deception to the last.

Sœur Thérèse had a will of her own, however, and would defy an army ranged in battle to carry it out if necessary. But it was wisdom, and unction, and a sort of tender, divine tact that she needed now more than energy and determination. M. de Bois-Ferré was evidently very much the happier for what Vauban had so falsely declared; he was calmer than usual all day, and at the same time lively and full of conversation. Sœur Thérèse fell in with his mood, and tacitly acquiesced in the doctor's verdict. She read the "Feuilleton" for him, and then, at his own request, a chapter of the *Perè de Ravignan's Life*. It was not easy to say whether he was really interested in it, or only feigned to be so to please her. His mind was, in fact, wandering after Papillon and the fate of the many betting-books that depended on her, so that he did not half take in what she was reading. The next day, late in the afternoon, Madame de Genvriac called. She was quieter than Sœur Thérèse had yet seen her, her manner was more subdued, more in keeping with the atmosphere of a sick-room. She had been to see M. Vauban, and though he had not given her a direct answer, she saw plainly that he was far from satisfied with the case. For the first time it flashed upon her that Gustave de Bois-Ferré might be in real danger. The flash was followed by a pang that was sincere at least, if it did not go very deep. She was not a religious woman; very far from it: she had had little teaching of that kind in her youth, and that little had long since evaporated in the whirl of her gay and reckless life. But there remained a something undefined that compelled her to a change of tone towards Gustave now, that changed the whole current of her thoughts concerning him. Perhaps, after all, this fine lady, with her curls and flowers, might turn out the ally that was wanted, Sœur Thérèse thought to herself, as she saw her sitting by the bedside, so quiet, and unlike her former self. She apologised rather humbly for having transgressed orders in coming up; but she would not stay a moment longer than Sœur Thérèse permitted.

"You said you were able to read, or to listen to reading," she said to Gustave; "so I have brought you a book that is likely to interest you; the author is a friend of yours, I believe; it has only just come out, and all the world is in ecstasies about it. Perhaps you know it, *ma sœur*?"

She handed her a fresh, uncut volume ; Sœur Thérèse looked at the title-page, and read aloud, "*Vie de Jésus*," by Renan.

"Ma chère ! what a comical notion of you to bring me such a book !" exclaimed Gustave, highly amused, and yet evidently a little puzzled. "Have you turned *devote* ?" he inquired, with a glance of peculiar meaning.

"Good gracious ! no ; I have not read it myself, but all the learned, clever ones are crazy about it, the *Debats* and the *Temps* say it is the most beautiful poem that ever was written. That is why I fancied you would like to see it."

"The subject is not one, I am afraid, that would interest M. le Comte, madame," said Sœur Thérèse ; "but since you have brought it, I should like very much to look over it, if you will allow me."

"You shall read it for me, ma sœur," broke in the count ; "I don't see why the subject should not be interesting if it is cleverly treated, and the *Debats* is a judge of literary work. Renan is a very clever fellow, but I never suspected he would go in for this sort of thing."

So that same evening, Sœur Thérèse began to read aloud the sacrilegious book that has travelled all over the world since then. No one had yet heard of it, except the select few who compose the audience of such writers ; but the name it bore upon the title-page was guarantee enough to the servant of Jesus, and she opened it with a glad and fearless hand. No wonder that for a time she was deceived. The graceful charm of the writing, the poetic descriptions, were in themselves attractive apart from the subject, and as yet no blasphemous insult disfigured the narrative. M. de Bois-Ferré was completely fascinated, and kept her reading for a whole hour. He was impatient almost to get over the "*Feuilleton*" next day in order to resume the new book. That afternoon, he was so much better that Sœur Thérèse said she meant to leave him for a short time and go to see her Superior.

"Ma sœur, that is not it ; you want to confess ! Confess now that it is that !" said the count.

"Well, suppose it is ?" replied the Robin, good-humouredly.

"What in the name of all that is wonderful can you have to confess since last Wednesday ! Do, ma sœur, I entreat you ; just give me an idea of what you have got to say ! Oh ! I have it !" he cried, with sudden triumph : "you are going to confess having read the *Figaro* ! Own that is it !"

"I am not going to confess to you, M. le Comte," replied Sœur Thérèse, rolling up her knitting preparatory to departing.

"I think, nevertheless, that I should make a very good confessor, ma sœur," he observed, half interrogatively.

"There is no saying what the grace of God might not do," was the quiet rejoinder, and she heaved a very little sigh.

"It does puzzle me beyond everything what you can have to say," pursued the count ; "if I were to take to confessing now, there would be some sense in it ; I should have enough to keep me going every week for a twelvemonth ; but what you can have to say once a week is beyond my comprehension."



"I will tell you a story, monsieur," said Sœur Thérèse, and she folded her arms, and began: "Once upon a time, there was a monk who had a great dislike to confession, and the devil put it into his head that it was no use his going every week, because he always had the same sins to tell, and grew no better. He told St. Bernard, who was his abbot, of this temptation, and the saint desired him to take a large pitcher, that stood in the refectory, and fill it with water, and leave it at the gate of the monastery for a week; he made him repeat this process for several weeks, and then, one day, he called him, and bade him empty the pitcher and bring it to him. The monk did as he was told, and St. Bernard desired him to look into the pitcher and tell him what he saw there. 'I see nothing, Father Abbot,' said the monk. 'Are there no slugs, or insects, or dirt of any sort?' asked St. Bernard. 'No; it is perfectly clean, the water has washed it and prevented anything sticking to the bottom,' said the monk. 'That is just what your weekly confession does for you, my son,' replied the abbot; 'it washes your soul, and keeps it pure, and prevents sins and imperfections cleaving to it.' You see, M. le Comte, that one need not go to confession only to tell very great sins," observed Sœur Thérèse."

"It is an excellent illustration, ma sœur, and does infinite credit to the ready wit of the abbot," said M. de Bois Ferré; "let me cap it now with another, characteristic enough in its own way: A good priest of ours was trying to teach civilization to young John Chinaman, and amongst other noteworthy facts, he mentioned that Frenchmen washed themselves every day of their lives. John's astonishment was very great; but, after a moment's reflection, he exclaimed: 'What very dirty people you Frenchmen must be!' You see I was just as great an idiot as John Chinaman."

Sœur Thérèse laughed merrily, both at the story, and the comment that closed it.

The count called for Clement, said a few words in his ear, and then asked her if she would mind reading a few pages of the *Vie de Jésus* for him before she started. She consented willingly, and the count listened with deeper attention even than on the previous day.

"It is very beautiful, is it not, ma sœur?" he cried out once, impulsively.

"Yes, it is flowery and eloquent; but, to tell you the truth, monsieur, I like spiritual books more simply written," said the Robin; "the truths of the Gospel are so beautiful in themselves, that they want no help of human language to make them impressive. And, then, I don't know what it is, but there is something in the tone of this that jars on me; it leaves an unpleasant taste on my mouth, like something that is sweet but not wholesome."

He smiled, and observed presently: "I am not sure, but there may be some truth in that remark; the poetry is a little overdone; but we must not judge until we get farther on; as yet, it is but the introduction to the real work."

Just then Clement came to the door, and called out, in his most pompous voice: "The brougham of M. le Comte is advanced!"

"Ma sœur, your carriage is at the door," said the count.

Sœur Thérèse protested. She was quite able to walk, the rain and the cold did not matter; she had an umbrella; but it was useless holding out; the brougham had been ordered for her, and she must go in it, the count declared.

"You can keep it as long as you like ma sœur, and do your commissions in the town, and remember, it is to bring you back!" was his parting injunction.

She did not mean to stay long. He wanted her constant attendance, and nothing but necessity induced her to leave him for the hour or two that she must now be absent.

"You are not looking well, my child," said the Superior; "I fear you are over-working yourself; do you get sufficient rest at night?"

"Yes, mother, plenty: I am not the least over-worked," replied Sœur Thérèse, "but I am miserable. I have a conviction that my patient is dying, and he believes in nothing, and I see no human hope of bringing about his conversion. I dare not speak, I dare not bring any one to see him; M. Vauban would turn me out if I attempted it. I feel in despair at being able to do nothing."

"It is not doing nothing so long as you do your duty and pray for him; you don't fail to do that, I am sure?"

"No, no, thank God, I can say I do both; I pray for him all day long. But, oh, mother! you don't know what has happened since I was here last week! He insists upon me reading a story for him out of a newspaper; a horrid story; there is a married woman who is as wicked as she can be, and the other people laugh at it, and they turn her husband into ridicule, and he is a bad man too; they are all bad, and M. le Bois-Ferré laughs, and thinks it so clever and amusing. I refused one day to read any more when I saw how sinful all the people were, and what a horrid story it was going to be; and the next day he read it himself, and M. Vauban was very angry, and ordered me to read it, and, of course, I dared not disobey."

The Superior was silent for a moment, then she said: "Is it very painful for you to read it, my child?"

"Oh! I had rather take the discipline twice a-day!" cried the Robin, fervently; "I do nothing but make acts of contrition the whole time, and pray to our Lord to forgive me and to convert M. de Bois-Ferré. I feel as if I were two people with two voices, one is reading aloud, while the other is crying out to God. It is the strangest thing, ma mère, how vividly I feel this. Oh, tell me, must I go on reading this novel for him?"

"You must obey the doctor under whom you are working. God's grace will preserve you from all harm. The very suffering you describe is pleading with our Lord for the soul of this unhappy young man. Has he let you read '*Père de Ravnian*' to him?"

"A few chapters only. Madame de Genvriac brought him a new book yesterday, and I have been reading it instead of the other. Do you know it, ma mère? '*La Vie de Jésus*,' by Renan."

"I have not seen it; but from the name, it must be good."

"I suppose so ; I have not read much of it yet ; but somehow I don't like it. The writer has a strange, complimentary way of speaking of our blessed Lord that hurts one ; but that may be the way to make worldly people listen to him ; Madame de Genvriac says all the learned men in Paris are enthusiastic about the book."

"I will make inquiries, and if necessary I will write to you, my child," said the Superior. "Meantime, go on as you have done hitherto ; don't spare yourself. Pray unceasingly, and place unlimited trust in the mercy of God and the intercession of our Blessed Lady."

"I was afraid I should not be able to come to-day," said Sœur Therese ; "he was very poorly yesterday. The wounds looked so livid I was terrified lest it was the beginning of mortification, and if it had been, I should not have dared to leave him."

"Of course not ; your patient must always be your first consideration ; never lose sight of that. The sacrifice of our sacrifice is the most agreeable worship we can offer to God, because it is the uttermost renunciation of self."

Sœur Thérèse had need to remember this at many a future day, when the duties of her vocation compelled her to exchange the sweet duties of piety for the painful service of the sick-chamber, and to stay serving her Lord by some fever-stricken bed, instead of offering up her prayers at the foot of His altar.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

SHE found on her return that M. de Bois-Ferré had been devouring Renan during the two hours she was away. He had got more than half through it, and was eager for her to continue it for him now. By this time he knew perfectly well what the spirit and drift of the book were ; indeed, at a very early date, he had detected this, but there was a poetic vagueness, a vacillating tone at first that puzzled him as to how far the book was written in the spirit of unbelief, or doubt, or absolute blasphemy. The novelty of the treatment interested him, and the charm of the style carried him on irresistibly. Still at every page he felt doubts arising in his mind as to the good faith of the writer, his literary good faith, the accuracy of his quotations, and the fidelity of his translations from the Greek and Hebrew texts. Gustave was not a scholar himself, but he had a fine literary taste, and a literary sin particularly shocked him. He had already noticed, and this without any Testament to refer to, several contradictions on the part of the author, and also a palpable disloyalty in the construing of certain passages of Scripture. This, however, only stimulated his curiosity to see the end of the book, which he was determined to examine afterwards, and to test its honesty by reference to the Scriptures themselves. It was altogether a most sti-

mulating amusement, and he was thankful to Madame de Genvriac for providing him with it. Sœur Thérèse read on for a time, but at last she came to a passage so transparently profane that she gave a cry of horror, and stopped short.

"Oh, monsieur! it is too dreadful! I cannot read it!"

"Quelle bêtise!" he cried, impatiently, "you stop just at the most exciting part; I insist on your continuing, ma sœur; or else, if you don't, I will read it myself, and I am already as tired as I can be, trying to hold the book and turn over with one hand, and besides having to hold it almost over my head to see. You will put me in a high fever if you don't go on."

She sent up her heart in a passionate prayer, and went on. The tears were streaming from her eyes, choking her voice, and forcing her to stop every now and then to wipe them away. She interrupted the reading with broken exclamations of "Oh, my Jesus! forgive me! I am doing it for love of Thee!"—"Oh, my blessed Saviour!"—"Oh! patient God! patient Jesus!"

M. de Bois-Ferré was not a cruel man by nature; far from it: he could not bear the sight of suffering, and could never refrain from alleviating it when it was in his power; he hated to see pain even in an animal, and yet the sight of the agony he was deliberately inflicting on Sœur Thérèse found him as pitiless as a stone. He did not realise it; it was altogether beyond his comprehension how a human being in her right mind could be moved to such distress by such a cause. He knew her too well to accuse her for a moment of hypocrisy, of playing a part; yet he looked on at her tears exactly as he might have done at a representation of mimic woe on the stage. It was intensely interesting as a study, but it was too unreal to affect him with a feeling of compassion. She was, at last, so thoroughly overcome that it was difficult to hear her.

"Leave it down, ma sœur; that will do for to-day," he said.

He was inclined to be angry with her, but he remembered how untiring she was in her care of him, and the half-formed reproach died on his lips.

"Have you got a copy of the New Testament with you?" he inquired, by-and-by.

"Yes. Do you wish to see it?" and she drew the small, black volume from her pocket.

"Not just yet. I shall be curious to compare Renan's quotations with it by-and-by; indeed I have a fancy to make you read me the four Gospels consecutively as soon as we have finished; it strikes me he is not altogether honest in his narrative. It will be amusing to pick a few holes in it, and show up the fellow's conceit. He has a patronizing tone and a self-complacent way of giving out his opinion, as if no one had a right to dispute it, that affronts one, and savours of ignorance. Learned men are not so arrogant as a rule."

Sœur Thérèse made no comment. She had been stirred to the very depths of her soul by the insolent blasphemy of the book; she had skipped the most offensive words, and even whole lines, where she could; but even thus pruned, the reading of it had been a revolting

and intensely painful task. She had prayed all the time unceasingly, the singular sensation of a double individuality which she had described to her Superior being more strongly present than ever; it seemed literally that she had been two persons, one quietly seated and mechanically articulating the odious words, the other kneeling invisibly and crying out earnestly to God.

The book was nearly finished. Would M. de Bois-Ferré keep to his intention of reading the Gospels now, or would he remain under the fatal spell of Renan's lies without making an effort to detect them? She did not dare to ask him. It may have been the effect of the excitement, or the result of his illness pursuing its course; but he was very much worse all that afternoon, and when the doctor came, late in the evening, he was evidently alarmed at the change. Mortification had set in; Sœur Thérèse had, indeed, noticed some slight spots, but had not taken fright at them. The following morning their character was unmistakable.

"He is a doomed man; he will be dead in a week," said M. Vauban, when they stood at the outer door.

"Youth does wonders, doctor, and his constitution is good," said Sœur Thérèse.

"Yes, but it has been too deeply shaken; he will not pull through, *ma sœur*."

"*Mon Dieu!* He is so unfit to die!" she murmured; "but God is merciful, and all things are possible to Him."

"Yes, all things. He can work a miracle; perhaps He will if you ask Him," said the doctor, laying his broad hand paternally on her head. He was a huge man; she looked a mere baby by the side of him.

"Oh, doctor, will you help me?" she said, grasping his arm, and looking up into his face; "I can do nothing unless you help me! I have obeyed you in everything; you told me to read that bad story to him, and I did it. I have read a worse book than that to him, though it nearly killed me; and now if he dies, I shall never know an hour's peace or happiness! If I had disobeyed you, and insisted on reading different books, and brought in a priest to speak to him and persuade him, who knows what might have come of it? But I obeyed you, and now, unless you help me, it is too late!"

Big tears were flowing from her eyes, and she was trembling from head to foot. Doctor Vauban had seen the Robin in many a trying circumstance, and had never known her quail; she had stood by when he was performing operations that made his assistants shudder, but he had never seen her flinch; she had been his right hand where stronger helps had failed him; she was a woman, too, young, and fair, and delicate-fibred, and her life was a constant holocaust. She was weeping now, she was moved as he had never seen her moved, and she appealed to him for mercy as if she were begging for her life.

"My child," he said, kindly, "I would help you if I could. You know I have no bigotry; I have no personal objection either to priests or to religion; I am indifferent to them, but, as you must remember,

I recognise their importance to others, and when it does not interfere with my duties to my patients as a physician, I have no objection to their being called in; in fact, I often rejoice that they are: but it must be under certain conditions. They must wish it themselves. M. de Bois-Ferré does not wish it. He is an unbeliever; at least I have always heard him say he was; and he certainly has shown in his life that he believed in no world beyond the present. If you were to bring in a priest to him now, you would irritate him to no purpose. I would not say this if I did not believe it. It would be worse than useless to attempt it."

Sœur Thérèse made no answer for a moment. There was a kindness and a sincerity in the doctor's manner that carried conviction with them. He was speaking the truth, as far as he knew it.

"Will you give me leave to try?" she said, presently. I don't mean to bring in a priest; I know that might do harm just now; but will you leave me free to try and lead M. de Bois-Ferré to ask for one himself?"

"While there is life, there is hope," replied M. Vauban. "I repeat it, I see no chance of his recovery; but, as you say, youth does wonders. I am ready, however, to stake my reputation on it, that the slightest shock, or excitement, or irritation would make it a matter of sheer impossibility for him to recover—would, in fact, precipitate the catastrophe, and cut short what little span remains to him. It is my bounden duty to prevent this. I put it to your honour, *ma sœur*, to say candidly, whether the permission you ask is consistent with this duty."

"It is," she answered, quickly; "I pledge you my word of honour that I will bear in mind what you say, and guard him from anything injurious as carefully as you would yourself."

"You give me your word for this?"

"I do."

"Then I will trust to your discretion. Do as you like."

When she went back to the sick-room, her face wore almost a happy look. She sang her usual evening hymns in the old joyous voice; even M. de Bois-Ferré noticed the change, and congratulated himself on it; it showed that she was pleased with whatever Vauban had been saying about him.

"You are in good spirits, *ma sœur*," he cried; "the old gentleman is satisfied with my progress, I see? I wonder at that, for I feel anything but comfortable to-night. What did he say?"

"Patients should be like babies, and ask no questions," said the Robin; "it is enough for you to know the nurse is well pleased."

And so he was fain to content himself with this, and lie quiet and try to go to sleep, while she sang to him, the voice growing softer and lower by degrees, until at last it ceased, just as the mother's lullaby dies away by the cradle of her suffering child. Sœur Thérèse could not sleep; she sent Clement to bed, saying she would watch herself for the first part of the night; M. le Comte was not well, and she preferred not to leave him. Clement was glad enough of his dismissal; he replenished the lamp in the drawing-room, and wished her good night.

Sœur Thérèse finished her office, and then returned to the darkened room, and sat down at the foot of the bed. She could not see the sleeper's face, but the rays from the open door threw his hand into bright relief as it lay outside the coverlet. It was wasted, and white as the hand of a corpse. There is great character in the human hand; some are sympathetic and expressive almost as a face, others are stupid and repulsive. This was a finely cut, honest, gentle hand, and the long thumb and firmly cut knuckles showed a strength of will that was not common. If she could but see those fingers clasp the crucifix before they grew cold for ever, or lift themselves once in faith and humility to the Crucified! The darkness, the perfect stillness of all around, the indistinguishable prostrate figure, the sleep that so closely resembled the long sleep that it foreshadowed, her recent conversation with the doctor, her knowledge of the young man's impending danger, all this intensified the watcher's compassion, and made her realise the horrors of his position with a vividness that was positively agonizing. He was on the verge of eternity, on the verge of hell; this soul that Christ had died for was about to be lost eternally, its divine ransom had been an unavailing sacrifice; devils were gathered round that quiet bed, waiting to pounce upon their prey; angels, too, one that had walked by its side for eight-and-twenty years, were there; and the Creator was looking on from his eternal throne in heaven, waiting for the end. Oh! what were the angels about! Why were they so silent! Would none of those glorious spirits bestir himself and send some visible help, some angel in human form to fight the battle of their Lord, and snatch away the precious soul before it was too late! The angel was there, though she knew it not, and fighting the battle with all an angel's energy and love. She fell upon her knees, and cried out to God, appealing to Him by every tender name of Saviour, Father, merciful Lord, Brother, Creator; she called Mary to her aid, reminding her of the price this soul had cost, recapitulating the testament of Calvary, when a dying God bequeathed it to her care. She gathered up the nails, the lance, the blood-stained thorns, the dripping scourge, and laid them in the Mother's arms, and defied her to gainsay the justice of the claim they urged. But what had Mary to do with justice! Mercy was her province, her kingdom, and her prerogative. Let Mercy arise at her bidding and rescue this blind, sin-stricken soul. The Sister of Mercy, who for love of the Crucified had forsaken home and forsworn all happiness in this world, drew the image of her Spouse from her girdle, and held it up with both hands, as high as her arms could stretch, and, in passionate, inarticulate words, called on the Mother of Sorrows to look on it, and reject her prayer if she could. A sound, not more audible than a smothered sob, escaped her as she sent up the invocation. Perhaps it was this, or the sudden, impulsive gesture, or, more likely, the rustle of some angel's wing as he sped heavenwards with the message, that touched the slumbers of the sick man and broke them. He opened his eyes, and beheld Sœur Thérèse in that act of dedication, transfigured into a living prayer, her face upturned, her hands clasping the cruci-

fix lifted high above her head. He thought, for a moment, that he was dreaming, and waited to see if the delusion would not vanish; but it did not; the clasped hands were lowered and folded on her breast that heaved with sobs; while words, half formed, came inaudible from her lips. In the complete absorption of her prayer she had lost sight of herself and him, of the possibility of his awakening and seeing her. There is a majesty and a mystery about such communings of the soul with God that awe the most irreverent when they are suddenly brought within sight of them. M. de Bois-Ferré felt impressed, as he had never been in his life. Nothing that he could think of would have induced him to speak, and reveal his wakeful presence; unbeliever as he was, he shrank from breaking in upon that holy and sublime intercourse. He knew instinctively that she was praying for him. What a mystery it was, this love of God that thus swayed men and women, fellow-creatures of his own! What was the key to it? This stranger, whose name even he did not know, was wearing out her youth and strength in tending him, and passed her nights in praying for him, as if he were her brother, or even a dearer one, whose life was precious to her as her own. When he was cured, she would pass on to a new sick-bed, and lavish the same devotion on another. When he was cured? But if she knew he would be cured, why did she pass the night weeping and praying for him? Something like a shaft of cold steel shot through Gustave de Bois-Ferré. He had always said he was not afraid of death, that he did not shrink from the idea of dying, provided he was let off with as little pain as possible; but it was not the thought of its physical suffering that sent that strange sensation, as of a blade of ice, through him just now. If there should turn out to be something beyond it after all! Had he, in sober earnest, ever really doubted but there was?

The night wore on in darkness and in silence. It was daybreak before each knew that the other was awake. Sœur Thérèse had dropped asleep on her knees, the crucifix in her hands, her cheek pressed against it and leaning on the foot of the bed.

Dr. Vauban came early. The mortification was spreading; but the count was not suffering much; as the danger grew, the pain lessened.

"Shall we finish Renan's book, monsieur?" inquired Sœur Thérèse, as soon as she had given her patient his breakfast.

"Yes, ma sœur; it interests you, then?" he said, with some surprise.

"In a certain way; I am anxious to compare it with the Gospel, and show up all its falsehoods. That was a good idea of yours."

So she read it to the end, not without a renewal of the previous day's emotion, though that not always of the same distressing kind. Once it was deeply devotional, stirred by the harrowing description of the Passion. The count had desired her to make notes for future reference as she went along, and they began by dealing with these, and comparing them with the Evangelists. M. de Bois-Ferré was confounded by the treachery which the comparison disclosed at



every step. He made her read the passages twice over sometimes, and was loud in his disgust and contempt of the author's meanness.

"That will do," he said, after they had dismissed the first series of notes; "I see the whole thing is a fraud; the fellow wrote to make money; I have no patience with such dishonesty."

"You said you would like to hear the Evangelists from beginning to end," said Sœur Thérèse; "shall I begin St. Matthew?"

"Yes," he said; and then added, smiling, "you will like reading him better than Renan, *ma sœur*, eh?"

She read well, in a clear, musical voice, finely modulated, and expressing by its sympathetic vibrations the more delicate meaning, that finer sense of the words, which, as a great poet puts it, "floats in the larger meaning of the voice." She read to-day rather with her soul than her lips; it seemed to her as if the burning truths she was enunciating were a continuation of her prayer for light for her hearer. He, meanwhile, listened with rapt attention, occasionally asking her to repeat a passage or to explain a text, never letting a word pass without attention. When they had finished St. Matthew, M. de Bois-Ferré wanted her to go on with the Gospel of St. Mark, but she refused, alleging that it was too much for him in one day; she would resume it to-morrow.

In three days they got through the four Evangelists. When they came to the last—the tender, sweet St. John—the sick man, the dying man he was now, gave signs more than once of involuntary emotion, but at the close of the beloved disciple's narrative of the Passion, the effort at concealment failed him. When Sœur Thérèse ceased reading, her eyes were not the only moist ones.

"It is most beautiful! it is sublime!" he murmured, speaking more to himself than her.

"It is more than sublime; it is divine," she replied; "it is the inspired utterance of the Spirit of God."

"I would give a good deal to believe that," he said, still in the same half-absent way; "but it is hard, it is hard."

"Yes, it is 'a hard saying' for us as well as the Jews, but we need not turn away from it as they did," and Sœur Thérèse opened the sixth chapter of John, and read again the passage where Simon Peter, in his wonder at the hard saying, cries out: "But, Lord! to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." "If we would find the truth, we must go to the Author of truth," she said; "can you not understand this? You *feel* the Divine beauty of the Gospel; you acknowledge that it never could have been written by man; you see that Renan has falsified its sense at every line; why do you hesitate to ask our Lord Himself to explain it to you?"

"Would He if I did?" said the count, dreamily, as if his mind were away beyond the things around him.

"He would! He will, if you do but ask Him!" she said, fervently.

He was silent for a moment, and then, looking at her with a more awakened glance, as if he had come back from afar, "*Ma sœur*," he said, "do you ask Him for me. I don't know how to pray; I have never said a prayer since I was a child."

Sœur Thérèse knelt down, and taking her crucifix, laid it in Gustave's hand; his fingers closed upon it, and held it while she prayed. What a prayer was that! It was registered in heaven, no doubt, and angels were joyful as they listened to the music floating up to the Great White Throne.

Before rising from her knees, she said, laying her hand gently on the white fingers that still clasped her crucifix: "Monsieur, I have done my best to serve you and take care of you, have I not?"

"You have been an angel of goodness and charity to me," he replied; "but why do you ask? Do you think me ungrateful?"

"No; on the contrary; I think you are too grateful, and I am going to ask you to do me a favour as a proof of it."

"A favour, ma sœur! That is too good to be true, I'm afraid. Tell me, quickly, what can I do to please you?"

"Will you let me send for a priest, and see him alone for a few minutes?"

She felt his hand shrink from under hers; it was an involuntary movement, but terribly significant; an expression of either annoyance or pain crossed his features, and for a moment he did not speak. Sœur Thérèse was pleading with her whole soul for the answer. It came at last.

"Send for the priest, ma sœur; I will see him, since you wish it."

Clement was despatched on the errand at once. He was a swift-footed lad, and his devotion to Sœur Thérèse had become boundless. He flew rather than ran to do her bidding, and in less time than she could have hoped, the curé of the parish returned with him. She conducted him to M. de Bois-Ferré's bedside, and then withdrew, leaving them alone together. More than an hour passed before the door opened, and M. le Curé came out. Sœur Thérèse rose to meet him with a question in her eyes.

"Give God thanks, ma sœur; He has wrought a great work of mercy in this soul. I shall return to-morrow."

And so he did, and the next day, and two succeeding ones, until the seal was set upon the great work, and the joy in heaven at the sinner's return was complete.

M. Vauban came an hour after the curé had gone. There was a something in the air of the room, a fragrance as of some heavenly presence passed away, that struck him when he entered. Gustave de Bois-Ferré greeted him with a radiant countenance.

"Doctor, I want to thank you," he said, opening out the hand he was too feeble to extend; "you have done me faithful service; Sœur Thérèse has told me all."

Vauban was affected in spite of his professional sang froid. "Tut, what is this!" he said, as he laid his hand in his patient's; "you will be up and about one of these days, and it will be time enough to thank me."

Gustave made a negative movement with his head. "Hush! Don't try to deceive me now! It is useless. I am dying; and, doctor, I bless God for it, I never was happier in my life. You know whom

I have to thank for it. But you have had your share in the merciful work too. I should like you to accept Papillon as a remembrance of me, will you? There is no one else I should care so much to leave her to, and she was my great favourite, you know."

"I want no remembrance of you, my dear boy; but since you wish it, I will accept Papillon," replied the doctor.

"Thank you. And now I want you to send Guibert to me; you have his address; I have some matters to arrange, and the sooner they are settled the better."

"I will call on him to-morrow, since you wish it; but there is no hurry; it will do as well in a few days hence," said the doctor.

He knew this was a lie, but the life-long habit of deceiving his patients in this supreme crisis, under the plea of not disquieting them, was stronger than every other feeling. He knew, to be sure, that it mattered little as far as the legacy of Papillon was concerned, and probably for other intended ones.

That evening, Sœur Thérèse was watching by the dying man, speaking now and then a word of comfort and encouragement, when suddenly there came a shadow across his face that she knew was the shadow of death. She went to the door and called softly to Clement. The lad came in, and kneeling down beside her, made the responses to the prayers for the last passage of his master. When they were over, Gustave de Bois-Ferré motioned to the Robin to come close to him.

"Ma sœur!—I am frightened! It is an awful thing —— to go before God —— with my hands empty —— I have nothing to show —— nothing —— a wasted life ——"

Sœur Thérèse's heart sank within her. What could she say, what could she do to rescue him from this despair? God sent her an inspiration out of His own heart.

"Take this with you to the judgment seat!" she cried, slipping her crucifix between his stiffening fingers; "your hands are not empty now; they are full of the death and merits of Jesus Christ!"

He turned a glance on her that was surely a ray from the opening gates of heaven, and, with an unspoken blessing on his lips, expired.

On the morrow, a funeral was seen wending its way through the streets of Paris. Immediately behind the hearse walked two men, bareheaded and grave. One was the curé who had received Gustave de Bois-Ferré into the Church; the other was the author who had been the instrument of his conversion. The priest and the blasphemer followed him side by side to Père la Chaise.

## FUTURE POETRY.

BY ALICE THOMPSON.

**N**O new delights to our desire  
 The singers of the past can yield.  
 I lift mine eyes to hill and field,  
 And see in them your yet dumb lyre,  
 Poets unborn and unrevealed.

Singers to come, what thoughts will start  
 To song ? what words of yours be sent  
 Through man's soul, and with earth be blent ?  
 These worlds of nature and the heart  
 Await you like an instrument.

Who knows what musical flocks of words  
 Upon these pine-tree tops will light,  
 And crown these towers in circling flight  
 And cross these seas like summer birds,  
 And give a voice to the day and night ?

Something of you already is ours ;  
 Some mystic part of you belongs  
 To us whose dreams your future throngs,  
 Who look on hills, and trees, and flowers,  
 Which will mean so much in your songs.

I wonder, like the maid who found,  
 And knelt to lift, the lyre supreme  
 Of Orpheus from the Thracian stream.  
 She dreams on its sealed past profound ;  
 On a deep future sealed I dream.

She bears it in her wanderings  
 Within her arms, and has not pressed  
 Her unskilled fingers, but her breast  
 Upon those silent sacred strings ;  
 I, too, clasp mystic strings at rest.

For I, i' the world of lands and seas,  
 The sky of wind and rain and fire,  
 And in man's world of long desire—  
 In all that is yet dumb in these—  
 Have found a more mysterious lyre.

MR. AUBREY DE VERE'S "ST. THOMAS OF  
CANTERBURY."\*

**I**T is a rare pleasure to meet with poetry which has some higher purpose than the gaining of popular applause—poetry which appeals to the sympathies of the comparatively narrow circle that can form a judgment of their own. In his latest work Mr. de Vere gives us this pleasure. "Thomas à Becket," like "Alexander the Great," is in no sense of the word popular, neither in its subject nor in the mode of treatment. A Catholic archbishop, martyred, in the defence of the Church's rights, by a king who was the declared enemy of the Roman Court, would receive but little English sympathy if his martyrdom took place to-day; and the chaste severity of thought and language, in which Mr. de Vere has told the story, must pall upon imaginations accustomed to the sensual colouring of modern poets. If for no other reason than his high contempt of mere passing tastes, Mr. de Vere deserves our admiration; for his cultured mind and power of language could command a wide success if he would only pander to the religious and social feelings which hold sway at present. But he has chosen a nobler part—to consecrate his intellectual gifts and hope of fame to the cause of high morality, of religion, and of country; and if the admiration of all who can appreciate his merits as a poet, if the gratitude of his co-religionists, and the affection of his countrymen, can be to him in the place of a vulgar popularity, we feel assured he will never regret the choice.

In introducing "St. Thomas of Canterbury" to the notice of our readers, we should have wished to select only a very few passages, and then refer them to the work itself, which will amply repay a careful study. But the incidents are so closely interwoven, and so much of the beauty of the scenes depends upon a knowledge of à Becket's life, that we have been led to join together our extracts by a brief historic sketch.

Thomas à Becket, then, was born in London, in the year 1117. His father, Gilbert, who was Portreeve of the city, and one of its leading burghers, early destined him to the service of the Church: for he was a friend and countryman of the good Archbishop Theobald, and hoped, no doubt, that his friend would prove a kind patron to young à Becket. The boy was sent to study under the Canons of Merton, and, later on, to London, to Oxford, and to Paris. His father's death, after the youth's return from Paris, would have clouded all his hopes but for the ready aid of Theobald. He entered into the archbishop's household, and soon, by his master's liberality, revisited the Continent, to complete his studies in canon and civil law. At Bologna, where he was a pupil of the famous Gratian,

\* St. Thomas of Canterbury. A Dramatic Poem. By Aubrey de Vere. (King & Co., London. 1876.)

and at Auxerre, in Burgundy, he laboured zealously; though we are not told that he won any very marked success. But he gained sufficient reputation to smooth all difficulties from his path in England, where honours and preferments were showered on him at his return. Lesser favours opened up the way to the Archdeaconry of Canterbury—"the richest dignity in the English Church after the Bishoprics and Abbeys" (Lingard). He became the intimate friend and guide of Theobald's old age; and on Henry's accession was presented by the archbishop to the king, and at once became a favourite. He was appointed tutor to the young prince, Henry's son; and soon after became Chancellor of England, an office for which his legal studies had fittingly prepared him. Other and lucrative dignities were added, that he might live as became his high position; and history tells us how fully he threw himself into a courtier's life. It should however be borne in mind that à Becket had not yet become a priest. He had qualified himself for holding benefices by taking deacon's orders, and most probably intended to pass on, in the course of time, to the priesthood. But meanwhile he gave himself wholly up to the duties and the pleasures of his new position. He rivalled where he did not outstrip in magnificence the wealthy nobles of Henry's court. Riches and honours had been lavished on him by the king, and both duty and inclination would lead him to uphold, by an unstinted generosity, the dignity of his master. Henry, in return, treated him far more like a friend than a dependent—"they had," in Archbishop Theobald's words, "but one heart and one mind" (*in aure et ore vulgi sonat vobis esse cor unum et animam unam*),—and whenever business of great importance required a trusted agent, à Becket was sure to be selected. And so we find him acting at one time the part of a diplomatist, at another of a military leader. Of our present France at least a third was then in possession of the English king; and Henry aimed at adding to his French dominions. So à Becket was sent to Paris to bring about a marriage between Henry's eldest son and Margaret, the infant daughter of Lewis and the heiress, as matters then stood, of his kingdom. The Chancellor's display of wealth astonished the Parisians, and would, indeed, astonish them still more to-day, shown forth, as it was, in a manner so strangely at variance with our notions of an embassy. Mr. de Vere has quaintly described both it and its effect upon the French. "Princesses gazed from the windows, and nuns peered through their gates; and they of France muttered as he passed: 'If this be England's Chancellor, what is her king?'" (p. 10). Later on, when war again broke out, in consequence of Henry's laying claim to the duchy of Toulouse, à Becket returned with him to France, this time at the head of a chosen troop—700 knights, and 1,200 horse—whose charges he himself bore, and whom in person he led to battle. He won renown both as a general and a soldier, besieged and captured fortresses deemed impregnable till then, and overcame, in single combat, Engelramme de Trie, one of the most famous knights of France.

In April, 1161, Archbishop Theobald died. From his accession to the See of Canterbury, during all the troubles and bloodshed

of the contest between Stephen and Matilda, he had persistently advocated the latter's claims ; by the advice of à Becket he had invited Henry into England, and had taken a leading part in the Treaty of Wallingford, which settled the succession upon the House of Plantagenet. Naturally, therefore, the young king's gratitude deferred during the lifetime of this prelate the struggle he was resolved to wage against the liberties, or, as he would have termed them, the encroachments, of the Church. For Henry had resolved to be sole ruler in England. He had been a witness to the misery and crimes which flooded the land under both Stephen and Matilda, whose power lay in the loyalty of the barons and the friendships of the great prelates ; and Henry had determined to make himself independent both of barons and of prelates. He was, further, of an ambitious and grasping mind. Just as he wished to add to his dominions, so was he eager to be without a rival in wealth or influence within them. He set himself to crush the spirit of the feudal nobles ; he razed their castles, abolished their privileges, and by his high-handed interference in the marriage of their daughters, lessened their power with their possessions. In all this he met with little opposition ; he was known to be a good hater, and few men dared to withstand his will. But side by side with the nobility, and often leagued with it against the Crown, he found another power much less easily assailed. By a natural and easy growth the Church had everywhere acquired an influence almost wholly independent of the state. In England, more especially this had been the case ; for, not only were the bishops and many of the abbots great temporal peers ; not only did they fortify and hold strong castles, and lead out to battle great bands of armed retainers ; but they claimed and were allowed a special spiritual power in mediating between the sovereign and his subjects ; and this power they had exercised not long before, by the alternate depositions of Stephen and Matilda. This power, also, Henry was resolved to break ; and his first thought, when Archbishop Theobald died, was to secure in the Chair of Canterbury some one to whom he might look for aid in the coming struggle.

He sent for à Becket to Falaise, and bade him set out at once for England, as he had fixed on him to fill the vacant see. The Chancellor, it seems, had had reason to expect this choice, for his answer was given on the spot. He smiled—

    . . . "And, lifting his gay sleeve,  
Replied, 'A saintly man your Highness seats  
Upon Augustine's chair ;' then added, sad,  
'Forbid it heaven ! One month, and love, long tried,  
Would change to new-born hatred.'" (p. 26.)

But his better judgment yielded to the instances of Henry and the entreaties of the Papal legate. He was nominated to the archbishopric ; and the electors were almost unanimous in his favour. It may be they would have chosen him even if allowed a perfect liberty of choice ; but it is certain they only followed the king's

clearly-expressed commands; so that his election, though he himself took no part in bringing it about, was a source of sadness and regret to the archbishop in later years.

However, whether the monks of Canterbury elected Thomas willingly, or merely ratified, through fear, what the king had ordered, certain it is that the new prelate soon showed himself worthy of the dignity to which their votes had raised him. From the day when Henry of Winchester consecrated him in the church of Canterbury, he became another man. He seems to have been endowed with many of the mental qualities, which led Strafford, in aftertimes, to take "thorough" as the key-note of his policy. He had all the unbending resolution, the energy and power of will, with more than the honesty of purpose, the penetration, and the foresight of the modern statesman. Having accepted a high, religious trust—gladly, as his enemies will have it, or reluctantly and full of sad presentiments, as friendly writers say—he began by laying aside all the pomp and worldliness that had marked his previous life. His own personal holiness and a renewal of the English Church were the aims he set before him :

"Herbert ! my Herbert !

High visions, mine in youth, upbraid me now ;  
I dream of sanctities redeemed from shame ;  
Abuses crushed ; all sacred offices  
Reserved for spotless hands. God's house, God's kingdom  
I see so bright, that every English home,  
Sharing that glory, glitters in its peace.  
I see the clear flame on the poor man's hearth,  
From God's own altar lit ; the angelic childhood ;  
The chaste, strong youth ; the reverence of white hairs :  
'Tis this religion means. O Herbert ! Herbert !  
Had I foreseen, with what a vigilant care  
Had I built up my soul !" (p. 11.)

In these noble lines Mr. de Vere has happily summed up the objects of à Becket's bishop-life.

The man who formed these high designs would be little likely to retain a lofty and onerous civil employ ; so we need not wonder that à Becket soon sent the great seal to the king in France. The scene in which it is handed back to Henry has been well described. The haughty monarch has at length attained the object of his wishes : he may rule the Church henceforward almost as he may rule the state ; for,

"That hand which holds the seal, wielding the staff—  
The feud of Crown and Church henceforth is past." (p. 16.)

In a kindly mood he recalls the services à Becket rendered him, and speaks stoutly in his defence against Queen Eleanor. But his joy is rudely broken in upon by messengers from Canterbury, who lay before him a letter from à Becket and the seal of England. The anger of the king is great, greater even, if we may say so, than the events described before could have led us to anticipate ; and the



firm friendship which had bound Henry to his Chancellor is put aside for ever. With the object, no doubt, of heightening the dramatic effect, Mr. de Vere assigns the resignation of the chancellorship as the original ground of quarrel; and, for the same reason, he makes it precede à Becket's consecration. But whether it were so or not, other grounds were not wanting. Church lands had been seized by greedy laymen, and à Becket called for their restoration: no persuasion or fear of consequences could bend him to a compromise:

"I will not suffer  
The meanest stone in castle, grange, or mill,  
The humblest clod of English earth, one time  
A fief of my great mother, Canterbury,  
To rest a caitiff's booty." (p. 38.)

Many of the clergy, too, about the court led lives of utter worthlessness, and not unfrequently of gross sensuality—and à Becket called loudly for reform. Thus, besides, angering the king, he had raised up two bodies of powerful and numerous enemies, before the great struggle commenced.

The attack was first made at the point where the Church was weakest. From an easily understood dislike of calling in heathen judges as arbiters in Christian quarrels, had risen up the custom of referring such disputes to the judgment of the priesthood. When the world became Christian and the quarrels numerous, lay judges took cognizance of civil matters; but wherever the interests of religion were at stake, the cause was still carried before the Church tribunals. And thus, when guilt was laid to the charge of any member of the priesthood, the accusation was made to his Ecclesiastical Superior, who held a court where privacy was more or less preserved, and thus shielded the Church from disgrace, and the world at large from much hurtful scandal. That such a system was open to grave evils no man can doubt; for the spiritual courts could not sentence the clergy to "judgments of blood;" and as "the privilege of their order" protected all who had been admitted even to first tonsure by the Church, vast numbers were thus freed from the fear of penalties which scarcely held society in a state of turbulent unrest. Fine, imprisonment, and flagellation were not punishments suited to an age like that; and only seemed to set a premium upon crime by securing the comparative safety of the offender.

On the other hand, the spiritual courts were almost the only safeguard of the people against the tyrannizing spirit of the nobles, and offered the only means by which cheap and speedy justice could be secured. The judges, further, were men of education, trained to a knowledge of the law, and administering a system which was the growth of ages; so that suitors naturally preferred the uniformity and equity of their decisions to the caprice and violence which often swayed the royal and baronial courts. Hence, wherever legal ingenuity could invent any sufficient reason, the people brought their causes before the Church tribunals; and hence, too, arose bitter enmity on the part of the barons and the crown; for, apart

from the the influence which the Church was thus acquiring, the fees and fines that passed into Churchmen's hands were of considerable value.

By the time of which we write abuses had arisen; and Henry had a show of right and justice on his side when he declared that in case of murder, felony, and such like crimes, even clerics should be handed over to the civil courts. To settle this and other matters, a great council was summoned to meet at Clarendon; and there à Becket was required to meet the wishes of the king. He refused at first, as all the bishops had done before; but he was alone in his refusal now; and both his brethren in the episcopate and the nobles of the kingdom besought him, on their knees, to lay aside his own self-will, and save the Church and England from confusion, and, it might, be from more deadly perils. Moved by these entreaties, and by other and less creditable dealings on the part of Henry, he yielded his consent at last and accepted the "customs," as they were called, for which the king had striven so anxiously. In this his conduct has been grievously misrepresented.\* He erred, no doubt; for he gave consent against his better judgment; but he had been shamefully deceived, and he repented nobly:

"At Clarendon I sinned—thus much all know;  
Few know the limit of that sin, and fewer  
The threefold fraud that meshed me in that sin,  
From which, like weeping Peter, I arose,  
To fall, I trust, no more. My lords, that day  
There came to me two templars from the king,  
Who sware his highness inwardly was racked,  
That, snared by flatterers, he had made demands  
Which, for his honour's sake, he could not cancel,  
Yet which, if yielded but in phrase by us,  
Should vex the Church no further. I refused.  
Came next the papal envoy from Aumone,  
With word the Pope, moved by the troublous time,  
Willed my submission to the royal will.  
This was the second fraud; remains the third.  
My lords, the customs named till then were few;  
In evil hour I yielded—pledged the Church.  
Alas! to what I knew not. On the instant  
The king commanded, 'Write ye down these Laws:'  
And soon, too soon, a parchment, pre-ordained,  
Upon our table lay—a scroll inscribed  
With usages sixteen, whereof most part  
Were shamefuller than the worst discussed till then.  
My lords, too late I read that scroll. I spurned it;  
I sware by Him who made the heavens and earth  
That never seal of mine should touch that bond,  
Not mine, but juggle-changed." (p. 74)

Mr. de Vere represents him speaking thus at Northampton, whither he had been summoned to meet the king in Parliament. Alone and unaided he struggled to redeem the past; not one even of

\* As a specimen of bigotry and uncritical ignorance, see Lord Lyttleton's "History of Henry II.," vol. ii., book 3.

the bishops, if we except Henry of Winchester, gave him countenance or support; and the barons, almost to a man, were clamorous against him. His lands and goods were forfeited to the crown; he was bound over to pay vast sums, partly fines, partly moneys received when he held high offices at court, and not yet accounted for—some even which he had accepted as a gift from Henry, and which the king now bade him pay back again. But the hour of weakness had passed away for ever. He indignantly refused to ratify the consent which had been wrung from him at Clarendon, shamed the craven band of bishops into silence and retreat, and forbade the barons to pronounce the sentence which the king had ordered them to speak against him. Then he rose, and went forth, unmolested, from amongst them, so great was the reverence his noble bearing had inspired, and seeing no further hope of safety or peace in England, took shipping for France, where King Louis received him with royal kindness:

"No need of pleading, sirs: I know the man:  
I met him first breasting the tides of war,  
And more admired, than joyed to see, his banner,  
That still made way when others tacked and veered  
On that large-labouring sea. In peace I found him  
A loyal man and honest, lofty-souled,  
And resolute in his purpose.

\* \* \* \* \*

I love the man, or distant, or close by,  
Knowing him injured, and esteeming just.  
Tell him no girl-lip in my France hath ever  
Trembled more sweetly ere it owned the truth,  
Than this old heart for joy when came the news  
He trod our shores secure." (pp. 82-83.)

Pope Alexander, too, who held his court at Sens, and saw that à Becket's cause was the cause of Rome, was no less warm in his reception; and when, wearied of the strife, and saddened by the memory of the Assize of Clarendon, and influenced too, no doubt, by the part the king had borne in his election, the archbishop resigned the See of Canterbury into his hands again, the Pope bade him take back his pastor's staff, and await, in the monastery of Pontigny, the advent of better days. But Henry's anger found means to reach à Becket even there—means which only a man who knew the great archbishop's tender heart could have devised, and which only a tyrant, wanting in every sentiment of pity and of justice, could have carried into execution:

"Lastly, his friends are banished, kith and kin,  
The old, the young, the cleric and the lay,  
Widows and babes in arms, four hundred all;  
His sister, sickness-worn; the nun Idonea;  
This day they plough the bleak, snow-blinded sea,  
Oath-bound, to bear their wail beneath the gates  
Of him their exile's cause, so named." (p. 97.)

And à Becket's sister fell a victim to the misery and anguish of that weary exile. Then Henry threatened to take vengeance on the

Cistercian Monks of England for the kindness shown his enemy by their brethren of France; and so à Becket was forced to leave the calm retreat where he had spent two peaceful years preparing to complete his sacrifice.

We must hurry to the end, omitting all the varied incidents which went before his seeming reconciliation with the king. In 1170, he landed once again in England, not, however, in the spirit of a conqueror; though, alone, against the king, and barons, and many of the clergy, he had obtained the victory. The "Customs" had been annulled, and Henry strove for them no longer; the temporal possessions of the See of Canterbury were restored; and the bishops of London and Salisbury, with Roger of York, à Becket's bitterest foes, had been suspended from the exercise of every priestly function. Yet there was no note of triumph in the *Te Deum* with which he greeted the English shores. He knew the king too well to trust his friendship;\* and when he bade adieu to France, he had already prepared his soul for the end he foresaw to be at hand. Tradition says he had had a supernatural warning even in Pontigny; and history tells us that his language and his bearing were those of a man come home to die. The people flocked around him as he moved on to Canterbury; and when he entered London, the streets were hung with tapestries, as for a festival; and every rank and age gathered round him for his blessing. But he walked amongst them as if he belonged to earth no longer; and silently set about preparing for the death he knew was near. He had not long to wait. His enemies were busy at the court, and the suspended bishops called loudly on Henry for protection. In a real storm of passion, or a moment of simulated wrath, the king burst forth into the famous words: "Of the cowards who eat my bread is there not one who will free me from this turbulent priest?"

The rest is soon told. Four knights—Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Brito—set sail for England. Arrived at Canterbury, they would have forced à Becket to absolve the suspended prelates; and when he would not yield to their brutal threats, they murdered him before the altar in his own cathedral.

The fate of the assassins and of their master was equally wretched. They died miserably in a foreign land; and Henry, after weary years of cruel suffering, inflicted on him by the unnatural rebellion of his sons, passed away in the midst of his defeats, at war with men, with himself, and God. Looking on Le Mans, the cradle of his childhood, as it lay in flames before him, while he fled from Philip—his victorious foe—he is said to have cried out to God, some little time before he died: "Since Thou hast taken from me the town I loved best, where I was born and bred, and where my father lies buried, I will have my revenge on Thee too: I will rob Thee of that thing Thou lovest most in me."

The extracts we have given from Mr. de Vere's work will, we hope, tempt many of our readers to peruse it carefully throughout. They

\* See à Becket's character of Henry, in "Lingard," c. xii., note 102.

will find it singularly accurate in historic details ; while the choice of incidents, and the working out of character, will give them a picture of Henry and his times, which mere history can never offer. A Becket himself, the great central figure of the drama, is powerfully drawn—with his high zeal, his ardent sympathies, his unbending constancy, and proud defiance of insult and danger. Even his very fall at Clarendon only serves to bind us closer to the saint ; for Mr. de Vere has wisely judged that no spectacle can stir the heart more deeply than that of a great and good man, who tells the story of his weakness and of his after sorrow. Idonea, although a real historic personage, seems almost a creation of our author's fancy, so vividly has he portrayed her. Her tender, passionate love for a dead brother, the companion of her youth ; her deep insight into the workings of the heart, and the gentle sadness with which she gives the history of her life ; her filial reverence for a Becket, and strong resolve when service can be rendered him, all go to form a character second in beauty and impressiveness only to the saint himself.

But we must finish here. If we could wish for any change in what Mr. de Vere has given us, it would be in the last scene of the drama, where the action seems too slow—so anxious has the mind become about the issue we feel to be at hand.

We may quote, in conclusion, a song—one of the scattered beauties of the poem—which requires no context to make its simple pathos felt and understood :

“ Phœbus paced the wooded mountains ;  
Kindled dawn, and met a doe :  
‘ Child, what ails thee that thou rovest  
O’er my bright hills sad and slow ?

“ ‘ That upon thy left side only  
Thou thy noontide sleep dost take  
That thy foot the fountain troubles  
Ever ere thy thirst thou slake ?’

“ Answered thus the weeping creature :  
‘ Once beside me raced a fawn ;  
See’st her, O thou god all-seeing !  
O’er thy hills, in wood or lawn ?

“ ‘ On my left side sleep I only,  
For ’tis there my anguish stirs ;  
And my foot the fountain troubles,  
Lest it yield me shape like hers.’

“ Then the Sun-god marvelled, musing :  
‘ When my foolish Daphne died,  
Rooted ’mid Peneian laurels,  
Scarce one little hour I sighed.’” (p. 22.)

P. F.

## THE MAIDEN AND THE POETS.

BY WILFRID MENNELL.

DEATH hovering near her couch, a maiden lay,  
 And looking round her chamber softly smiled  
 To think how oft its dear delights beguiled  
 Her heart in years, the bygone and the gay.  
 But, most of all, her lingering eyes would stray  
 To a little oaken table where were piled  
 The volumes of the poets who had wiled  
 So many an hour in fitful joy away.

Ah me ! she sighed, I listened to your strain,  
 And saw Love's arms stretched forth enticingly,  
 And looked, and longed, and turned, and looked again,  
 Nor could forget that sight, though I was fain :  
 Now tell me, O my poets, ere I die,  
 Did all your joy repay me for my pain ?

## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## WOE TO THE VANQUISHED !

"I know thee well : nor did I hope  
 To change thy purpose, iron is thy soul.  
 But see that on thy head I bring not down  
 The wrath of heaven."

*Iliad.*

THE plot which had been laid succeeded only too well. It was Fennel's turn to take command at St. John's Gate. The perfidy, of which he was already more than suspected, had not prevented the city authorities from confiding to him this important charge. They were not disposed to be stubborn in their resistance to Ireton, and it is highly probable that they were acquainted with Fennel's designs, and cordially abetted them.

When MacDermott arrived at the governor's quarters, he found the chief officers of the Ulster troops assembled there, and with them a few of the more patriotic of the citizens, ecclesiastics, as well as laymen.

"'Tis over, MacDermott," said a man in the dress of a priest, approaching him as he entered.

"What mean you, my lord?"

"Fennel, whom the mayor insisted on sending to St. John's Gate, has driven off the Ulstermen of the guard, and has turned the guns upon the town, and swears he will admit Ireton and his troops if we do not come to terms."

"Ha! the maniac spoke truth!" muttered MacDermott. "Why not dislodge the traitor, my lord?"

"'Tis hopeless," replied the bishop, despondingly. "He could hold the gate against us all till Ireton arrived to support him. It is useless to struggle further. The parley has been beaten, the commissioners are already in Ireton's camp. He knows that we are in his power, and he will be exacting. We have done our duty by our country without flinching; it only remains for us now to bear the consequences bravely."

"Yes, my lord," returned the soldier, warmly. "The events of the past few years may have left dark stains on many a fair fame, but they have made the name of the Bishop of Emly immortal, if a foremost place in the history of Ireland can give immortality. You have never wavered yet; if *you* begin to despond, then, indeed, we had better lay down our arms."

"It must come to that, MacDermott," said the prelate, sadly. "The struggle is almost over. It would be a bootless sacrifice of brave lives to maintain it longer. The odds against us are overwhelming, and the hand of God is heavy upon us. We have held out long after hope deserted us. We have only one more duty left us to perform; it is to die as courageously as we lived."

"Die, my lord!" said MacDermott. "Surrender does not mean death. If it does, why not sell our lives dearly?"

"It does not mean it for all, but it means death for me. Ireton has sworn that I shall be exempted from the conditions granted to the citizens, because of my efforts to keep the timid townsmen to their duty. But to me it matters not. I have lived to see the last of Ireland's nationality; my life is already too long."

"It shall not be!" exclaimed the soldier. "They could never consent to terms from which you were excepted."

"You shall see it done to-day. I do not censure them for it. They cannot do otherwise. The commissioners will soon return. We shall all hear our sentence then."

They had not long to wait. A messenger summoned them to the council chamber of the mayor—it was with him that Ireton treated for the surrender of the city. As they entered, dismay was upon the faces of the civic authorities already assembled in the room; they had no word of greeting for the score of ecclesiastics, soldiers, and civilians who came from the governor's quarters. They had already heard the terms on which Ireton would accept the surrender, and they knew that these terms doomed to death nearly every one of the men now entering the room.

"Read again the conditions which the Deputy-General, Henry

Ireton, proposes," said the chief magistrate, solemnly, as soon as the noise, occasioned by the entrance of the new arrivals, had subsided.

"The city and castle," began the Recorder, Stackpoole, amid the deepest silence, "and all places of strength, shall be delivered to the Deputy-General on the twenty-ninth instant, by sunset, for use of the Parliament and Commonwealth of England. In consideration of which, all persons now in the city shall have their lives and properties, except the following, who opposed and restrained the deluded people from accepting the conditions so often offered them.

The voice of the speaker trembled, and many a face among his speechless audience grew pale.

"Major-General Hugh O'Neill, governor," began the recorder. The doomed soldier, leaning on his sword, heard the sentence, unmoved. "Major-General Purcell—Sir Geoffry Galway—Lieutenant-Colonel Lacy—Captain George Wolfe—Captain Lieutenant Sexton—Terence O'Brien, Bishop of Emly —"

There were many other names on the fatal list, and other articles in the proposed treaty; but MacDermott hardly heard the rest of the list of condemned, and paid slight attention to the remaining articles. He had heard enough—the city was to be given up, and the bravest of its defenders was to die. He looked round upon the council, with whom it now lay to decide the fate of the town, and the fate of the best of its citizens. Indignation flushed the faces and contracted the brows of a few, but gloomy despondency and despair were the prevailing expression that sat upon the circle of anxious faces.

"What say you, gentlemen?" asked the mayor, interrupting the painful silence which succeeded the reading of Ireton's terms.

"There is nothing to be said," remarked a white-faced burgher. "If we cannot obtain better terms, we must e'en accept these, such as they are."

"Yes," added another; "there is no longer a choice between resistance and surrender. We are already as much in Ireton's power as if his banner were on the castle walls. We have no option; the terms he is pleased to offer we must be content to accept."

"Is it, then, the opinion of all that these terms be agreed to?" asked the mayor.

"It cannot be otherwise," returned the citizen who had first spoken.

From the men whose interest in the decision was the deepest, there was no answer to the mayor's question.

MacDermott looked at his commander. O'Neill was still leaning on his sword, listening as if unconcerned in the debate, and betraying no intention of taking part in it. He looked from one to another of the faces that frowned under the helmets about him. But whatever were the feelings of his comrades-in-arms, they showed no inclination to make them known; they were, nearly all, included in the list of the condemned. He turned to look for the Bishop of Emly, whose voice rarely failed in the debates on the affairs of the



town. The prelate was standing in a corner of the room, his head was bent, and his lips were moving as if in prayer.

"Do you all agree with the opinions that have been expressed?" again asked the mayor, in a low voice, as if he doubted the fairness of the question he was putting.

"No, sir, all do not agree with them!" broke in MacDermott, with an impetuosity which fairly startled the timid majority in the council. "A delicacy, which is ill appreciated, shuts the mouths which have always helped and forced you to overcome your fears, but it does not shut mine. No scruple hinders me from protesting against your cowardly counsels; and I protest against them now with all the vehemence I am capable of. You are the owners of these old walls, and it is, of course, in your power to dispose of them as you think fit. But you are not masters of the interests that now are defended by them, and you are still less masters of the gallant lives that, for sake of these interests, have held them for you, long after your cowardice would have given them up. If you knew what honour requires and had the courage to do it, you would man the breach yourselves rather than suffer the hangman of Ireton to touch a hair of the noble heads he asks of you. I do not speak to you of what your loyalty to King Charles requires. It is a virtue I do not possess myself, and I do not wonder that it cannot urge you to deeds of heroism. I will not speak of what your duty to your country requires, I have never known you to respect its claims upon you. I speak only of what the lowest form of gratitude, and every form of honour requires you to do for the men who have hitherto fought for you; reject with scorn these humiliating terms, and allow them now to fight for themselves."

A murmur of approval broke from the lips of some of the officers who had hitherto maintained a rigid silence. Whispers of alarm circulated among the townsmen.

"We would willingly be generous," began one of them at length, in an apologetic tone, "but it would be useless. The circumstances are such —"

"We understand your motives, and will excuse you from being brave," broke in the Bishop of Emly, in a decisive tone. "But the circumstances which dispense with generosity in you, impose it upon us. Thank you, MacDermott, for your well-meant kindness. We have urged our fellow-citizens to maintain this struggle. If some must be sacrificed to the hate of the Puritans, we are the fitting victims. Gentlemen, you are right; the town must be given up. It is useless to sacrifice more in its defence. I presume that you have obtained from Ireton everything he could be induced to grant. I advise that the articles be agreed to."

With these words the prelate passed through the crowd, and left the room.

"I concur in the advice of the bishop," said Hugh Dhuv O'Neill, drawing himself up, and taking his sword under his arm; "Agree to the articles."

He passed out into the street, leaving the council to its delibera-

tions. His officers, and several of the more warlike citizens followed. There was no longer a dissentient voice; the council, in the name of the mayor and inhabitants of Limerick, voted the surrender of the city on the terms proposed by the Deputy-General.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How go the trials, Heber?" asked Mary Dillon of a young man who had just entered her sitting-room, and impatiently cast his hat and cloak on a chair near her. "Has the court-martial decided the fate of the Bishop of Emly?"

"It has decided, Mary. The oak roof of the old church in which he ministered so often is yet ringing with his sentence. A moment, and, if you will, you may see what it has been."

He drew her to the window. A crowd was passing in the street—not a mob, though it was composed principally of the half-clothed denizens of the lanes and alleys. They accompanied, but at a respectful distance, a body of Puritan soldiers who guarded a single prisoner. The crowd cast timid glances at the rigid countenances of the guards, and instinctively shrank back at every movement of their long muskets. But their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the prisoner overcame their fears a moment after, and again they ventured to approach the line of stern-faced musketeers. The object of their interest was a man past middle age, clothed in a suit of worn-out black. His head was bare, and his gray hair straggled in disorder over his high, pale forehead. A rope was round his neck, and his hands were bound with cords. A murmur of pity occasionally broke from the crowd, despite their fear of his guards, but the prisoner did not appear to notice these expressions of sympathy. His head was bowed down, his eyes fixed upon the ground. He looked up for a moment as he passed the window at which Mary Dillon was standing. He recognised her companion, smiled his recognition, and lifting his manacled hands, made a gesture as if imparting a benediction to both. They fell on their knees to receive this precious blessing. When they rose, the procession had passed. It was already entering the market-place, where, a few minutes later, Terence Albert O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, was hanged, and his head cut off and exposed on a stake, for the terror of all enemies of the Parliament and Commonwealth of England.

"How long are we to be witnesses of these horrors, Heber?" asked Mary Dillon of her companion.

"But one day more, Mary. To-morrow our ship will sail. Before evening, this fallen land will lie far behind us in the sea, and we shall have to bear only the remembrance of its misfortunes."

CHAPTER XL.

GOOD-BYE!

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.—

*Byron.*

THE morrow came, not very cold, and not very damp, though it was the First of November. The sun was bright, the air balmy, and the sky cloudless as an Irish sky could well be. In fact, sun, air, and sky did their utmost to give a cheerful look to the old fortress on the Shannon on this particular festival of All Saints, in the year sixteen hundred and fifty-one. But the kind efforts of the elements were to no purpose. A gloom hung over the city, which a bright sky and rich sunshine could not disperse. The spirit of slavery, of hopeless, irremediable defeat, brooded over the place, and would not be put to flight. The church bells were silent, for the religion of the people had been proscribed. Those who chose to pray should do so at home: altar and sacrifice were forbidden. The towers of the ancient cathedral church, for all their beautiful background of deep-blue, looked sad and sorrowful, as if they felt the silent desolation that reigned in the streets below, or knew that the court which sat in the aisle beneath them, was condemning to death the bravest and best of the worshippers who had knelt so often under the arches on which they rested.

"We have no time to lose, Mary; the tide is running out; the captain will have lost all patience."

The lady to whom Heber MacDermott addressed this admonition put her arm into his, and together they walked rapidly up the narrow street. Their way led them past the gate of the cathedral.

"A last visit to poor Kathleen's grave, Heber! It will keep us but a moment!" whispered the lady.

They entered the cemetery, and proceeded to the nook in the old church-walls where Kathleen's grave had been made. Ten days had passed since she had been laid within it, and during that time a covering of soft grass had spread out above her, hiding the unsightliness of the damp churchyard clay.

On approaching the grave, they were startled to observe a half-naked figure stretched by the side of the grass-covered mound.

"Go not nearer," whispered the lady's companion. "See! some poor creature, stricken with the plague, has retired to that corner to die."

Mary looked at the rigid form which lay by her sister's grave. "It is Shaun-na-coppal," she exclaimed; "we have been seeking him in vain for many days."

They drew near. It was, indeed, the body of the half-witted horse-boy. His cold cheek pressed the earth that covered his young mistress; his wild hair, wet with the rain and dew, lay in clotted masses upon the grass; and one rough, sunburnt hand was extended

halfway across the green mound, as if his last effort had been to embrace the ridge of earth under which she lay.

"Give orders to bury him near her," whispered the lady, weeping, as the travellers turned from the grave.

"It shall be as you desire," said her companion. "How goes General O'Neil's trial?" he asked of a Puritan soldier who had just issued from one of the doors of the old church.

"They who sit in judgment have spared the life of the impious," replied the soldier, moodily.

"It is happy news at the beginning of our journey, Mary," he said to the lady beside him, "and diminishes the number of bitter remembrances we must carry away with us."

The breeze was fair, the yellow tide was pouring its huge stream down between the banks of the river, when the ship shook out her sails to the wind. Swiftly she ploughed her way through the muddy water, past the dark woods of the Cratloe Hills, on through the many islands that bar the way of the impetuous tide, beneath the walls of ancient castles, and the shadows of more ancient hills—on, on, to where the yellow stream loses itself in the green ocean; and then further still to the blue bosom of the deep, which gradually swells upwards till it hides the dark headlands that guard the entrance to the Shannon. Night fell, but the vessel held on her way in the darkness, through the foaming waves. When the morning rose again, she was alone upon the sea; the land from which she came was hid behind the sloping waters.

THE END.

## FROM GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

"En tanto que de rosa y azucena."

AH! while the rose and snow-white lily fair  
Blend on thy cheek the beauty of their dyes,  
And the pure flame that burns within thine eyes  
Fires the fond heart, yet fills it with despair;  
Ah! while the golden glory of thy hair,  
Caught by the wind, in waves of light outflies,  
Or on thy neck of dazzling whiteness lies,  
Which now it hides, and now again lays bare;  
Gather the dulcet fruit of thy glad spring  
Ere angry Time upon thy beauteous head  
The snows of age with freezing hand lets fall:  
When summer flies the sweetest rose lies dead:  
Mutation marks the flight of Time's swift wing,  
For changing not his ways, he changeth all.

June 22, 1876.

## HOW TO MAKE SURE OF A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

ONE of the most effective pieces in an American volume lying here before us bears for its title the question, *Is it honest?* With this question ringing in our ears, we have some qualms about doing what we are going to do. For, is it honest to make one's own of what is not one's own, and to give here what is already in print on the other side of the Atlantic, especially as on this side of the Atlantic we have, in the matter of original contributions, to complain less of dearth than of plethora? Yes, it is quite honest, for we start with this open avowal, and the paper in question is sure to have for our readers all the charms of novelty; and we dish up a second time this sample of Yankee cookery, chiefly because it is so extremely seasonable at this Christmas season, but partly in the hope of benefiting the Society whose property we are using with sufficiently explicit acknowledgment. This is the Catholic Publication Society of New York, about whose history and achievements we may have more to tell some other time. At the present moment our eye is caught by a very timely Christmas item in its first series of "Fifty Catholic Tracts on Various Subjects." The Preface states that of these short and popular papers—written often by eminent prelates and learned theologians, though sold in fly-leaves, and little pamphlets, at fifty cents a hundred—more than two millions and-a-half have been circulated since 1866. Most of them are controversial in their character, and specially suited to the wants of the American public. The following is addressed to Catholics who are no better than they should be. It may have been used, and it may now again be used, by the Giver of grace as the means of inspiring some souls with the desire to adopt the excellent recipe here suggested for making sure of spending a happy Christmas. With this object in view, it was our wish to find a place for it last month rather than now, so that it might be fully in time for Christmas. But its moral may still be applied, and, indeed, the story itself supposes its lesson to be learned a little too late for Christmas morning.

"HAPPY Christmas to you, friend Moreton!" cheerily exclaimed Mr. MacCarthy, overtaking his friend, and slapping him on the shoulder with the familiarity of old acquaintance.

"Good-morning, Mac," replied Mr. Moreton, grasping the proffered hand. "You look as if it was 'happy Christmas' sure enough with *you*, at any rate."

And so he did, for his face was all lit up with a ruddy glow, which showed how blithely his blood was bounding under the influence of his active morning walk, and of the dry cold December wind that was whistling along the snowy pavements, while every feature was radiant with a smile of exuberant contentment and good humour.

"To be sure it is happy Christmas with me," said he, taking his

friend by the arm and hurrying him into a quicker step; "and I'd like to know what else it should be with any man? Isn't it happy Christmas with you, old friend?"

"Well, no, Mac, I can't exactly say it is," replied Mr. Moreton. And then, as if anxious to evade the subject: "But where are you coming from, so early in the morning?"

"Why, I've just been to early Mass and received my Christmas communion, and now I'm hurrying home to breakfast. But do let me use the privilege of an old friend, and ask you what you mean by saying that Christmas isn't exactly happy Christmas with you."

"Well, no, Mac," he replied, "it isn't. To tell you the truth, Christmas Day always gives me the blues. You needn't look so astonished—it is a fact; and I'll tell you why. Of course, there was a time when I looked on Christmas Day as most other people seem to do. When I was a little fellow, I suppose I used to dream about it for weeks ahead, with its glorious visions of sweet things, and toys, and fire-crackers—the Fourth of July wasn't a circumstance to it. Then, when I grew up, its social gatherings and home enjoyments made it a day of real happiness to me. But, as I became older, the sugar-coating wore off; and now the whole thing seems so empty, and I can feel so little sympathy with all this bustle of enjoyment, that positively it gives me the blues to have to see it. There at home now, I've just left my family in the height of their Christmas merriment. I didn't wish to throw a cloud over it with my gloomy face; and, to tell you the truth, that is more than half the reason why I started out for my walk. Maybe I've grown too cynical; but I can't help it. It's just as I've told you." And he struck his walking-stick heavily on the sidewalk three or four times, as if he would gladly pound to death the mirthfulness that annoyed him.

"Why, my dear Moreton!" exclaimed Mr. Mac, "you do indeed astonish me, and pain me, too. This is so unlike what I should expect to hear from my dear friend on Christmas morning! There must be a screw loose somewhere. Surely this sweetest festival of the year ought to be enough to gladden any heart that has a spark of religion in it. Why, man alive! just to think that it is our blessed Saviour's birthday—and to hear the big-toned church-bells telling us so—and to listen to the organ at early Mass pealing forth the *Gloria in Excelsis*, which the angels sang on Christmas morning—and to hear the priest repeating to us their joyous salutation: 'Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.' I ask you, is not this enough to thaw out any heart that is not ice itself?"

"Surely, Mac, it ought to be, and I wish it could thaw mine; but it don't."

"Have you ever given it a chance?"

"Well, probably not as fair a one as I ought. To be candid with you, Mac, *there* is the whole trouble; my religion has always been more in my *head* than in my *heart*; I have always been ready to defend my faith, but remiss in practising the religious duties it enjoins; and, of course, not practising its duties, I have not been animated

with its spirit, and so its festivals find my poor heart in no condition to share in their sanctifying and consoling influences. I see it all clearly enough; but how can it be otherwise with all the business worry and family cares that I have to engross my thoughts? And now, while we are on the subject, let me ask you plainly, Mac, how you, having similar cares to engage you, have still managed to keep up the good spirit so well?"

"Well, now, friend Moreton," said he, "I don't wish to seem as though I were preaching you a sermon; but as you've asked a plain question, I'll try to give you a plain answer. I didn't begin life with the principle that my worldly duties must necessarily interfere with my religious duties, and I have never found it necessary to adopt it. I started with two good resolutions: first, that as I am God's creature, and not my own nor the world's, my duties to God should always go before every other consideration; secondly, that, as an absolutely necessary means of keeping this resolution, I would always be faithful to my religion, and regular in receiving the sacraments. I've always tried to stick to them. Of course, I have all along found plenty of obstacles, and many a time when the day would come for receiving the sacraments, some other attraction, or an annoyance or care of some kind, would come athwart my good resolution to throw me off the track; but I had determined that my duties to God *must* go first, and, thanks be to God, I have found that, 'where there's a will, there's a way.' So I go on quietly, and I must say I don't find it very hard. In fact, friend Moreton, I can't help feeling certain that any man can manage to live up to his religion if he only tries in earnest, and that, if he does, he will need no stretch of imagination or enthusiasm to taste the sweetness of religion, to enter with gusto into the spirit of its festivals, and so, when Christmas morning comes round, to feel that it is *happy* Christmas in earnest. Eh! friend Moreton, now don't you believe so yourself?"

"Ah, you rogue!" he replied, laughingly. "You want to catch me, and make me condemn myself. Still, I suppose I must own up, and say Yes. But let me ask you to make me understand a little better than I do now the meaning of that expression you use, 'the spirit of the festivals.' I must acknowledge my notions are more indistinct than they ought to be about such things. And then you'll tell me what the spirit of Christmas is."

"Why," said Mr. Mac, hardly able to conceal his astonishment at his friend's unusual interest in such a subject, and barely managing to overcome the embarrassment which he could not help feeling at finding himself moralizing so seriously. "Why, it means simply this: Every festival comes to teach us a particular lesson, brings with it a special grace to help us to learn and profit by that lesson, and has attached to it a special blessing from Almighty God for those who shall have tried to do so. This is what is meant by the spirit of a festival. Then, to look forward to a coming festival as being in this way a season of instruction and grace, to endeavour to attune one's soul to the lesson it comes to teach, and to pray for the grace it brings that we may benefit by its influence—this, you see, is what is

meant by entering into the spirit of the festivals. So they pass by, and pass again, year after year, benefiting every soul that cares to be benefited by them, and leaving a new blessing from Almighty God with every soul that is willing to receive it."

"Come now, Mac," interrupted Mr. Moreton, with as matter-of-fact an air as he could assume; "that is all very nice; but don't you think there is more fancy than reality in it?"

"No, I don't, you provoking fellow!" retorted Mr. Mac; "and I know you don't, either. You know just as well as I do that our blessed Lord intended his life to be our model, as He says Himself, 'I have given you an example, that as I have done you also may do.' You know, without my telling you, that every mystery of his life is full of instruction for us, and must bring grace to help us to profit by it, and that is according to the guidance of the Spirit of God that the Church brings these mysteries before us in the various festivals of the year. I'm sure you are not a deist, and if you are not, you must know that all this is true. Eh! old fellow, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Well, well," he replied, with pretended pettishness, "I suppose I must let you have your own way about it. But, go on, and let us hear about the spirit of Christmas."

"That is easily understood," said Mr. Mac, resuming the line of thought which his friend's pretended incredulity had interrupted. "The spirit of Christmas flows from the lesson taught us by our Infant Saviour in his birth. To know what the lesson is, I have only to take a little peep into the poor stable of Bethlehem, and every feature of the scene speaks it loudly enough. Whew!" he exclaimed, as the wintry blast came rushing down the street they were just then crossing; "how the wind is sporting itself this morning. I wonder if it blew so cold and fierce around the poor stable on that first Christmas night. Ah! yes," he continued, with real emotion, "I've no doubt it did; for our good, kind Lord was pleased always to take the worst and bitterest for his portion. Yes, as I was saying, every circumstance of our Saviour's birth teaches me a lesson. The poor stable itself, so strange a palace for the King of kings; the manger with its bed of straw, and its little Baby occupant, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and weeping the tears of infantile weakness; the poor young mother, bending over her Babe to screen Him from the blast, and mingling her tears with his; good, simple-hearted St. Joseph, and the lowly shepherds, kneeling or standing around in wondering awe—all these are like so many great voices that speak to me of humility and self-denial, and detachment of heart from the world's goods, warning me at the same time how important must be the lesson which the Son of God has taken such pains to teach us, and coaxing me to the love of the good God who has loved his poor creatures with so touchingly tender a love. Friend Moreton, when I think of all this, I could not, if I would, resist its influence. For the life of me, I couldn't help taking the lesson to myself and trying, in my own poor way, to put it in practice; and, small though the result may be, yet the mere effort makes me feel like a better and happier



man. The effort to imitate our Saviour's humility gives me more peace of mind, by helping me to be tranquil and cheerful under things that would otherwise torture my wounded pride; and, far from depressing me, makes me stronger and more resolute, by causing me to lean more on God's strength and less on my own weakness. The effort at detachment from the world's goods gives me a more confident trust in Divine Providence, enables me to look with comparative calmness on reverses which would otherwise worry me to death, and gives a real stimulus to my industry, by making me esteem money not for its own sake, but for the sake of the good I can do with it; not as a means for my own selfish aggrandizement, but as a treasure which Providence puts in my hands, that I may use it for the good ends which Providence sends in my way, and as enabling me to prove the sincerity of my compassion for our Infant Saviour's poverty, by relieving the poor whom he has declared to be his representatives. Then, too, when I try to animate all that with love for our loving God, I can't tell you the buoyancy and freedom of spirit it gives me. My Christmas communion, which I would not miss for the world, becomes a real feast with our Infant Saviour Himself; and when I leave the church, I feel as if I did indeed carry with me a blessing from his own and his mother's hand. How in the world, then, could I feel otherwise than happy on Christmas morning? But, gracious me!" he exclaimed, remarking in his friend's pensive air and softened features the effect which the simple eloquence of his own warm feelings had produced, "see how I've been running on, preaching away at you, and 'blowing my own horn' too! Friend Moreton, forgive my thoughtlessness!"

"God bless you for it, my dear Mac!" replied Mr. Moreton, with genuine feeling. "God knows it would be well for me if I heard more and thought more of the same kind. If I did I shouldn't feel as I felt this morning. But maybe it isn't too late yet."

"Too late! My dear Mr. Moreton, it is never too late for such a heart and such a will as yours. Just try it, and I'm sure, when this day next year comes round, you won't feel like growling at your old friend for wishing you a happy Christmas."

Taking his friend's hand for a parting shake—for they had reached the corner where Mr. Mac turned off to his home—and looking full in his face, he thought he saw something like tell-tale moisture glistening in his eyes. Glad to escape further risk of his own emotions, with a squeeze of the hand that spoke more than volumes, he darted round the corner, and, in a few moments was in the bosom of his family, spreading around him the same happiness whose seeds he had just planted in his friend's heart.

Mr. Moreton, meanwhile, continued his walk. He looked thoughtful and abstracted. Every now and then he punched the snow-heaps with his stick, as if angry at the emotion caused in him by the conversation, and anxious to get rid of it. But he could not shake it off. He soon found himself amid a stream of persons all going in one direction. Almost unconsciously he followed the tide, and, in a minute more, found himself in St. Patrick's Church,

where second Mass was just beginning. Dropping mechanically into the nearest pew, he knelt motionless; but his brain was working hard and fast. The Mass went on, but he felt as if in a maze. He had a vague consciousness of rising to his feet with the rest of the congregation at the Gospel, and then of hearing the priest saying something that sounded very much like what Mac had just been saying, and the thoughts crowded faster still. The Offertory began, and from the transept-gallery the sweet voices of more than a hundred orphan-girls floated out in the touching strains of the *Adeste Fideles*. He could stand it no longer; he broke right down, and, after a convulsive quiver or two through his strong frame, wept the first genuine tears that his eyes had known for many a day.

The little bell in the sanctuary tinkled at the *Sanctus*, and then at the Consecration, and again at the *Domine, non sum dignus*, and then there was a movement among the congregation that aroused him. Lifting his face from his hands, in which it had been buried, he saw the crowds advancing to the communion-rail. He felt very lonely; but the die was cast. Then and there he resolved that he would be ready to receive Holy Communion on the following Sunday, and the resolution made him calmer.

Mass was over. The congregation dispersed, save those remaining for their thanksgiving after communion; and still he was on his knees, his lips saying nothing, but his heart a great deal. At length he arose. As he passed out, he saw a poor woman kneeling near the door, an infant in her arms, and shivering with the cold that crept through her scanty clothing. He thought of the Mother and the Child shivering in the stable. He slipped a dollar into her hand, "Here, buy something for your Christmas dinner," and left her wondering at the unusually large alms. The outside air felt bracing. Passing his hand across his forehead two or three times, he set his hat firmly on his head, and started homeward.

Things wore a new face that day. Somehow or other, the noisy merriment on the streets did not annoy him as it used to; the young folks at home remarked how much more pleasant than usual papa was; Mrs. Moreton wondered what good news he could have heard upon the street; he went with them all to High Mass; at the dinner-table he was the life of the party; and when he lay down that night, with the events of the morning still fresh in his mind, he felt that he had at last learned how to have a happy Christmas.

He kept his resolution. The following Sunday he received Holy Communion. The two friends met frequently, feeling more friends than ever, and often reverting with grateful pleasantry to "that Christmas morning walk." Twelve months passed, and Mr. Moreton received his Christmas communion kneeling at friend Mac's side. He never let the ice grow over his heart again.

Kind reader, do you use the same means that good Mr. Mac did to make Christmas happy? If not, the lesson conveyed by his simple words is as needful for you as it was for his old friend. Learn the lesson as well as Mr. Moreton did, and you will have learned sufficiently how to have a happy Christmas.

## THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

XXVII.—THE POPE'S TEMPORAL POWER. (*Continued.*)

To avoid confusion of ideas, and the mixing up of contemplated dangers with actually existing evils, I will henceforth speak as if the invasion of 1870 had not occurred, and as if the Pontiff were still *de facto* a temporal sovereign—as if, in a word, we were living now at the time of the Vatican Council, or earlier still, when Pius IX. first came to the throne; I will speak, I say, in this supposition, unless where I have occasion to allude expressly to the present state of things.

Coming now to the details to which I alluded. First: The Pope might get into differences on ecclesiastical matters with the sovereign in whose territory he resided. These differences would easily be of more moment than those which might occur between a king and one of the bishops of his kingdom, and, independently of this greater importance, if they led to a persecution of the Pope, it would be infinitely worse both for that particular kingdom and for the Church at large, than if another bishop were maltreated. This very possible contingency—possible in various degrees, and sufficiently serious in every degree—affords a strong ground for saying that the Pontiff ought not to be a subject, nor living permanently in any place not civilly belonging to him. The danger of which I am treating under this first head obviously concerns the Pope's *independence*, of which I will say something more presently.

Secondly: The Pope has to keep up a constant epistolary correspondence with all parts of the Church. He has to hold communication with sovereigns, Catholic and non-Catholic, and with the bishops and clergy, and the Catholic population of all countries, whatever be their political relations with the particular king whose subject he might be. Further, the Pope has to keep up a constant, or very frequent, intercourse with all parts of the Church by means of persons either sent by him to various places, or summoned by him to his place of residence, or coming to him to treat of ecclesiastical causes or other affairs which cannot else be satisfactorily arranged. The place in which the Pope permanently lives is, in a true and practical sense, the capital of the Christian world. This is and has been the case with regard to Rome, not merely because the Pope is Bishop of Rome, but because he has usually resided there. During the comparatively short period when the Popes lived at Avignon, though still Bishops of Rome, and retaining the temporal dominion of Rome—for part of the time they held that of Avignon also—we may say that the capital was in a certain sense divided. Now, this epistolary, and still more, this personal communication, unshackled, unrestricted, as it needs to be, accords but ill with the position of a subject. No doubt, an Italian or an English nobleman may receive

occasional visits from foreigners, whose admission into the country is not objected to by the government; but if he held an office not dependent on the government, and in virtue of which, as a matter of right, he could insist on receiving men of whatever rank and from whatever country, it would be a very strange state of things, and often not a little embarrassing.

Thirdly: The business to be done in the government of the whole Church cannot be done satisfactorily without a variety of public offices and officials, tribunals and judges, commissions, &c.; in a word, without a large staff and large accommodation for the various departments. The Pope must have chief ministers and subordinate ministers, and all the other machinery required for the exercise of an extensive, supreme, and complicated rule. He must, too, have a permanent council to advise him on the dogmatic and moral questions on which it is his duty to pronounce. The Pope, though a subject, must have surroundings of this nature; he must have a large governmental system at full work in the capital city of the kingdom, or in a city of the kingdom, whether it be the capital or not. This would undoubtedly be a very peculiar combination, rather an anomalous condition of affairs both for Pope and King.

I may, perhaps, be told that all this is not necessary; that it was not always so. I reply that, the Church being a great external spiritual kingdom, with all the incidents of a real kingdom, external though spiritual, and accommodated to the nature, and character, and wants, and notions of human beings who accept it as such, all this is necessary, not, I admit, *absolutely*, but as due in fitness and required for the well-being of the Church and the faithful. Tell an honest intelligent Pagan the belief of Catholics about the Church and her pastors, and her Chief Pastor on earth—their belief, I say, about these things, in their substance, and ask him what kind of formal provision is called for in accordance with that belief, in order to carry out supreme ecclesiastical government satisfactorily. He may laugh at our religion; but he will see clearly enough that such machinery as has been introduced is its fair and legitimate consequence. But, it was added, this was not always so. These appliances were not employed from the beginning. Assuredly they were not. The adverse circumstances of the time did not admit of them, and, as I have noted already, and shall have occasion to note again, the Church had not reached her *normal* state. Again, laying aside *our ideas* of congruity, we know for a fact that ecclesiastical jurisprudence has given things their present shape, that the Roman court with its officers and officials enters into the actual plan of Church government; that the Pope and the bishops have settled matters so, and to them it belongs to settle such matters. As we do not take our faith from Protestants, or infidels, or eccentric Catholics, so neither are we to take from them the form of sacred legislation and administration. There is a system long since introduced by the pastors of the Church for carrying on spiritual government, and we cannot go behind this system, we cannot question it. The system is not directly Divine, but it has been established in the exercise of a divinely derived authority.

It is not essential, but it is judged, in a true sense, requisite by those whom God has appointed to rule his Church. I take the Church as I find it; I take the Roman *ecclesiastical* arrangements as I find them—as they are and have been for many centuries—and I say this well settled condition of things cannot be thoroughly reconciled with the Pope's position as a subject or other than Sovereign of the country where the work is to be done.

Some one will, perhaps, remark that the experiment has been tried—is still being tried. The Pope is not now civil ruler at Rome; yet the system goes on, so far as spiritual government is concerned. I reply: it goes on, no doubt; but *lamely*, without the former facilities. Then it goes on *precariously*. It may be stopped any day. Bad as the state of things is at Rome, much as iniquity has triumphed, great as have been the excesses in some particulars, there is a present element of restraint upon the Italian government. They are, in a certain imperfect sense, on their good behaviour. They undertook and executed an atrociously aggressive measure in invading Rome. They despoiled the Pope of those States to which he had the strongest human and natural title; they thus, at the same time and by the same act, sacrilegiously deprived the Pope, and in him the Church, of a temporal prerogative, bestowed and maintained for a high spiritual end, whilst they audaciously pretended still to respect the Church and the Pope, and would have it believed that their proceedings were rather beneficial than otherwise to ecclesiastical government. They professed a desire to provide amply for the Pontiff's dignity and freedom, and to afford him all the facilities he could need for the fulfilment of his office as Head of the Church. They undertook, we may say, to show practically how well things might go on without the temporal power. Hence they could not do less than exercise a certain amount of liberality. They even offered advantages which the Pope, most justly in the circumstances, would not accept; for even if the terms had been the most favourable that could be, consistently with the privation of his temporal sovereignty, he could not have acquiesced in them or treated with the usurping power. I say that it was part of the game of the Italian government to *exercise*, as I have said, *a certain amount of liberality* with the Pope; to place him in a position which they considered, or wished others to consider, satisfactory, as regards the government of the Church, whilst they robbed him of his kingdom under flimsy pretexts of social good. Consequently, if they had even gone a great deal further in the same direction, if they had done all they could to put the Pope at his ease, and if he had availed himself of the opportunities so afforded for the fulfilment of his supreme charge, so that all went on as smoothly and as conveniently as before, yet this, as being the result of an exceptional policy, would prove nothing against the argument for the Pope's temporal power from the need he has of official appliances. Light will be thrown on the subject by something I have to say a little later under another head.

Fourthly: The Papacy involves very considerable expenses. Even abstracting from state and pomp, and from the exercise of hospitality, otherwise so obviously fitting, that machinery of central ecclesiastical

government of which we have been just speaking necessarily entails a large outlay. The Pope, then, stands in need of a considerable revenue. Where is it to come from? Is the Pontiff with his *Curia* to be maintained by the secular government of the country in which he lives? Such an expense would be a serious item in the budget, for the support of an authority with which that government has no more to do than any other. However, if the government were able and willing, and *perpetually* able and willing to afford such a subsidy on a generous scale, so far well and good. But who is to ensure the perpetuity? Suppose the government did not come down so handsomely, where else is the Head of the Church to look for his support and that of his administration? Is it to the contributions of the Faithful throughout the world? This might do for a short time. But it would not answer for the Pope to be, as a rule, maintained by subscription. Contributions of this kind are by their nature uncertain, especially when coming from great distances, and not capable of being satisfactorily enforced. Even bishops and priests are supposed generally to have fixed beneficiary revenues, and, so far as they depend on offerings, the persons with whom they have to deal are those to whom they personally minister. The offerings, too, are for the most part made on occasion of particular acts of the ministry. If the Pontiff's revenue were to be derived from the payments of Catholics throughout the world, there might easily be shortcomings; and there might be, besides, obstacles thrown in the way of the fulfilment of this duty. It would be very well there should be money often sent to the Pope from all parts of Christendom, but not so as to constitute his necessary revenue. He will always find useful objects to which to apply any amount he may receive.

Fifthly: If any office demands liberty of action it is that of the Head of the Church. From the nature of the interests involved and the position the Pontiff holds with reference to those interests, his perfect freedom is of vital moment. It is also necessary that all the princes and people with whom he treats should believe him to be free. Otherwise, their confidence in him and their very respect for his acts will be imperilled. Now, so long as the Pope is the subject of any King, his independence is not permanently assured, and is not, in fact, complete for any given time. It is quite possible to conceive the Pope as a subject placed for a while in an apparently, and, to a certain extent, really favourable position. I suppose the government of the country lawfully established there. I suppose that government truly Catholic, just, and itself thoroughly independent, not trammelled by an anarchical party but half friendly to the sovereign, and unfriendly to the Church. I suppose the Pope a subject, but thoroughly and heartily recognised by the State as Head of the true Church of Christ; provided with a becoming residence and with other buildings amply sufficient for all official purposes; provided likewise with a competent revenue; enjoying perfect practical liberty of appointing and dismissing the men employed about his person, and also those employed in the business of the Church; with perfect practical freedom of intercourse both personal and by letter with all the world; and without

any attempt directly or indirectly to control him or deter him from exercising his authority as he thinks fit. I suppose this state of things to continue for years. Viewing the Pope so circumstanced some would, perhaps, be inclined to say: "This is as it should be. At least there is no reason to complain. The Vicar of Christ is in a position to exercise his office satisfactorily. There is no act which he can have occasion to perform, which he may not do. What more could be desired, at least as any way necessary?"

In reply to these expressions of contentment, I observe the case might be tolerable enough, if we could be sure that the supposed present condition of the Pontiff would last, and if this security were recognised generally throughout the world. But it would not be so; humanly speaking, it could not be so, and there is no Divine promise on the subject. The imagined happy state of things I have been speaking of depends on the virtue of the King and his ministers, of the King's successors and those of his ministers, and not only their virtue and religion but their correct views. Sincere Catholics and fairly good men are often carried away by zeal for certain objects or systems, which they consequently do their best to promote, and would go very far in promoting. Suppose, then, a collision between the secular government and the Pope on some of these hobbies of a King or a ministry. This, after all, by itself, is about the least of the evils to be apprehended. If, with this or without it, irreligion enter and the government come to be on bad terms with the Pope, who can tell what will be the result? There may be, especially at the beginning, a certain respect, real or pretended, for the Pope himself and for existing compacts; but even at this stage, without an open rupture, how much embarrassment, how much vexatious interference are in the power of a government towards one living within its territory! There will very soon be an end to independent action, and still more to the belief in other countries that it exists. Nay, when harmony does subsist between the Pope and the king, when the Pope is in all good faith left free, will other governments and peoples be assured that such is the case?—to say nothing of the danger that princes or others elsewhere might fear undue influence over the Pontiff by a sovereign who was treating him well. Will the Pope himself be without anxiety regarding what may happen; will he have a thorough sense of independence? Let us look at governments such as they are, and such as they have been. I have no hesitation in saying, and I have no fear of being contradicted by any thorough and at the same time well-informed Catholic when I say, that no secular government of modern times, and, I will add, of any times, has ever long continued to be such that the Pope could be reasonably content to live under it, or the faithful throughout the world could be reasonably content to see him its subject.

I know that history informs us how, in the commencement of the Church, for no inconsiderable period, the Pontiffs were the subjects, and the persecuted subjects of the Pagan Emperors, and how later they were subjects of Christian Emperors, not without occasional persecution, generally of a somewhat different kind from that which had preceded; and how those Popes did great things; and that th

Church of those times made glorious advances and achieved glorious victories. But, in the first place, no one will, I presume, pretend that up to the fourth century the Church was in its normal state—the state it was intended to reach. Next, as regards the interval between that time and the eighth century, I maintain that even then the Holy See was not thoroughly constituted in its proper position, but only on the way to it. Up to the time of Constantine, the Pope had not *begun* to hold before the world that externally high place due to his office. The Christian religion was habitually till then proscribed throughout the Roman Empire. The Church was till then the Church of the catacombs. Very soon afterwards the Popes, though subjects, came to possess considerable outward dignity and power, extending itself to the exercise of civil dominion. The state of things was one of transition both for the Popes and for Rome, and both often suffered much, till Rome, abandoned by the Emperors and lost to them, came into the hands of the Pontiffs with a territory but little differing in extent from that held by Pius IX. at the time of his accession. I repeat that neither the Church nor its Head were in a normal state up to the fourth century; the same may be said in a minor degree, and especially with regard to the Pope, till the eighth century. The latter interval was one of perturbation and struggle, during which the Empire of the West languished and ultimately was extinguished; during which, too, the freshness of Christianity as an acknowledged religion contributed to the reverence in which the Pontiff was held, in conjunction with the great personal qualities of several Popes, and their earnest efforts to promote the temporal welfare of the Roman people on the one hand, and to support the authority of the Emperors on the other, not without much suffering both from these latter and from barbarian and semi-barbarian Princes. The providence of God entered also, in a manner proportioned to the need, to sustain both the Church and its Head. That Providence was preparing the way for the temporal dominion of the Popes, which once acquired, has been maintained by the same Providence, with but little interruption, for eleven centuries.

Some would say, and some, it may be remembered, *did* say, about the time of the spoliation of 1870, that though the Pope ought to be independent he need not have any notable extent of territory. The city of Rome alone, or with a narrow border around the city, would suffice. Let the Pontiff be supreme temporal ruler within these limits. He will then be the subject of no King, and can have about him all the appliances he needs for his government of the Church. There are, I conceive, obvious reasons to prove the insufficiency of such a provision.

First: The sovereignty of a miniature state, such as that suggested, is both too exceptional and too contemptible to be consistent with the Pontiff's spiritual position. The boundaries apparently signified by the terms used would not leave room to the Pope for a fairly long drive within his dominions, nor to him or the wealthier amongst his subjects for villas, nor to his people for the growth of crops and the feeding of cattle for the support of the inhabitants of the city. The very markets would have to be supplied from some



other kingdom, and so on. Let it not be said that I am raising up a fictitious difficulty for the pleasure of overturning it, namely, imagining a restriction of territory that is not dreamed of. No such thing. We all know there are those who would leave the Pope a nominal sovereignty, and give him less ground than I have specified in my hypothesis, which is in truth liberal compared with what has been proposed, even by parties who are more generous than the Piedmontese government, which has seriously talked of independence and sovereignty within almost microscopic limits. But supposing the Pope had to himself a small province, such a realm would not be befitting his dignity. If the Pope is to be a sovereign, he ought to have a real kingdom, small it may be, but large enough to hold its place among independent states.

Secondly: In order that the Pontiff should be satisfactorily placed under this respect of territory, in order that he should be congruously independent, his capital must not be hemmed in by foreign powers; he must not have strangers settled at his gates, as would, morally speaking, be the case if his territory were very much restricted. He must be free from the danger of sudden petty inroads and vexations. I use these terms, because an invasion on a large scale by an unprincipled government availing itself of circumstances favourable for the purpose cannot be efficaciously guarded against by a weak power. But such events are fortunately rare. The Pope needs a small army for small emergencies; and his territory ought besides to be such as to afford scope for the action of a larger army when required, whether that army be raised by the Pope or introduced at his invitation by some ally. It is not necessary that the Head of the Church should be the ruler of a mighty nation, nor that he should ordinarily keep up a large military force. He, above all other princes, ought to do his best to abstain from war, and never to engage in it except where unavoidable. This peaceful attitude on his part, joined with the reverence entertained for his sacred character and the interest which Catholic sovereigns and peoples, and even Protestant sovereigns of populations largely Catholic, take in his security and independence will generally exempt his territory from invasion. Many a prince who would harass the Pope, if he could do so quietly at home, would hesitate long about waging war against him, were it only for the want of a sufficiently plausible *casus belli*.

Thirdly: The Pope's temporal dominions ought to be extensive enough to supply a competent revenue for his expenses without any excess of taxation. These expenses must be considerable, though, taking all things into account, they have been in fact moderate, and the burdens of the people easy to bear—far lighter than those placed on them at this moment by the Italian government. In order that the Pope may be congruously supported in his dignity and may be able to defray the charge of his civil and ecclesiastical departments, he requires a revenue that cannot be derived from a very small state. As I have already said, the habitual dimensions of the Papal territory have varied comparatively little since the eighth century; so that it would seem their measure was pretty nearly determined by the same special Providence to which the sovereignty itself is to be attributed.

## MY SAINT:

## AN OBITUARY IN MOSAIC.

I AM quite sure that some of the passages which I am about to link with the saintly and gentle memory of a Sister of Mercy whom God lately took out of this world, will be read with interest for their own sake, even by those who can not prize them for *her* sake. She is not the writer of them, but the subject. Though her name must be kept a secret from all but the initiated, to whom my words may have revealed it already, it is surely not wrong to embalm her memory in such sweet verses as those which I will put first in this little anthology. I have borrowed the name of this paper from them; and, indeed, this paper is written chiefly for the purpose of transferring them from an early volume of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" to the pages in which they would certainly have made their first appearance if our Magazine had then been in existence. The editor of the English periodical welcomed them as coming from "one whose contributions to periodical literature, though chiefly anonymous, have achieved the distinction of being translated into French and German—one who has gained the ear of the listless world, but in order to do good to its heart—one who can veil many a beautiful and holy truth under the garb of fiction."

'I see a convent gray—  
It standeth above the town;  
It looketh from the distant way  
Like a monk in his faded gown.

"The town is older and grayer  
That sitteth below its feet;  
And sin, and pain, and sorrow, and care,  
Are dwelling in every street.

"Dwelling in every street,  
Yet hurried from place to place,  
As the Sisters go with their burden sweet,  
Bread, and comfort, and grace.

"In a nook of that convent gray  
She dwelleth, my tender Saint;  
Sweeter her face than I can say,  
Nobler than word can paint.

"Her wimple is white as milk,  
Her robe is coarse and spare;  
And never a lady in gems and silk  
Looked half so grand and fair.

"Her mind is a river of light,  
Her heart is a well of love;  
But none may look on her soul so white  
Save only the Lord above.

"That soul's most rapid flame—  
The soul of my tender Saint—  
It wasteth sore her beautiful frame,  
And maketh her body faint.

"She stayeth her eager feet  
And goeth not oft to the town ;  
But up in her window, lone and sweet,  
She sitteth, and gazeth down.

"O crowded, sad gray walls,  
O people who dwell within,  
Little ye know of the tear that falls  
Day by day for your sin !

"Her town is her nested dove—  
She huggeth it close and dear ;  
She wrappeth it round with motherly love,  
She watcheth with motherly fear.

"They turn, the godless men,  
They turn their steps and they come ;  
They know not why, but they come again,  
As this were their childhood's home.

"They turn with willing feet,  
The foolish wife and maid ;  
They have no fear of the lips so sweet,  
That preach, but never upbraid.

"They come, with blushing face ;  
And they come, with tearful eye ;  
And one hath sorrow, and one disgrace,  
To whisper when none are by.

"And kneeling close to her knee,  
They catch her fire, I ween ;  
And, burning strangely and holily,  
Are not what they have been.

"She hath them all in her heart,  
It is deep, and strong, and broad—  
And well I know with what loving art  
She talketh of them to God."

This is true poetry, but not mere poetry. It describes to the life one who was such precisely as this "tender saint" is said to be, placed amidst the same surroundings, exercising the same influence in the same way. The "gray old town" is evidently that which has recently sat for its portrait to Mrs. Cashel Hoey, in her clever tale of "No Sign :"

"The town of Narraghmore is built of stone of bluish gray that looks dingy and dismal when one walks along the dull streets and regards them in detail, but which harmonizes with its setting of green field and upland, with sweeping mountain curves at the back, and of broad river, with thickly-wooded bank at one side, and a stern, majestic stretch of mountain and moorland, trending to the sea, at the other

It is a grave, substantial town, and the beauty of its site and surroundings is much commented on by travellers on the great line of railroad which runs from the Irish capital, through the province of Ulster, up to the northern coast—the coast of famous caves and cliffs, of thundering seas, and of the legend-haunted stairs of the Giants. This beauty comes unexpectedly, after a long stretch of barren country, where poor patches of wretched tillage strive with the stony hill-side slope and the turf bog; where the heron flies low over the narrow but bright streamlets; so that there lingers with the traveller on his northward way a delightful vision of a verdure-clad valley, with a broad river and stately woods beyond, a mountain range whose outline is a succession of delicious curves, without one harsh line or abrupt projection throughout all its length, and in the far distance the sail-flecked bosom of a wide bay. The gray town lies in that valley, and some of its out-buildings dot the rising ground beyond. It has somewhat of the stir and importance of a seaport, for though the river is not navigable all the way to Narraghmore, it has been supplemented by a canal, and the two channels unite, down towards the river-mouth, at a spot where the wooded loveliness of the one bank, and the stern, majestic grandeur of the other, are strongest and most impressive. Narraghmore is not a county town, but it is a thriving place, where there are large timber-yards, and where other kinds of commerce also flourish. It has a bank, a prison, a courthouse, military barracks, and a number of churches belonging to a number of sects. On the rising ground beyond it is more than one venerable ivy-grown ruin, which had a history in the troublous times; and an ancient burial-ground stands out, conspicuous for its gray and moss-grown stones, its gnarled old trees, and the peace and solitude which dwell upon it, and cast their spell over the long, narrow, sloping gardens, rich in fruit and flower and greenery, which share the hill-side with it."

I much more than suspect that this description applies to no town bearing the name of the rustic parish which gave birth to our Irish Cardinal, but rather to a town beginning with the same letter, of which you get two charming glimpses away down in the valley, as the Limited Mail whirls you Belfastward between Jonesborough and Goragh Wood—to use geographical terms which may still leave a little mystery round the "gray old town," except for the neighbours. Indeed the writer of "No Sign" begins by stating that the events of her story took place near a town in Ireland, which she does not call by its real name, though she tries (not in vain, we think) to give an idea of the beauty of the scenes which witnessed them.

There is another tale, which is far more than clever, with which, for her own sake, the memory of my saint has a right to be linked. It is the story which Dickens—I need not say older or younger, for there is for all time only one Charles Dickens—the exquisitely fresh and graceful Irish story which Dickens honoured by choosing it as the last novel to wind up well the first series—his own series—of *All the Year Round*. Let me, for a reason which you have partly guessed, open at page 149 of the first of the two volumes, in which "Hester's History" has been reprinted, to go on its own way independently. We will omit sundry phrases here, as these would suppose you to know all about Hester and her antecedents:—

"The room into which Hester was shown had brown panelled walls and a brown panelled floor. There was a large vase of lilies and roses, a full-length statue of Christ blessing little children, an alms-box, with its label, 'For the Sick and Dying Poor,' a table covered with a plain red cloth, an inkstand bearing writing materials, a few books. The windows were already open, and there was not a speck of dust about the place. It shone with cleanliness, it smiled with cheerfulness, it gave one

Good-morning ! out of all its corners. By-and-by the handle turned ; there was a little rustling as of fresh linen, a little rattling as of heavy beads ; the door opened, and the ' Mother ' appeared. Here were sweet, tender, pitiful blue eyes, and a brow smooth and serene under its spotless little band ; no latent fire, no lines to show where frowns had been. The face was oval and softly moulded, and very winning in its exquisite freshness and purity. The mouth was mobile, and, though ever quick with a right word, was yet, in its changing expressions, most eloquent of much that it left unspoken. The complexion was so dazzling fair, so daintily warmed with its vermillion on the cheeks, no paint nor powder could mimic it ; only early rising, tender labours, never-ceasing and perpetual joy of spirit, could have combined in producing it. The quaint black garment, the long, floating veil, and narrow gown of serge, were right fit and becoming to the wearer. They laid hold of her grace and made their own of it, while she, thinking to disguise herself in their sombre setting, wrapped the unlovely folds around her, and shone out of them, as only the true gem can shine. The shadow that the black veil threw round her face made its purity almost awful, but made its bloom and simplicity the more entirely enchanting. Not the satins of a duchess, not the jewels of an empress, could have lent half such a fitting lustre to this womanly presence of the gentle Mother Augustine, of the daughters of St. Vincent, in the old Convent of St. Mark."

No, that was not the real name of the nun or of her convent, for here again the same hand paints for us " My Saint." I will not dare to add any touches to the picture ; though passages, inspired by her also, might be brought forward, to the same purport as those lines of Christina Rossetti :

" There is no friend like a sister,  
In calm or stormy weather,  
To cheer one on the tedious way,  
To fetch one if one goes astray,  
To lift one if one totters down,  
To strengthen while one stands."

It was not my saint who inspired these lines, but it *was* she who was before another poet's mind when he burst out in a homelier strain :

" May God be blessed, with all my soul I cry,  
For giving elder sisters ! Who as they  
Can soothe and chide us, guard and purify,  
Discreetly scold, and then, good-humoured, play,  
Mother and sister both, so grave and yet so gay ?"

And she also was one of

" — those fair angels, saintly, wise, light-hearted,  
Whose smile made pure the very air I breathed,  
And who at parting—for we all have parted—  
Sweet, sanctifying memories bequeathed."†

Hers, too, were the thin, white fingers that pulled the farewell rose, about which two or three lines were once pencilled on a scrap of paper that chanced to fall under my eye. As I rashly gave them from memory to print, for which they were never intended, and as I changed them for the worse,‡ I dare now for the last time to throw

\* From the " Irish Farmer's Sunday Morning," in *The Month*, November, 1866.

† " The Messenger of the Sacred Heart," vol. viii., p. 186.

‡ IRISH MONTHLY, vol. iii., p. 157

this withered rosebud on the grave of her who gathered it, little thinking it would travel so far and keep fresh so long :

"God bless the dews that fed, the winds that rocked thee,  
 Wee rose divine !  
 God bless the holy hands that kindly plucked thee  
 To press in mine.  
 God love the loving heart whose love is in thee  
 Laid up for me,  
 And may her sweet and sacred counsels win me  
 Eternity!"

It is not every day that graves are made for which so rich a chaplet of flowers can be gathered ; and this not arbitrarily or merely by way of apposite quotation, such as would be these lines from the "Holy Grail," which must be the last of our mosaic :

"A woman," answered Percivale, "a nun,  
 And one no further off in blood from me  
 Than sister ; and if ever holy maid  
 With knees of adoration wore the stone,  
 A holy maid."

### A FEW CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THE only Christmas gifts of which there can be question here are, of course, books. We have already brought under the notice of our readers two books entitled to be registered as A 1 for Christmas purposes—"The First Christmas," and "The Mystical Flora of St. Francis de Sales." The former is overrunning the Great Republic, if we may judge from the prominent place it holds in several American journals which have crossed our path. The name of the translator of "The Mystical Flora" appears on the title-page of "The Little Hunchback" (M. H. Gill & Son), from the French of the Countess de Ségur, who bears a name already distinguished in Catholic literature by her husband and by Monseigneur de Ségur. It strikes us that in some places Miss Mulholland might wisely have improved and unfrenchified the tale a little more. There is plenty of incident, and character, and lively conversation ; but the nice people are a little too good, and the bad people a little too atrocious. The pictures will amuse the youthful constituency for whom the Countess caters.

As a pious Christmas gift, we can heartily recommend a dainty little tome which may be had under one of two names—"Memorial of our Lady of Sion," or "Memorial of our Lady of the Rosary" (Brown & Nolan, Dublin). Under the latter name it is intended as a prayer-book for the use chiefly of convent-pupils. For younger children still, nothing nearly so good has ever been published as the

little book that is already dear to very many—"Holy Childhood" (Eason, Abbey-street, Dublin). We have before given our opinion of this delightful and most original little work; and we shall now only add, with our full assent, the opinion of the *Universe* :—

"The very perfection of a prayer-book for children. Without being puerile it is adapted to the intelligence of the youngest. It talks to the child without waiting to be spelt out with difficulty. We should wish to see "Holy Childhood" in the hands of all our children. It is the work of one who has evidently made herself familiar with the whole soul of the young."

Here, if anywhere—and why not somewhere?—into this quiet corner must we crush our Christmas greetings for all the kind friends of our Magazine, wishing to them and to ourselves (including *it*) many a Happy New Year.

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### NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

AFTER a long silence, we find that we have a great deal to tell our little friends at a distance, of all that has been going on lately within the walls of the Big House. In the first place, we had, on the Feast of the Presentation, a great meeting of the "Little Children of Mary," held in the new chapel. We think we told our young readers before that the Sisters of Charity, who have now care of the house, have turned the front room downstairs into a pretty chapel, where visitors to the wards, old or young, may slip in to say a prayer and ask a blessing upon the act of charity they have come to perform.

It was pretty to see the little creatures trooping in and taking their seats in the benches before the altar; some were almost babies, who, after having lisped a prayer, under the direction of mother or elder sister, gazed around with grave awe and wonder, waiting to hear about Holy Mary and the sick little children upstairs in the beds.

The reverend chaplain has a wonderful knack of attracting the attention of even the youngest to his earnest suggestions of charity and love. He so weaves in pretty stories, and bright, childlike fancies with the noble lesson he is bent on teaching, that he completely fascinates his little hearers. All the rosy faces beamed on him untiringly, and we believe each understood his meaning perfectly, except one tiny creature, who, turning her wide open wondering eyes upon her mother, was heard to say aloud in her baby's treble: "Mamma, what is the man saying?"

After talking to the little ones for some time, the good father produced a bunch of bright silver medals hanging from blue silk cords, and proceeded to place one round the neck of each of the aspirants to the title of "Little Child of Mary." There have long been many sodalities of "Children of Mary" in the Church, but none has ever been instituted before for actual *children*. Let it be understood that all who now join do so as aspirants, and cannot be final

"received" till they have made their First Communion. Every mother will feel that the beautiful instructions of our chaplain, and the early lessons in visiting the sick, will do much towards preparing her child for this great event, and the little girl will meanwhile wear her white medal at each meeting, and look upon herself as a predestined Child of Mary.

From time to time receptions will be held in the chapel for those who have made their First Communion. We cannot at this moment say when the first reception will take place, but due notice will be given.

The opening meeting of our brave Knights of the Brigade for the winter season, which was held on the return of members from their summer excursions, was really a splendid one, the ranks being well represented, and a vast number of brigadiers answering to the roll-call. And now, as we feel that a peep into our letter bag will be more entertaining, and really give more information than anything we have to tell, we shall say no more on our own part, but allow some of our good fairies to speak for themselves.

The following letters have been lately received:—

"DEAR MR. WOODLOCK,—I send you a post-office order for £1 6s. 9d., which we have collected since we last wrote. I am very glad to be able to send it for the next meeting of the boys.

"We got our holidays, too, for we were six weeks at S ———, near the sea. But for that we would have sent the money sooner. I hope there will be a great many boys at the meeting. Tell them that we would be very glad to go but that we live too far away.

"Give them our love, and also to the Sisters of Charity, and all the sick children in the Big House.—Believe me, dear Mr. Woodlock, your little brother knight,

"RICHARD F. J. M. L."

"DEAR REV. MOTHER,—We have received your kind letter and the two medals. Katie and I will try to be as good as we can be, that we may be made real Children of Mary. Mamma has promised that if we be very good she will take us to Dublin to be received in your little chapel. Katie sends her love.—Believe me to remain your fond little friend,

"JANIE O'F —."

"DEAR MR. WOODLOCK,—I feel much pleasure in sending my small subscription, which I saved from my pocket-money, to St. Joseph's Infirmary, and regret not being able to attend the past meetings, the distance being so far. But I hope the little children will remember me in their prayers.—I am, dear sir, yours,

EDWARD B —."

"DEAR BROTHER KNIGHTS,—I regret very much that I shall be unable to attend the meeting on Sunday next, as I am still staying at B ——. I have not collected any subscriptions lately; but when I go into town I shall commence doing so again; but I find it very hard to get any money.—Believe me to remain yours truly,

"LAURENCE E. K. —."



## MON CAPITAINE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA,

AUTHOR OF "FREDERIC OZANAM," "THE BELLS OF THE SANCTUARY," "A WOMAN'S TRIALS," &amp;c.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE cottage stood upon the brow of the hill, and looked out over a landscape fair to see. Meadows, gay with flowers and spotted with heads of short-horned cattle, stretched down to the river, and across the river the castle stood upon a rising slope, girdled with a forest of pine, and beech, and oak. Corn-fields and vineyards spread out on every side, and away to the west a low line of hills appeared, and ran like a purple wave along the horizon. In the centre of the lawn, before the cottage, there was a rose tree: not a bush, but a tree, a veritable tree that was the pride of Fleurel. It rose upon a single stem without prop or buttress, and carried on its slender pillar a weight of roses, the like of which was never seen anywhere out of Cashmere. The branches sprang up in beautiful curves, and fell round the parent stem in masses of pink foam, for they were thick-set with roses from end to end; while the slow June breeze swayed the pink cascade this way and that, fluttering the loose petals over the grass, and wafting their scent through the garden.

But something more than the soft summer breeze is moving the rosy bower now; a sound of laughter and an infantine bark issues from under the heavily-laden boughs, and a marabout feather is pushed out from amongst the roses, wagging pugnaciously. Liline and Cliquot are at war. Liline is the Curé's adopted child, and Cliquot is Liline's dog. A tiny creature of pure Pomeranian breed, milk-white, with black marks on his head, and a pair of ears to drive a connoisseur wild with delight. But Cliquot's crowning beauty in Liline's eyes was his paws. These were for all the world like four rose leaves stuck on the tips of his fluffey white stockings, so delicate, so dainty, such a lovely shade of pink. The resemblance is so striking that it suggested to Liline, just now, the idea that a rose-leaf would make a very becoming slipper for Monsieur Cliquot, and she proceeded at once to try the experiment. But the owner of the small pink paw is refractory, and the slipper can't be made to hold on. This is the *casus belli* of the moment. Cliquot won't stand to let himself be shod, but kicks out lustily under the operation, brushing his mistress's nose with his bushy white tail all the while. The Curé is watching the progress of the battle from his chair under the verandah, and seeing how it goes, cheers the weaker party with a gruff "Bravo, Cliquot! Bravo, my little man! Hold out to the last!" A moral violation of the laws of neutrality which causes Liline to shift her tactics. Cliquot breaks loose and flies to his new ally, but he is seized quickly again, as he tumbles across the lawn,

looking for all the world like a swansdown muff set spinning on the grass.

"So, mon Capitaine, this is how you encourage insubordination; you who are always preaching obedience to other people! Now, you shall hold him while I make him a slipper," and Liline planted the refractory Cliquot on his knee, and clutched the little pink paws. How the struggle would have ended it is hard to say, had not Fanchon come out at this crisis and announced that M. le Curé was served. Upon which the party, including Cliquot, rose and went in to supper.

The Curé had formerly been a captain in the Old Guard, had followed the "Little Corporal" in all his campaigns until there were no more battles to be fought, and Napoleon and the Old Guard fell together. Then Capitaine Ravoc came back to his native Fleurel, laid his sword upon the altar-step, and vowed that he would henceforth serve France with another weapon that would never fail him, and need never be surrendered. He was still little more than a boy in years. In due course he was ordained a priest, and after ten years' missionary labour in the south, he was sent as Curé to Fleurel. Hither a few old companions in arms followed him, and continued to call him, as in old days of glory and slaughter, mon Capitaine. By degrees, most of his parishioners came to call him by the same title, a strange one for a pastor of souls, but not out of harmony with the man; for, though heart and soul a priest, he was still a soldier, every inch of him. A most unconventional type of Curé in truth to look at. Tall as a grenadier, he strode out with a step that ought to have marched to the roll of the drum; he carried a colossal head on a colossal pair of shoulders; his dark-gray eyes flashed at you from under a jungle of tawny brow, with a fire that seventy odd years had not dimmed. Yet these same twinkling stars of the old Guardsman could fill with melting tenderness when they fell upon the face of a little child, or upon sorrow in any shape; but when they looked upon sin their tenderness brimmed over in tears. His head bristled all over with fierce steel points, and looked as if it might have done no mean service as a cannon ball, while an irrepressible beard sprouted out of his chin in spite of all his endeavours to eradicate the unpriestly feature.

The Curé was fond of his pipe, too. He often took it of an evening to the bedside of a sick parishioner, and cheered him with the ever new story of Austerlitz, Marengo, or Jena, while he puffed the fragrant weed. He had a wonderful power of charming away the terrors of a death-bed. The people said this partly came of his having seen the King of Terrors himself so often and so near. Anyhow they loved to have his ministry at the last.

Once, an old comrade of his was dying at Fleurel; leaving a little grandchild behind him, all he had to leave, and the thought was maddening him. He cared nought about his own soul, and when the Curé spoke of repentance, he thrust him angrily aside. "I would barter my own old soul willingly for hers," he cried, doggedly; "what matters it where such as I am go, or how I fare? I did my

duty to France and the Little Corporal; I never cried Quarter! to the enemy, but I would capitulate now on his own terms, if only I could secure that my little one should be let off with the honours of war and a safe retreat. Mon Capitaine, don't come preaching to me about the goodness of the good God! If He were good, would He leave my little one alone in the world to starve, or go to the devil? My lamb, my innocent one!" And the old soldier clenched his hands in misery.

"Now, out on thee for a fool, and a coward, Jacques Rondier!" cried the Curé; "thou couldst trust thy life and thy country to the Little Corporal, and leap after him in the dark on a hundred battle-fields, and thou canst not trust thy little child to God! Thou pratest like an idiot. Am I, then, a Cossack, that thou durst not leave her to my care? Thinkest thou I will maltreat the little thing, for all my rough ways? Hold thy foolish talk, and see and make thy peace with God." Old Jacques Rondier ceased his wailing after this, and passed away in peace.

This was how Liline came to be the Curé's child.

Seven years after that bright June afternoon on which our little story opens, Fleurel was all astir. No wonder, indeed, for to-morrow was to be the Curé's jubilee. Fifty years had he now completed in the ranks of the soldiers of peace, and his flock were to celebrate the anniversary with a solemnity and pomp becoming so great an occasion. To effect this celebration much diplomatic skill was necessary, the Curé being unsympathetic to their magnificent schemes. He would gladly take a piece of honeycomb from their hives, having none of his own, because Liline was afraid of bees; and he would not fight off a present of Turkish tobacco to regale his earthen pipe; but beyond this, it was not safe to venture in the matter of gifts. He would have no money, either, squandered on decorations, or such like trumpery. "Say a hearty Pater noster for your old Curé, and come all in a body, and shake hands with him, and thank the good God that he has used the rusty weapon to strike a few blows at his enemy up and down the lines these fifty years; but let us rob no poor man of money to fritter it away on furbelows." This was his answer when a privileged elder broached the subject of a triumphal arch midway between the church and the presbytery, and hinted at "an appropriate offering from Fleurel." So Liline and Fanchon took matters in hand defiantly, and the result was an amount of clandestine meetings with the big-wigs of the village, at odd times and places, and a pilfering of small coins from the Curé's purse by Liline, and a skinning of flints in the housekeeping department by Fanchon for three months before the gala day, which it would be a vain attempt to describe. Miles of blue and pink and green calico and tissue paper of every colour in the rainbow were the gorgeous materials purchased with the results of these combined efforts.

Then there were addresses to be written. Nay, so high did the ambition of Fleurel soar, one address signed by all the inhabitants was to be printed, and then glazed and framed and hung in the Curé's room. Happily these were not compulsory education days, and the

villagers who could sign their names were few and far between. The mayor was the originator of this splendid idea. He was a man of capital, and, as may be seen, a public-spirited man. In a wider sphere such a man would have achieved notoriety amongst his fellow-citizens. Fleurel was justly proud of him. When travellers, passing through the village, talked big about Rothschilds, Fleurel shook its head, and asked if the great Hebrew firm did business with Paul Narval. If they could not answer in the affirmative, they gained small credit for their fabulous tales of the Rothschilds. Paul Narval was a man of substance, who gave Fleurel a power in the money markets of Europe.

Apart from the general interest of the day, Liline had her private preparations to make. If *mon Capitaine* was to be the hero, she might consider herself the heroine of the *fête*. Her toilet, consequently, became a point of some official importance. Fanchon was in favour of a white dress, with blue decorations; blue was the Madonna's colour, the colour of the sky; the Curé's child should be attired in blue. But Liline's soul gravitated to pink. They came near quarrelling in good earnest over the matter; Fanchon affirming that pink was worldliness and vanity; never did the Madonna show herself in such a gaudy, will-o-the-wisp hue. But Liline stuck to her colours womanfully, and carried the day. And truly a terrible vindication of vanity and worldliness the dainty little figure was, when the bright spring noon arose and beheld her arrayed in a cloud of white and pink, flitting through the garden, and greeting her guests with the grace of a fairy queen. The military figure of the Curé towered above them all; his threescore years and seven sat lightly on the grand, broad frame; they had not robbed the warrior-priest of an inch of his height, nor dimmed one ray of the fire that shone, serene and glowing, in the deep-set gray eyes, wandering now with a softened paternal glance over the chattering groups of merry-makers, young and old.

The festivities had opened fittingly at daybreak in the village church, where the harmonium was held by Madame Narval, the wife of the spirited mayor, a musician of high repute in Fleurel, her performance being supplemented by a brass band, which had been borrowed from the neighbouring garrison-town in compliment to the *ci-devant* captain of the old guard: a circumstance which lent great *éclat* to the day, contributing to it that martial element which mingled so harmoniously with the religious one in the career of M. le Curé.

Much surprise had been caused by the absence of the owners of the château, and the people of Fleurel were not sparing in their comments and strictures. It was most strange behaviour for Madame la Comtesse, who had never before been absent from M. le Curé's annual feast, to absent herself on such a solemn occasion as the present. As to her not being able to leave the court on account of her duties of lady of honour to the queen, that was all nonsense. She had only to tell the reason, and the good queen would surely have bade her come at once to congratulate M. le Curé. What more reasonable? Fleurel worked itself into an aggrieved state of mind

against Madame la Comtesse and the young Count. But they would amuse themselves all the same, and so would *mon Capitaine*.

Liline and Fanchon listened to the grumbling, and laughed. They knew what they knew, and would keep their secret.

Cliquot was, of course, not overlooked amongst the important figures of the day. He had a pink satin ribbon with a bow round his neck, and looked a most conceited little conqueror, with his bushy white coat, washed and brushed till it was as white as snow and as soft as silk. Time had not passed by Cliquot as lightly as over *Mon Capitaine*; his paws were not pink, as in the days of his youth; they had grown horny, like feet that had footed it along the road of life; nor were his gambols so wild, or his spring so elastic as of yore. He had, nevertheless, retained many fascinations that few could resist, when he chose to put them forth. This was not often, or promiscuously, for Cliquot was a self-willed and perverse dog; he loved to play upon the nerves of little boys and girls, to dart at the calves of their legs, and to make their lives generally a burden to them. From his favourite position under the rose-tree he listened for every cart that came rumbling up the road, and would dash out, and bark furiously at the heels of the horses, and otherwise misbehave himself towards man and beast; but like all bullies, he was a coward, and a pebble in the hand of a spirited urchin, a cat that set her back up, and spat at him five yards off, would send Cliquot retreating, with his tail between his legs, to Liline, or under the impregnable fortress of the *Curé's* soutane. Such was Cliquot on the day of *mon Capitaine's* jubilee. With all his faults, he was admired and petted more than many a dog whose paws he was not worthy to lick; his transient gleams of good humour were made much of, like a stray act of kindness from an egotist, or a trifling gift from a miser. Such is life. To dogs and men the same measure is dealt out. On the day of the jubilee, however, history records that Cliquot's demeanour all through was perfect; his manners were those of a thoroughbred gentleman, accustomed to the best society; he did the gracious host to perfection, wagging a friendly welcome to friend and foe alike.

Fanchon was resplendent in a new cap and gown, and her wrinkles smoothed away with smiles. The sun shone brightly on the garden, with its swarm of human bees, buzzing under the lime-trees, and round about the tents where frugal, but abundant cheer, was spread by the hospitable *Curé*. Suddenly there was a movement in the groups, a lull of voices, and the words, "*Madame la Comtesse! M. le Comte!*" were echoed from mouth to mouth. Then followed greetings and rejoicings, and a fresh current of excitement in the process of exhibiting and admiring the pretty presents that were to be competed for as prizes by all who could run in a sack, or skip blindfolded, or hop on one foot, or otherwise excel in the muscular feats in which boys and girls delight.

Madame de Marillon had a graceful word for everybody, called everyone by their name, remembered each one's pleasures and troubles. The Countess, unlike the *Curé*, was a genuine type of her class, the very *châtelaine* of the old régime, as she has come down to

us in pictures and story-books; stately and simple, gentle and haughty, a queen and a mother combined, with the faults and graces of both. She deprecated outwardly all personal homage to her rank, all expressions of inferiority from others; but it never entered anybody's head to take this deprecation at her word. A foreigner who saw the Countess de Marillon walking through the saloons of the Tuileries, once remarked: "There is a woman who would wash the feet of a beggar, but would scarcely bow to a queen!" The words painted her aptly enough; a strange combination of patrician pride and the sweetest Christian humility. She was idolized by "her people," as she called the villagers of Fleurel; for the Countess was large as a queen in her liberality, and kind as a mother in her solicitude for their welfare. A picturesque old lady, with a quantity of soft, white cambric and lace, relieving the sombre hues of her rich brocade; ruffles fell in white folds over her small, white hands; and bubbles of lace floated in some mysterious way through her silver-gray curls. She was not tall, but so stately, that she passed for tall.

The Comte Raoul, her son, was a noble youth to look at, as he moved through the crowds, with his picturesque mother on his arm: tall, dark, every hue and lineament stamped him a high-born gentleman. He had been a stranger at Fleurel for some years, and Madame de Marillon was presenting the younger members of the population to "mon fils" with a frank and gracious pride, that reminded you of a sovereign presenting the heir of the throne to his future subjects.

When the waters had closed over the pleasant break of this unexpected arrival, the games began. While the prizes were hopped and run for in the alleys, pieces of poetry were declaimed on the lawn; and then came the grand event of the day, the comedy which was to be performed expressly for *mon Capitaine*. Liline was the *prima donna*, and Henri Narval the hero of the piece. Henri had just returned from passing his examination for the bar triumphantly. The wealthy mayor's son was expected to make a noise in the world; he was rich, clever, handsome: the great *parti* of Fleurel. As he and Liline came forward coquetting their little dialogue under the lilac-tree, many observed that they made a pretty and well-assorted couple, and that, no doubt, M. le Maire and M. le Curé noticed the fact. It is quite possible that the sagacious father of Henri did, but as to the Curé, such far-reaching speculations were as far from his mind as from Cliquot's. With all his martial courage, his ingenious charity and his ripe wisdom, the old soldier-priest was as big a child in the ways of the world as any baby on its mother's knee. Yet the suggestion was palpable enough to every mother and maiden who was watching the miniature game of life which the two young actors were playing on the soft, green sward. That Henri himself was no stranger to some such thought, none but the infantine eyes of the Curé could fail to see.

And Liline? Liline for the present was intent on graver cares. She was watching Cliquot as he sat on his tail by *mon Capitaine's* knee, every now and then making a dash at her, and putting his

forepaws inquiringly on the skirt of her dress, as if to ask what she meant by neglecting him and discoursing all this time with a third person on matters which in no way concerned him.

Meanwhile, a little pantomime was going on between Madame la Comtesse and Madame Narval; the former whispered something in the mayoress's ear—smiles, expressive shrugs, and head-shakings were rapidly exchanged; finally, the Countess extended a small hand from beneath her dainty ruffles, Madame Narval took it, and a long, warm pressure ensued. All this Fleurel witnessed, and construed according to its lights.

It was one of this royal old lady's many claims to popularity that she dearly loved "arranging" a marriage. Few had been arranged within these twenty years at Fleurel in which she had not had a hand; and her marriages, as a rule, proved lucky. Here was an occasion where she might, nay ought, legitimately to exercise her amiable propensity for match-making. Liline was the belle of the neighbourhood, and just seventeen; she had been brought up like an angel, everybody declared, for who so good as *mon Capitaine*? And where was there to be found in any land a housekeeper so clever, so thrifty, so experienced, as Fanchon? The *dot* was, indeed at a minimum; but the Rothschild of Fleurel might waive a point which would be an obstacle to smaller men. "Besides," the Countess whispered, with a graceful play of familiarity that was worth its weight in gold, "the friendship of an old woman is not quite useless when the old woman has friends in power!"

So, while Liliné prattled her verses under the shade of the lilac tree, her path was being traced out for her close by; a sunny, quiet, safe little path. But Destiny was not taken into the council, and, unbidden and unseen, was weaving its own web at no great distance with another thread.

"*Mon Capitaine!*" said Liline—it was her wilful pleasure to call him so in preference to the more paternal title he had endeavoured to enforce—"Mon Capitaine, we want to dance!"

"Dance, child!" echoed the Curé, in his gruff bass; "what do you know about dancing? Play at hunt-the-cat, or blindman's-buff, or some such nice little game, if you must be jumping; be off, and hunt-the-cat!"

But Liline was bent on the dance, and so was Henri Narval; he had taught her what she knew of the art, the lessons being given at the mayor's house last winter, when the Curé was tramping round to his sick-beds, and did not like her to be left alone. *Mon Capitaine* had no knowledge himself of the wicked art; his dancing days had known no steps but the quick and slow march, the charge and attack, the hot pursuit and the heavy stampede; but he had heard of it through pious folk who had seen the world, and shook their heads over their dancing brethren; from them he heard that it was a device of the Evil One for leading souls into the bottomless pit. Liline, however, would not be denied; and when Madame de Marillon assured the old man that Raoul would act as master of the ceremonies, and that nothing but the prettiest and most becoming dances should

bewitched his garden and sent the flowers whirling about in some fairy idyl.

"Oh, what a happy day it has been!" sighed Liline, as she clasped her hands on the old man's arm, and sauntered into the cottage, with Cliquot trotting at her side.

Our darkest days dawn sometimes in rainbow splendour, charged with the promise of a glorious noon, and we bask in the bright sunshine, all unconscious that it is to close over us in deepest gloom.

It was settled that day between the Countess and Madame Narval that Liline and Henri should be affianced at the new year. Till then nothing need be said about the "little arrangement." The Curé should hear of it, of course, in due time, but there was no need to trouble him about it until his ward had attained the venerable age of eighteen, and Henri been called to the bar. Meantime, the Countess was to see what could be done towards procuring him some government appointment.

"May I write to you, Liline?" pleaded Henri, as he bade her good-bye under the lilac-tree at the gate.

"Ask mon Capitaine," was the evasive reply.

"Then you don't care whether I do or not?"

"I did not say that."

"You mean it!"

"Do I?" The pretty face, with its dimples all alight, looked up, full of arch coquetry, and then disappeared under the shade of its broad-brimmed hat.

"Liline!" said Henri, speaking rapidly, while he clasped the consenting little hand in his strong palm; "Liline, if I thought you did not care, I would throw it all to the winds, examinations and everything else, and I would enlist, and go off to Africa to be shot. Tell me you care for me a little — I don't ask much — a little?"

Liline said nothing; but, stooping to catch a glimpse of the shrouded face, he saw an answer fuller than words. Two big tears were trickling from the downcast eyes; one of them dropped upon his wrist.

"*Merci!*" whispered the young man, and raising the glistening dew-drop to his lips, he kissed it away, and let go her hand.

Three months after the Curé's *fête*, Fleurel was once more astir, but with a far different kind of excitement. A terrible guest had come unbidden to the smiling, prosperous village, and scared away its peace. The Typhus was there, spreading desolation everywhere. Few were the homesteads it had spared. In this season of sorrow mon Capitaine showed his flock, as they had not yet known it, of what stuff his heart was made. He grew young again. Pity for the sufferings of his flock stripped him of the coming touch of age, electrified him with a new life of sympathy, and renewed his youth. All day long the straight, grand figure was to be seen striding with its martial steps through the village and across the fields for miles around. Night came and found him still on his rounds of mercy,



tending the sick, helping the dying, burying the dead, comforting the survivors.

"Sleep! Does Death or the Devil sleep!" he would say when Fanchon entreated him to rest a while and take a meal in peace; and away mon Capitaine strode again. He said his breviary "on the march," as he called it. Sometimes, when nature vindicated her rights with a vehemence that would not be denied, he would fling himself down by the bedside of a sufferer, and snatch a moment's sleep until he was roused again.

So things were for two months at Fleurel. Then the pestilence relented; deaths became daily fewer, until they ceased altogether, and the Curé breathed once more.

Madame de Marillon did not venture to come until the snow had fallen and purified the tainted atmosphere. On All Souls' she and Raoul arrived, but their coming was no signal for rejoicing. Her people had been too heavily stricken, and were yet mourning over new-made graves. They were glad to see her in their midst, for her goodness had made itself felt in many ways from a distance, but they were too sad for merry-making. M. Narval went to meet the châtelaine and her son at the station. The mayor's household had been spared by the typhus; he was still the most prosperous of men. Raoul was full of anxious inquiries about every one. He was his mother's son; kind-hearted, easy of access, not a shade of *hauteur* on the surface; but, like her, he had the knack of making Fleurel value his smile and his lightest word, for the treasures they were, pearls dropped into the lower world from the sublime altitude where the descendant of the de Marillons dwelt.

Raoul called at once on the Curé, and noticed that, since the last meeting, Liline had grown, not so much in stature as in a certain dignity, which gave her beauty just the shade of thoughtfulness it needed.

She was to dine the next day at the Château with the Curé. Great changes had been going on here while the typhus was busy outside. Tradesmen were sent from Paris, to renew the faded splendour of the decorations, and it was rumoured that the salons were refurnished in a style of unparalleled magnificence. Liline dressed herself in white, and put pink ribbons in her hair, though the toilet was rather summery for so late in the year, and sallied forth with mon Capitaine in a nervous flutter of emotion which so common-place an event as dining with the countess scarcely warranted. The dinner passed off pleasantly. Madame de Marillon and the Curé discussed general topics, the events of the capital, Algiers, the surviving remnant of the Old Guard—*les Vieux de la Vieille*, as the veterans were called—whom she met occasionally about the gardens of the Luxembourg, or round the Column Vendôme. Then there was much to be told concerning the late disastrous epidemic which had made such havoc amongst her people. Raoul joined heartily in all his mother's sympathy, and evinced sincere and intelligent interest in the condition of his future subjects. Liline listened and spoke little. When they adjourned to the drawing-room the Curé and the Countess sat

down to a game of piquet, leaving the young people to play cards, or look at pictures, or amuse themselves as they liked.

"You play, mademoiselle?" inquired Raoul.

No, Liline did not play.

"Really?" in a tone of incredulous surprise; "but you sing?"

Again no, with a blush of mortification. What a gulf her ignorance seemed all at once to make between her and this brilliant young patrician, who took these graceful accomplishments as matters of course, like reading and writing. Why had not mon Capitaine had her taught to play and sing? It was like an enchanted palace, this castle of Raoul's, with its long suite of salons, opened for the first time since the old Count's death, and all glittering with mirrors in golden frames, and silken tapestry, and pictures of beautiful court dames, and noble cavaliers, and your foot sank into the carpets like moss. Raoul was watching with an amused expression Liline's looks of awed delight, as her eyes travelled over the splendours of the room.

"Would you like me to sing something?" he asked. She assented, of course, with alacrity, and they went towards the piano. Raoul had a fine voice, and art had taught him to make the most of it. He ran his fingers over the keys with what a severer critic than Liline might have called a master-hand; and began to warble a pretty romance just then in vogue, a sort of "Lord of Burleigh" song wherein the young lord of the manor falls in love with a village belle, and gives up the glories of the tournament and the charms of the earl's daughter to marry her. Raoul had sung it scores of times to scores of pretty women in Paris, and had no special motive in choosing it now, except that he liked it, and sang it well. But the words, warbled forth with the *simulacre* of sentiment which the artist gave them, broke over his listener's heart like a springtide of human passion. How could she but think he had chosen the theme expressly for her? Who knows but he had, perhaps, improvised it on the impulse of the moment, and was he not telling her thus what he could not find courage to speak in prose? She sat drinking in the words and sounds in a sort of frightened rapture, her hands clasped together, her face flushed, her lips apart, a strange light shining in her round dilated eyes. Raoul had ended his rhapsody, but the hand of the charmer had swept the strings of an unseen lyre, whose music was vibrating near him, though he heard it not. Liline was still silent, motionless, her face uplifted; spellbound. She was listening to the music of her own heart now.

"Do you not think it pretty?" asked Raoul at last. She was a little behind him, and, turning round with his question, he met her great, luminous eyes flashing out with a glow of newly-awakened fire into his. He gave an involuntary start, turned slowly back, and without speaking, began to draw out straggling cadences in a minor key from the instrument, and then intoned a new song, deeper, more significant, touched with a thrill of sympathetic emotion; for he had seen Liline's, and was but obeying a law of nature in responding to it. Such sensibility struck him as revealing a singularly delicate fibre, and was at once an evidence of unexpected refinement in

his plebeian auditor, and a flattering homage to his own artistic powers. Decidedly, the unsophisticated little *bourgeoise*, unvarnished by even the outer atmosphere of the metropolis, was a better audience than he had ever found in the salons of the old faubourg. Had the "still, small voice" whispered to Raoul de Marillon that the little *bourgeoise* was not judging the artist but worshipping the man; that his false and hollow sentiment was coiling round her simple heart with the potent charm of a magician's spell, it is doubtful whether he would have been smitten with any vehement remorse. But to do him justice, he did not know it. So he went on singing, and Liline listening, until the game of piquet was over, and it was time to go.

"I lost my ten sous to the old lady," remarked the Curé, with a good-humoured grumble, as they walked home in the starlight; "you were a wise little woman not to play; you have lost nothing."

Was it so? Liline did not discuss the question.

## LOTUS LEAVES.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

νεμεσῶμαι γε μὲν οὐδέν  
κλαίειν ὅτι κε θάνησι βροτῶν καὶ πότμον ἐπίσπῃ,  
τοῦτο νῦ καὶ γέρας οἶον οἷζυρῶι βροτῶσι  
κείρασθαι τε κόμην βαλέειν τ' ἀπὸ δάκρυ παρειῶν.

### I.

THERE is no peace beneath the noon.—  
Ah! in those meadows is there peace  
Where, girdled with a silver fleece,  
As a bright shepherd, strays the moon?

Queen of the gardens of the sky,  
Where stars like lilies, white and fair,  
Shine through the mists of frosty air,  
Oh, tarry, for the dawn is nigh!

Oh, tarry, for the envious day  
Stretches long hands to catch thy feet.  
Alas! but thou art overfleet,  
Alas! I know thou wilt not stay.

## II.

Eastward the dawn has broken red,  
The circling mists and shadows flee ;  
Aurora rises from the sea,  
And leaves the crocus-flowered bed.

Eastward the silver arrows fall,  
Splintering the veil of holy night ;  
And a long wave of yellow light  
Breaks silently on tower and hall,

And spreading wide across the wold,  
Wakes into flight some fluttering bird ;  
And all the chestnut tops are stirred,  
And all the branches streaked with gold.

## III.

To outer senses there is peace,  
A dream-like peace on either hand ;  
Deep silence in the shadowy land,  
Deep silence where the shadows cease,

Save for a cry that echoes shrill  
From some lone bird disconsolate ;  
A curlew calling to its mate ;  
The answer from the distant hill.

And, herald of my love to Him  
Who, waiting for the dawn, doth lie,  
The orbéd maiden leaves the sky,  
And the white fires grow more dim.

## IV.

Up sprang the sun to run his race,  
The breeze blew fair on meadow and lea ;  
But in the west I seemed to see  
The likeness of a human face.

A linnet on the hawthorn spray  
Sang of the glories of the spring,  
And made the flow'ring copses ring  
With gladness for the new-born day.

A lark from out the grass I trod  
Flew wildly, and was lost to view  
In the great seamless veil of blue  
That hangs before the face of God.

The willow whispered overhead  
That death is but a newer life,  
And that with idle words of strife  
We bring dishonour on the dead.

I took a branch from off the tree,  
And hawthorn-blossoms drenched with dew,  
I bound them with a sprig of yew,  
And made a garland fair to see.

I laid the flowers where He lies  
(Warm leaves and flowers on the stone);  
What joy I had to sit alone  
Till evening broke on tired eyes:

Till all the shifting clouds had spun  
A robe of gold for God to wear,  
And into seas of purple air  
Sank the bright galley of the sun.

V.

Shall I be gladdened for the day,  
And let my inner heart be stirred  
By murmuring tree or song of bird,  
And sorrow at the wild wind's play?

Not so: such idle dreams belong  
To souls of lesser depth than mine;  
I feel that I am half divine;  
I know that I am great and strong.

I know that every forest tree  
By labour rises from the root;  
I know that none shall gather fruit  
By sailing on the barren sea.\*

*S. M. Magdalene College, Oxford.*

\* *πόντος ἀρπύγεις*, "the unvintageable sea."

## LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

## XVIII.—ABOUT INDEPENDENCE.

I BEGIN by supposing that, in these countries at all events, there hardly ever was a boy into whose hands a copy of "Robinson Crusoe" had not at some time fallen, and been devoured with a mental relish that no intellectual food could bring in aftertimes. And what boy that has read it has not found rising within his youthful bosom something very like envy of the lot of the happy solitary? The book has given us stuff of which to make dreams, both night-dreams and day-dreams. Half our time we were away in some lone land, conquering unfavourable circumstances by contrivances of hand and brain, away from school books and schoolmasters and the inevitable ferula, away from all the cares—for even boyhood has its cares—that weigh upon the youthful heart.

Looking back now, we ask ourselves where lay the charm that held us spellbound? Was it not the thorough independence of that solitary lot? There was no one to thwart the hero. He rose when he pleased, went to bed at any hour that suited his convenience, went whithersoever he would, without anyone to question his coming or his going; fished and hunted and worked as the mood prompted him, sweetening his existence with infinite variety; in short, leading a life so utterly free from the social fetters which civilization rivets round the limbs of growing youth, that it is no wonder that his island has been, since Defoe first discovered it, the very Paradise of boys.

The love of independence is an early passion in the human heart. We struggle to be free before we know the meaning of freedom, or could use it if it were attained. The boy forgets, indeed has not lived long enough to be capable of knowing, that the savage independence that so fascinates him, has been bought at the cost of the things best worth having on this side of the grave—at the cost of friendship and affection, and the sweet sympathies that are born of human intercourse. But, can I wonder that the boy ignores all this, when I see that most men ignore it too. A man has a hankering after independence that no slavery can eradicate. He strives after it, as after a birthright. He longs for the time when he shall be independent in the fullest sense. But he was not made to be independent, for he was not meant to be alone, and so long as men live together they cannot be independent of each other. They will be bound together either by ties of mutual help or mutual harm. In fact, like many other strongly pronounced feelings, this passion for independence has its root in that selfishness that would make each man for himself the centre of the universe, and impose on all other beings the law of his own convenience. The man to whom independence becomes an absorbing aim finds all times somewhat out of joint. Hence, it is not in any wise wonderful that strenuous seeking for independence usually involves violation of the most ordinary conditions of human

happiness. Men make mistakes in the selection of their means, or even should they select these prudently, they forget they are but means, and begin to rest in them as if they were themselves the worthiest of ends.

Of course the commonest illustration of this fact is found in the men who set themselves to acquire wealth. At first, doubtless, wealth was not the ultimate end, it was only a means to other ends. Acquired wealth would give a platform from which a man might preach principles—would lift a man to the level on which great achievement was possible. Underneath the muddy current of some ignoble lives there may be hidden golden sands of earlier and better purpose; but these have long since been lost sight of and forgotten. Why, usually, does a man make haste to be rich? Is not the reason told in the very phrase by which the world designates competent wealth—"an independence?" But, often, the aspirant in seeking to be free sells himself into the bitterest bondage. He will hoard to-day that to-morrow he may spend, will fawn now that afterwards he may be free; forgetting that like everything else hoarding and fawning may grow into habits, of which he will not be able to rid himself though he had the wealth of Cræsus.

In other things the same rule holds. A man can attain independence only, by fencing himself in from others somehow—by riches, or by indifference, or some other costly device, and when the fence is made he finds it is of its own nature the straitest of prisons.

A perpetual oscillation goes on in all human things. Nothing keeps its place for a moment. Before your eyes, though you cannot see it, the limestone rock is crumbling away. What was once the mountain summit, shall one day be ground to powder in the lowest sea deeps. But, as one particle goes, another takes its place, and so, in the midst of change, there is preserved an appearance of unchangeableness that is itself the greatest of illusions. But, though all things oscillate, all things oscillate in a very accurate balance. They are never out of the scale—now one beam sinks, now another; but it is always, and in all orders a true principle, and one to be taken into account, no less by the moralist than by the physicist, that it takes a pound to balance a pound. There is no tampering with the scales I speak of. God holds them, they are out of our reach. Tampering of whatever kind must confine itself to the weights; but, though great dexterity may confuse things for a while to the eyes of by-standers, in the long run we must abide by the law, that there is no permanent way of balancing a pound on one side of the scale, except by placing a pound on the other. It is the tritest of truisms when stated as I have been stating it. But is it quite an unheard-of thing for people to ignore a truism when it makes against any pet theory or practice of their own? There really are people who seem to think that less than a pound will balance a pound, that by a nice process of dust-throwing, they may, at all events, so blind their neighbour's eyes, as to make him see an even balance where no even balance is.

If you happen to know anything of that not innumerable class who

speaking more widely than they act ; who promise largely, but fulfil little or nothing ; whose proffered aid and sympathy are largely at the service of those who have no present need of them, but are never known to be available in a real emergency—if you know anything of this class of humanity, you will guess what I mean, when speaking of balances. For these people are amongst those who imagine that less than a pound will balance a pound. They set themselves to buy for mere good words what not words, however good, but good deeds will purchase. It is not precisely by raising hope in the breast of another that you make him your fast friend, but rather by realising any hope you may have raised. Men of the sort I describe have, at least, an average desire for what they deem the good things of life, and amongst these good things they reckon a certain degree of popularity, which accordingly they set themselves to obtain. But they will not pay the lawful price for the article. They say everything, they do nothing. They cumber with help those who need no help, but who can help them. They go about with very cheap wares, which they hope to pawn as goods of value on an unsuspecting public. They smile and they bow, sow hand-shakes broadcast amongst the multitude, say a kind thing to this one, pretend a warm interest in the affairs of this other. They think they are sowing the seeds of popularity, but the crop never ripens. Who so amazed as they, when they find after a time that nobody cares much about them, or relies on anything they say, or expects from them any service that will cost the least trouble. I have said they are amazed, they are more than that—they are indignant. They write the world down ungrateful, and call all men rogues because they were not dupes. But the world is no fool. No dust, however skilfully thrown, will in the long run blind men to the things that merely concern themselves. No one the world is more certain to find out, and no one the world scorns more, than the man who tries to cheat it by making empty words do duty for acts. It is the shortest-sighted of policies. The principle on which it proceeds is this: that good words cost nothing, and may, at the same time, buy things that are valuable ; but both clauses of the proposition are false. Good words cost the only thing worth having. They put in pledge the character for trustworthiness of him who utters them, and if the pledge be not redeemed they leave the utterer a moral bankrupt, and what is worse a fraudulent bankrupt. And, again, there is nothing surer, no law more inevitable in its action than this, that there is nothing for nothing. It is only another way of expressing the law of balance, that only a pound will balance a pound. Whatever I choose to have I must pay for it the price that fate itself has fixed. Success of whatever kind, whether base or noble, is only attainable as the result of achievement, and every stroke of action, of which achievement is made up, has wrought itself irrevocably into character. And as all success is concrete, and must be expressed by the formula, "success plus the person who has succeeded," it behoves a man, while making market for the success he craves, not to forget altogether that personality that must indefinitely modify any success that is attained.



There is nothing for nothing. Even the things that of all others seem gifts, given without our forethought or our asking; nay thrust upon us without any choosing of our own, even for these, fate exacts compensation exactly equivalent. If I am well born, "noblesse oblige," and I am to some extent the slave of my rank. The head of the church becomes the "*servus servorum*." The strong and the beautiful are barred by their strength and their beauty from many not inconsiderable advantages that accompany weakness and plainness. If I am rich, I have many cares and many calls; if I am poor, I have a little hunger, and a great deal of ease. Fame brings the eyes of men upon him who achieves it, but it makes him more or less a public drudge with very little substantial wages, and a great deal of gratuitous criticism. A man's fame robs him of his freedom, and keeps his neck to the collar all the days of his life. Once a man becomes famous his life is never quite his own again, the sweetness of privacy is gone for ever. On the other hand, obscurity leaves a man more free, but his freedom runs in a narrow groove, and the mind contracts itself to the dimensions of the groove. Hitherto, at all events, cultivation of mind has had a rather unfavourable influence on the development of muscle, and the athletes in their turn seem to be all body.

I am fond of seeking instances in life and through nature of this law of compensation. The poets have never come to a decision as to the claims of summer or of winter. There are fine things to be said on all sides, and every side has its drawback. The glow of the fire in the ingle nook makes up for the absence of the summer glow in the sunshine. It is the same story with regard to climates and races, and forms of government—no man has the whole loaf, only a slice that will supply the most pressing wants in what is merely a provisional order of things. There is no getting out of the sphere of action of this law. What, then, is to be done? Make the best of it, to adjust your life—your desires, and your hopes that the inevitable tax may fall where it can most easily be borne. Let the price deduct itself from the least necessary part of your income. Besides, there is another use to be made of this law, as of every rational law. First, obey it wisely, and then find out its meaning. Find out the great central law on which it relies, from which it issues, and into which it flows back. That central law, in the present instance, is this:—Justice presiding over things, human and Divine; a justice which, however things may appear, will have all men pretty nearly on a level; will, at all events, make them start fair, will so handicap them for the race of life that apparent inequalities are nullified. Almost the same event, or a like event, happens to every man—it is only the men to whom they happen who are not the same, who are what they have made themselves by judicious use or unwise neglect of the opportunities which their lives afforded. The sun shines on the just and on the unjust. Objectively considered it is the same sun, but in relation to the man on whom it shines it makes all the difference in the world what class he belongs to. The moral is, whatever is wrong in our lot has been wrought from within, not from without, and we have only ourselves to blame.

I have been casting about to see if there be anything in the world exempt from the action of this inexorable law of nothing for nothing. What comes from unselfishness is most likely to evade this action; selfishness being, in the long run, the most costly of all indulgences. Self-sacrifice, whether in great things or in small, is in reality the best investment, pays best, and with least risk; so that one might say, that here at all events, there is an advantage without any counter-balancing disadvantage. If this be so, as the root of all self-sacrifice is love for something that is not self, it would seem that such love is the one thing that escapes the tax that in other things is so inevitable that it takes the form of a law. Yet, we must be accurate in our estimate. Even here there is a price exacted. We might be sure, *a priori*, that one could scarcely succeed in lulling to sleep the dragon of selfishness, and plucking the golden fruit of the Hesperides of the heart without some trouble and some pain, something that would, so far, to the eyes of ordinary men, look so like a penalty as to make them think that even in this matter the general law met with no exception.

Life is somewhat like a voyage in a balloon. If we would ascend, we first cut the cords that held us to the base earth, and go up gently into the blue ether. But if we want to rise higher and ever higher we must throw out the sand-bags and other ballast. So, if a man will set his heart on sailing up into that pure ether where alone is perfect love, he must throw away, nor count it cost, certain impedimenta that are not to be parted without a pang. Does not the highest love of all exact sacrifices that are so heartrending that it is next to impossible to make them? Is it not hard to hate father and mother, yea, one's own soul? Yet this is the price of that discipleship that places a man upon the heights of life. Love costs. No such benefit as it confers on life and destiny can be had without a price. Often the price is bitter tears, sometimes tears and blood.

It is true that by this perfect love a man is lifted into a region so lofty that he looks down upon the things his success cost as mere trifles, even though the world at large still deems them the very prizes of life. But this very exalted mood is itself one, and not the least, of the results of the sacrifice. It was not present when the sacrifice was being made, else sacrifice there would have been none. There was a time when father's love and mother's love were very dear. There was a time when the heartstrings, taught by blameless nature, twined around many an object not unworthy in itself. They had to be torn away, and the heart was bleeding as it went aloft. There were voices at each stage of the ascent rich with the music of human feeling that pleaded with the pilgrim soul to stay upon the lower levels where the world builds its happy homes, nor seek those summits where (says the world) men lose themselves in fantasy, and go mad with hunger for the human things they have left below. When these voices sounded, it went nigh to break the heart not to hearken. Nay, one was tempted to distrust the higher faith, and looked on every side for justification of what seemed the madness of some delusion. And these things made the cost.

But even the lower affections that aspire not to these lonely heights, even the affections that grow flowerlike beside our hearths and in our homes, even these cost not a little. Once a man loves, he gives out of his own keeping a portion of his life. Ever after his well-being and his peace depend not on himself alone. He has given hostages for whom he is compelled to tremble even when no danger assails himself. He has bound himself to others by a subtle chain, every link of which is electric with shocks of incoming and outgoing sympathy. He may be lapped in peaceful slumber within a citadel which no foe can enter, but all the while the deadliest peril may be the lot of those outside whose lot is linked with his. He may stand secure upon the shore, gathering material for thought and poetry in the roaring of the tempest and the tumult of the sea, never weening that far out beyond the black line, where sky and sea meet to his vision, a bark may be labouring, which, if it come not safe to port, half his own life will be gone for ever. It were easy to be a Stoic where only a man's self were concerned. Poverty, hunger, death, a man may well bear for worthy causes, if only he be a man. At worst, it is only dying a few days, who knows how few, before the time. But Stoicism becomes indefinitely more difficult when it is complicated by those human relations that beget sympathy, which if it double joy by sharing it, also doubles pain by inflicting it on two.

Hunger—ay, but what if the hunger must pass, like a *donatto inter vivos*, from the father to the child, not yet capable of Stoicism on its own little account? It were hard to bear then. So, too, when poverty means, in the long working out of its results, not only bodies starved, but souls starved as well; means not only stinted food and raiment, but stinted culture and a narrowing in of the walls of life, till life seems like a prison-house; means limited opportunities of learning; means that over-estimate of daily bread, and that under-estimate of spiritual sustenance that are the standing temptations of the poor; means the cooping up of the human spirit within a circle as narrow as that which the mill-horse treads when he grinds out the useful corn; means that blindness to the things that ennoble life, and deafness to the sounds that make life glad—in these aspects poverty is very terrible.

All this may seem beside the subject of this lecture, yet it has a closer connection with that subject than may appear at first sight. It clears up the main condition of independence. A man can indulge his affections only by paying away a certain portion of his independence. His spirit may be free as air, he may hold his resolute purpose far beyond the reach of any torture a tyrant can inflict, but it has been, at least from the days of the Maccabees, a favourite device of tyrants to torture parent through children, friend through friend. Now, a heart strong enough to let its strings be torn asunder without a cry, may grow, at the cry of a child, as weak as the heart of a woman, and that woman *not* such a one as was the mother who underwent the sevenfold martyrdom, that in the piling up of its agony was endurable only because the mother's interest in the world on this

side, of the grave grew gradually less, and that in the world beyond immeasurably greater as each child died.

Yes, all are vulnerable save the heartless. But who is there that would not hold it better to die of a wound than to be incapable of being stricken. When that sorrow, the commonest of all that comes through, others, the sorrow that comes from the death of those we love, strikes people for the first time, they are apt to think, and even to say, that it were better love no one than love those who die, better have a heart hard as the nether millstone than one susceptible of such wounds as death deals to survivors. But, oh, how false!—How ungrateful to forget the former joys that were possible only to a heart capable of missing them so bitterly. The friend is dead, but not dead, for it cannot die, is the memory of the days that were hallowed by affection, and that give earnest of a future, where the parted streams shall flow together again and for ever. Besides, these shocks have blessed use. They detach us. It were hard to die if all we loved were here to leave behind, but not hard when those are gone before who, if souls die not, nor change their essence, will meet us on the further side of the dim, dark sea that flows between the living and the dead. The ghosts beckon us with their shadowy arms, and sometimes the voices of the dead draw us like songs of sirens.

Who that had a friend that died could bear an earthly immortality, even though, unlike that of Tithonus, it were accompanied by everlasting youth? Nay, what a doom it were to live on earth for ever wearing the mask of everlasting youth, while underneath the soul grew old and wrinkled with the myriad lines of experience. What a doom it were to make friends with happy children, mortal sons of mortal men, who could, when the cup of earthly experience grew too full or too bitter, empty it into eternity, and who never suspected the dread secret that made the doomed one unfit for human friendship. To see these children grow up and grow old with one after another of the blessed signs of age, then to see them die, and to know that never again through all the long eternity might he look upon their faces any more! Just imagine such a being after an experience of two or three hundred years. Would he not fly from the face of men, and dread nothing so much as a new friendship? For a century he might get on admirably. He might even have a certain consolation in seeing his friend through all the vicissitudes of life, might force back his tears when they parted for ever on the edge of that land shut against him alone of mortal men. The web is broken and swept away that he had been spinning for a human lifetime. Then emulating the perseverance, heroic in little, of the spider, he might begin again in a new generation. But never could he weave again as he wove of old. The past would throw its shadow on the present, and an intolerable light would glare on all human things, from the inevitable future.

Legend has hinted the character I have been imagining in the mediæval story of the "Wandering Jew," and popular instinct has rightly seen a curse in the prolonged existence of Cartaphilus. But even his story has not a tithe of the horror of that which I strove to

picture. He has the consolation of a purpose, the purpose of expiation, through which he sees an ending. He tends ever to a goal which he is sure to reach. However long his way, it is but a pilgrimage—he never makes a home.

From the fact that we can never be independent of the things we love, and from the additional fact that the capacity and the exercise of affection is needful to the perfection of human character, we may infer that we were never meant to be absolutely independent, and that such absolute independence, even if it were attainable, would be the greatest of all misfortunes. There are some most certain moral truths that sound like paradoxes. The more a man loves the less is he independent; but the more a man loves, and the more worthily, the more does he approach the possession of that perfect freedom which is as far above mere independence as the poor harvest of any joy that may accrue from selfishness is below the ecstatic fulness of the Beatific Vision.

The independence that is worth having is independence of the things that are not worth caring for. The independence which it would be madness to seek, and death to attain, is independence of the worthy objects of human affection. Weigh all things, love those that are worthy, love the worthiest most, and you will find yourself in the possession of exactly that amount of independence that it is well for you to have.

All this, however, has reference to that spiritual independence that has its throne in the inner sanctuary, and that affects chiefly a man's own personality. There is a coarser kind of independence that exists on a lower level of human life, of which it may be proper to speak a little. It is the independence that secures to a man the management of his own life without undue interference from outside. Such independence is dear, and reasonably dear to every man who can conceive its value. But observe, I say "undue" interference. And I say so because a man ought to manage his life rationally, and if the right reason be not in him, or if it be in temporary abeyance, it would be simply a calamity to him that it should not be supplied by the interference of others, whether that interference take the shape of law with its sanction, or the shape of influence more or less accentuated by those who have a claim to use it.

A man may carry on his life, though not without some hard knocks from circumstances, with very little regard to logic. He can entertain ideas which are kept from flatly contradicting each other only by never being brought face to face. He can wish the end, and turn from the means with unconcealed disgust. He may not only entertain a family of incompatible desires, but he may seek to gratify them all till fate brings his head into smart collision with one of those walls which it builds for the heads of the unwise. Often a man will spend his whole life in trying to eat his loaf, and yet have it, in striving to solve that problem of the moral squaring of the circle, in such wise that all extremes will meet in his single self. These things being so, it is not wonderful that men will sometimes seek independence by roads that end inevitably in bondage. It will

be practical, then, to glance at a few of the conditions under which alone a man need hope to secure the independence of which I speak, that independence that will place in his own hand as much of his life as his hand can hold.

First, then, such independence rigorously exacts the absence of undue pretension. A man must seek to be independent only within the limits of that sphere in which he really is, and really acts. He must be content to be himself nor seek to pawn himself off for something better or more useful. The slavery of most lives comes from men asking from the world more than they are really worth. They have not the essential *quid pro quo*, and quite naturally they eke out their insufficient worth by the adventitious aids of servility. But there are none of the prizes of life that are not too dearly bought if they cost a man's real self. If a man stand, say, five feet ten upon the solid earth, he has a grip of it, so to speak; and hardly any one will try to trip him up. But if he perch himself upon some stool or other, and proclaim to passers by that he is seven feet high, there arises a temptation, irresistible by average humanity, to kick the stool from under him and leave him sprawling in the gutter.

Above all, if you want to be independent, take care both to know and to do your proper work. The doing of a man's duty is the only real charter of his independence. It bestows upon a man's life a dignity on which few will infringe, and a freedom which, whoever seeks to violate, will put himself inevitably in the wrong. I know a man who is always rather taken by a touch of impudence in a new servant. He concludes that if he were not a good servant, he could scarcely afford to be impudent so soon. This may be carrying the matter too far; but there is a certain vein of likelihood in it, and, at all events, the man who does his work well may look the world in the face. Half the cringing and fawning that goes on in the world is an instinctive sacrifice to abstract justice by men who have an uneasy consciousness of duties neglected and claims unsatisfied.

## THANKS.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

I HAVE read thy poems through,  
And have paused o'er every line,  
Till a meaning half divine  
From their deep-veiled beauty grew :

Till the ocean's mighty roll,  
And the solitary seas,  
In wild storm and gentle breeze,  
Thrilled their glory through my soul.

I have traced upon the page,  
'Mid the flow of stately rhymes,  
Genius in the far-off times—  
Deeds of soldier and of sage.

Dreams of kindred with the skies—  
Visions fair as setting sun,  
When a summer's day is done,  
At thy magic strains arise.

But this simple song to-day  
Was the first to draw my tears,  
For an hour in other years,  
And a hope that died away ;

For a dumb and bitter grief,  
Which I thought alone was mine,  
Till it speaks in words of thine,  
And finds comfort and relief.

And I thank thee from my heart,  
Though this wound must still be sore,  
Till that heart can feel no more—  
*Thou* hast felt its keenest smart.

# PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF JOSHUA J. JONES, JUNIOR. ESQ.

BY ISAAC TUXTON.

**J**OSHUA J. JONES was born, like other great characters, while yet young. Thoughtful men were not slow in perceiving that he was as broad as he was long. From the first moment that Joshua could dig his little fist into his nurse's eye, he did so. He felt himself to be no ordinary baby. He made everybody else feel it too: which they did, particularly the nurse's eye.

As Joshua grew up, he grew out too; out and stout he grew, so that in a few years not only was he as broad as he was long, but he was as thick as he was broad. Mathematicians enthusiastically declared over and over again that he reminded them of a parallelopipedal rhombus. That remarkable figure is a solid with all its sides equal. Sporting men, who took an interest in the lad, laid heavy bets as to which side would win. Two to one was freely offered on the width, thickness was backed heavily for the second place, but betting on the height was shy, and its backers would take no odds less than five to one, which they easily got. Finally, no money changed hands, the race was declared a tie, and Joshua remains to the present day a parallelopipedal rhombus.

An anecdote of his early childhood may prove not uninteresting here. His grandfather, after whom the boy took in character and appearance, doted on him. The child regarded the old man with all that intense reverence which children have for elderly parties who stuff them with tarts and lollipops. For some years nothing occurred to mar the sweet interchange of affection between the interesting pair. When Joshua was five years old, happening to be alone with a pet cat, he had remarked that on applying a red-hot poker to her tail, the lively animal bounded into the air with a wild shriek, and on alighting on the floor, without looking to the right or left, sprang through a pane of plate glass into a back garden, and was never heard of afterwards. This event filled the little man with childlike wonder. He kept the matter to himself with a view to repeating the experiment whenever an opportunity offered. Not long after he found himself alone with his grandfather in the same room from which the cat had bounded. He had been having the usual supply of lollipops on the knee of grandpapa, who was now slumbering sweetly in his easy chair. The poker was red-hot in the fire. Joshua, in his childlike way, began to speculate what grandpapa would do, supposing the pet cat experiment were tried upon him. Would he, too, bound into the air with a wild shout, and then jump, body and bones, out through the window and disappear as the cat had done? The bright little fellow felt that his grandfather's disappearance would involve considerable loss to himself in lollipops. But lollipops had no great attractions for him just then.



After a moment's reflection, he determined not to let slip this golden opportunity; he was master of the situation. Whipping the poker out of the fire, he slipped under the arm-chair, and applied the burning iron to the venerable calf of grandpapa's leg. With a roar that shook the house, the old gentleman did his best to imitate the cat, but the cosmical law of gravitation was too much for him, and, twenty-stone as he was, he fell back into his chair, puffing, snorting, and roaring in a truly awful manner. Upon this, little Joshua, much disappointed, tried what effect a longer application of the poker to the other leg would have. The result exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Emitting a noise, the like of which it was declared had never before been heard in that neighbourhood, J. J. Jones, sen., bounded to the door, then, *citius dicto*, cleared three flights of stairs, upsetting the butler and the hall-clock in his headlong career, and with a supreme effort shot through the hall-door, which the footman had the presence of mind to fling wide open on seeing his master approach. The stalwart forms of three Metropolitan policemen, chatting on the flags, received the tremendous impact of twenty stone. Their otherwise robust constitutions experienced a rude shock. "Not dead but speechless," they one and all replied to the sympathising mob which speedily collected and inquired into the injuries sustained by the prostrate and shattered officers of justice. Six able-bodied men succeeded with great effort in bearing the exhausted J. J. Jones, sen., to his couch. The rest of that sorrowing crowd accompanied the remains of the three policemen to the nearest hospital where they lingered for some weeks, very much to their own satisfaction. When they resumed their "beats," they were wiser and fatter men. Our hero was found rolling on the ground in convulsions of laughter, and already getting black in the face. He was very properly whipped and sent to bed without his tea. Though his grandfather forgave him, he took care never to be alone with him again to the last day of his life.

Joshua had always had a soft heart. When he got old enough to be romantic, Dickens's Dora Spenlow's dog Jip made a deep impression on him. He resolved to have a dog Jip, who should cherish him during life, and die of a broken heart at his funeral. His first Jip was a young but healthy bull-dog. To keep him small, he gave him large doses of whiskey. Jip took kindly to the drink; grew big, blear-eyed and bloated; got delirium tremens of an aggravated type three times; and at last, after a tremendous spree with some other jolly dogs in the neighbourhood, died of spontaneous combustion. Drinking was this dog's only fault. He was nobody's enemy but his own. Joshua, with tears in his eyes, collected the remains of his humble friend, and consigned them, with an aching heart, to a neighbouring ashpit.

The second Jip was a Scotch terrier from the Isle of Sky, with all the marauding instincts of his Highland ancestors strong within him. He was bright, beautiful, and buff-coloured. He hated rats, cats, and policemen; he loved Joshua, beef-steaks, chops, and fowl of every description. This dog died of a broken heart. It was broken

by a carriage and pair rolling over him while engaged in the middle of the street disputing with an Irish terrier as to their respective rights to a chicken which the Irish dog had managed, with considerable difficulty, to secure from a poulterer's round the corner.

In the congenial society of the third Jip, Joshua forgot many of the sorrows and many of the debts of this miserable world. That elegant brute, a magnificent Newfoundland, was endowed with many noble qualities. He divided his time pretty equally between eating, sleeping, and barking in a judicious manner. For some years he displayed, on many trying occasions, uncommon shrewdness and common sense. Like his master, he was of a pensive cast of mind. Often did Josh and he, for hours together, sit by the melancholy ocean, meditating on the vanity of all things, human and canine. In the prime of this dog's life, when his appetite was little short of amazing, and his barking more judicious than ever, his mind began to give way. He grew so abstracted, that he paid little or no attention to where he was going: more than once he mistook the window for the door, and fell down heights varying from fifteen to thirty feet.

When he was recovering from the third of these falls, on one occasion, at the sea-side, he took his master out with him for a turn on the pier. After a careful turn or two, he forgot himself, and tumbled into the sea. Losing whatever little presence of mind was left him, he went down head foremost. His bushy tail alone remained visible, helplessly floating on the surface of the deep. Joshua, whose habitual rig was severely nautical, without a moment's hesitation peeled off his monkey jacket, kicked his boots into the sea, confided his watch and purse to a gentleman standing by (whom he never saw again), pulled his glazed hat tightly over his eyes for fear of catching cold, and sprang frantically at Jip's rapidly sinking tail. He clutched it with both hands, tugged, and righted Jip. Then, and not till then, he remembered that he himself could not swim a stroke. Owing, however, to his peculiar parallelopipedal figure, he found he could not sink. He shouts lustily for help. Boats put off from all sides to his aid. When they come up, the gallant fellow, still keeping Jip's head over water by pulling his tail, insists on the dog's being taken in first. This done, the boatmen, in respectful silence, endeavoured, one after the other, to pull the master into their boats. Their utmost efforts are of no avail. What is to be done? After a long and animated discussion, a gray-haired mariner proposed that they should take his honour in tow. This scheme was submitted to Joshua, who graciously signified his unqualified approval. A rope was then made fast to Joshua and to three of the stoutest crafts that had come to the rescue. The other boats formed solemnly and silently in procession. All being now ready, the word is given, and slowly, but majestically, they bear down upon the shore. A German band, deeply touched by the whole scene, disinterestedly struck up "See! the Conquering Hero comes," as the procession neared the land. By this time, thousands of excited and admiring spectators line the beach. Their enthusiastic cheers rend the heavens, as our

hero appears bobbing up and down on the rolling billows. Right gracefully does he wave his hat and duck his head by way of bowing his acknowledgments.

The events of that morning had completed the work of destruction for some time going on in Jip's mental faculties. He was now a raving lunatic. The moment the keel grated on the shell-strewn beach, he dashed upon the German band, leaped clean through and through the big drum, and then, with method in his madness, proceeded to make dreadful havoc among the garments of all that he could lay paws or jaws upon. "Police! police!" was shouted on all sides. In accordance with the immutable principles of the Force, that useful body had retired to their barracks in good order on hearing the first indications of the tumult.

A body of militia, training in a neighbouring field, were quickly marched to the spot. Jip charged them unhesitatingly. The gallant corps delivered a withering volley of blank cartridges full in the face of the terrible foe. Fortunately five or six ramrods had been left in the barrels of the muskets. Some of these saved the heroic band from utter rout. As it was, considerably more than three-fourths had flung away their guns and fled precipitately, immediately after their first desperate stand.

Pierced by two well-aimed ramrods, Jip fell, severely but not mortally wounded. In all the silent manliness of grief, Joshua knelt, bathed in salt water, beside his friend struck down in the full bloom of youth and madness. Weakened as he was by pain and loss of blood, he seemed to have recovered his senses, and he gratefully licked his master's hand as he drew the ramrods from the wounds which were then dressed, and the bleeding stopped with handkerchiefs supplied by the crowd. The people, at first so interested in Jip's fate, then pained and disturbed by his unaccountable and seemingly ungrateful behaviour, and demanding in vain legal protection and redress, again became sympathetic, and were easily persuaded that the dog's extraordinary behaviour was owing to a mistaken view which he had taken of the situation, supposing that the crowd and the German band were making a pretence of a sympathy and admiration they did not feel. A shutter having been procured from a public-house, four strong men volunteered to carry him to the establishment of an eminent veterinary physician. This gentleman, having heard that Mr. Jones was ready to pay any sum to save the life and intellect of his friend, examined the dog, looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, and, making up his mind to shoot him as soon as ever he got strong enough to be mischievous, declared, in a scientific tone of voice, that, firstly, though the flexors and extensors of the dextral ambulatory member, together with the pectoral and lateral muscles, were rudely lacerated, and though the sinister femur had sustained a compound fracture, still the case was not beyond the power of science; secondly, that the temporary paroxysm was not *rabies*, properly so called, but was produced by febrile irritation consequent on a cataclysm of bile, superinduced by his erroneous impression of some of that morning's proceedings. Greatly relieved by this intelligent diagnosis, the

crowd, after cheering Jones, Jip, and the doctor, cheerfully dispersed.

With tears in his eyes, Joshua grasped the learned man's hand in both of his, and implored of him to bring all the resources of science, regardless of expense, to work together for the recovery of his friend and companion. "I will not conceal from you, sir," replied the doctor, "the difficulty of the undertaking which you have confided to my care; but my trust is in science, and in the name of science I accept this pledge of your generous faith in the healing art." A course of Turkish baths, daily bleedings, and other energetic remedies were prescribed for Jip, which judicious treatment was expensive, and kept the dog alive without letting him get strong. Joshua visited the patient daily, and sat by his couch for hours, anticipating his every want, and soothing him by caressing his fevered brow. The poor dog was happy while his master was with him, and howled dismally when he left. Often did that howl pierce Joshua's heart, and at last he offered to remain constantly by the side of Jip. This would have interfered with the judicious treatment aforesaid; and so the surgeon represented to Mr. Jones that in the long run the dog would not be benefited by his continual presence, and he himself would run the risk of undermining his constitution, and so depriving the community of his valuable services. With difficulty the views of the medical man prevailed. Sad at heart, Joshua took leave of Jip, promising to be with him early next morning. His farewell howl that evening seemed to Joshua more harrowing than ever, and he resolved, come what might, to have the dog taken home next day. That night the eminent physician gave Jip his last dose of physic. It was principally composed of strychnine.

Jones was somewhat surprised next morning, when approaching the veterinary establishment, to hear no moan or howl. The sad, sympathetic looks of the men about the place, who had learned to feel for the mad dog's friend, disturbed him. With a heart full of undefined forebodings he approached Jip's room. His good friend, the doctor, met him, coming from the chamber of death, where he had been laying out the remains of the victim of science, and broke the sad news as gently as he could to the bereaved Jones. He said that science had done all it could, which was a great comfort to think of now; but science was not as yet omnipotent. "Our dear friend," he went on to say, "last night succumbed to an unexpected and virulent gastric attack. He was not alone in his agony. It was short. I closed his eyes myself. Come and see how composed he looks, now that the world and the things of the world disturb him not, for he sleeps the sleep of death." So saying, he took Joshua by the hand, and led him to where Jip lay.

"The lesson, my dear young friend," said the doctor, "that we should all learn from his untimely fate is, that a noble heart and a high character will avail a dog but little without a well-balanced brain." Joshua was still stunned by the unlooked-for blow, and let his comforter run on without interruption. He felt grateful, however, for the low, silvery voice with which he tried to console the

mourner. "The spirit has fled," pursued the kind-hearted physician; "but, you will perceive, the skin remains, and but slightly injured. I have always maintained that the most touching way to testify one's esteem for deceased friends is to get them stuffed, which can be done for about £5 (carriage paid); and I have an intimate friend, than whom (though I say it, who shouldn't) no man can stuff better."

This was some sad comfort; so, wringing the surgeon's hand, and pressing his purse into it, Joshua told him to spare no expense in the stuffing. Which he certainly did not. He stuffed Jip in the most elaborate and life-like manner. The dog had never stuffed himself half so artistically. When word was sent to Joshua that his stuffed friend was come back per rail from the metropolis, and was now ready for delivery, he caused him to be fitted up in his study, that he might never be tempted to forget him in a successor. He felt that his heart could never again be moved by dog. But time heals deepest grief-wounds, and in six weeks Jip's form had shrunk, and—something which rhymes with shrunk—in spite, or, perhaps, because of the elaborate stuffing on which the eminent physician had spared no expense. Meanwhile, Joshua J. Jones had learned to smile again. And so, even as he had consigned to the nearest ashpit the first of his dogs, to the same resting-place the remains of his third and last Jip were now committed; while his own complex character underwent further developments, the account of which may perhaps, at some future day, interest and edify the thinking world.

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## SOME RECENT POETRY.

BY WILFRID MENNELL.

WHEN Solomon said, three thousand years ago, that of making books there was no end, he gave utterance to an assertion which has been a truism in every succeeding age; and which certainly loses none of its force in its application to our own. Thousands of volumes are every year issued from the press, and of these a far larger number are devoted to the interests of the Muses than most of us are, or have any need to be, aware. Barely to enumerate the titles of the books of English verse published during the last year or two would require considerable space. It is not our intention in the present paper to set about so profitless a task; we simply propose to select from the recently published works of some of our minor bards two or three, which more than ordinarily challenge attention, and which

may in many ways be taken as typical of the rest; and our notice even of these volumes, must of necessity be only cursory, and will be less critical than expository.

To begin with Sebastian Evans, who was already known as the author of *Brother Fabian's Manuscript, and other Poems*, when the volume with which we are concerned, entitled *In the Studio*, more recently made its appearance. A decade of original poems forms the portion of the volume to which the title *In the Studio* directly applies, and the remaining portion consists of a series of translations, of which we shall have a word to say anon. The original poems deal mostly with legendary, mediæval, and artistic subjects; and Dr. Evans has certainly caught the spirit of the times and topics of which he treats; nor has he failed to render it in very musical and finished verse. We may observe, in passing, that he makes frequent use, and very successfully, of the *Terna Rima*—a favourite form of composition with Italian poets, but one which has been prudently avoided by our own, who have to write in a language less susceptible of rhyme. His style is always vigorous and manly, and his touches of nature are genuine and full of beauty. We would gladly, did our space permit, quote from the beautiful poem on *Michael Angelo and his Madonna*, and from the *Monologue in a Studio*, where an artist's and a picture-dealer's views of art are well and wittily contrasted; but, perhaps, the quaint mediæval story of *Dudman in Paradise*, with its medley of piety and of irreverence, will give a better idea of Dr. Evans' characteristic tone and style than any other of his pieces. The poet, at the outset, divests himself of personal responsibility for the story, which must, he says, be all a strange mistake—

"Or I, who weave it in my rhymes uncouth,  
Do touching heavenly things false doctrine hold."

Dudman, the principal actor in the poem, was "the neediest villein" of the Earl Fulke Fitzurse, and both the rich noble and the poor hind died, as it chanced, upon the same Christmas eve, though in a very different fashion.

"Most meritoriously the earl took leave  
Of this vain world, with all its pomps and pride:  
Clean shrift he made, and many a holy vow,  
As Christian earl became at Christmas tide.  
His soul he willed to heaven: the out-lying plough  
Of arable to Saint Werewulf's, with release  
From fine or claim: Saint Werewulf holds it now.  
Moreover, in expectance of decease,  
He made great oath that, if God took him hence,  
He would, with Ralph Grentmeynell, die in peace,  
And bear no further malice. Penitence  
So full, said Bishop Wulstan, ne'er before  
Gladdened the heart of angels. Forty pence  
Bequeathed he also to relieve a score  
Of crippled tradesmen at the Maunday dole,  
Beside his gifts to Wulstan and the four  
Who aye sings Mass in chantrey for his soul.  
In brief, no temporal earl e'er slipped his clay  
With fairer claim to saintly gloriole."

Poor Dudman went "less orthodox a way," "the churchmen all being busy with the Earl;" but "Cis, the good housewife, bade him be of cheer," and he prayed such simple prayers as villeins pray. An angel waited for the Earl's soul, and at the moment of death conducted him, in company with St. Michael, towards the gate of heaven; but the hind was left to take care of himself, and hardly knew which way to go, until, seeing the Earl and his guides ascending a little in front of him, he prudently determined to follow in their wake. As they proceeded on their way—

"A joyous dawn-like glow  
In front waxed bright and brighter ever more.  
No need to tell whence that sweet sheen should flow,  
For even the villain felt that aught so fair  
Only the Lord's own paradise could show.  
And now, the last ridge mounted, o'er the bare  
And desolate waste of rocks and desert sand  
They hailed the city of God with silent prayer.  
Clear shone the inviolate walls on either hand,  
League after league, a girdle as of morn:  
Golden, their gold was of the Sinless Land,  
Self-lustrous, roseate—not the dross forlorn,  
That only to the living seems divine,  
But ore in Eden, not in Ophir born.  
And o'er the bulwarks, builded as of wine  
Smitten to stone, they saw tall citadels  
Of crystal in interminable line,  
Cresting the scarp, and broad-winged sentinels  
Tramping full-armed between in twos and threes,  
On pathways paven as with tips of shells;  
And, crown of all celestial mysteries,  
Spring in sunbright splendour o'er the whole—  
The temple-palace where God sits and sees  
Flashed rainbow-wrought—the eternal capitol  
That veils the ineffable shrine and throne above,  
And fills the land with glory, as the soul  
Within makes lovely the bright eyes we love.  
That light the city's life-blood seemed to be,  
And swift throughout with living pulse to move."

We are loath to pass on from this magnificent description—perhaps, the finest passage in the book—to tell what happened when the angels with the Earl, and the hind, who kept out of sight, approached the Gates of Light. St. Peter was there to receive them, and

"A burst of trancing sound through Eden rang,  
As now revolving, heaven's imperial key  
Traversed the maze of amethystine wards,  
And rolling back the diamond bolts, set free  
The aye-inviolable gate that guards  
The glories of the paradise of God."

The janitor of Heaven immediately recognised the noble, of whom St. Michael declared with a piquancy which in its proper place would be altogether delightful, that

"Never yet did Earl evince  
Such piety as he, when he waxed worse,  
Ten days before he died."

whereupon, he was permitted to pass through, and to become "in Heaven itself a freeman of the land." The trembling villein, who had hitherto been unperceived, attempted to cross the blessed threshold at the same moment, but St. Peter, catching sight of him, and calling him a vile churl, bade him begone.

"With rueful face  
The villein eyed the saint from top to toe,  
And, seeing he bore no staff, took heart of grace :  
'Sir Janitor,' quoth he, 'three hours ago  
'Tis true I was a villein, but the cock  
Which called me forth to labour with his crow  
Ne'er smote my conscience with so smart a shock  
As that which crew when thou deniedst thy Lord !  
And now why He, thy Master, called thee Rock ;  
Full well I see, for well thy words accord,  
Thou stony-hearted !"

The apostle quails, and calls to his assistance St. Thomas and St. Paul, between each of whom and the churl a similar scene ensues. Things seem likely to fare badly with the villein, when a company of angels is seen approaching—

"And in the midst, Himself, a light that cast  
A shadow even from angel-glorioles,  
Yet sweet as darkness to hot eyes, there passed  
The Holy Shepherd, only Lord of souls,  
Whose love knows nought of earthly, small nor great,  
But all He made still succours and controls.

The three saints stood shamefaced in the presence of their Lord, to whom the villein bowed the knee, "and whispered, trembling, his unlessoned prayer." He told Him how he had withstood the saints who would have driven him hence ; how, while he was on earth, he had denied himself of his needs to serve those who were needier ; had received the teaching of the Church with simple faith, and had kept himself unspotted from the world. "I will ne'er misdoubt," he concludes,

"That even for me thy Precious Blood was spilt :  
Still to thy promise yield I faith devout,  
Which saith that him who cometh unto Thee,  
Dear Jesus, Thou in no wise wilt cast out !"  
He ceased, and heaven was mute. With wordless plea,  
Imploping answer, crept he suppliant-wise  
Anigh the Lord of lords, and clasped his knee,  
And gazed unfaltering into God's dread eyes.  
Then spake the holiest : 'I have heard thy prayer  
Long since, and willed thee to my paradise,  
Thou last of all my brethren ! Equal heir  
With saints and martyrs, nor of less esteem  
Than they who erst did crown and sceptre bear :  
Enter, thou faithful servant, nor misdeem  
Whate'er thine eyes have seen, thine ears have heard !  
In heaven as earth, things are not what they seem !"



The concluding line is probably intended as an apology for the grotesqueness of the story, which, viewed as a reflection from the mediæval mind, has a certain psychological interest; and the poet, as we have said, does not endorse the story; he only narrates it. We should not gather from his poems that Dr. Evans held any definite religious belief; but his pages are entirely free from the unhappy hostility to Christian faith, and the offensive disregard of Christian morality, which are terribly characteristic of so much of our recent poetry. We cannot pass on from Dr. Evans' works without a reference to his scholarly translations from the Latin poems of Jean de Gerson, the celebrated mediæval Chancellor of the University of Paris. These verses are distinctively religious; and the modern Catholic reader will find himself altogether in sympathy with the old poet, who sings "In praise of the life monastic," and lovingly invokes the Mother-maiden; who bids the Pagan muse begone, because "Jesus is his love alone," and who closes his poems with the half ecstatic exclamation of that most sweet and sacred Name.

Altogether different to Dr. Evans, both in his matter and in his manner, is Philip Bourke Marston, the author of *Song Tide, and other Poems*—a volume published in 1874, and since followed by a series of *Poems and Sonnets*, entitled *All in All*. Mr. Marston's style is far less finished than that of Dr. Evans, but, on the other hand, it is more poetically fervent. He sings of love—love in tears and in smiles, in agonies, and in ecstasies—always and only of love. He views everything in nature by the light of this one-absorbing passion. The moon leans from heaven like a lady from a balcony; the birds sing to him of a fair woman; the flowers are redolent of her; and the sea at night seems to him to move

"Like a most passionate maiden who in sleep  
Laughs low and tosses in a dream of love."

He declares that he comes to us in the capacity of a poet to preach to us "the Gospel" of his Beloved's life.

We all of us know what sad mistakes have been made by critics in their under-valuation of poetic merit in young and contemporary writers; we remember how Byron was told that he had considerable talents, but that they must be devoted to anything rather than poetry; how poor Keats—with an undeveloped genius, inferior only to Shakspeare's and Milton's—was coarsely told to go back to his gallipots; and how Jeffrey—that most unpoetical of poetical critics—commenced his criticism of "The Excursion" in the *Edinburgh* with the ominous fiat: *This will never do!* But it often happens now, that reviewers err on the side of leniency, and that critics take to themselves a kind of poetic license, to say more by way of compliment than they really mean. For instance, a critic writing of Mr. Marston's earlier volume, says:—"He has made himself master of the sonnet form—one of the most perilous and artificial of poetic forms, and one, too, of the most wearisome in inadequate hands; Mr. Marston masters it, and makes it serve him." Everyone knows,

or ought to know, at this time of day, that the sonnet is a very definite and fixed form of composition—that in the correct Petrarchan type it is divided into quatrains and tercets, which must follow, certain rules of rhyme laid down by the great Italian masters; and, moreover, that there is not only a Sonnet form, but also a Sonnet idea. Now, of all Mr. Marston's Sonnets, we do not remember any one that embodies the Sonnet idea, while a very small proportion of them are correct in form; and we cannot help thinking that Mr. Marston, who must know so much better than his critic, might in common modesty have restrained his enterprising publishers in Piccadilly from placing this very undeserved encomium upon their advertisement of his work. Without, however, overlooking his serious defects, we gladly accord to Mr. Marston the praise of having done some very good work in sonnets, and, let us add, some still better work in other forms of metrical composition, to which, we trust, he will devote a larger space in the volume he has now in preparation.

What Mr. Disraeli said in old days of Lord Cranbourne's speeches may be very truly said of Mr. Marston's sonnets—"They want finish." He makes, for instance, frequent use of such rhymes as *trees* and *peace*, *days* and *face*, *queen* and *in*, *mouth* and *sooth*, *laid* and *shed*, *foam* and *dumb*, *way* and *away*, *house* and *boughs*, *aloof* and *love*. We are quite inclined to grant great technical liberty to a poet; but surely such irregularities as these are wholly inadmissible in a sonnet, which, more than any other form of composition, should be perfectly exquisite in workmanship. To be sure, Mr. Marston does not allow himself the extraordinary license of Mr. George Barlow—another recent writer of fervent verse, expressive, for the most part, of a passionate worship of beauty—who, with a reckless audacity of workmanship, lets his sonnets run on to any number of lines, sometimes, indeed, making a mock pretence of correctness by breaking off at the end of the fourteenth line in the middle of a sentence, and commencing the fifteenth on a new page! If Mr. Marston had ever perpetrated such barbarisms as these, his best sonnets would not have atoned for the offence. We quote the two following as fairly average specimens of his work, only premising that the "separation" to which they severally refer is of a wholly different kind; in the first case it is the long, unbroken separation of death, and in the second, the temporary separation of living friends:

" WAS IT FOR THIS ?

" Was it for this we met three years ago :  
Took hands, spake low, sat side by side, and heard  
The sleeping trees beneath us touched and stirred  
By some mild twilight wind as soft as snow,  
And with the sun's late kisses still aglow ?  
Was it for this the end was so deferred ?  
For this thy lips at last let through the word  
That saved my soul, as all Love's angels know ?  
Was it for this, that sweet word being said,  
We kissed and clung together in our bliss,  
And walked within Love's sunlight and Love's shade ?

Was it for this—to dwell henceforth apart,  
One housed with death, and one with beggared heart?  
Nay, surely, love, it was for more than this."

"COMFORT IN ABSENCE.

"Oh, love, remember, when between us lies  
The bitter, barren sea, the dreary land,  
How utterly alone I then shall stand.  
Lo! not with thine, but with my sadder eyes,  
Look thou upon the cold, un pitying skies;  
Or, when glad birds beneath thy window band—  
As when we, silent, sitting hand in hand,  
Watched the gray, windless autumn morning rise—  
Since I would have my soul still beat in thine,  
Be sad for me: and in thy spirit say,  
'How dark for him and desolate this day,  
From gray beginning unto gray decline.'  
So I shall gather strength to go my way,  
Feeling thy soul compassionating mine."

The comfort spoken of in this last sonnet seems to us of a somewhat sorry sort; and we cannot help thinking how far more beautifully and poetically the same subject might have been treated by a Catholic hand—nay, *has* been so treated by Miss Alice Thompson in the following sonnet, which must take its place as a gem in the crown of Recent Poetry:

"THOUGHTS IN SEPARATION.

"We never meet; yet we meet day by day  
Upon those hills of life, dim and immense,  
The good we love, and sleep, our innocence.  
O hills of life, high hills! and higher than they  
Our guardian spirits meet at prayer and play:  
Beyond pain, joy, and hope, and long suspense,  
Above the summits of our souls, far hence,  
An angel meets an angel on the way.  
Beyond all good I e'er believed of thee,  
Or thou of me, these always love and live.  
And though I fail of thy ideal of me,  
My angel falls not short; they greet each other;  
Who knows? they may exchange the kiss we give,  
Thou to thy crucifix, I to my mother."

Before leaving Mr. Marston, and bringing this paper to a close, we have some general remarks to make in connection with two faults we find in his work, and which are also characteristic faults of the school of Recent Poetry which we have selected him to represent. We have already premised that we are writing less from the standpoint of a literary critic than an everyday reader; and, therefore, the remarks we are about to make cannot be objected to as mere matters of sentiment, or be called—as Mr. Swinburne has called the justly severe strictures of critics on the immorality of his writings—impertinently irrelevant.

Every poet has a mission to perform. He is not merely a singer; he is also an interpreter and a teacher. Our first quarrel with Mr. Marston is, that he teaches us nothing; that he is only, what he

candidly calls himself, "a minstrel singing in the night sad things and strange." Outside the Catholic Church, religion is shrouded in a doubt and an uncertainty, which are very freely expressed by the majority of the poets of the day, from the Laureate downwards; they have nothing definite to tell or to teach us—not even a definite Protestantism. Mr. John Charles Earle—himself a poet—wrote, some years ago, an article in the *Catholic World* to exhibit the Catholic aspects of Mr. Tennyson's work; and, in the current number of *The Christian Apologist*, the same writer has endeavoured to show that Mr. Tennyson is a profoundly Christian poet, who has done much to form the Christian character of his readers. We do not find ourselves altogether able to agree with Mr. Earle. Such poems as "The Eve of St. Agnes," "St. Simon Stylites," and "The Holy Grail," are lovely portraits indeed, but they do not live; they are wanting in precisely that warmth and reality which the touch of faith alone can give. They are the poetical counterparts of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Madonna in the National Gallery, and they might just as well be Venuses as Virgins. The Laureate handles with equal grace a Christian or a classical subject; and we can never be sure that he throws his personality into the one more than the other. His Christianity, if we judge aright, is altogether indefinite; it "faintly trusts a larger hope," and it "gropes in darkness up to God." We could hardly expect it to be otherwise. Religious mistiness is a characteristic of the age in which we live; and the natural expression of it in the poetry of the age will have a pathetic interest for after-generations, even when the mists have cleared away, and the beauty of God's Church has been made manifest to men.

Mr. Marston goes further on the road to doubt than Mr. Tennyson, and is more religiously indefinite. It is recorded in the biography of Elizabeth Fry—the quaker lady, whose name is so prominently connected with prison reform—that it was her habit in early life to begin her prayers with the ejaculation: "O God, if there be a God!" and this is very much the formula of Mr. Marston's faith. When he speaks of Paradise, he adds, as though afraid to commit himself, "if Paradise there be;" he thinks that the "body and soul go both one way" after death, but he is not at all sure; and he sometimes uses language which would be very painful if we regarded the God of whom he speaks as any other than a mythological creation of his own. It is true that Mr. Marston tells us that he comes to teach us a religion, and that God has commissioned him to do so—"the new religion of Love;"—and he is definite enough, in all conscience, in his worship of woman. But this is a very old religion, and this a very old worship indeed. Adam, at any rate, knew a good deal about each of them when he wandered with Eve in the beautiful garden. Besides, we do not need poets to teach us how to love. On the contrary, an old proverb tells us it is love which teaches the poet how to sing.

And this brings us to the second fault we have to find with Mr. Marston, in common with most of the writers of his school. We do not like his love. It is not the pathetic, hopeless love with which "Lisa loved the King," in George Eliot's exquisite poem; nor the

manly love of an ordinary wooer; nor the happy, married love of which Coventry Patmore is *par excellence* the poet—the love that is full of the tender delicacies and maidenly reserves, and of which another contemporary poet has beautifully sung, comparing her heart to a garden which she gives to her lover, telling him at the same time that there are birds in it which fly above the tallest trees, and which he can never, never make his own. Mr. Marston's love is of quite another kind. It is "a fire," "a sharp poison," "a maddening sting;" it "quivers," and it "gasps," and "pants;" when it is hopeless, it "moans," which is natural enough; but it "moans" when it is happy, too, which is unhealthy and absurd; its "trysts are bitter," and its kisses "burn." With love like this we wish to be better strangers the longer we live; yet it is such love as this that is depicted on page after page of book after book of recent verse. Aubrey de Vere somewhere says that the principal end of poetry is to please; but the effect of much modern poetry is certainly to distress. We come to our poets to be blessed, and lo! they too often curse us altogether. What have we done that they should play us false, and harass us, and add to the number of our already too many sorrows, instead of fulfilling their glorious mission, which is to throw a glamour over the wearisome routine of everyday life, to lighten labour, to give a voice to love and hope and faith, and to lead, like a guiding star, the weary mariner to that haven of rest, where alone the ideal of which he has dreamed on earth, and which poetry has vainly striven to embody, will become at last and eternally real? The poets who fail in this, most assuredly fail in all; and it would be well for them, when they appear before the God who gave them a mission to do which they have not done, if, like the voiceless multitude, they had "never sung," but died "with all their music in them."

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### SONNET.

ADAM AND EVE.

WHEN Adam walked alone in Eden's wood,  
 Did he not hear, each loveless night and day,  
 A thousand voices in the silence say:  
 "For man to be so lonely is not good?"  
 And when fair Eve in glory by him stood,  
 Watching with joy his waking where he lay,  
 How was it that he fainted not away  
 Before that wonder of white womanhood?

Did he lie there and on her beauty ponder?  
 Or did he rise in majesty to meet her?  
 With what wild word of welcome did he greet her?  
 And were his kiss and clasp, or hers, the fonder?  
 Said they sweet words, or was the silence sweeter?  
 And felt they more of rapture or of wonder?

W. M.

## THE NEW UTOPIA.

## CHAPTER I.

## GRANT.

**I**T was a bright morning, in the early part of July, when I found myself in a railway carriage that was whirling me rapidly from the Great Babylon for the short three weeks' holiday which was all I could snatch from the law. I was about to spend them in my old home at Oakham, where my father filled the post of steward and man of business to the noble family who owned the Oakham domain.

Oakham Park was the great place, *par excellence*, of the county; its princely mansion, its woods and gardens were things to see; and few illustrious foreigners, in the shape of Shahs or Czarowitches, left England without enjoying the hospitality dispensed there in right royal style. In early boyhood, a run with the Oakham foxhounds had ranked foremost among my home pleasures; and the support of the great family's parliamentary interest was about the first idea which had been presented to me in later life, among the duties of graver years.

Ten years of busy life in London law-courts had, indeed, somewhat dwarfed the importance of Oakham in my present estimation; and, moreover, changes had been at work by which the influence once exercised by its owners in the country had considerably diminished. The old ducal family had become extinct, and the property had passed to a younger branch whose presence was almost felt as an intrusion by those who remembered the days of "the old duke." Still, after the absence of a year or two, during which I had generally contrived that my scanty holidays should be spent in a continental ramble, the prospect of revisiting my boyhood's home was reawakening the old associations; and as I mused over past and present the images of early days began to reassume their old proportions, and to exert their former influence over my mind.

My companions in the carriage were three in number, of whom two had established themselves in corner compartments, and were absorbed in the study of their dailies. The third, clad in a plain gray suit, had nothing special to indicate his rank, or call for observation; but in a minute or so I found myself involuntarily scanning him afresh, a proceeding I was the better able to accomplish from the fact that his eyes, fixed on the passing landscape, were never once turned towards me. I could hardly say what there was to justify my glance of curious inspection, if it were not the stillness of his head, and the passive, self-forgetfulness of his attitude. As to the others, they were of the ordinary class of English railway travellers. Having painfully done his duty with the morning paper, the younger of the two attempted to open conversation with his opposite neighbour by the remark that, "Mayflower seemed to have made all the running,"

to which the elder replied by a grunted affirmative which seemed to indicate that the animal in question had not greatly consulted his interests by her unexpected success. He did not seem of a conversational turn, and the young man's next attempt was on the stranger in gray.

"Country badly wants rain, sir," he said, as though commenting on the attention which the other was bestowing on the fields and dusty hedge-rows.

"Does it, indeed?" was the reply. "To me everything looks so green." Then, as by way of explanation: "When you are used for half the year to see everything baked to brick-dust, England looks like a huge cabbage-garden."

"May-be," returned the other, pointing to a well-timbered bit of ground we were then just passing; "and yet I hardly know the country in Europe that could show such cabbages as those."

"Ah!" was the reply, "perhaps so; I know very little of Europe."

The chance words fell on my ear, and I proceeded to draw the somewhat hasty conclusion that my friend in gray must be a Yankee.

Meanwhile, the elder gentleman was engaged in folding his paper into the smallest possible compass, with the view of ultimately disposing of it in his coat pocket, observing, as he did so, that "they seemed to have got a good working majority," and the words at once unlocked our tongues and gave us a common subject of interest. It was the moment of a great political crisis; a once popular ministry had split to pieces, a general election had just placed the reins of power in the hands of the Conservative party, and according to their respective views men were everywhere startled or jubilant over the unexpected shifting of the scenes.

"They will have it all their own way for the present," I observed; "and released from more serious cares, Hapirock can take his own time at demolishing the Pope."

"Yes," said the first speaker; "how long it will last remains to be seen, but for a time we shall have a strong Tory Government."

"And what will they *do*?" asked the Yankee (if such he were), in a tone of grave and genuine interest, which contrasted not a little with the careless, off-hand manner of his companions.

"Do? Well, I suppose they'll give the beer-shops a lift; you know they owe it to them that they've got their innings. Then there's Clause 26—safe for a year or two; and I suppose the farmers will get some sort of a sop, and promise of more. Then we shall spend a lot of money, and have a jolly fight over the Budget; and there's talk about Law Reform; I suppose that is about our programme for the next session."

"You are not serious?"

"I am indeed."

"Yes," I observed, as he glanced towards me for confirmation of the other's accuracy; "changes in government don't come to much in England; and no man when he is in power can really *do* what he talks about in opposition. The new men will find it so, and they know it as well as we."

"It is incomprehensible," said the man in gray, speaking rather to himself than to any of the party; "what a contemptible system!"

The two politicians stared at him, and then at one another; it was clear that he and they revolved in different mental orbits. Further conversation was, however, cut short by the stoppage of the train, the inevitable inspection of tickets, and the scrambling exit of the two travellers, whose places were not filled up, so that when the train once more started, the stranger and myself were left *tête-à-tête*.

"You are not familiar with our English politics?" I began. "The fact is that with us parties differ rather in name than in principle."

"Principle!" he repeated, for the first time bending on me a pair of dark eyes, so singularly expressive that I involuntarily started under their gaze. "Do you really think such a thing exists? And then such a want of power—no strength, no firm hold of anything."

"Well, I don't know," I replied; "law is power with us. We don't cling to this man or that, and we are not always raising barricades for ideas, but we keep the laws."

"And who makes them?" he inquired.

"The people," I replied.

"The people; yes, that is to say that those who are to be governed govern: is that a fair statement?"

"Well, I suppose it is."

"Well, then, I repeat, there is no power in that. The laws won't do it, that is clear, it must be the work of individuals."

"What is he thinking of?" I asked myself, in surprise. "What is it that the laws won't do? I suspect that he's some American doctrinaire that has come over to the old country to pick holes in our ways and make capital out of abusing us." Yet his eyes still haunted me.

By this time he was consulting his Bradshaw. "Perhaps," he said, with a courtesy of manner which put my suspicions to the blush, "perhaps you can tell me if we are near the Oakham Station?"

"The next but one," I replied. And I began to wonder what could be taking him thither. For be it known, dear reader, that the Oakham Station was what one might call a private one. The parliamentary influence of the Dukes of Leven, the old proprietors of the property, had succeeded in placing it in the midst of their plantations at a convenient half-mile from their own mansion, and a most inconvenient three miles from the village which clustered outside their park gates. It was seldom resorted to, save by guests of the great family, and occasional farmers journeying to and from market. My companion was not of the latter class, and I began to speculate whether he might not be of the former; an illustrious somebody, for whom I should find the Oakham carriage waiting, and the porters at a white heat of civility.

Nothing of the sort, however, met our gaze as we descended on the trim little platform. My father's dog-cart, with the well-known face of Jem the gardener, prepared to take possession of my bag and



portmanteau, was the solitary equipage in view, and the gray traveller looked about him in some perplexity.

"How far to Oakham?" he inquired of the porter.

"Park, sir, or village? Village, three miles and a half, sir; Park, close at hand."

"Oh, then, I can walk; but what will happen to my portmanteau?"

"Well, sir, you see, sir, bus don't meet this train, it don't, sir; leave it in the cloak-room, sir, and bus will call for it at seven. Where might you be going, sir?"

"Well, I suppose, there's an inn of some sort?"

"Oh, sure, sir, White Lion; bus will take it there, sir, all right." And he was leaving the station when I caught his eye.

"You'll have a dusty walk to the village by the road," I said; "through the plantations it's barely two miles, and a precious deal pleasanter. Jem shall show you the way; or, I say, Jem, is my father at home?"

"No, sir, no one at home; it's court day at Bradford, and master couldn't put it off no how; but he'll be back at seven."

"In that case," I said, throwing the reins into his hand, "I will walk part of the way with the gentleman, and you can take his luggage on with mine, and leave it at the White Lion." And in another minute, Jem and the dog cart were lost in a cloud of dust, and I and my unknown companion had struck into the pleasant shade of a thick fir plantation.

"I am truly grateful," he began; "yet you are not altogether the loser by the transaction. After the dust and rattle of that steam-monster this green twilight is something worth living for. So," he continued, as we emerged from the trees on the brow of a green slope that overlooked a broad expanse of park scenery, terminating with a view of the lordly mansion, "this is Oakham!"

There was a softness, a melody in his tones that struck to my heart. He stood there gazing on every feature in the scene with an earnest interest, speaking now and then more to himself than to me, whose presence he hardly seemed to notice. "Yes, I understand it better now; beautiful indeed, most beautiful; this is England!"

"You are a stranger, I perceive, to English scenery," I said; "travellers from America generally find everything so small compared to their own magnificent scale of natural beauty, that it is difficult to get them to admire a home-scene like this."

"Probably, but I have never visited America. I see what set you on that idea," he continued, smiling, "it was that word about *Europe*. But I am an Englishman born, though I have passed the best part of my life in Australia, never visiting my native country but once since I could walk alone, and then only in a passing way."

"And you find it beautiful?"

"Much more than that; the wilderness is *beautiful*, but this has what the wilderness can never give—life, human life, souls." And his eye glanced towards the tapering spire of the village church, whence came, at that moment, the toll of a funeral bell. "And this Oakham family, has it much hold on the neighbourhood?"

"Pretty well," I said; "not what the old dukes had, I fancy. You see, there have been changes; the Dukes of Leven were popular, but they broke up some years back, and the present proprietors, the Earls of Bradford, a younger branch of the same family, don't reside here much, though, of course, they lead the county."

"Ah! you folk at home are always thinking of the county and parliament; I did not mean that. I was thinking of the people, the tenantry; there must be hundreds dependent on a place like this."

"Of course; I believe they are considered good landlords, but you see now-a-days classes are so distinct, and the railways take country gentlemen away so much from their own place; ties of the kind to which you allude are almost things of the past."

"More's the pity," he said, with a sigh; "but hark! is not that water, and falling water too; have you cascades in these parts?"

"Not exactly a Niagara," I replied, laughing; "but there is a fall on the river, a stone-cast from here, if you care to explore it." And so saying, I led the way through the thickets, pushing aside the bushes, till we were able to look down into a deep wooded glen, where the little stream which ran through the park did its best to ape the manners of a waterfall. Though the stream itself was in miniature, the height at which we stood above it was considerable, and wishing to place my companion in the best position for commanding the view, I was making my way over some jutting pieces of slippery rock, when he called me to stop in a somewhat peremptory manner. "All right," I replied; but the words had scarcely passed my lips when I found it was all wrong. A treacherous stone gave way under my foot, and but for a projecting branch, at which I caught, I should have been precipitated into the torrent. Even as I hung suspended, I was unable to regain my footing, the rather as the sudden shock had twisted an ankle, and for the moment rendered me helpless. One steady step forward, a keen glance, a firm arm thrown around me, and with a prompt and skilful movement the stranger had lifted me from my position of peril and placed me in safety on the bank. Then those dark, earnest eyes once more met mine with a look of kind solicitude.

"You should have trusted an old bushranger like me," he said; "I saw your footing was failing you. But you really are not able to stand—and you came out of your way to do me a pleasure."

"Oh, it is nothing," I said; "it isn't really a sprain, just a twist, and I am close at home." For indeed my father's house stood in the plantations overlooking the glen, and with the help of my new friend's arm ten minutes' walk brought me to the garden gate. There he took his leave, and we shook hands as though no longer strangers.

"Perhaps," he said, taking a letter from his pocket-book, "you can confer a last favour on me by telling me where this is to be delivered?"

I glanced at the address: *John Aubrey, Esq., Oakham*. "My father!" I exclaimed; "I will give it him myself on his return, and

as you now know my name, I may, perhaps, venture to ask that of my deliverer."

"*Deliverer* is a large word for so small a service," he replied, smiling; "but my name is Grant. I shall venture to call on Mr. Aubrey to-morrow."

In another moment he was gone, and turning to the house, I soon found myself in the midst of home greetings.

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## CHAPTER II.

### OAKHAM AND ITS MASTERS.

THE Grange, as the steward's house at Oakham was called, was a modest, comfortable residence, picturesque in appearance and situation; for, from the parsonage to the gamekeeper's cottage all the Oakham surroundings were expected to be in perfect taste, and the estate was remarkable for its ornamental buildings. My father had filled his present post in the time of the old family, whose memory he venerated with something of an old man's regret. My mother and only sister, the latter my junior by several years, completed the little family party, whose members were now for a brief space reunited, and whom I will introduce to the reader as briefly as may be, for my story concerns my new friend rather than myself. It was a family of the commonplace English middle-class, with nothing about it that a novelist's utmost effort could push into the romantic. My mother was just what every man's mother is, or ought to be, at least to his individual heart, the best mother in the world. She had many practical interests associated with my father's position on the estate, and when, in addition to this, I add that she liked her garden and her poultry, and that she deliberately considered her husband to be the best man in the county, and her son the cleverest, my reader will have sufficient data wherewith to estimate her merits. As to my sister Mary, she was a sensible, good-natured girl of two-and-twenty. Besides the usual methods of getting through her mornings (and I have often speculated on what those are with the majority of young ladies), Mary had occupations of her own among the village people, and was perfectly familiar with every old Betty in the neighbourhood who wanted a flannel petticoat. She was not a profound reader, neither was she Ritualistic, for both which facts I inwardly blessed her; but there were daily prayers at the parish church, and before I came down to an eight o'clock breakfast I knew that my sister had walked across the Park to the early morning service.

That evening, as I sat in the midst of the little home circle, I told my adventures, and produced Mr. Grant's letter. My father opened it and read it aloud; it ran as follows:—

"DEAR MR. AUBREY,—My friend, Mr. Grant, the bearer of this, is making a short stay in England, and is desirous of seeing what he can of Oakham. I shall esteem it a kindness if you will enable him to do so, and will show him any attention.—Faithfully yours,

"JOHN RIPLEY."

Sir John Ripley was the county member, and his letter of introduction at once set at rest the question of Grant's respectability. Who or what he might be we could not guess, but he was certainly no adventurer. The earl was in Scotland, his two sons yachting off the Isle of Wight; there was, therefore, no difficulty in complying with the request that my friend should thoroughly inspect the Oakham lions, and we agreed to beat up his quarters on the morrow. Accordingly, at ten o'clock, my father and I presented ourselves in the little parlour of the White Lion, where Grant received us with simple courtesy, and did not fail to satisfy himself as to the state of my ankle before consenting to set out for the Park. It was the first time I had seen him uncovered, and I could not fail to be struck by the broad forehead, and well-set head which imparted a dignity to features otherwise ordinary. My father's hearty country manner seemed to please him, and we were soon under the broad avenue which led to the mansion, conversing with little of the embarrassment of strangers.

I shall not detain the reader with a lengthened description of what may be found better set forth in the Oakham Guide Book. The fountains and gardens, the forcing-houses, and pineries and graperies; grapes in every stage of development, so as to keep up an uninterrupted supply from May to October, by means of cunning contrivances for regulating the artificial heat; flowers of dazzling hues and bizarre forms from Mexico and Brazil; orchids from Ceylon, and the newest lilies transported from the interior of Africa; all these were displayed as much to claim our wonder as our admiration. We passed from hot-houses that breathed the atmosphere of the tropics to cool conservatories with fountains playing upon marble floors. The head-gardener was in attendance, and made our brain dizzy with the names of each new floral prodigy, whilst Grant, with unmoved features, looked and listened in silence.

When the gardens had been fully inspected, my father proposed that we should proceed to the house. I thought I detected an expression of reluctance on the part of my companion, as though he shrank from the examination of private apartments in the absence of their owners.

"Is no one really at home?" he inquired; then glancing around him, "What a waste of labour! Well, let us get through the business;" and he followed my father into the great entrance-hall, and up the grand staircase, adorned with pictures, and statues, and Majolica vases filled with fragrant exotics. Thence we passed through suites of softly-carpeted apartments glittering with all that was most rare and delicate, and finally into the great picture gallery, on the walls of which hung portraits of the present family, mingled with those of the elder ducal branch that had passed away.

My father did the office of cicerone, and pointed out the first founder of the family, a Lord Treasurer of the Caroline period, and other worthies of civil and military renown, till he came with a sigh to a finely-painted portrait, the beau-ideal of an English country gentleman as Lawrence alone could paint him.

"There is the old duke himself," he said, "and a finer gentleman than he never rode to cover. And a great man, too, he was in Parliament; for in his father's lifetime he sat for the county as Lord Carstairs, and when the Great Bill passed, it was he that led the county gentlemen, and by his sole influence got them to grant the famous *Carstairs clause*. He could carry anything and anybody with him, there was such a power about him. But the crash came at last, and Oakham never saw another duke within these walls."

"Then, if I understand you, he left no son?" said Grant.

"No, that was not it," said my father; "but it's a sad story," and as he spoke he sat down on a fauteuil in one of the windows, and motioned us to do the same. "He had a son, young Carstairs, a fine young fellow who cut a figure at Oxford. Well do I remember, and all the county remembers too, his coming of age; why, it was here in this gallery that the duke, standing on a dais, received the Mayor of Bradford, and the county magistrates, and presented them his son, as a king might present his heir-apparent to a nation. But all he did was in that princely style; no thought of expense. Why, when the queen paid him a three days' visit here, the house was newly furnished from garret to cellar! You may guess what that took out of the year's rents. But he never stopped to calculate figures, not he. And when the Russian Emperor came over, and the people in London were on their mettle to give him a handsome reception, the old duke had him down here, and I fancy he puzzled him rarely. There were over sixty guests sat down each day to dinner; and when they went to the Bradford races, each gentleman was asked to choose his own equipage, barouche, or phaeton, green or claret colour, black or bay horses, or whatever he chose, and it was ready. Well, of course, I know it was reckless extravagance, but you see it was all of a piece with the duke's character—so open-handed and munificent, I often warned him it could not last; but he never would take alarm. 'You find the money, Aubrey,' he would say, 'and I'll spend it.'"

"He was popular," said Grant.

"Popular? I should rather think so! A kind word for everyone, and then such a noble presence. But the crash came at last, as I said, and it fairly broke him. When at last the creditors could be held off no longer, he looked into his affairs, and it was just ruin, bankruptcy, beggary. Young Carstairs behaved splendidly; consented to the entail being cut off, and Oakham sold. The younger, that is the Bradford branch of the Carstairs family, had raked together a lot of money with their coal mines and iron, and they bought it up; the money paid most of the debts, not all, and Carstairs, noble fellow as he was, made over the Irish estates he held from his mother into the hands of the creditors. They offered him £500 a year if he would reside there and manage the property for them, but his father's friends, who were then in power, got him an appointment in India, or something of the sort, and he preferred to go."

"And the old duke?"

"His daughters took him to Baden—you see they had a little

money of their own and he died there two years after the break-up at Oakham. Then Lady Harriet married an Austrian count, and the elder sister followed her father; none ever returned to England."

Grant and I listened with interest: the story was familiar enough to me, but it seemed to gain a new kind of pathos, as I heard it in that gallery before the very portrait of the last Duke of Leven. Grant said nothing, but, stepping to the window, looked out for a while in silence; I thought it was to conceal an emotion which few men care to exhibit to one another; but when at last he spoke, his words struck me as harsh and severe.

"It was right," he said. "It was just that it should be so. There was nothing to regret."

"Ah, well, young sir," said my father, "that is the view you take of it, but the break-up of a great family can never be anything but a calamity in the land. That is how I see it; and Oakham, with all its modern finery, has never been the same place to me since the change."

We left the gallery in silence, for my father's words had saddened us, and I was glad to change the subject by proposing that we should look into the great library, rich in its collection of ancient and modern literature, for some of the Leven family had been antiquarians and book-collectors, and the Oakham MSS. had a European celebrity.

A gentleman in clerical costume was standing at the window, with whom, on our entrance, my father shook hands, introducing him as "Our vicar, Mr. Edwards." I knew him well; he was a reading man, of whom people liked to say that he was "a scholar and a gentleman." He was just then busy over a laborious compilation on the Roman antiquities of the county, and had the free run of the Oakham library, and a handsome salary as librarian.

Grant looked around him at the well-filled shelves: "Five thousand volumes, isn't it so?" I said.

"About that, exclusive of the manuscripts, and half as many more again in the Bradford collection," replied the vicar. And he pointed to the half-open door of an adjoining apartment.

"Plenty of other men's thoughts here," said Grant; "but it would bother me to have to use them."

"To each one his proper gift," replied the vicar, with a courteous gesture, expressive of the least possible admixture of conscious superiority. "You are a man of action, no doubt, but human thought has its own work to do, and books are its chronicles."

"Well, give me a book that will make me think," responded Grant; "but what I find in your civilised society is, that you make your books, or rather your newspapers and reviews, think for you. As to books, no man that I have yet met in England reads them. He reads his *Pall Mall* or his *Saturday*, and they do the work of literary and philosophic digestion for him; much as the Red Indian squaws chew the meat for their lords and husbands."

"Then you think," I observed, "that the multiplication of books has not been over-friendly to intellect?"

"I have no pretensions to judge on the subject," he replied;

"but I am sure of this, that no one who had five thousand volumes within reach of his arm-chair could ever guess what a man feels in the bush, who has nothing but his Virgil and his Bible."

"The Bible!" I ejaculated; "our men of *culture*, as the Germans would say, are beginning to say queer things about that piece of literature."

"Precisely so," he replied, "and it proves my point, that your culture is an enormous humbug."

My father looked at his watch. "I believe I must leave you young gentlemen to settle your argument together," he said; "I must be at the home-farm by one o'clock; but Jack will show you what remains to be seen out of doors; and my wife will be expecting you at dinner."

"Much obliged," said Grant; "but I ordered my dinner at the Lion."

"Then the Lion may eat it," said my father. "Look here, sir, Sir John will never forgive me if I leave a friend of his to be smoked-dried in the village tavern; you must take up your quarters with us while you stay at Oakham; and, Jack, you will see about his things being brought down to the Grange."

Jack was myself, and exceedingly willing I was to second the motion that our new friend should make his stay among us. I began to feel a singular liking for him. After the atmosphere of London clubs and law-courts the contact with a mind so fresh and out-spoken, and so free from the shackles of conventionality, was inexpressibly agreeable.

"You are exceedingly good," he replied, "but my outfit is much more in keeping with the Lion's Den than with Mrs. Aubrey's drawing-room."

"Stuff and nonsense, man," said my father; "Mrs. Aubrey is used to every variety of costume; it is a settled thing, then. Jack will bring you home to dinner, and if Mr. Edwards would favour us —"

"Most happy," said that gentleman; "and I shall hope by-and-by to see Mr. Grant at the parsonage."

There were a few parting bows, and we left the library. My father's cob was waiting at the door to carry him to the farm, but Grant detained him. "Just see here, Mr. Aubrey," he said, whilst a certain look of perplexity appeared on his countenance, "I don't feel sure about this business. You see, you know nothing about me."

The extreme simplicity of his words and manner, contrasting as it did with so many an evidence that the speaker was not an ordinary man, had a singular charm about it, and my father felt it. "I know that you saved Jack here from breaking his bones yesterday," he replied, "and that you are Sir John Ripley's friend, and anything more you can tell us if you like after dinner;" and with a farewell gesture, my father cantered off, and Grant and I returned to the White Lion to arrange for his transfer to the Grange.

## THE SUCCESSFUL EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALIA.

BY MELBOURNENSIS.

### PART III.—THE SURVIVOR OF BURKE'S PARTY RESCUED FROM THE BLACKS.

WHEN death from famine and exhaustion had put an end to the sufferings of Robert O'Hara Burke,\* the brave leader of the Exploring Expedition, King, his companion, was left alone on the wild banks of Cooper's Creek. Some prepared nardoo, which he found in a deserted hut, afforded him support for a considerable time. He returned, after an absence of four or five days, to the spot where he and Burke had left Wills, when setting out to seek the blacks. He found him dead. Some of the clothes had been taken from the body, and he knew from that circumstance that the savages had been there before him. He buried the remains in the sand, and then commenced an anxious search after the blacks. They were now his sole chance. If he found them not, he felt that he had nothing to expect but to die a death similar to that of his two companions. How he succeeded, and afterwards fared, we shall tell in the words of the narrative given by him after his restoration to civilized life :—

"Finding that my stock of nardoo was running short, and being unable to gather it, I tracked the natives who had been to the camp by their footprints in the sand, and went some distance down the creek, shooting crows and hawks on the road. The natives hearing the report of the gun came to meet me, and took me with them to their camp, giving me nardoo and fish. They took the birds I had shot and cooked them for me, and afterwards showed me a gunyah (hut), where I was to sleep with three of the single men. The following morning they commenced talking to me, and putting one finger on the ground, and covering it with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek, saying, 'White fellow,' which I understood to mean that one white man was dead. From this I knew that they were the tribe who had taken Mr. Wills' clothes. They then asked me where the third white man was, and I also made the sign of putting two fingers on the ground and covering them with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek. They appeared to feel great compassion for me when they understood that I was alone on the creek, and gave me plenty to eat. After being four days with them, I saw that they were becoming tired of me, and they made signs that they were going up the creek and that I had better go downwards; but I pretended not to understand them. The same day they shifted camp and I followed them; and on reaching their

\* See the IRISH MONTHLY for October and November, 1876.



camp, I shot some crows, which pleased them so much that they made me a breakwind (protection against the wind) in the centre of their camp, and came and sat around me until such time as the crows were cooked, when they assisted me to eat them. The same day, one of the women, to whom I had given part of a crow, came and gave me a ball of nardoo, saying that she would give me more, only she had such a sore arm that she was unable to pound. She showed me a sore on her arm, and the thought struck me that I would boil some water and wash her arm with a sponge. During the operation the whole tribe sat round and were muttering one to another. Her husband sat down by her side, and she was crying all the time. After I had washed it, I touched it with some nitrate of silver, when she began to yell, and ran off crying, 'Mokow! mokow!' (Fire! fire!). From this time she and her husband used to give me a small quantity of nardoo both night and morning; and whenever the tribe were about going on a fishing excursion, he used to give me notice to go with them. They used also to assist me in making a gourley or breakwind whenever they shifted camp. I generally shot a crow or a hawk, and gave it to them in return for these little services. Every four or five days the tribe would surround me, and ask whether I was going up or down the creek; at last I made them understand that if they went up the creek I should go up the creek, and if they went down, I should also go down; and from this time they seemed to look upon me as one of themselves, and supplied me with fish and nardoo regularly.

They were very anxious, however, to know where Mr. Burke lay; and one day, when we were fishing in the water-holes close by, I took them to the spot. On seeing his remains the whole party wept bitterly, and covered them with bushes. After this they were much kinder to me than before; and I always told them that the white men would be here before two moons; and in the evenings, when they came with nardoo and fish, they used to talk about the "white fellows" coming, at the same time pointing to the moon. I also told them they would receive many presents, and they constantly asked me for tomahawks, called by them 'bomayko.' From this time to when the relief party arrived—a period of about a month—they treated me with uniform kindness, and looked upon me as one of themselves. The day on which I was released, one of the tribe who had been fishing came and told me that the white fellows were coming, and the whole of the tribe who were then in camp sallied out in every direction to meet the party, while the man who had brought me the news took me across the creek, where I shortly saw the party coming down."

We shall now go back a few months and relate what happened in Melbourne when the news arrived of the loss of Burke and his three companions. The intelligence filled every breast with disappointment that such should be the result of that splendidly equipped expedition, and with sincere anxiety for the unknown fate of the leader and those under his immediate command. Several expeditions were speedily organised by Victoria, and some of the other

colonies, to afford them all possible succour. Of those expeditions, the only one which produced very satisfactory results was that which proceeded overland from Melbourne, under the command of Mr. A. Howitt. It succeeded in recovering King from the blacks and in finding the dead bodies of Burke and Wills. William Brahé, who had been appointed by Burke to the command of the depôt on Cooper's Creek, accompanied this expedition. Mr. Howitt's Diary will supply us with the interesting particulars of his search for Burke's party.

Advancing through the country north of Menindie (Lat.  $28^{\circ}$ , Long.  $142^{\circ} 2'$ ), he says in the Diary for September 6th: "Followed down a gully leading into very stony plains, which we crossed for several hours, being obliged to lead the horses very slowly. No timber, and scarcely any vegetation; the most desolate stony wilderness imaginable. About ten o'clock came near sand-hills, and the country improved as regarded travelling, but not for feed or water. On a dry watercourse came on a party of natives, of whom some ran away; the others, consisting of an old gray-haired man, an old hag of a woman, a younger man, and two or three lubras (married women) and children, waited till I rode up. They were in a very excited state, waving branches, and jabbering incessantly. The younger man shook all over with fright. Sandy (a black boy who could speak some English) could not understand them, and I could only catch 'Gow' (Go on). At last, by the offer of a knife, I prevailed on the old man to come with us to show us the nearest water; but after half a mile his courage gave way, and he climbed up a box-tree to be out of reach. Mr. Brahé rode up to him, when he climbed into the top branches, jabbering without stopping for a moment. Finding that he would not come down, and kept pointing to the N. W. (our course), we left him. All the natives were naked, and the old man was the only one that had any covering for his head—a net. We here entered undulating sandy country, containing some brushwood and well grassed, and at the same time came on Brahé's down track. Our horses at once struck into a better pace, going at least three miles and a half an hour. The camels also pushed on well. The loose horses kept wide of the track, looking for water in the polygonum ground; and at ten minutes past twelve, one old stager found an ample supply in a channel on the right hand. The horses at once made a rush, and it was almost impossible to prevent them drinking as much as they wished. Three had for the last hour shown unmistakable signs of giving in, and all were very much pinched with thirst. Camped by the water, in first-rate feed. Rain came on steadily from N. E. shortly after, and has continued. The horses have just been a third time to water.

"September 9.—Lat.  $27^{\circ} 49'$ , Long.  $141^{\circ} 38'$ . While loading up this morning, five black fellows made their appearance on the opposite side of the creek, and, as usual, commenced shouting and waving their arms. We shouted in return, and one waded across, but waited on the bank until I broke a branch, and beckoned him to come up. The others then followed him. They were all fine, well-

built young men, with open, intelligent faces, and very different from the natives usually met with. They wore nets wrapped round their waists; and one, apparently the head man, had his front teeth knocked out. Sandy said he could only understand 'narrangy word' they said; but I believe that he could not understand them at all, as he was quite unable to make them comprehend that I wished to know if they had seen any stray camels about the creek. Before we had finished loading, they returned to the opposite bank, and sat down watching us. On our starting, they waded across to our camp—probably to pick up anything left behind, which would be very little."

The next day, shortly after starting, Mr. Howitt saw several natives on a sand-hill making signs. He went to them, and after a great deal of trouble, persuaded one to go with him. "He was a fine-looking fellow," says the Diary, "painted white, skeleton fashion, and carried a very long boomerang (a kind of club) stuck in his girdle behind. I could make nothing of him, excepting that he gave me a small ball of what seemed to be chewed grass, as a token of friendship, and in return I gave him a piece of cold doughboy I had with me for lunch, which he seemed to relish very much. We travelled till noon over a succession of earthy plains, broken by numerous box-channels, one of which contained a large reach of water; but the feed everywhere was miserably dry and scarce. The country looked wretched. After passing this channel, seven natives made their appearance, one of whom Mr. Brahé recognised as one of the party who tried to surprise the *depôt* last season. They presented him with a small quantity of some dried plant, from a bundle which one of them carried; it had a strong, pungent taste and smell, and I am at a loss to conjecture its use, unless as a kind of tobacco. Our black boy was frightened, and told me he thought they meant to 'look out, kill him'—as I understood—by witchcraft, or enchantment, or poison. They followed us at a distance to our camp, where they sat down a little way off, making signs that they were hungry, and wanted tomahawks. After an hour's waiting they decamped. Killed two deaf adders and a snake of a sulphur colour on the track. Halted near a small pool of water, where there was a little green feed, which has become a rarity. The country looks miserable ahead."

Next day, the *depôt* on Cooper's Creek was reached. Brahé declared that it was precisely in the same state as when he left it. On September 14th, the party encamped near a large water-hole, about a quarter of a mile below Burke's first camp after leaving the *depôt*. "We could see," says Mr. Howitt, "where the camels had been tied up, but found no marked tree. To-day I noticed in two or three places old camel droppings and tracks, where Mr. Brahé informed me he was certain their camels had never been, as they were watched every day near the *depôt* and tied up at night. Mr. Burke's camels were led on the way down. It looked very much as if stray camels had been about during the last four months. The tracks seemed to

me to be going up the creek, but the ground was too stony to be able to make sure.

"September 15. Camp 32. Lat.  $27^{\circ} 44'$ , Long.  $140^{\circ} 40'$ . On leaving this morning, I went ahead with Sandy to try and pick up Mr. Burke's track. At the lower end of a large water-hole I found where one or two horses had been feeding for some months; the tracks ran in all directions to and from the water, and were as recent as a week. At the same place I found the handle of a clasp-knife. From here struck out south for a short distance from the creek, and found a distinct camel's track and droppings on a native path; the footprint was about four months old and going E. I then set the black boy to follow the creek, and struck across some sandy country in a bend on the north side. No tracks here; and coming on a native path leading my way, I followed it as the most likely place to see any signs. In about four miles this led me to a very large reach of water, and on the opposite side were numbers of native wurleys. I crossed at a neck of sand, and at a little distance again came on the track of a camel going up the creek; at the same time I found a native who began to gesticulate in a very excited manner, and to point down the creek, bawling out, 'Gow, gow!' as loud as he could; when I went towards him, he ran away, and finding it impossible to get him to come to me, I turned back to follow the camel track and to look after my party, as I had not seen anything of them for some miles. The track was visible in sandy places, and was evidently the same I had seen for the last two days. I also found horse tracks in places, but very old. Crossing the creek, I cut our track, and rode after the party. In doing so, I came upon three pounds of tobacco, which had lain where I saw it for some time. This, together with the knife-handle, the fresh horse tracks, and the camel track going eastward, puzzled me extremely, and led me into a hundred conjectures. At the lower end of the large reach of water before mentioned, I met Sandy and Frank looking for me, with the intelligence that King, the only survivor of Mr. Burke's party, had been found. A little further on I found the party halted, and immediately went across to the black's wurleys, where I found King sitting in a hut which the natives had made for him. He presented a melancholy appearance—wasted to a shadow, and hardly to be distinguished as a civilized being but by the remnants of clothes upon him. He seemed exceedingly weak; and I found it occasionally difficult to follow what he said. The natives were all gathered round, seated on the ground, looking with a most gratified and delighted expression."

When King had acquired some strength, he accompanied Mr. Howitt and three others to the spot where Wills' body lay. It was found as King had left it, lightly covered with sand. Mr. Howitt now suitably interred it, and the place where the remains were laid was indicated by an inscription which he cut on a tree close by.

The state in which Burke's remains were when found, and their subsequent burial, are thus described in the Diary: "The bones were entire, with the exception of the hands and feet; and the body

had been removed from the spot where it first lay, and where the natives had placed branches over it, to about five paces distance. I found the revolver which Mr. Burke held in his hand when he expired, partly covered with leaves and earth, and corroded with rust. It was loaded and capped. We dug a grave close to the spot, and interred the remains, wrapped in the Union Jack—the most fitting covering in which the bones of a brave, but unfortunate man could take their last rest. On a box-tree, at the head of the grave, the following inscription is cut:—

“‘R. O’H. B.

21, 9, ’61

A. H.’”

Before proceeding homewards, Mr. Howitt determined to reward the blacks who had been so kind to King. A great commotion was excited in the camp of the latter when the white men rode up. “I unpacked my blanket,” says Mr. Howitt, “and took out specimens of the things I intended giving them—a tomahawk, a knife, beads, a looking-glass, comb, and flour and sugar. The tomahawk was the great object of attraction, after that the knife, but I think that the looking-glass surprised them most. On seeing their faces, some seemed dazzled, others opened their eyes like saucers, and made a rattling noise with their tongues expressive of surprise. We had quite a friendly palaver, and my watch amused them immensely. When I gave them some of the sugar to taste, it was absurd to see the sleight of hand with which they pretended to eat it: I suppose from a fear of being poisoned, which, I suppose, is general, as our black boys are continually in dread lest the ‘wild black fellow’ should poison them by some means. I made them understand that they were to bring the whole tribe up next morning to our camp to receive their presents, and we parted the best of friends. The names of the principal men are Tchukulow, Mungallee (three in number), Toquinter, Pitchery (three in number, one, a funny little man, with his head in a net, and a kite’s feather in it; another, a tall man, with his beard tied in a point), Pruriekow, and Borokow.

“September 24.—This morning, about ten o’clock, our black friends appeared in a long procession, men, women, and children, or as they here also call them, piccaninnies; and at a mile distance, they commenced bawling at the top of their voices as usual. When collected together on a little flat, just below our camp, they must have numbered between thirty and forty, and the uproar was deafening. With the aid of King, I at last got them all seated before me, and distributed the presents—tomahawks, knives, necklaces, looking-glasses, combs—among them. I think no people were ever so happy before; and it was very interesting to see how they pointed out one

or another who they thought might be overlooked. The piccaninnies were brought forward by their parents to have red ribbon tied about their dirty little heads. One old woman, Carrawaw, who had been particularly kind to King, was loaded with things. I then divided 50 lbs. of sugar between them, each one taking his share in a Union Jack pocket handkerchief, which they were very proud of. The sugar soon found its way into their mouths; the flour, 50 lbs. of which I gave them, they at once called 'white-fellow nardoo;' and they explained that they understood that these things were given them for having fed King. Some old clothes were then put on some of the men and women, and the affair ended in several of our party and several of the black fellows having an impromptu 'corroboree' (dance), to the intense delight of the natives, and, I must say, very much to our own amusement. They left, making signs expressive of friendship, carrying their presents with them. The men all wore a net girdle; and of the women, some wore one of leaves, others of feathers. I feel confident that we have left the best impression behind us, and that the 'white fellows,' as they have already learned to call us, will be looked on henceforth as friends, and that, in case of emergency, any one will receive the kindest treatment at their hands."

Mr. Howitt and his party now turned their steps homeward. The sad intelligence they brought produced a very profound impression in Melbourne and throughout the whole colony of Victoria.

King met with a hearty welcome, and many and sincere were the congratulations which he received on his happy escape from the perils of the late Expedition. The Victorian Government took care to make for him such a provision as enabled him to pass the remainder of his days in comfort.

We may be permitted to add, in conclusion, what we have already stated in a former paper, that Mr. Howitt was commissioned to return and bring the remains of Burke and Wills to Melbourne; and when he did so, they were honoured with a most imposing public funeral. A large granite monument has been erected over the grave of those brave, but ill-fated men, who have become associates in renown, as they were companions in danger and in death. The upper block of the monument has been left in a rough, unfinished state, as typical of the Expedition.

## AN INTERESTING RELIC OF THE O'CONNELL STATE TRIALS.

I HAVE had for some years an autograph letter which may be described truly, I think, by the title prefixed to this paper. The thought of putting it into print has often occurred to me, and I trust I shall be forgiven for now yielding to the temptation. Of the persons concerned in this letter all are dead, except the writer of it—an important exception, when there is question of making a private letter public; yet I have decided on not sending across the thousands of miles intervening, in search of a permission which would probably be withheld on the mere plea that a hurried letter of the sort could not possibly be worth printing thirty years after date. The letter, over which so unlooked-for a fate is hanging, was, in fact, so informal and so hurried as to bear no date indicating the time when or the place where it was written—nothing but “Saturday Morning.” It must have been written in Richmond Bridewell, within a few days after the publication of the June Number of the *Dublin Review* for 1844, in which appeared the article that called forth the letter which we are about to read.\* In the signature appended to it will be recognised the initials of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The gentleman addressed was the late Peter MacEvoy Gartlan, one of the “Agents for the Defence” in the great Trial of the Queen against O’Connell and others—the “others” being his son John, “honest Tom Steele,” Dr. John Gray, of the *Freeman’s Journal*, Richard Barrett, of the *Pilot*, T. M. Ray, Rev. T. Tierney, Rev. P. J. Tyrrell, and Gavan Duffy himself, founder and editor of the *Nation* newspaper, and writer of a hastily scrawled letter, which I now proceed to decipher from the original “sere and yellow leaf” lying before me:—

“Saturday Morning.

“MY DEAR GARTLAN,—There is no denying that your theory and practice correspond; for your article, written, as it must have been, with a brief or affidavit in each hand and a pen in the other, is as sparkling and racy as you could make it in a year. Much as I expected, it has taken me by surprise. You have mistaken your profession—you must turn Reviewer! Or is it, like Alcibiades, that you do *everything* well?

“As it would be highly unprofessional, however, not to have something to suggest or object to, I think your notice of Whiteside’s Speech is too unmitigated a puff. Nothing could be better for a newspaper a week after the Speech; but you are playing the part of a dignified Quarterly Reviewer, summing up the pros and cons, and delivering judgment thereon in a final Court of Appeal. Now, I think you are too obviously ‘a gentleman on this side’—not because a Reviewer is not to praise where praise is deserved, but because his well-considered and deliberate opinion has no excuse for being more or less than the truth. To say there is not a sentence in Whiteside’s Speech that is not effective is to claim for him what is true of no living man, and is eminently untrue of him. There were many weak, some ill-judged, and several highly objectionable passages; and his *manner* throughout

\* The months of publication were not the same as at present.

was a mixture of the declamatory and the familiar, begotten upon a bad debating-society style by the habit of squabbling with Mr. M'Donagh. There is, perhaps, no reason why you should say this in so many words; but really there ought to be some small shade in your picture, as the glare is too much for moderate eyes.

"I conceive you have committed the same error with respect to O'Connell. Posterity are entitled to know that he never delivered a speech so carelessly and ineffectively as this one. Let them interpret the fact as they please—and it is capable of a highly favourable construction—they have a claim, at all events, to have it stated in a journal that looks to be a magazine of historical materials.

"There are two or three verbal errors worth amending: as, for example, where you talk of '*unsuccessful* Irish lawyers' failing in Parliament, you obviously mean and should have written '*successful*,' for they were successful *as lawyers*. Where you had written about '*every one*' judging for '*himself*,' some one has *corrected* it into a grammatical error by making it '*themselves*.' It is injudicious, too, to say that your readers *heard* Whiteside—as the *Review* ought to have pretensions to general circulation, and, in fact, does circulate among the Puseyites more than in Ireland. And on my own part, I feel highly affronted by a phrase you venture to use when you talk of the Attorney-General's *fracas* as '*a truly Irish scene*.' You are truly impudent for saying so.

"One objection still. Your simile of the Grecian temple and the Doric column is faulty. A Grecian temple has not necessarily Corinthian pillars; on the contrary, that order is so unusual in Greek temples that I know of but one instance in which it was used. It would be true to a greater extent of Roman temples, which fell into the decorative style, departing from the simplicity that characterized Greek architecture. Then, a Doric *pillar* is so bare as to be almost unsightly; a Doric temple is a usual simile for a stately, simple mind, but I doubt about the pillar. However, this is hypercritical; if you insert Roman temple for Greek, the sentence may pass muster.

"Finally, I assure you unaffectedly that, with a single exception, I never read in the *Dublin Review* so good an article, and that I am convinced it will do you and them credit. Why the deuce did you send me hasty and ill-digested articles when you were capable of writing in this style?

"If you could make room for a short story, it would illustrate the absurdity of the charge of conspiracy better than a hundred arguments. On the first day we appeared in the Queen's Bench, we were in Court early, and I amused myself by inquiring who was this, and who was that? At length I observed a fat, squab, gray-haired man struggling on into the Crown side of the Court among the Tory lawyers. '*Pray*,' said I to O'Hagan, '*who is that old gentleman cleaving his way to the inner bar?*' The '*old gentleman*' was my co-conspirator, Mr. Tyrrell,\* whom I had never seen till we were in one indictment, like a pair of pick-pockets in a hand-cuff.—Yours always,

"C. G. D."

I have before me a copy of the pamphlet in which Mr. Gartlan republished the article thus keenly and genially criticised, together with a subsequent paper which completed the subject in the *Dublin Review* of September, 1844. The Reviewer had, meanwhile, full time to digest these comments, for the preface to the pamphlet is dated, "*Dundalk, 8th October, 1844.*" But, except the mistake in grammar, none of the objections urged are attended to. The challenge to mortal combat sent by the Attorney-General, T. B. C. Smith, to Mr. Gerald Fitzgibbon, still keeps its place at page 22, as "*a truly Irish scene.*" The architectural simile that contrasts Whiteside's florid declamation with the massive speech of Jonathan Henn, which many of the bar preferred, remains untouched at page 30. "*We*

\* The death of this good P. P. of Lusk, which occurred in the course of the Trial, is commemorated in Thomas Davis's poem, "*The Burial.*"



may compare the one to a Grecian temple decked with Corinthian pillars and gorgeous statues; the other to a stately but simple Doric column." Nor was the rest of the excessive praise, lavished on the future Chief Justice, toned down in the least when the *étude* was thus reproduced. And, by the way, the charge of generous exaggeration in which Mr. Duffy most justly brings against his friend's estimate of Whiteside, may, with at least equal justice, be brought against his own estimate of his friend's paper. The personal interest of the subject, which was then "palpitating with actuality," had much to do with his opinion that this was the best but one of all the articles he had read in the first thirty-three numbers of the *Dublin*. What that one better article may have been I am unable to conjecture.

It is a grievous loss to literature that politics, and (worse still) the politics of a distant colony, have engrossed the brilliant pen which wrote the "Muster of the North," and the Introduction to the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland." Has it been idle during the thirty years since then? If "C. G. D." have on other "Saturday Mornings" of his life dashed off many letters as interesting as the one that we have just perused, I hope that some of them may yet fall into hands as rash as mine.

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### NOTES IN THE BIG HOUSE.

As our poor sick mites do not go home for the holidays, we had quite a full house at Christmas; and, indeed, we must say that both boys and girls enjoyed themselves highly during the festive season. The two wards were beautifully decorated with festoons of holly and ivy. The children had a regular Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding. And as for sweets!—there seemed to be no end to the supplies that came in from friends both new and old. One good gentleman arrived with a lot of pretty tins of boxes, each containing two threepenny pieces; and one of these he gave as a Christmas box to every single child in the house. And at the same time, his own little children went round with a quantity of toys, going from bed to bed, and putting something pretty into every wee pair of hands in the two great wards. You may be sure many grateful little hearts wished the kind young visitors a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Since we last gave an account of the sick children in the Big House, our eldest Thomas—for we have had three Thomases all at the same time in the boys' ward—has gone to heaven. The poor fellow had been very sick for a long time, and full of pains and aches of every kind. Lately he became so bad that the priest came to see him and give him Holy Communion every week. At length, when

he had suffered more than any one could tell, and had been patient up to the end, the good God took him to Himself. One day, shortly before he died, awaking from a slumber, and fixing his wide-open eyes, like one returning from a far-off dream, on the nun who was sitting by his little bed comforting and watching him, he said, slowly and thoughtfully: "Yes, I *will* pray for you when I go to heaven."

Our second Thomas, who is two years and three months old, is a darling little man. He is called Gipsy, by way of a pet name; and when any one says, "How are you, little Gipsy?" he looks up with two round, brown eyes, and gravely smiles. There is something very wrong with the fingers of each hand, and the doctor is trying to cure them so that he may not be without the use of them all his life. He is getting better already; and now, when any one offers him a penny, he closes the poor fingers on it in the most careful way, and seems quite proud of being able to do anything so clever.

Thomas the third has disease of the heart, and is a sad-looking poor boy. When we next happen to have three Thomases in the hospital together, we must certainly try and distinguish them better. Would it not be nice to call them Thomas, Tommy, and Tom?

We have a very comical sprite, a dropsy case, in the ward at present. Nothing pleases this young man so much as sitting up in his crib with a broad-brimmed straw hat on. He seems to think it is good for him to have the old hat stuck on his head, and it is every now and then taken out of a press and given to him. He looks so old-fashioned when thus dressed up that one can hardly help asking, "Wouldn't the little old man also like to have a pipe to smoke?"

The Busy Bee Brigade held their meeting in the hospital on Christmas Eve. There was a good attendance of the members, and they brought nine pounds for the sick children in their rattling boxes. A family of dear little friends wrote from Mayo Bridge, enclosing a present of five shillings to buy sweets for the children in the Big House at Christmas, and saying they had also some toys, which they would bring the next time they were coming to Dublin. From Belfast, a faithful knight wrote to say he should like to get some more collecting cards, as all he had were filled up, and he wanted to get some money for the Children's Hospital from the boys of St. Malachy's College, where he is at present.

We have one word more to say, and it is that we are very badly in want just now of some old clothes.

## THE NEW UTOPIA.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE GRANGE.

GRANT was accordingly admitted into our unpretending family circle, and he seemed to like it. It did not take long to make him at home, and I fancied that his manner grew less abrupt, and his philosophic utterances less harsh and sententious, as his heart expanded in the kindly atmosphere around him.

Mr. Edwards kept his engagement, and our dinner passed pleasantly enough. I could see by my mother's looks and manner that she approved of my new acquaintance; nor did this surprise me, for he exhibited a marked respect in his manner towards her, not unmingled with a kind of tenderness.

"How often I have pictured such a scene as this!" he said to me, as we emerged from the dining-room window on to the lawn, still bright with an evening sunlight, and studded with its beds of scarlet geraniums. "After the intolerable affectation of those pineries and graperies, this little belt of shrubbery and reasonable flower-garden is a positive refreshment."

"Mary will feel flattered," I replied, as we approached my sister, who was loitering among the flower-beds. "Mr. Grant was extolling the superiority of our garden over that of the Earl of Bradford." Mary gave an incredulous smile, but Grant vehemently protested that he was in earnest.

"My mother will be in raptures at the news," said Mary; "in her heart I know she considers her fuschias and petunias quite equal to Mr. Jones's orchids, only she don't dare to say so; but with so judicious a critic as Mr. Grant to back her, I fear for her humility."

"What I mean is this," said Grant: "this acre and a half of pleasure-ground, and the paddock beyond it, a man can take in and make his own; I daresay Miss Aubrey has raked every border, and my friend Jack has ere this climbed every tree within its boundaries. Well, that makes you at home with them all; but imagine climbing any of Mr. Jones's Brazilian evergreens, or pruning one of his vines!"

"I don't suppose the Earl of Bradford would desire to accomplish either of those feats," said Mary; "he is content to see the grapes sent up for his London dinner-parties, and for the rest to enjoy the reputation of having the finest private collection of tropical plants in England."

"Yes," said the vicar, who at that moment joined us, "it must be owned he turns his coal-pits to some account. Wonderful how those Bradford collieries are paying just now," he continued, addressing my father; "and the strikes in the north keep up the price of iron."

"Whereabouts are these said collieries?" said Grant; "not surely in this neighbourhood?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary; "you are not to suppose that our county is all made up of pineries and graperies; we produce a frightful amount of coal and iron not twelve miles from Oakham."

"And a strange contrast it is," said the vicar, "to get in here at the Oakham station, and find yourself in half an hour at Bradford."

Grant looked inquiringly.

"Perhaps you have no coal districts in Australia?" said Mary; "if so, such a place as Bradford would be a novelty to you. Well, really, I wouldn't mind the ashpits, if it were not for the women and children."

This truly feminine epitome of the social state of Bradford did not greatly enlighten our visitor, and I hastened to aid his intelligence. "Bradford is a place," I said, "where men work three days in the week, and get drunk the other four; where the wages are paid on Saturday evening in the public-houses, and spent before the men go to work again on Wednesday morning; and where husbands usually kick their wives to death, and daughters as well as sons work in the coal-pits."

"Too true," said my father; "there were five kicking cases, only last sessions, and all connected with drunkenness."

"And you tell me this new government of ours is going to support the public-houses?" said Grant.

"Bound to do it; it's the licensed victuallers' interest that returned them."

"I'd see the licensed victuallers at Old Nick first," said Grant.

"Then, my dear sir, you'd never get a majority."

"And this is the way you get your legislators?" he cried, with vehemence; "a fine promise for the legislation."

"I take it, my dear sir," chimed in the vicar, with that distinct, harmonious pronunciation which marked him for an Oxonian, "I take it that legislation can never practically touch this question. Increase of education, a spread of general intelligence among our labourers and artisan classes will, in time, no doubt, effect a change; but we cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament."

"I fancy," I remarked, "that one can help them to be immoral, and our legislation on this question undoubtedly tends that way."

"A curious fact was stated in the debates the other night," said my father, "that in five dioceses in Ireland the public-houses regularly closed on Sundays by the voluntary determination of the people."

"That is the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood," said Mr. Edwards; "a totally different state of things from anything among ourselves."

Grant rubbed his hands in a sort of ecstasy. "Exactly what I always say," he exclaimed; "personal influence will effect what your favourite *law* will never bring about. Now, if the Irish bishops and parish clergy can close the public-houses in Ireland on Sunday by their personal influence, why don't your Lord Bradfords and your Bishops of Exborough, and your excellent Vicars of Oakham (no offence,

Mr. Edwards) come down on the Bradford pot-houses, and put a stop to all these villainies?"

"Why, indeed?" said Mary, gravely, "I have often asked myself that question."

"My dear Miss Aubrey," protested the vicar, "the cases are totally different."

"Really, Grant," I exclaimed, "your plan is an original one. Conceive our good bishop evangelising the publicans, and bringing in the secular arm to aid him, in the person of Lord Bradford!"

"But why not?" persisted Grant.

"First and foremost," I replied, "because the publicans are staunch supporters of Church and State, and you couldn't expect their lordships to extirpate their natural allies."

Mr. Edwards cleared his throat. "Isn't that rather a strong expression, my dear Mr. John? I suppose the licensed victuallers are none the worse for upholding our venerable constitution?"

"And *how* do they uphold it?" I said; "I haven't yet forgotten the Bradford banners."

Mr. Edwards cleared his throat again, and was hesitating for a reply, when Grant demanded an explanation. "Oh," I said, "it was at the last general election. The Radicals had got up the cry for 'Unsectarian Schools,' whilst the other party went in for 'Sound Scriptural Education.' So what did they do but get banners inscribed in big gold letters, '*Beer and the Bible: our National Drink and our National Religion.*'"\*

By this time, Mr. Edwards had recovered his presence of mind. "Very improper, of course, and extremely bad taste, to say the least," he said; "but you will remember the whole thing was disowned by the Conservative Committee."

"Oh, I know that," I replied; "but, notwithstanding their repudiation of the banners, they would find it difficult after that to lead a crusade against the beer-shops."

Whilst thus talking, we had sauntered to a spot commanding an extensive view over the surrounding country. In the distance rose the granite peaks of Leven Moor, divided from us by a tract of undulating and highly-cultivated land, along which white puffs of smoke from time to time revealed the presence of the Exborough and Bradford Railway.

"That is a famous view," I observed; "it gives just what one always wants, both sides of a question."

"What question?" said Mary.

"Well, everything; there's the moor, which makes you long for a free life in the wilderness, safe out of reach of beer and Bradford; and there's the express train to pull you back to common sense and duty."

"Duty!" said Grant; "it's a wonderful word. Have you ever thought, Miss Aubrey, what an odd time we should have of it, if every one took to doing their duty?"

"Why odd?" said Mary. "I wish with all my heart we did it."

\* This incident actually occurred at a late General Election.

"Well, but follow it up, and see what would come of it," said Grant.

Mary, who had no great capacity for "following things up," looked a little perplexed, so I came to her rescue. "What *would* come of it?" I asked.

"A universal social revolution," was his reply.

"I hope not," said poor Mary; "I've a horror of the very word."

Grant smiled, but persisted that it would be so. "Just consider: there would be no crimes, and therefore no police; no wars and therefore no standing armies; nothing to punish, and so no prisons; very little poverty, so probably no workhouses."

"I beg to differ from you in that view," said Mr. Edwards; "poverty would exist if we were all saints to-morrow."

"I didn't say *no* poverty," said Grant, "but much less of it, and quite of another kind. It would not be squalid, or degrading, or abject poverty if the rich did their duty."

"And what *is* doing our duty?" said Mary, "because hadn't we better do it instead of talking about it?"

"Exactly what I was going to say," I exclaimed; "for any practical result of our argument we must have a precise definition of duty."

Mr. Edwards looked as if he was naturally expected to furnish this definition. "I presume," he said, "that each man's conscience must prescribe his own line of duty."

"Fidelity to conscience," said my father; "yes, that's a safe rule, and it has a good English ring about it."

Still Grant kept silence.

"With all deference, my dear father," I said, "I don't think it fully meets the requirement. Mr. Grant will smile if I go back to my old ground, but we want a fixed *law* to direct our conscience."

"It is conscience which supplies the law," said Edwards.

"What if my conscience prompts me to shoot the Prime Minister?" I inquired.

"That would be a false conscience, of course," he replied, "which no man would be justified in following."

"But there's the difficulty; there must be something or somebody to tell me that it is false, and, if so, it is that *something* or somebody that gives me the rule of duty."

Edwards found himself in a difficulty, and was not unwilling to shift it on to the shoulders of another. "It was Mr. Grant who first started this elaborate discussion," he said, politely; "perhaps he will give us his solution of the question?"

"Yes, pray do," said Mary, "or we shall get no tea this evening."

Grant looked a little confused. "It seems simple enough," he said, without raising his eyes from a rosebud which he was deliberately picking to pieces; "I suppose there's the Gospel."

"Quite so," ejaculated Mr. Edwards, much relieved; "of course, there's the Gospel."

"But, dear me! don't we follow the Gospel?" said Mary.

"I'm not so sure that we do," replied Grant; "at least a good deal

of it. How about the Sermon on the Mount, for example? I can't at this moment call to mind any instance among my own acquaintance of people offering their left cheek when they've been struck on the right, or giving their cloak to those who have taken away their coat."

"Literal interpretations——" began the vicar.

"Which if everybody followed there would be very little work for us lawyers," I added.

"Precisely what I started with saying," cried Grant: "that if everyone simply did his duty, or, if you like it better, if everyone followed the letter of the Gospel, the result would be a universal social revolution. If every owner of a demesne like this, for instance, did his duty according to this view, I take it we should not have quite so many Bradfords."

My father laid his hand on his shoulder. "My dear young friend," he said, "you are young, and have many very generous feelings, I am sure; but when you have lived a little longer in this sad world of ours, you will find what a vast difference there is between the theoretical and the practical."

It was nice of my father to say this, and sounded kind and sensible; but, as we went in to tea, I felt that Grant had not had his answer.

"You will see our parish church to-morrow, Mr. Grant," said my dear mother, who presided at the tea-table; "it is one of the sights of Oakham."

"Ah, hem! yes," said Grant; "Mr. Edwards has been so kind: but to-morrow I expect I shall go to Bradford."

"To-morrow! to Bradford!" I exclaimed, setting down my untasted teacup on its saucer.

"Yes, I suppose there's a ten o'clock train, isn't there?" he asked, composedly.

"Our morning service is at half-past ten," said Mary, in a low tone, whilst Mr. Edwards contented himself with a significant silence.

"Has my description of Bradford proved so attractive that you cannot defer your visit till Monday?" I inquired.

Poor Grant looked somewhat badgered, but he was incapable of an evasion. "Being Sunday," he said, with something of an effort, "one must hear Mass, and I believe Bradford is the nearest Catholic church."

There was a moment of dead silence; Mary looked grave, my mother frightened, and it was my father at last who came to the rescue. "All right, Mr. Grant; yes, there is a Catholic chapel there; you see we didn't know, weren't aware—hem!—I suppose there are a good many Catholics in Australia?"

By this time Grant had recovered from his embarrassment, and the simple dignity of the man made itself felt in his answer: "I am afraid I have startled you all by my announcement; but I really couldn't help it. I told you you did not know whom you were inviting."

"Pshaw! my dear sir," cried my father; "on these matters everyone suits himself, and Mr. Edwards will not mind showing you his church on Monday."

"I consider it an engagement," said the vicar, in his most Oxonian tone; "and I trust Mr. Grant will not suppose that our difference of sentiment on immaterial points is any obstacle to our agreement in essentials."

"I am no controversialist," said Grant, "and I should really like to see your church—for many reasons."

This was a happy way of escaping from a difficulty; and the vicar taking his leave, his departure was followed by another interval of silence. I saw that Grant was concealing a full heart under an exterior of composure, and presently those earnest eyes were raised, and turned upon us. "I feel, Mr. Aubrey," he said, addressing my father, "as if I ought not to be sitting here, enjoying your kind hospitality, without telling you a word of myself or my history. Not that there is anything worth telling," he continued, smiling, as he noticed a certain look of anxiety on my dear mother's countenance, "for really I am not a returned convict. But in admitting a stranger to your family circle, you show me a confidence of which I feel I am unworthy."

"Nothing wrong, my boy, is there?" said my father; he had taken a great liking to Grant, and as he spoke his voice betrayed it.

"No, my dear sir, nothing; but at Oakham this morning you challenged me to tell you something more about myself, and if you still wish it, I will do so."

"Shall we go?" said my mother, rising.

"By no means, dear madam," said Grant, laughing. "My story after all is much like that of the needy knife-grinder; but, such as it is, you shall hear it."

We settled ourselves to listen, and Grant began his story.

## CHAPTER IV.

### GRANT'S STORY.

"My father belonged to what you in England would call a good family; we don't know much of those distinctions in the bush, but he was a gentleman by birth, a University man, and of good connections. He married in his own rank of life, and soon after the time of his marriage, family troubles obliged him to leave England. I don't need to say anything more about these affairs just now, except that they had nothing to do with character. Bayard himself was not more unstained in reputation than my dear father.

"He went to India first of all, but could not stand the climate, and removed to Australia. He had his wife's little fortune, about ten thousand pounds, and with it he bought a large tract of land in Queensland, and stocked it with sheep. A very different sort of



place from Oakham, Miss Aubrey—grassy hills and valleys, no trees, open downs, and a good broad stream or two, but none of your English woods and gardens. There was only one thing to do, and that was to make wool; and in a year or two he got on, took more land and more sheep, and made more wool—that was his business. When a man has a good many thousand sheep to feed, he wants shepherds; and then there's the killing, and skinning, and packing the wool. So by degrees he got a good many fellows into his employment, for he paid them well, and was a kind master. The men respected him, they knew he could be bold as well as kind. More than once he captured a party of bushrangers, and saved his stock from their depredations; and our rough settlers felt him to be more than a good neighbour or a good master—they gathered round him as a protector.

"I have said that my father was a University man, and something of a fine scholar. He had brought with him a fair stock of books, and as time allowed him, he did his best to carry on my education. At twelve years old, I fancy I had mastered about as much Latin and Greek as I should have learnt in the same time at Harrow; and, besides that, I had gained a good many morsels of useful knowledge, better acquired in the bush. But my father could only teach me what he knew himself, and of some things he was ignorant. You see, my dear lady," said Grant, addressing my mother, "I shouldn't like to say anything that would give you pain, or seem, as it were, bumptious, and for a fellow like me to be talking about such things would just be nonsense; but still, you know, it isn't always piety and that sort of thing that a man gets at the University. My father never got into any awkward scrapes; he became a good hand at the classics, and a famous rower. He spent as much money as became his rank, and a good deal more than suited his father's pocket; but as to religion, I fancy he shared it with Socrates. His standard was honour; to speak the truth, because it was the truth; to be brave, and courteous, and just, and merciful, and to be all that because nothing else was worthy of a gentleman. Of course I learnt my catechism, my mother taught me that; and she read me stories out of the Bible, in which I delighted: all about Jacob, and the patriarchs, and the flocks of sheep; it seemed just like our own life in the bush, and I fancied every bushman was an Edomite.

"Well, one day, as we were sitting down to supper, there came word that old Mike, the shepherd, was dying, and that Biddy, his wife, was at the door, and would not go till she had seen the master. My father got up and went to her. 'Oh, wirra, wirra, that I should see the day!' she said; 'there's Mike dyin', and askin' for the priest, and sorra a priest is there within sixty miles, and him at Ballarat!'

"'A priest, Biddy!' said my father; 'what good would he do your husband if he could see him? More to the purpose if he could see a doctor.'

"'What good is it, your honour? Why he'd get the rites of the Church, the cratur, and not be dyin' like a haythen or a Jew.'

"To make a long story short, Biddy so moved my father's kind

heart, that he sent off a man and horse to Ballarat to fetch a priest, and the priest came in time to give poor Mike all he wanted, so that he died like a Christian.

"My father entertained the priest as a matter of course; and, when it was all over, Father Daly said he would like to ride the country round, and see if there were any others who might chance to want him. Well, it was wonderful the number he found who were, and would be, or ought to have been Catholics; for three days, as poor Bidy said, 'he was baptizin' and marryin' and buryin' people for the bare life,' and at the end of the third day he came to my father. 'Mr. Grant,' he said, 'I've a great favour to ask of you, which I'm sure, for these poor fellows' sake, you wont refuse.'

"'Anything in reason,' said my father; 'what is it you wish for?'

"'Why, a barn, or a store, or a place of some sort, where I can say Mass to-morrow morning.'

"Well, a barn was found, and Father Daly was at work half the night knocking and hammering, till he had got up what did for an altar. He had brought all he wanted with him; poor enough it all was; but next day he said Mass, and all the settlers within twenty miles, Catholics and Protestants, were present at it. For it was seldom enough they got a good word from priest or parson, and so, poor fellows, they cared for it when they got it; and get it they did. Just after the Gospel Father Daly turned round and addressed us. It was simple enough, nothing eloquent, nothing of fine preaching; just a few plain words, telling us that what we had got to do in the world was to serve God and save our souls—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lot of money, but to keep out of sin, and serve God, and get to heaven—very plain doctrine, indeed, Miss Aubrey, and spoken in a strong Irish brogue, very different from your friend Mr. Edward's genteel voice, that sounds for all the world like the flute-stop of an organ; and I'm half afraid to tell you that Father Daly was a short, thick-set man, with a face for all the world like a potato. But that is what he told us, and, my word, but it went home to the fellows' hearts; and as to my father, he laid his head on his arm, and sobbed like a baby.

"After Mass was over he went to him; I don't know how it all came about, but Father Daly stayed two days longer, and they had some longish talks together; and a week or two later my father went down to Brisbane, and when he came back he told us he was a Catholic.

"We soon saw the change, though it did not come all at once. As brave and true, and just as ever, but the pride was gone—and after a bit he got a priest, a Spanish Benedictine, to come and settle at Glenleven, as our place was called. He took charge of my education, and rode about looking up the settlers, and every morning when he was with us, I served his Mass. Well, I've seen some of your fine churches, and they get up all that sort of thing now in tremendous style, but St. Peter's itself would never be to me what that little wooden barn was, which we called our chapel. The Mass, the daily Mass, in the wilderness there, with a dozen or so of rough shepherds and cattle

drivers only, kneeling there in the early morning, all so still, so humble—I tell you it was the cave of Bethlehem!

“Father Jerome did a great work among the settlers. Gradually they got to love him and trust him, and he did what he liked among them; and my father too had a grip on them all; with all their free, unshackled ways they felt his power, and it ruled them. Many of them till then had lived like dogs, and he and Father Jerome just made men of them. It can be done, sir,” said Grant, lookingly fixedly at me, “and there is only one way of doing it. It was not law that made the change at Glenleven, but two men with loving hearts, who lived in the fear of God, and spent themselves for their brethren.

“When I was nineteen, my dear mother died, and my father was obliged to revisit Europe. There was some bother about the Irish estates—well, it don’t matter; he came back to Europe and brought me with him; he did not care to stay in England, so we just passed through, and crossed by Holyhead, and the three months, which were all we stayed, were mostly spent in the county Mayo. Before we sailed again, we came up to Dublin, and a thing happened to me there which I shall carry in memory to my grave.

“There was a lad about my own age, young Harry Gibson, whom my father had agreed to take out with him, and let him learn sheep-farming. It was a Sunday afternoon, and we two were coming home after a longish walk, when we passed a little chapel, the door of which was open. ‘Come in here,’ said Harry, ‘and maybe you’ll see the strangest sight in Dublin.’ We entered—an ugly little place enough, with an aisle divided off the whole length of the Church by iron bars, behind which some old women were kneeling. They were not nuns, but, as I afterwards heard, single ladies who lived here by way of a home, in St. Joseph’s Retreat as it was called.

“We knelt down and said our prayers, and I was wondering what Harry had brought me there to see; when there came in from the little sacristy a figure such as I had never seen before—such as in this world I shall never see again. How shall I describe him? An old man, stooping and bent, in extreme old age, in his black priest’s cassock, so worn it was and threadbare; but his face, his eyes—all that was human was gone out of them,—the flesh, the body, and the pride of life all gone, destroyed, obliterated. Nothing left but the stamp of an unutterable meekness. He walked feebly up to the altar and knelt there, such a worship in the bend of his head; and after a little he rose and returned to the sacristy, and, as he passed us, those meek eyes fell on me and penetrated me to the . . .

“I was still full of the thought of it all, when the sacristy door opened again, and a little serving boy came up to me, and whispered that ‘the Father wanted to speak to me.’ I went in wonder, and there he sat, in an old broken arm-chair, with a little kneeling-place beside him, to which he motioned me. I could not have resisted him if it had been to save my life, so I knelt and waited till he should speak.”

“‘My child,’ he said, ‘do you want to save your soul?’

“‘I do indeed, Father.’”

"Well then, you'll mind my words, will you?" I bowed my head, for my heart was beating so I could not speak.

"You must promise me three things: that you'll never miss hearing Mass on Sundays, if you're within twelve miles of it; that you'll never drink a drop of spirits—and here now, that you'll guard your eyes," and, as he said it, he put his hand over my eyes, so, and as I felt the touch of those thin, wasted fingers, I knew it was the touch of a saint. "Do you promise, my boy?"

"I do indeed," I said; "I promise you all three things."

"Well then, if you do," he said, "I'll promise *you* something"—and he spoke slow and distinct,—"*I promise you, you'll save your soul.* And one thing more I have to say to you, and don't forget my words: *If riches increase, set not your heart on them*; and mind this word, too: *We must lay down our lives for the brethren.*" He laid his hand on my head and blessed me, and somehow or other I got back to my place. Harry took my arm, and we left the chapel.

"Who is he?" was all I could say.

"A saint," was his reply, "if there ever was one on this earth; that was *Father Henry Young.*"

"I had never before heard of that extraordinary man, but Harry told me many marvellous things about him; how at eighty years of age he lived on bread and vegetables, never slept on a softer bed than a bare board, and how, penniless as he was, as to private means, thousands passed through his hands, the alms entrusted to him, and administered with inconceivable labour. The look and the words of such a man were not easily forgotten; and so you see," continued Grant, laughing, "you see how it is that I became a water-drinker, and why, come what will, I must go to Bradford to-morrow."

"And I see how it is," thought I to myself, "that Grant's eyes are not precisely like the eyes of other men." But I said nothing.

"Is that all?" said Mary.

"Very nearly," replied Grant. "We went back to Australia, and began the sheep-farming again. As I grew older, I often went down to Brisbane and Sydney to do business for my father, and many's the time I thanked Father Young for his three warnings. My father, meanwhile, was growing a prosperous man, and people said he was saving money. But then came the gold fever, and drew all our hands away; his health too began to break; and four years after our return from Ireland it was all over. A day or two before the end something seemed to trouble him. 'Willie,' he said, 'I don't care to live for anything else, but I wish the debts had been paid.' Now, you must know that, when he first left England, there had been debts, not his own, but his father's; a good deal had been paid, and for what remained they made a composition with their creditors. But the dream of my father's life had been to pay them all back in full, and not till he had done that, he used to say, could he feel himself a free man."

"How much is there at Sydney?" I asked.

"£70,000."

"I started. I had no notion he had laid by so much. 'And the debts?'"

"Well, they're over £60,000; if you paid them out of that, there wouldn't be much left for you, my boy."

"But, then, the land?"

"Worth nothing now, with every fellow that can do a day's work off to the diggings."

"Well, it don't matter, father," I said, "the debts shall be paid; so set your mind at ease about that. It shall never be said that you left the money, and it didn't do the thing you wished."

"I think I still see the smile on his face, as he squeezed my hand and whispered, 'Thank you.'"

"So I left Harry to do what he could at Glenleven, and as soon as I could put things straight, and get the money together, I brought it to England. The debts are all paid off, thank God, and they leave me about £4,000 to start with. You see," he added, laughing, "I am not in a way to stand much in need of Father Young's last warning."

"Really, Mr. Grant, it's a most beautiful story," said my mother, "and quite a lesson."

Grant looked at her with his kind, sweet smile, then rose and bade us all good night. My father went to show him his room, and I was following, when Mary held me fast, and whispered, "Don't go; I want to say something."

"My dear Mary, I'm so awfully sleepy."

"I don't care; one turn under the verandah."

"What a tyrant you are! Well, here goes; now what is it?"

"Jack," she said, half choking with emotion, "you see who he is, don't you?"

"See? Who? Grant?"

"Yes, Grant—if you like to call him so; I should call him the Duke of Leven."

"Duke of fiddlesticks! Why, what are you dreaming of, Mary? The old duke died at Baden, and his son Carstairs in India."

"Did you ever hear of his death?" she asked.

"No, I don't know that I did; but this isn't he: why he would be old enough to be Grant's father."

"And was his father," she said. "Oh, Jack, that you shouldn't see it, and you a lawyer! His father at Oxford, and the debts, and then the estates in Ireland, and the name they gave their land in Australia, Glenleven. Oh, Jack, don't you see it?"

I did see it sure enough, though it was mortifying that she had guessed it before me.

"Mary," I said, "you're a Solomon. Put you on a judge's wig, and in your summing up you'd beat the Chief Justice! But what shall we do? Must we tell my father?"

The question was debated, but, as Mary said, we might be wrong; and even if we were right, it did not seem the thing to force Grant's secret. If he did not want to be known as the Duke of Leven, it was not for us to unveil him. At any rate we resolved to say nothing at present, but to wait for what might follow.

## THE IRISH CHILDREN'S FIRST COMMUNION.

## IN THREE PARTS.

## PART I.—THE CATECHISM CLASS.

**M**Y story wafts me—if so slight a thing  
 Be deemed a story—backward many years;  
 I dread to count them, for on viewless wing  
 Fast fleeteth from me with its hopes and fears  
 Life's week of work-days, and the Sabbath nears,  
 Silent and swift. Far back and far apart  
 From present duties fond remembrance peers,  
 While scenes, long vanished, into being start  
 From bygone summer-times of year and life and heart.

How sweet the mem'ry of those summer days,  
 Whose sun shone brighter far than sun shines now,  
 When down the steep and rugged mountain-ways  
 Sped many a peasant-child whose sunburnt brow  
 Told of long watches shared with sheep and cow,  
 Out on the brae, in fair or blustering weather.  
 But now released they come with merry row  
 Of shouts and laughter, skipping o'er the heather,  
 The girls linked arm-in-arm, the boys in bands together.

So many helping hands can parents spare?  
 They're bidden to the catechism class,  
 And all the parish youngsters must be there.  
 For though on ev'ry Sunday, after Mass,  
 The children who are old enough to "pass"  
 Are dinned with Christian doctrine, yet 'tis found  
 Most of their giddy little heads, alas!  
 Imbibe it slowly, and the priest feels bound  
 To stretch the Sunday-school at times the whole week round.

When winter days have lengthened into spring,  
 And spring's chill rains have ceased to pour amain,  
 When larks begin to make the welkin ring—  
 Then down the hillside and across the plain,  
 Noisy and blithesome, winds the swelling train  
 Of children, to the chapel hieing fast.  
 No tight-laced boot or boddice causeth pain:  
 Such cramping fashions to the winds they cast—  
 Barefoot and free they speed, and reach their goal at last.

For on last Sunday, when "the Book was changed"  
The second time, arose the mild uproar  
Of women, who with careful hand arranged  
Their Sunday gowns behind them and before,  
Half kneeling and half sitting on the floor;  
While on *their* side the men, in frieze bedight,  
Relieved their wearied ankles less or more,  
Not standing, sitting, nor yet kneeling quite,  
But lolling on left knee, with elbow on the right.

Yet soon they stood; and when the stir had ceased,  
And gallery grandees their seats had ta'en—  
After some moments' solemn pause the priest  
Turned to instruct his simple flock with plain  
And earnest words, whereof they best retain  
This final warning: "Come, my children dear,  
Work at your catechism might and main,  
For some of you are backward still, I fear,  
And now within a month the Bishop will be here."

Then with a father's mild authority,  
Strong in his priestly power and love, he spake;  
Knowing full well his people would but be  
Happy and proud such sacrifice to make  
For holy faith and for their children's sake.  
And so poor mothers, till the month be o'er,  
Must the routine of household duties break,  
That their "wee girls" may be free to store  
Within their innocent minds a hoard of Christian lore.

Thus through the bygone week the children came,  
Not (as in towns) from streets and lanes hard by,  
But most from distant homes; and who could blame  
Those entering late? Yet doth the wise priest try  
To frown a little, as, demure and sly,  
The truants fain by stealth would reach their place.  
How swift the eager, crowded moments fly,  
As rival classes through their chapters race—  
Till lo! again 'tis come, the day of rest and grace.

No day of rest for First Communion class!  
The priest his tardy breakfast speeds, to come  
To the young swarm that tarries after Mass.  
Hushed at his coming is the busy hum  
Of question and reply, and all grow dumb  
While Father John repeats his explanation  
(Not yet half frequently enough for some)  
Of what each one must do in preparation  
For First Communion these, and those for Confirmation.

Deftly he then examines lads and lasses,  
 Mingling judicious praise with kind reproof,  
 Transfixing culprits through his silver "glasses"—  
 But hark! the *clink-clink* of a horse's hoof.  
 A frieze coat hurries in, yet stands aloof  
 Till asks the priest what may his business be.  
 Death is a visitor beneath his roof!  
 'Tis a sick call away behind Croagh Shee—  
 Thither the pastor hastes, the children breathe more free.

Then swells anew the catechetic clatter—  
 "*How many Gods are there?*" and "*What is sin?*"  
 For the poor teachers 'tis no easy matter  
 Within fair limits to control the din,  
 Especially when "ups and downs" begin.  
 But when the tumult soars beyond due bounds,  
 The "Master" takes his cane, ne'er used within  
 These hallowed walls—and yet the eager sounds  
 Calm down, as, cane in hand, he sternly goes his rounds.

Among the boys, a mighty monarch, he  
 Doth all the week hold undivided sway  
 Within the sultry schoolhouse which you see  
 Out yonder near the churchyard gate. To-day  
 A gentler sovereign, easier to obey,  
 Rules meekly 'mid the girls: 'tis Miss O'Neill  
 From Hawthorn Nook, a mile along the bay,  
 Who tries to make her three young charges feel  
 For this most holy task some of her own bright zeal.

For these the hours of class seem all too brief,  
 But to their pupils tardy sounds the bell  
 Which brings tired head and restless limb relief,  
 Gath'ring them round the altar-rails, to swell  
 The chorus of Hail Marys. Then pell-mell  
 The urchins scramble for their caps, and press,  
 With that rude crushing schoolboys love so well,  
 Out to the road. The girls depart with less  
 Of disregard for peace, propriety, and dress.

Then what a merry progress homeward! Some  
 Proceed but intermittently, delaying  
 Betimes with this or that familiar chum,  
 At pitch-and-toss, or tig, or marbles playing,  
 So long that motherkind at home are saying:  
 "What can be keeping Billy there this late?"  
 William, meanwhile, his chances sagely weighing,  
 Decides that, though the charm of "mebs" be great,  
 For dinner cold or scant it scarce will compensate.



The Sunday dinner ! Epicures, in vain  
 My muse to *you* would picture what that means  
 For those whose week-day fare is passing plain,  
 At best a herring ; but to-day brown beans  
 Steam round their bit of bacon, with young greens  
 Or cauliflower to enhance the zest  
 Of what to hungry health is worth tureens  
 Of turtle to the rich—potatoes dressed  
 In native jackets all, smiling their very best.

This is the bait which wileth Billy home  
 E'en from that fascinating pitch-and-toss.  
 Lured by this prospect, he will scorn to roam  
 After the brightest butterflies that cross  
 His homeward pathway. Without further loss  
 Of time he hast'neth in with cheeks aglow,  
 And doth his cap upon the dresser toss ;  
 Whilst mother mildly grumbles, " Home so slow !  
 The Catechism Class was over long ago."

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RELICS OF RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS—  
 "SHAMROCK" OF THE *NATION*.\*

THE reasons why out of all the poets, past, present, and future, I have thought fit to begin with one who must, I fear, be quite unknown to most of you, are, first, because he *is* unknown, and ought, I think, to be known and prized ; secondly, because some unpublished materials concerning him have been entrusted to me for publication, and I have neglected the trust too long ; and thirdly, a reason analogous to the one put forward by an excellent countryman of ours who, when remonstrated with for chastising somewhat immoderately the wife of his bosom, replied : " An' your Reverence, *who'll* bate her if *I* don't bate her ?" Who will read and praise the poets of Ireland if we ourselves in Ireland do not read and praise them ? Certainly not the critics over the water, who are too much inclined to pursue towards Goldsmith's compatriots the policy of which poor Oliver complained in his own open-hearted way : " Whenever I write any thing very good, the public make a point of knowing nothing about it."

Of this " conspiracy of silence " amongst British critics against

\* This lecture was delivered a week after that " On the Literary Studies of Ladies," published in the *IRISH MONTHLY* for August, 1876.

those who bless God that the "curse of Swift" is upon them, that they are Irishmen; let Mr. William Rossetti be taken as a specimen. He is a critic of note, especially among his own set and in his own opinion. In *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, 1876, he gives a general view of British poetry during the last half-century since the death of Lord Byron, in 1824. Among Britons he includes Irishmen, for he speaks of Moore (disparagingly, of course, for it is the custom of his clique), and he mentions also Sheridan Knowles, William Allingham, and Aubrey de Vere. After discussing rapidly the influence of the living poets, Tennyson, Browning, and his own kinsfolk (brother and sister, I believe), Dante Rossetti and Christina Rossetti, together with Morris, Swinburne, and William Bell Scott, he ends his survey thus:—

"I will add, in conclusion, the names of some other poets belonging to the period we have been considering. In the earlier years, or, broadly speaking, in the time between the death of Byron, and the advent of Tennyson, there were Allan Cunningham, James Montgomery, James Hogg, Bryan Procter, Motherwell, Hamilton Reynolds, Præd, Sheridan Knowles. In the Tennysonian time, Macaulay, Ebenezer Elliot, George Darley, Bulwer Lytton, Keble, Westland Marston, Barham, Monckton Milnes, Ebenezer Jones, Linton, Patmore, Kingsley, Aubrey de Vere, Clough, Barnes, Matthew Arnold. In recent years—or say, roughly, from 1850 onwards—George Meredith, Frederick Locker, Robert Lytton, J. H. Newman, Garnett, George Macdonald, Gerald Massey, Richards, Myers, Alfred Austin, Woolner, Robert Buchanan, Rhoades, Miss Ingelow, Mrs. Lewes, Mrs. Webster, Simcox, W. S. Gilbert, Dommet Nichol, Hake, O'Shaughnessy, Philip Marston, John Payne, Marzials, Ross, Neill, Gosse, James Thomson."

And so the catalogue ends with Mr. James Thomson, who spells his name like his double namesake, the poet of the "Seasons," but who, it would seem, is a poet of the present season also. As Pascal exclaims, after a somewhat similar enumeration: "O mon père, lui dis-je tout effrayé, tous ces gens-là sont-ils chrétiens?"—not very good Christians, I fear, some of them, and not much better poets. How many Irishmen among them? In spite of his very Irish name, I do not know if we can establish a full claim to Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy, or whether it is worth while urging our claim very strenuously to the author of "Music and Moonlight." But in a wide sweep for recent and contemporary verse-writers, so comprehensive as to include such small fry as Hake (not very like a whale!), Dommet, Garnet, and Ebenezer Jones, it really is noteworthy that Clarence Mangan, Samuel Ferguson, Denis Florence MacCarthy, and some others that I could mention, are never mentioned, and (not to mind the omission of the Catholic Miss Procter, who would naturally have paired with the Protestant Miss Ingelow) Aubrey de Vere, it would seem, has either been confounded with his father, Sir Aubrey,\* or has dropped

\* Dr. George MacDonald, in his interesting work on English Sacred Poetry, makes this mistake. At page 321 of "England's Antiphon," he says: "Sir Aubrey de Vere is a poet profound in feeling, and gracefully tender in utterance;" and he quotes the lines which Dr. Newman has honoured by making them the motto of *Callista*, beginning,

"Love thy God, and love Him only :  
And thy breast will ne'er be lonely."

This eloquent writer evidently meant to speak not of the deceased baronet (who also

out of the critic's ken since he became a Catholic: else he should be among the poets who have done their best work since 1850, not before it. And, certainly, if any Englishman, especially one with "a tendency to scepticism and ringlets," were the author of "Innisfail," "The Sisters," the "Legends of St. Patrick," "Alexander the Great," and "St. Thomas of Canterbury;" and if any other such Englishman had translated Calderon with such marvellous skill as to win the admiration of Ticknor and Longfellow, while writing such true poems of his own as to make one grudge the years given to even such a translation of Calderon—this pair of hypothetical Englishmen would assuredly have achieved the glory of having their names enshrined for ever in this concluding paragraph of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's *Macmillan* article.

Of course I did not look there for the name which I wish to enshrine in your hearts; for, as Mitchel says of Clarence Mangan, Williams "was not only an Irishman, not only an Irish papist, not only an Irish papist rebel, but throughout his literary life he never published a line in any English periodical or through any English bookseller, and seemed not to be aware that there was a British public to please."

There is, besides, this further risk of our poet's being forgotten, even amongst his own, that, whereas two volumes of Mangan were published in his lifetime, and one since his death in America, with the advantage of John Mitchel's clever and racy editing, no collection has yet been made of the poems of Richard Dalton Williams. They have to be tracked out painfully and drearily through the files of dusty, faded old newspapers and defunct magazines. The available hours of a week do not go far in such explorations; but, to adopt the convenient vagueness of a newspaper threat, we do not intend to let the matter drop here.\*

Pausanias tells us it was a saying among the Thracians, that the nightingales which make their nests near the grave of Orpheus sing more sweetly than other nightingales. Who knows what may happen

was a true poet), but of his son of the same name, who happily lives and works among us still, as he is kind enough to prove in another page of our present Number.

\* I give this to the printer just as I find it; but happily it is already obsolete. The Dublin correspondent of the *Tablet* interpreted the above words as an announcement of the lecturer's intention to edit Williams's poems; whereas, the "vague threat" referred to nothing more than a fuller treatment of the subject in the pages of the *IRISH MONTHLY*. When I saw with great satisfaction that the *Nation* was to give as its Christmas supplement, for 1876, a collection of the poems of *Shamrock*, I thought of printing the present lecture beforehand, in order (as Moore says in one of his ingenious prefaces) to give myself the benefit of what astronomers call an heliacal rising before the appearance of the luminary in whose brilliance I should be lost. But I preferred to wait for the aid which that publication was sure to afford me, confident that my theme would still retain amply sufficient novelty. I hope that the present paper, and much more its continuation in the next issue of our Magazine, will pre-engage many readers for the volume which Mr. T. D. Sullivan is preparing for publication as the best permanent memorial of Dalton Williams, and his graceful and versatile genius.

to one who takes his theme from a poet's grave? I was going to call the selections, which I am introducing too much at my leisure, "A Few Shamrocks from *Shamrock's Grave*:" for "*Shamrock*"\* was the *nom de plume* by which Williams was known familiarly and affectionately to a wide circle of Irish readers thirty years ago. But alas! poor *Shamrock* was buried where no shamrocks grow, far away from dear old Ireland.

"Some on the shores of distant lands  
Their weary bones have laid,  
And by the stranger's heedless hands  
Their lonely graves were made."

Williams was one of these. Many years before his exile began, there occurs in one of his earliest songs a prophecy which he himself at the time, poor young fellow, meant only as a pathetic fancy. Just at the end of his schoolboy days, as we might guess from the Virgilian tag prefixed as a motto—*feror exul in altum*—he sang this "Adieu to Innisfail:"—

"Adieu!—The snowy sail  
Swells her bosom to the gale,  
And our bark from Innisfail  
Bounds away.  
While we gaze upon the shore  
That we never shall see more,  
And the blinding tears flow o'er,  
We pray:—

"*Ma vuirneen*! be thou long  
In peace the queen of song—  
In battle proud and strong  
As the sea.  
Be saints thine offspring still,  
True heroes guard each hill,  
And harps by every rill  
Sound free!

"Though round her Indian bowers  
The hand of nature showers  
The brightest, blooming flowers  
Of our sphere:  
Yet not the richest rose  
In an *alien* clime that blows,  
Like the briar at home that grows  
Is dear.

\* A correspondent writing from the parish in which our poet spent some of his early years—Toomevara, near Nenagh—mentions that the gardener at Grenanstown was obliged to set apart and tend carefully a special bed of shamrocks for the satisfaction of the bright little lad who was in after days to take his literary title from our national emblem. Poets' lives often record more trivial things than this other fact which comes to me from the same source, namely, that young Williams was passionately fond of music, and that his favourite instrument (of torture for the neighbours) was the cornopian.

"Though glowing breasts may be  
In soft vales beyond the sea,  
Yet ever, *gra ma chree*,  
Shall I wail  
For the heart of love I leave,  
In the dreary hours of eve,  
On thy stormy shores to grieve,  
Innisfail!

"But mem'ry o'er the deep  
On her dewy wing shall sweep,  
When in midnight hours I weep  
O'er thy wrongs,  
And bring me, steeped in tears,  
The dead flowers of other years,  
And waft unto my ears  
Home songs.

"When I slumber in the gloom  
Of a nameless, foreign tomb,  
By a distant ocean's boom,  
Innisfail!  
Around thy em'rald shore  
May the clasping sea adore,  
And each wave in thunder roar,  
'All hail!'

"And when the final sigh  
Shall bear my soul on high,  
And on chainless wing I fly  
Through the blue,  
Earth's latest thought shall be,  
As I soar above the sea,  
'Green Erin, dear, to thee  
Adieu!'"\*

Of many a poet's life the record comes to little more than this :

"That he was born it cannot be denied;  
He ate, drank, slept, wrote deathless songs, and died!"

It cannot be denied that Dalton Williams was born, but the where and the when cannot be determined exactly. One who accompanied him to some of the Repeal Meetings, in 1843, tells me he was then about eighteen years of age. We cannot be far astray if we place his birth four or five years before Emancipation Year, '29. His birthday, I am able, on the authority of another friend, to fix upon the 8th of October. Perhaps St. Bride of Kildare owes the rich, rolling music of the hymn which he was to sing in her praise, to the fact that the mother† whom he tenderly loved was a namesake of the "Mary of Erin."

\* These lines, which are adapted to the old air, *Cruiskeen Lawn*, were printed in the *Nation* of Feb. 24, 1843, in the same number which contains O'Connell's speech in the Corporation debate with Alderman Isaac Butt, beginning: "I am an Irishman, and I am an ardent admirer of the lovely and fruitful land of my birth, my fatherland."

† She was a native of Westmeath, and married her kinsman, James Williams, who farmed Grenanstown under the father of the present Count Dalton. Her grave is in Kilbride churchyard, near Dublin.

It has sometimes been stated in print that Williams was born at Grenanstown, near the Devil's Bit, in Tipperary. I have reason to believe that he was born in Dublin, and that he was six years old when Grenanstown became his home. There he grew up among "the finest peasantry under the sun." An article in the *Nation*, of July 26, 1851, which it is hardly rash to attribute, on internal evidence, to one whom I know to have been his schoolfellow, and who was sub-editor of the revived *Nation* at the time and till his premature death in 1853—Maurice Richard Leyne—tells us that Williams, "studious and fanciful even when a child, had, in the old country-house where he was born and brought up under the shadow of the Devil's Bit Mountain, in Upper Ormond, fed his imagination by the eager perusal of all the tales of adventure, volumes of verse, repertories of fairy lore, and scanty chronicles of Irish history, which fell into his hands. And in many a visit to the solemn solitudes of the Camailte Mountains, he heard hymns in the winter storms, and peopled the wild fastnesses with beings of his own imagining." This friend says that our young poet used to tell in later years serious stories about the haunted house which was the home of his childhood. His heart often went back to those scenes and to "Camailte's frowning mountains," which rise up before him when he tells "Mary," the best, perhaps, of all the poetesses of the *Nation*, how Brida (the Irish goddess of poetry) "loves the Munster hills." To the same hills he flies in the midst of the wild fun of the ninth of his famous "Misadventures of a Medical Student," when quite a different Mary

"liked not such a jesting reply,  
And the dawn was o'ercast in the blue of her eye,  
And, as cloudlets career from the summer-wind's chase,  
The ghost of a frown fitted over her face;  
But deponent avers, on his harp, 'twas about  
The most wretched attempt ever made at a poet.  
Still, presto! at once to the dismal I glided;  
For poets are prisms, and all many-sided.  
So let us look gloomy, and classic, and blue,  
And cut with the comic the anapaests too."

And then he glides softly into a metre that suits his change of mood, as no rhymester ever knew better how to do, not even that one of whom the Vice-Emperor of India tells us in his "Fables in Song," that

"He every pace of his Pegasus knew,  
And could pass with applause through a classic review  
Upon galloping dactyle or spondee sedate,  
With the requisite word at the regular rate."

It is precisely to the "spondee sedate," or its English equivalent, that "Shamrock" turns for variety's sake after a surfeit of his comical anapaests; and mark how from his "two-pair Eden" in Dublin where, as he narrates in the first of his "Misadventures,"

"He lodged in a lodging where lodged many lodgers,  
Obeying with pride an autochthonal Lodger—"

how this student of medicine (and of *Martin Chuzzlewit*) yearns still after the green hills of Tipperary :—

“ Some hearts there are will twine their strings, like tendrils of the vine,  
Round all contiguous lovely things ; and such, alas ! was mine.  
I worshipped all things beautiful—I loved the low wind's tune ;  
I loved at night to hear the bird that serenades the moon ;  
I loved the roaring cataract that thunders from the rock,  
And breaks its solid prison walls in fragments with the shock.  
I loved the bounding thunderbolt among the Irish hills—  
I loved to see its lurid glare illumine the whitened rills.  
And fairy minstrels round me played upon the midnight braeze,  
And from the founts I called up sylphs and syrens from the seas.  
Aglais, fair Euphrosyne, Thalia—Graces three—  
With linkèd limbs, from Tenedos came o'er the silver sea ;  
And all the bright Castalides, from cool Pierian caves,  
With zoneless bosoms, sang to me, and Tritons from the waves.  
The waves !—the waves !—the Atlantic waves ! like plumed hosts that bound,  
And, like thy tides, my spirit swelled, dark ocean ! at thy sound.”

From Tipperary to Tenedos ! This transit was effected—the future bard's acquaintance with Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, and Greek and Latin in general, was chiefly formed—at Carlow College. But I am glad to find, from a letter of his which I will give presently, that he began his education at St. Stanislaus' College, Tullabeg. “ When I was at Tullabeg,” he writes, “ I was sufficiently acquainted with the ferula of the then prefect, Father Meagher, uncle of Thomas Francis Meagher.” In this letter, he expresses his gratitude for the best part of his education to Dr. Taylor, who died last year, the venerated parish priest of Maryborough.

At Carlow there was a custom that certain compositions of the students should, if considered worthy, be written into a Book of Honour for preservation. One of the professors has kindly furnished me with a list of young Williams's successful candidates for this distinction : prose pieces on “ Carlow by Moonlight,” “ Pleasures of Imagination,” and “ A Dream ;” poetry : “ Song of a Sea-spirit,” “ Mariner's Song,” “ Youth,” “ May,” and blank verse (which he never tried in after years, that I am aware of) on Austerlitz and the Speech of Regulus. I may venture to give a specimen of his 'prentice hand, dated “ 1836,” when he was a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age. It is inserted here merely as a curiosity :—

“ Dark rolled the clouds round my lone rocky dwelling,  
Loud thunder pealed through heaven's lofty dome,  
The billows their bosoms of white foam were swelling,  
And dashed 'gainst the base of my desolate home.

“ And a barque planged on through the waters darkling,  
Now raised on a billow, now lost to the view,  
And steely ranks on the deck were sparkling  
Neath the forked lightning flashing blue.

"I stood on the cliff and saw the deep bounding  
In terrific sport 'neath the stormy sky ;  
I heard a sad signal o'er the waves sounding,  
A loud crash—wild shrieks—but no aid was nigh !

"'Twas a valiant band from the wars returning,  
Who perished that night 'mid the surge's roar,  
Who had 'scaped where the fight was fiercest burning  
Yet sank within sight of their native shore."

As it is well to preserve every little relic of genius, I will transcribe the only other sample that has come into my hands of his boyish rhymes. This is dated a few years later—1839. But I will first quote, as a contrast, a more mature piece on the same solemn theme : for each of them might be called "A Thought on Calvary :"

"Crowned and throned, King Jesus, bleeding, reigns in gory pomp on high ;  
Men around, like devils, taunt him, tears of angels dim the sky.  
Awful ichor, wave immortal, o'er a suppliant sinner roll ;  
Cleanse me in your purple torrents, heal, revive, inspire my soul.  
From thy wounded breast, my Saviour, lo ! the saving fountains play.  
Royal river ! in thy flowing wash my scarlet guilt away.  
But, my soul ! what mortal sadness hangs on Jesus' brow the while,  
And a God-like sorrow mingles with th' expiring victor's smile !  
Ah ! for us his heart is breaking. Yes, for man—the cold ingrate,  
Who returns a God's affection with a worse than demon hate.  
Not the nails that tear each fibre—not the spear his heart within—  
Lacerate that loving bosom like our crushing load of sin.  
He had smiled on Calvary's altar, sweet as when enthroned above,  
Were his countless pangs rewarded by our dearly purchased love ;  
But our cold and heartless torpor rises on his shrinking view—  
Not alone his veins are streaming, but his soul is bleeding too.  
Jesus ! stay my shuddering spirit, horror loads my struggling breath,  
I am guilty of thy murder, I have sold my God to death.  
Oh, can Earth—can Hell have torments that for crime like this atone ?  
Wilt Thou rise and crush creation, thundering from Thine awful throne ?  
Shall the lovely stars, extinguished, be a howling waste again,  
And red lightnings blast for ever every trace of guilty men ?  
Hark ! He speaks : 'For all my anguish—all my blood and tortures here—  
All thy malice—grant me only, contrite sinner, one pure tear.'"

The foregoing lines were printed in *Duffy's Irish Catholic Magazine* ;\* but the following much more commonplace verses on the same theme and in the same metre are printed now for the first time, having been written, as I said, many years before that bright epoch of a young poet's life—his first proof-sheet :—

"Wan and bloody, Jesus, weeping, on the cross in torture hung :  
Who may dream, my suffering Saviour, all that then thy bosom wrung ?  
Deep thy wounds, and sad thy sorrow ; blood and tears commingled flow—  
Yet not these, atoning Victim ! fixed the sharpest barb of woe.

\* One might be misled by the signature, D. N. S., not the initials, but the final letters of Richard Dalton Williams. Mr. D. F. MacCarthy's contributions to that Magazine are signed on the same plan, S. E. Y.

In the *IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. ii., p. 6, will be found a poem, "To the Mother of the Christmas Babe," which we printed from an unpublished autograph, given to us by Mrs. Williams, with some other relics of *Shamrock*.



No, alas ! thy bitter anguish, thorny wreath, and mortal pain,  
Pierced not like the cruel knowledge that thy blood was shed in vain ;  
That thy love's unfathomed treasures could not man ungrateful win :  
While thou saw'st, through future ages rising, worlds of damning sin,  
Love rejected, mercy scorned, hellish hate poor worms between,  
And thy blood by our transgressions rendered powerless to redeem."

This sample of our poet in his teens is worth quoting at least for the sake of showing that from the first, as down to the last, piety, equally with patriotism, was the inspiration of his Muse.

But his apprenticeship is now over ; and a fitting field has just been opened for the display of his gifts. Williams was reaching manhood, when the *Nation* newspaper was established by a young Monaghan man, who had previously conducted the *Belfast Vindicator* with great ability—Charles Gavan Duffy—conjointly with Thomas Osborne Davis, of Mallow, and John Blake Dillon,\* of Mayo, one representative from each of the provinces except Leinster : the three Ds, as they were sometimes called, or, as they described themselves in their prospectus, "a party of young men connected with the literature of the country."

"It is a high inspiration," says James Russell Lowell, "to be the neighbour of great events." In those years before the famine had broken the spirit of the country, the young men of Ireland thought themselves the near neighbours of great events, and "the heart of Ireland began to beat strongly." One of the results was a gush of poetry, wonderful in its copiousness, and in its strength and grace, which have won the admiration of Longfellow, and startled even the cool judgment of Lord Jeffrey† into the warmest praise. What, then, must have been its effect on youthful enthusiasts like Dalton Williams ? When "the *Nation's* First Number," which Clarence Mangan chanted in its own pages :—

"'Tis a great day and glorious, O Public, for you,  
This October Fifteenth, Eighteen-forty-and-two,"

simply because on that day burst forth on the world "the *Nation's* First Number"—when it reached Carlow College, we may imagine the thrill with which the "poet," as his schoolmates called him, read Thomas Davis's first poem, "The Lament for Owen Roe," and how ardent his desire, and, perhaps, how faint his hope to be one day enrolled in such goodly company :—

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."  
Perchance my name shall yet be linked with these.

He had not long to wait. The editors—indeed we may speak of them in the plural in this context, though the triumvirs had not

\* Nearly all the young patriots and poets of that day had three names apiece. John Mitchel and John Martin belong to a somewhat later and sterner phase of the movement.

† The passages in his letters to which I refer have been often quoted. He confounds in one place Duffy with Davis, and regrets his early death.

equal authority, for Duffy was true editor, *redacteur-en-chef*—the brilliant young editors ruled their Parnassus with an iron sceptre. "We receive," say they, in the fifth month of their reign, March 18, 1843, "a letter or two every week, accusing us of harshness to our poetic correspondents, and admonishing us that we ought to foster genius till it grows into maturity. This is all quite true, but are we to foster nonsense or idiocy? Are we to foster a sow's ear with the hope that it will become a silk purse? We foster genius, or even talent, when we can find it, and that, thank God, is abundantly often; but are we, therefore, to be guilty of the cruelty of encouraging a taste for scribbling among those whom nature never intended to touch pen and ink? There is not a more pitiable creature in existence than the man afflicted with the itch of writing poetry but denied the capacity by nature. We would as soon encourage a lame man to turn ballet-master, as such a one to woo the impregnable muses." Accordingly, Angelica, Neaniskos, and others, are shovelled off into the waste-basket on the charge that "their verses have no merit but good intentions." Another week, "Juliet," "Young Ireland," and a host of others, are sternly ordered to stand aside because "they echo Moore as a hurdygurdy may grind the music that peals from an organ." And some unhappy J. V. is extinguished algebraically with the remark that his beloved verses are "mere prose *minus* sense *plus* a jingle—do harp your harp on a willow-tree!"

A pleasant contrast to these critical snarls and bites is the welcome accorded to *Shamrock*, who was the first, I think, to adopt a fanciful name of that description, the other *noms de plume* being, for the most part, added in the "spirit of the *Nation*" to distinguish pieces which had originally appeared without any signature: "The Celt" for Davis (varied by "Torquil," and sundry others, perhaps, to give him an opportunity of cutting himself up and running himself down in the "Answers to Correspondents"), "The Black Northern"\* for Gavan Duffy, "Desmond" for Denis Florence MacCarthy, and "Slievegullion" for one who still keeps his visor down. The Carlow student must have been happy when he read, and when others read, in the *Nation* of Jan. 21, 1843: "*Shamrock* is a jewel. He cannot write too often. His verses are full of vigour, and as natural as the harp of Tara, or the mellifluous brogue of poor Power"—namely, the clever actor, Tyrone Power, who had just perished in the American steamer President, to the great satisfaction of some punster of the period who remarked that that was the most disastrous of shipwrecks, since America lost therein her President and England her Power.

A fortnight before this, the first "*Shamrock*" had sprung up in the garden of the *Nation*, as green and fresh as the best of those that the boy had tended of yore at Grenanstown. It was the thir-

\* A writer in the *Nation*, of Feb. 3, 1877, who is certainly not its founder, adopts this famous signature. He ought to get himself named anew—like the Rebaptizers of the early Church, or like certain colts and fillies of the modern stud.

teenth number, January 7, 1843: for, as the best authority\* tells us:—

"Williams was not among the founders of that memorable school of national poetry, which sprang up in '42 and '43, but he was its second recruit. [Was the first recruit "Desmond" or "Stievegullion?"]. Early in the first year of the *Nation*, a poem reached us from Carlow College which may take its place in literary history with the boyish pastorals of Pope and the boyish ballads of Chatterton. It was scrawled in the angular, uncertain hand of a student, and scarcely invited an examination. But it proved to be a ballad of surpassing vigour, full of new and daring imagery, which broke out like a tide of lava among the faded flowers and tarnished tinsel of minor poetry. And the vigour seemed to be held in check by a firm and cultivated judgment; there was not a single flight which Jeffrey would have called extravagant, or a metre to which Pope could object. This was the 'Munster War Song.' . . . It was Williams's first poem in the *Nation*. A couple of months before, Davis had written his first poem—the 'Lament for Owen Roe.' Memorable beginnings, and beginnings of more than a new race of Irish bards. At this time, Meagher was a student in Stoneyhurst, O'Brien a Parliamentary Liberal, Mitchel a provincial attorney, and M'Gee an American Editor. M'Nevin had never been across the threshold of the *Nation* office, either in person or by contribution; nor had MacCarthy, Mr. Walsh, nor De Jean—nor had any two of these young men ever met. But a new banner had been set up, and here were trumpet notes fit to summon a host around it."

In the sentences omitted in the foregoing extract, the writer says the readers of to-day who have been be-warsonged to nausea will find it hard to do justice to the power and originality of this poem; and this is still truer now-a-days. Many of Williams's poems, to be cited hereafter, will come home more to our hearts than this fiery strain which some Irish harper is supposed to chant forth before battle, about the year of our Lord, 1190. Mr. T. D. Sullivan judiciously remarks, as specially commendable in the work of a mere lad, that nowhere is it padded out with adjectives or adverbs to fill up the metre; no rhymes are dragged in from afar and placed *in situ*, with an amount of effort sufficient to move millstones:—

"Can the depths of the ocean afford you not graves,  
That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves—  
To redden and swell the wild torrents that flow  
Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aherlow?"

"The clangour of conflict o'erburdens the breeze,  
From the stormy Sliabh Bloom to the stately Gailtees;  
Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,  
Slievenamon, Gleann Colaich, and sublime Gailtee Mor!"

\* Two valedictory articles appeared in the revived *Nation* apropos of *Shamrock's* *begin*: the longer and more literary review of July 26, 1851, I have already ventured to attribute to Mr. M. R. Leyne, and it is evident that the writer of the previous more personal farewell of June 14, was Mr. Duffy himself. Let me notice here two instances of the editor's thoughtfulness which have crossed me in exploring old files of the *Nation*. Before he knew Williams personally, he asks where a dozen copies of the forthcoming "Spirit of the *Nation*" can be sent to his young recruit; and, many years later, Mr. J. H. Green, in his obituary of J. de Jean Fraser, who worked at cabinet-making and verse-making in this fair city of Dublin some thirty years ago, mentions that the *Nation* was the only newspaper that to the last was sent faithfully to the broken-down poet as an old contributor.

"The sunburst that slumbered, embalmed in our tears,  
Tipperary ! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers !  
And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and spear,  
While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here,

"The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain,  
With a shaft in his flank, and a blood-dripping mane—  
His gallant breast labours, and glare his wild eyes !  
He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

"Let the trumpets ring triumph ! the tyrant is slain !  
He reels o'er his charger, deep-pierced through the brain,  
And his myriads are flying like leaves on the gale—  
But who shall escape from our hills with the tale ?

"For the arrows of vengeance are showering like rain,  
And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,  
Till thy waves, lordly Shannon, all crimsonly flow,  
Like the billows of hell, with the blood of the foe.

"Ay ! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—  
Revenge with the fleetness of lightning can vie,  
And the septa of the mountains spring up from each rock,  
And rush down the ravines like wolves on the flock.

"And who shall pass over the stormy Sliabh Bloom  
To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom,  
When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers  
Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears ?

"They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves ;  
But the glen and the torrent have yawned for their graves :  
From the gloomy Ardfinnain to wild Templemore—  
From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with their gore.

"By the soul of Heremon ! our warriors may smile,  
To remember the march of the foe through our isle ;  
Their banners and harness were costly and gay,  
And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray ;

"The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,  
And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold ;  
By Saint Bride of Kildare ! but they moved in fair show—  
To gorge the young eagles of dark Aherlow !"

Thus did "Shamrock" make his *début* with his beloved Tipperary and its beautiful Glen of Aherlow, which was to be celebrated again in Charles Kickham's pathetic street-ballad about "Poor Blind Sheehan of the Glen of Aherlow."

This is a fitting place to pause for the present. That you may be the less reluctant to accompany me to the end of our little pilgrimage, it may be well to conclude here with the promise that, now that we have come to our poetical specimens, they shall be no longer diluted with such an undue proportion of prose commentary and prosy annotations. Henceforth, all pure Jameson and no Vartry at all ! The liquor in which shamrocks are drowned is only spoiled, I am told, by every alien drop that is superadded after a certain limited quantity of hot water and sugar.

## MON CAPITAINE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA,

AUTHOR OF "FREDERIC OZANAM," "THE BELLS OF THE SANCTUARY," "A WOMAN'S TRIALS," &amp;c.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

NEXT day Liline heard Mon Capitaine explaining to Fanchon the reason of all the gilding and painting at the Castle. Madame was going to marry M. le Comte. She had found the wife, the daughter of a distant cousin, with a pedigree longer than twice the circumference of Fleurel, a splendid *dot* with no end of expectations. The marriage would be a great affair, but it was not to be just yet.

"Is she pretty?" enquired Fanchon.

The Curé tossed his head and grunted. "Why should she not be pretty? At eighteen you are all pretty alike."

"Là!" was Fanchon's comment, and she shrugged her shoulders with a contemptuous smile.

That evening Liline and Cliquot went out for a walk. Cliquot trotted along by her side, his tail aloft, his tongue hanging out like a little pink pennon fluttering in the breeze; a picture of independence and pluck, a very fascinating dog, when admired from a respectful distance. When they entered the wood that skirted the graveyard of Fleurel, Cliquot pulled up suddenly, and with that peculiar "stand and deliver!" attitude which betokened the approaching enemy, growled a growl.

"Come, my little man! come my little Cliquot! my prettiest of Cliquots!" and Liline stroked him coaxingly. But Cliquot's wrath was rising, and would not be kept down. A crackling of branches and steps crunching the brushwood announced that the enemy was upon them, and then Cliquot gave full vent to his fury.

"How, now, my friend! Is this the way you greet me!" said a voice that set one heart beating as if it had been the voice of a spectre.

"Oh! you naughty dog!" cried Liline; "will you never learn to behave prettily? I will whip you soundly by-and-by!" and the small hand fell with no caressing touch this time on the exasperated Cliquot.

This antipathy of his to Raoul had already mortified his mistress, but she could have choked the little snarler now, she was so furious with him. But Cliquot was a bully, and would not be pacified; besides, he knew what Liline's threats were worth, and as no one else endorsed them, he continued bow-wow-ing with unabated fury, and it was all she could do to hold him from flying at the enemy's legs, and testing their quality with his teeth.

"I am really quite ashamed of making such a commotion, and giving you all this trouble, mademoiselle," said Raoul, laughing. "I had better decamp before your strength is exhausted in my defence."

"Oh, pray don't!" cried Liline, half unconsciously, while tears of rage gathered in her eyes; "he is an odious dog, so perverse, and never behaves right to the right people."

Luckily a deliverer was at hand. A carriage was approaching; the clatter of hoofs roused Cliquot's curiosity, and gave a new current to his antipathies. With one bound he sprang out of Liline's arms, cleared the hedge and away he was, barking at the horse's heels, but, coward-like, retreating under cover of the hedge the moment the coachman showed the tip of his whip at him.

"What a mercy!" broke from Liline.

"Oh! But see! He has hurt you," exclaimed Raoul, in real concern, as he saw a red streak on her ungloved hand.

She laughed, and declared it was nothing; but the young man insisted that the scratch of an angry dog's tooth was too serious to be treated as nothing, and peremptorily taking her hand, he began to examine the red mark. It proved to be, as she assured him, only a thorn that had scraped her, when, in his impetuosity, Cliquot sprang from her and dashed her arm against the bushes. Raoul was holding her hand, thinking what an uncommonly pretty and high-bred little concern it was to belong to a bourgeoisie, but apparently examining the scratch. As he was thus occupied, the carriage drove by, and Liline, glancing up, beheld the Countess with her head out of the window, surveying the scene with a look that was not pleasant to meet.

Many days passed before Liline saw either her or the young Count again. Then there came a message from the Castle. The Curé was wanted. Consternation had fallen on the household; the Count was ill. Could it be——? but no, the Countess would not believe it until M. le Curé came and saw. He did come; and he saw, and told the mother her fears were but too true. The typhus had, indeed, dared to pass her gates. Doctors were sent for to Paris, and came at great cost of time and gold. But what could they do more than had been done for the poorest of her lowly villagers? The foe showed no more mercy to its noble prey, rather less, than to the beggars at his door. Day after day the news came out with mournful monotony—a pulse that beat to delirium heat, pain, wandering, no rest day or night. The village was filled with alarm. The handsome young Count was popular with everyone; open-handed, good-humoured, he had always had a droll or a kindly word for everybody. They flocked to the lodge gate to hear the earliest news; it was quickly circulated through the place and formed the engrossing topic of conversation till the next bulletin was issued at noon.

Inside the Castle a harrowing scene was being enacted. Youth was battling with death, and the mother looked on, powerless to do aught but weep and pray. Strange, too, was it to witness the contending emotions that possessed her. The mother's grief was uppermost, supreme; but this did not silence the cry of disappointed ambition in the Châtelaine. "My son, my darling is going from me!" was her first exclamation of despair on beholding the Curé; and then, "he is the last of our race; the name of de Marillon dies

with him! Oh, had I but foreseen six months ago when our cousin, M. le duc de Valderon, pressed me to let the marriage come on at once!" Thus did love and pride beat in a double storm against the mother's heart, while she sent up cries and tears unceasingly to the mercy seat for the life of her beloved one. She besought the prayers of her people with fervour, too, and poured out abundant alms to the Curé that he might bestow them in her name upon the poor, and thus engage them to pray with her. For it was borne in upon the *grande dame* during those days of wrestling, that the poor were invested with some mysterious power to help her, which the de Marillons and the de Valderons with all their blue blood did not possess.

Why need we linger on the scene? Their prayers, some prayers, were heard. Raoul was spared. The physicians went back to Paris, declaring they had conquered the typhus. No more bulletins were issued from the castle. Sunday came, and the familiar carriage with its long-tailed horses and blue liveries was seen winding up the valley, and the Countess once more knelt in her accustomed place in church. She was worn and aged, and the look of subdued anguish upon her face was not to be mistaken for peace.

After Mass she went into the presbytery. "M. le Curé was engaged," Fanchon said; "but he would be with Madame la Comtesse in a little quarter of an hour."

Presently Liline came in, and by a common impulse they fell into each other's arms. "Dear child! you have prayed for me all this time, and felt for me, have you not?"

"Oh, madame!" Liline raised her face to the Countess's, and the floods, in spite of all her determination, forced themselves from her eyes.

"Dear child!" and the mother, taking the tears for a tribute of sympathy with her own great sorrow, pressed the little head lovingly to her. But far otherwise bitter and burning were the tears that had fallen from those bright eyes, while the battle of life and death was being fought out in one chamber of the lordly castle. Life had been all a horrible dream, while the fear was upon Liline that Raoul was going to die. But now he was saved, and her head was leaning on his mother's breast, and their hearts were beating with a common joy. The great sobs shook her till it seemed as if they would have broken the frail, young figure. She could not speak—she needed not.

Something had, as by a vivid flash of light, illuminated the silence to Madame de Marillon: a gleam from some sleeping memory, a suspicion born at the moment, one of those electric thrills that pass from heart to heart, telling what articulate words would never say—it mattered not; she understood it all; Liline had not spoken, but she had told her secret.

The convalescence was long—longer than it had been for anyone else at Fleurel. The Countess spoke with cheerfulness of her son's returning strength; but there was a constraint about her manner which Liline detected, and it left an uneasy feeling at her heart. Why was Mon Capitaine not allowed to see Raoul?—he who had been continually beside him when the fever was raging. The doctors en-

joined absolute freedom from any excitement ; but could the presence of such a friend agitate the invalid ? The Countess spoke of removing him to Paris as soon as he could possibly bear the journey.

Since that day of their meeting at the presbytery, Liline had not been alone with Madame de Marillon ; but she noticed that her manner was changed towards her. It was not less kind, perhaps, rather more so ; it had taken a tinge of compassion—and her eyes had an expression such as we bestow on an invalid, whose case we know to be hopeless, but who is himself under delusions about it.

The day was fixed for the departure from the Castle, and the Countess made it a matter of entreaty, through the Curé, that no demonstration should be made, that in fact no notice whatever should be taken of them as they drove through the village ; above all, that there should be no sympathizing crowd at the station. These desires were of course strictly complied with. The carriage passed out of Fleurel, followed by many a kindly wish, but by no outward sign of sympathy. A few villagers met it on the road, and reported that M. le Comte was lying back on pillows, looking more like a dead man than a living one.

The Châtelaine announced their safe arrival in Paris. Then very soon there came a letter to Madame Narval, informing her that, after a great muster of influence, Madame de Marillon had succeeded in obtaining an appointment for Henri ; it was quite a brilliant one and had but a single drawback, this was the absence of a year or so, which it must involve. Henri was named as one of a commission to be sent by government to Algiers with the Marquis de X., “who is allied to us,” the Countess added, by way of reassuring the Mayoress as to the transcendent quality of the said Marquis. The salary was high in proportion to the honour and responsibility of the post. The Mayor was beside himself with satisfaction. As to the year’s absence, it would do the lad good, he would see the world, and make friends with people who could push him on in life ; this appointment was the first step to the ministry. A postscript in the letter suggested that on account of the absence which might be further prolonged, it would be wiser to postpone the little arrangement that had been discussed during the summer, and for the present to say nothing about it to M. le Curé, or anyone else. A young man embarking on such a brilliant career should not be hampered by engagements of this sort. Madame de Marillon was argumentative and emphatic, betraying altogether an amount of personal interest in Henri’s concerns, present and future, which was not the least flattering point of the whole affair. So the piece of good fortune was communicated to Fleurel, and nothing was said of the little arrangement.

Henri came down to take leave of his family and his friends. Madame Narval, who could keep no secrets from her son, showed him the Châtelaine’s letter.

They nearly quarrelled over it ; but the mother had good arguments on her side. She assured him that silence was the only honourable course for him to pursue, unless he married Liline at



once, in which case he should give up the appointment. She was not likely to be run away with during his absence, but he had no right to burden her with an engagement. Henri yielded reluctantly to this plausible reasoning, forbore from seeking an interview at the garden gate or elsewhere, and said good-bye to Liline, in presence of his mother, the Curé and Fanchon. Liline wondered a little—was a little piqued, but decided it was just as well.

The new year came and with it a box from Madame de Marillon, containing a gold watch and chain, with the cipher L beautifully wrought on the back in diamonds. The Countess had always sent her favourite some pretty *étrennes*, books, bonbons, or some ornament for her room, but nothing that ever ministered to vanity in dress. She had often expressed her approval at Liline's never wearing trinkets of any sort, observing, with the unconscious scorn of a superior being; "such things are only fit for those of our class," and now she sends her this costly trinket, a jewelled watch fit for a peeress! Fanchon was in raptures; seven times a day she came and gazed at the sparkling wonder on Liline's table. The young girl herself did not at first dare to wear it; she was frightened at it; and, until a letter came from the Countess certifying that there was no mistake in the *envoi*, she lived in fear and trembling of seeing it melt in her fingers like the jewels of a dream. The Curé was glad to see her so pleased, though he did not share in her raptures in her exquisite possession. The donor begged her to accept it as "a little souvenir from one who loved her dearly, who pined with indescribable longing to see her, and who counted the days till they met again." She then spoke of her son, not as "le Comte," as she had been used to designate him to everybody at Fleurel, not excepting the presbytery, but as "Raoul;" she entered confidentially into her own hopes and fears regarding his health, not concealing that she was still full of anxiety; Raoul, she said, was "too depressed to supply the necessary vigour of will which was all that was now required to assist nature in repairing her own ravages." All this was interpolated with the tenderest expressions of affection to Liline herself. "Let this remain between ourselves, my sweet child; let no one else share our hopes and apprehensions." A strange letter in truth, which only made its herald of gold and gems seem the stranger. The tone of careless familiarity breathed a perfect equality throughout; "between us," and "our dear invalid" it ran. Liline was too dazzled by the written words to read between the lines. She read the letter till she knew it by heart, and then, in obedience to the Countess's injunction, she put it away, saying nothing about its contents or its existence to mon Capitaine. If the child had stayed to ask herself whether this silence was an act of disloyalty, it is probable she would have spoken. But her heart was too full of its allegiance to another, and in the blinding glory which this new love shed upon her, the claims of the old love were, not indeed obliterated, but eclipsed, and for a moment forgotten.

Madame de Marillon wrote to the Curé himself, but her letter was attuned to a different key; she spoke of a journey to the south which was to restore her son entirely. The tone was affectionate and frank

on the surface, but, as Liline saw, guarded and reserved. The Countess ended with a loving message to the young girl, and a request that she would write to her soon and frequently, adding that "the dear child's letters were her greatest consolation." Liline was not grudging of such comfort to the mother of Raoul. She wrote regularly, pouring out all the news of Fleurel in a *naïf* and sprightly style, which the Countess assured her was refreshing as the scent of primroses, coming like a breeze from the green valley in the midst of the artificial atmosphere of her present surroundings. Liline read out most of the Châtelaine's letter to *mon Capitaine* while he sipped his coffee at breakfast; the guileless old veteran never dreamed that anything was held back, that they contained a word that all the world might not hear. Nor did they. But Liline, for all her joy in the tender tone of adoption of motherly endearment that suffused the pages, could not divert herself of a vague mistrust, a feeling that she could not analyse, but which compelled her to keep her joy and her wonder a secret from the Curé.

Easter came, and the Countess wrote word that they would come down for a fortnight to see what native air and other influences would do towards reviving Raoul's spirits. In physical strength he had gained much; but the *morale* wanted to be stimulated. But May came dancing in with its garlands of lilacs and golden laburnums; the rose-tree glowed in a mantle of emerald, ruby tips bursting from its myriad buds; the bell of the Angelus was clanging high in the air; Cliquot was careering wildly round the lawn, giving chase to an invisible enemy who was supposed to be casting covetous eyes on a bone that lay under the green bower: it was the bone of a lamb long since gone the way of all flesh, and had been crunched, and buried, and dug up again, more times than Cliquot could count, but it was still a source of ever new delight to him; the Curé was sitting under the verandah, telling a story to two little children, perched one on each knee; Fanchon was knitting at the window; Liline was tying a ribbon round her neck before the inconveniently small glass in her room. Suddenly, Cliquot sounded the war bugle, and forsaking the invisible enemy, flew to the gate where the De Marillon carriage drew up. The Countess was alone; Raoul had been unavoidably detained in town by some business; he hoped to follow at the end of the week. But the week passed and he was still expected. The sweet month of May was waning; the lilacs went out, and the roses came in, and Raoul did not come. Liline was constantly at the Castle. Madame de Marillon lavished on her the tenderness of a mother; there was even a shade of humility in her manner towards the young girl which might have deepened Liline's feeling of unconfessed uneasiness, were not all such faint misgivings hushed to silence by the great current of happiness that was sweeping over her heart. The Curé was too busy teaching his little ones and attending to his parish to have leisure for speculating on the intimacy which had established itself between his protégée and the Castle. The child was lonely, so was the old lady; it would do them both good. He took it all as a matter of course, and suspected nothing until one morning the old

lady called at the presbytery, and formally asked for the hand of Liline in the name of her son, Raoul, Comte de Marillon. Mon Capitaine rubbed his eyes to make sure he was not asleep, or fallen into his dotage; when it was made clear to him that he was wide awake, and in his right mind, he lifted up his hands, and said: "Poor old Jacques! If he had but lived to see it! Yes, my dear lady, I will give you my little one. She has neither gold nor silver; but she will make a loyal and loving wife to your son. And see that he is good to her! Sabre de bois! If he be not kind to her, le vieux de la Vieille will have a reckoning with him!"

And so, to the amazement of Fleurel, it was announced that the orphan child of mon Capitaine's old companion-in-arms was to become Countess of Marillon. The marriage was to take place in Paris; so the queen graciously decreed, not considering how bitter was the disappointment to Fleurel. The preparations were at once set on foot, and in a style of right royal magnificence; the mere accounts which reached Fanchon of the trousseau took away her breath, she declared. Liline was singularly, almost unnaturally passive, Fanchon thought, about this mighty concern of the trousseau, manifesting but little curiosity in the wonderful details, and leaving it all in the hands of her mother-in-law. She remained at Fleurel until the eve of the wedding day, and then, with many tears, she said good-bye to mon Capitaine and the humble scenes of her life. The old man stood, with moist eyes, waving his hand after the carriage, from which a little head was strained to catch the last glimpse of him, until a turn in the road hid them from one another.

"Deary me!" exclaimed Fanchon, between the sobs; "to think of the little one's going away like this! It's like what she used to read to me out of her story-books. And Cliquot going off with her too! If he only knew!"

The young married couple were to spend the summer in Switzerland, and not return to Fleurel till Christmas.

Henri Narval, meantime, had come home. The mission had been terminated sooner than was anticipated, owing, it was alleged, in some measure to his tact and activity, and the intelligence he had displayed throughout. He had reaped a rich harvest of honours, had been decorated, and was spoken of as a rising man who had bid fair to get an appointment by-and-by in the ministry. He was altogether a most fortunate young man, as far as the world could see, and yet there was scarcely a more miserable one in the crowded streets of the gay capital where, on his return from Algiers, he wandered listlessly towards Christmas time. Life was a blank to him; honours were empty shadows, since she, whom from his boyhood he had loved with a pure and noble love, might never share them with him. On Christmas Eve he came down to Fleurel, travelling, by a strange fatality, in the same train that brought Liline, and her husband, and her mother-in-law. She did not see him until they got out at Fleurel, and was stepping into her carriage with Raoul. She greeted him with a smile of pleased surprise; they were too far apart for more. Henri found her altered; short as the glimpse was, he saw that she

was worn and thin, and that all her bright colour was gone. He scarcely saw Raoul; but as the carriage passed him on the road, he was surprised and a little nettled to see that the young lord did not return his salutation, though he looked straight at him from the open window.

The Castle was illuminated that night as for a *festa*, and a few rockets went up from the terrace, but there was no further rejoicing. Things lapsed after this into dull and chilly stillness. No one was invited except the Curé; no festivities were talked of. This abnormal inhospitality was set down to the ill health of the dowager, and the desire of the young people to be alone and quiet for awhile after the excitement of travel and the court. But when Sunday came, and the husband was not seen beside his wife in church, surprise was changed into indignation. It was remarked that the young Countess was as pale as her ivory prayer-book, and that her face more than once was seen quivering with emotion, and struggling to keep down the rising tears, while her mother-in-law watched her nervously, attending to her every movement with the solicitude one bestows on a suffering child. It was observed, too, that a change had come over the Curé within the last few days; he preserved an ominous silence concerning the Castle and its inmates, pointedly avoiding the least allusion to the subject. No one ventured to question him about the mystery: for a mystery there evidently was. Was not the marriage itself the greatest mystery of all?

Henri Narval was solving it after his own fashion. He believed that Liline had loved him; he knew that she was aware of his love for her. Why had he yielded to his mother's counsels on the eve of that hated expedition! how he cursed its barren harvest of honour and success! If he had but spoken then, Liline would now have been his wife. Why had she not trusted him and waited? Poor child! What a fool he was to accuse her. They would have forced her to break the engagement, and marry Raoul de Marillon, whether she would or not. And now she was suffering for it, and no one could undo the deed. King Coptetna had married the beggar maid, and placed her on his throne; but he had already repented of his royal caprice, and was treating her unkindly—perhaps cruelly—breaking her heart. At any rate, Henri might avenge her. He might, nay, he would pick a quarrel with this false-hearted aristocrat, and let him feel the power of a plebeian arm to punish his dastardly heartlessness. So mused the mayor's son one January evening, as he wended his way homewards by the river that wandered, "at its own sweet will," through the Count de Marillon's park. Drawn on unconsciously by the current of his thoughts, Henri took the road towards the Castle instead of crossing the bridge that led to the village. It was a lovely winter's night; the moon sat high in the deep blue sky, with a galaxy of sparkling stars around her, and lighted up the river like a second heaven; the trees were silver and black, and the Castle, with its dark and massive towers and gables streaked with silvery lines, gleamed weird and solemn in the bright gloom. Henri stood opposite to it, within a stone's-throw of the

entrance. Presently a window opened on the ground floor, and a figure that his heart recognised instinctively, came out upon the terrace, leaned against the marble balustrade, and looked up into the starry dome. Henri stood where he was, not daring to retreat. Presently Liline stepped off the terrace, and came slowly towards him. He held his breath, hoping the darkness would screen him, and that she would pass on, or return without observing him. So it would have happened no doubt, if fate, in the shape of Cliquot, had not decreed otherwise. The dog came trotting after his mistress, and then made a dash towards the spot where the intruder stood, concealed by the huge stem of a tree; he jumped on him with a frenzy of barks, licking his hands all over, and showing every mark of delighted recognition. Liline, at first startled, concluded after a moment that it was one of the servants whom the dog had espied, and advanced fearlessly, calling out: "Who is there?" Henri stepped forward, and as he did so, the moonlight fell on him in a silver stream that revealed every feature distinctly as in daylight. Liline could hardly believe her eyes, while she listened to him stammering out an apology for intruding—for frightening her.

"Why did you come? What did you want?" she asked, terrified, she knew not why.

"I wanted nothing; except, perhaps, to catch a glimpse of you in the distance; there was no harm in that, was there?"

"Good night, M. Narval; you had better go away; the gates will be closed," said Liline, coldly. She did not mean to be unkind; she did not know what to say. The stiff, cold words gave the solitary touch that was needed to let the waters loose.

"No, I will not go like this! I will speak to you," he said, going nearer to her; "I will tell you why I came. I wanted to see you; to tell you that I love you, Liline—don't start; your guardian may hear it—that I love you as truly and tenderly as ever a brother loved a sister; that my life is at your service, to do your bidding, to help you, to avenge you. If you are unhappy and I can do anything to help you, tell me what it is, and at the peril of my life I will do it!"

"No, no! go away!" entreated Liline, under her breath. "I am not unhappy; no one can help me. Good-bye! Go away!"

"I will not go until you have told me one thing. Is this man unkind to you? Has he done you any wrong?" said Henri; his voice had a wring of fierceness in it that terrified her.

"No—no! indeed he — he is not to blame," stammered Liline, turning to leave him; "go away, Henri!" But Henri seized her by the wrist. "I must know the truth—you are unhappy, and if he is not to blame, who is? Everyone sees it. Why is your husband never seen with you? Why are you so pale? Why are your eyes sunk with weeping?"

There was a stir somewhere in the trees. Liline drew close to her companion, laid her hand on his arm, and sinking her voice to an almost inaudible whisper, said in his ear: "He lost his reason in that fever, and never recovered it—he is an idiot!"

A low cry and something like a curse broke from Henri Narval's lips; but it was drowned in another cry that rose simultaneously with his, loud, shrill, piercing the night like the death cry of a spirit. There was a crashing of branches and a noise of footsteps falling fast and heavy on the grass.

"O God! It is he! It is Raoul!" cried Liline, as the moon-beams fell upon the figure of her husband, and she saw him rushing towards the river, Cliquot bounding by his side; "fly after him. Save him! save me! O God, have pity on me!"

Henri was gone in an instant. She heard the splash of a body falling on the water. Another splash, and then a pause. It was not many minutes, but reckoned by the throbs of her heart it seemed an hour. She did not cry out for help, nor follow them, but stood clinging to a tree, held fast by an awful dread.

"He is saved!" said Henri, coming up to her; "call for help now, he is safe on the bank. God bless you, Liline!"

He grasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and was gone.

Poor Raoul! with what little ray of reason had been spared to him, he had loved his beautiful young bride, had wedded her unconscious of any wrong; that reckoning was on his mother's head; in a lesser degree, too, upon his wife's; but both he and she had been more sinned against than sinning. Liline had known enough to save her if she had taken counsel with her conscience and its best friend; but a false glow, that her heart mistook for love, a daze of worldly splendour, a coronet, jewels, a life at court, had blinded her and concealed the gulf, and she took the leap across it, half trembling and half rejoicing.

Raoul, on this fatal evening, attracted by the joy and barking of her dog, had followed his wife out into the park; he saw Henri take her hand, he saw her lean towards him and whisper in his ear. Some chord in the poor shattered brain was struck, and vibrated to a touch of agony in the husband's heart. He sent forth a cry of despair, and rushed to the river to fling away his life. Henri Narval had rescued him—but not from death. Before daybreak, Raoul lay cold and silent in the old fortress of his ancestors. He was the last of his race. The name of De Marillon died with him.

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Five years after these events, there was great excitement at Fleurel on the occasion of the appointment of the new Prefect, the nominee being no other than that young man of whose future such great things had been prophesied. Henri Narval had, so far, vindicated the prophets. He had already risen to distinction, and there was no reason why he should not eventually rise to eminence, and thus entirely justify the ineffable instinct of the wise elders of Fleurel.

He is a good deal changed in appearance since that memorable night when he stood in the moonlight before Liline. He is manlier in his bearing; the round, boyish contours of his face have hardened to firm lines; and his voice has now the tone of a man who has learned to make himself heard by others. But otherwise, he is not

much altered. His first visit, on arriving in his new capacity of Prefect, was to the presbytery. It so happened, that mon Capitaine was out, and it also happened, of course by the merest accident, that the young Countess de Marillon was there waiting for him.

"No, Liline, I am not a bit changed," you may overhear the handsome Préfet protesting, "I am just the same as ever; just as ready to be tyrannized over, just as willing to lay my heart at your feet as if I had never left Fleurel, never spoken to any of the belles dames de Paris, as you call them. Do you believe me, Liline?"

We did not hear what answer Liline made, but Henri seemed quite satisfied with it.

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## STELLA VESPERTINA.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

FLASH forth from heaven, and cleanse the earth,  
True Love-star! Make our spirits thine!  
For love, when best, of mortal birth,  
Must yet in part to dust decline.

Clear shines, o'er ebon waves afar,  
Yon cottage fire, as daylight dies;  
How pure—until the evening star  
Shall shame it from untainted skies.

Scorners of passion, pride, and pelf,  
A snare remains ye reck not of:—  
In loving what is like to self  
Alone, alone ourselves we love.

## THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH TO SOCIETY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S.J.

### · XXVIII.—THE POPE'S TEMPORAL POWER (*continued*).

THE Pope's Temporal Power cannot be treated of completely—even in a compendious way and on a small scale—without considering how it bears on the interests and rights of the population of the Ecclesiastical States. In what I am about to say on this branch of the subject, I shall continue to speak as if Pius IX were still *de facto* a temporal sovereign, and circumstanced as he was at the beginning of his Pontificate.

The Pope's civil territory comprised from its commencement the city of Rome with some provinces, which have long been called the Papal States, or States of the Church, and have varied but little in extent through so many centuries. The inhabitants of these States I will, for brevity, call the Roman people; and I will begin by a short statement of their condition—taking as present the time at which, as I have just said, I suppose myself to write. They are, in general, well off as regards the necessities of life. They have enough to eat and drink. They are sufficiently clad and provided with dwelling accommodation. There is but little distress, and, I may say, no misery: certainly much less want than is to be found in many countries which are set up as models of prosperity. The taxation is very moderate. There are abundant means of education for the different grades of society; nay more, the children of poor parents have opportunities of high education without expense, and, at the same time, without discredit, such as are certainly not to be found in these countries of ours, nor probably in many others. There is every facility for literary pursuits, which flourish there extensively. The fine arts, too, are largely cultivated, and with great success. Commercial and industrial enterprise is also encouraged and is progressing. It does exist, and has always existed, in a degree sufficient for a fair state of well-being of the people at every given time, and could exist, and have existed, in a higher degree, if individuals had wished to carry it further; so that the government is not, and was not, the cause of a great deal more not being done.

Now, as to the sufficiency of which I have spoken, my idea is this. A certain amount of industry and of commerce are necessary for the comfortable condition of a people in the various grades of society to be found in a civilised nation, and for the maintenance and promotion of civilisation. A people may be very comfortably circumstanced and very fully civilised, with an amount of industry and of commerce that is small compared with what might be attained, considering the resources and opportunities there are. It is desirable that this amount should be increased, and obstacles to its increase should not be created; on the contrary, those that arise ought to be



removed. Yet, the advantages of material progress, in the sense in which it is understood by those who are the most ardent in calling for it, are in my mind much exaggerated. My views on the subject are pretty much as follows:—

1. The immediate object and end of the promotion of industry and commerce is the temporal happiness of the population, subordinate, of course, to their spiritual interests, of which, however, I have no occasion to speak just now.

2. The credit, respectability, and glory of a *nation* enter into the sum of its happiness, but do not form the whole, or even a very large proportion, of that happiness. For the happiness of a nation is the happiness of its inhabitants, of the individual human beings who make up the people. Now, the influence of any kind of collective national reputation on individuals and on their contentment is comparatively small. Their enjoyment is mainly derived from those things which more closely touch themselves, with reference to personal wants and personal interests. A man who is oppressed by poverty will receive but middling consolation from his country's fame. I am not speaking of *personal* honour or celebrity in connection with a public cause; for this is an individual advantage. After all, few members of any State have each a large share in its renown.

3. The wealth of a nation contributes to its happiness, chiefly by diffusion through the whole body of its inhabitants. This is obvious, because *the nation*, of whose happiness there is question, consists in, and is identified with, the whole body of the inhabitants. *They are* the nation. I do not pretend that it is either possible or desirable that all the individuals of a State should be equally rich. There may be a considerable disparity. There may be many men much richer than the bulk of their neighbours; but if a large majority be excluded from all appreciable share in the wealth of the country, or if a large minority be kept in destitution, the country cannot be reputed happy on the ground of its wealth. The first step towards wealth, as a source of national happiness, is widespread, and even universal, sufficiency. I do not say this is always necessarily the first step in point of time, but it is the first in point of eventual order; it is the most fundamental, and the want of it is not compensated by the existence of large fortunes in the hands of comparatively few. The next step is a very extensive enjoyment of moderate comforts beyond what I have called sufficiency. There are other steps which it would be tedious and difficult to specify, but which belong to the completeness of that diffusion of which I have spoken. Of course, the distribution of wealth cannot be of a mathematical character, like scales of fees and salaries. There will always, too, be a considerable number of decidedly poor persons. This is, we may say, the order of Providence. There are many causes of poverty, positive and negative, culpable and inculpable, and these will operate everywhere pretty largely. There will also be most legitimate cases of exceptionally large fortunes amassed by individuals, and continued in families. It is quite right that great gains should be attainable, and should, in prospect, afford incentives to active exertion, provided always, as

far as the moral and spiritual interests of the persons are concerned, that the means employed be thoroughly lawful, and the intention pure, and the snares which beset the pursuit of wealth be guarded against. To return to the maxim with which I have started in this paragraph, namely, that wealth contributes to a nation's happiness mainly by its diffusion, I will develop the maxim more briefly in another form. If the wealth acquired by a greater or less number of citizens of any State does not beneficially affect the great mass of the inhabitants, it cannot be said to contribute very considerably to the happiness of the State. This view is applicable not only to a whole kingdom but to a city or a province. The progress of industry or commerce in a province or a city, if largely beneficial to the people of that province or city, will contribute largely to its happiness. We must observe, however, that the happiness of the city or province is *not* that of the kingdom, unless in so much as the rest of the kingdom participates of the advantage. It is not quite enough that the rest of the inhabitants have *the honour* of belonging to the same country.

4. As a matter of fact, great commercial and industrial enterprise, leading to great pecuniary gains, is found united, in some countries, with a large amount of squalid poverty on the part of the inhabitants, and the gains are not diffused, at all proportionably to their greatness, through the population. Further, a very large number of those who contribute by their labour to what are considered glorious results lead a hard and painful life, and often a life which seems scarcely fit for human beings. This last circumstance is specially observable in those who are engaged in working mines. There are various occupations, too, prejudicial to health. The whole of what I have said in this paragraph is verified in the British dominions.

5. A nation which is backward in commerce and industry may be happier—that is, may have a happier population—than another which is much more advanced in these respects. Perhaps the former would be happier still with greater material progress. I do not wish to depreciate the advantages of this progress. It ought, no doubt, to be encouraged; but it is not *every thing*. Let those who are interested—prince and people—make every reasonable effort to push forward all kinds of improvements; but let not established order and substantial contentment be disturbed and destroyed under the pretext of bettering the condition of the country, with the absolute certainty of much mischief and misery, and no security of eventually obtaining the proposed object. The fact is that the Roman people are happy, leading a peaceful life, with almost universal sufficiency of means of support, widely-spread comfort, and no oppression. They would not have found out any ground for unhappiness had it not been suggested to them by strangers. I do not mean, of course, that there have never been any murmurs against the government, or that every one has been always perfectly satisfied with everything that was done. Nor do I mean that the Papal government never made any mistake. But, on the whole, and allowing for human infirmities and shortcomings, I say that the Papal States are

a substantially happy country, and much happier than many others which are unfavourably contrasted with it by writers and speakers. A variety of motives may be assigned for false judgments on this subject. Hatred of the Catholic religion naturally enough leads to condemnation of the Pope and whatever he does. This hatred exists largely in Christian sects and in the multitude of infidels scattered over the world. Then, among Catholics—even otherwise apparently attached to their religion—besides their unconscious adoption of false maxims propounded by the enemies of our faith, there is a certain jealousy of the interference of the Church or churchmen in secular matters; a notion, too, that ecclesiastics do not understand, much less appreciate, the natural interests of society; that the affairs of this world belong of right to themselves, and that priests and bishops should be confined to religious doctrines, and preaching, and sacraments. Hence, real or supposed abuses or deficiencies, which would be overlooked in lay princes, are unmercifully and unreasoningly criticised and condemned in Popes. Another motive is found in what may, without exaggeration, be called *a mania* for material progress. I say *a mania*, not a mere desire for it, nor an earnest inculcation of its advantages—for all this is reasonable—but an insatiable longing for it, joined with a belief, either express or tacit, that all earthly goods depend on it, joined likewise, at times, with a certain disregard of possibilities, and a forgetfulness of the old proverb that “Rome was not built in a day.”

Having stated what I call *the present* condition of the Roman people—their condition under the Pope's sway now interrupted—I come to the question of their political rights. A prevalent doctrine in our days is, that every nation has a right to insist on being governed as it pleases and by whom it pleases. This is, perhaps, rather a crude way of putting it, but there is no substantial exaggeration. Of course, the opinion is often obscurely expressed, and more or less masked, and is, besides, really modified by many who would not adopt fully this latitudinarianism. They would, however, consider it very moderate to claim for every country the right to a constitutional government framed on a thoroughly liberal plan; and, if this could not be otherwise obtained, they would authorise the throwing off of allegiance to the existing sovereign. What, then, are we to say of the Roman people? They have the same political prerogatives as any other. The Pope's civil authority over them is merely human, it is no more Divine than that of any other temporal prince. They may, then, get rid of him if they do not find his sway satisfy them. They may give themselves up to the King of Italy, and do their part in establishing that glorious Italian unity which he has undertaken to effect. This is still more obvious if they cannot obtain a free constitution from the Pontiff. My answer to the difficulty just proposed is as follows:—

1. The principle—if principle it can be called—that a people fairly governed by an otherwise legitimate sovereign are at liberty to dethrone him because they prefer another prince or another form of government, is quite inadmissible. I have no objection to allowing

that the people are the original immediate source of civil authority. I have already affirmed this doctrine. But once they permanently confer this authority on one or more persons, they cannot arbitrarily take it back. They have entered into a lasting contract which involves obligations on both sides, and cannot be rescinded at pleasure. Besides the manifest intrinsic unlawfulness of casting off allegiance through a mere desire of change, though it were done but once, the admission of the doctrine would involve a continual state of uncertainty and instability, to prevent which governments are instituted. I may be told that this, at most, would only prove the inexpediency of the doctrine, not its unsoundness. I answer that a moral doctrine which is essentially inexpedient is necessarily false. The natural law prohibits whatever is of such a character that its lawfulness would be a radical evil. There are things severely forbidden by natural law, not so much on account of the serious turpitude of each act considered in itself as on account of the mischief which would arise from their not being so forbidden. This, for instance, is the reason assigned by Cardinal de Lugo and others for there being an absolute *materia gravis* in theft independently of the *relative* grievousness of the injury done to the individual whose property is stolen; because, if a sum so considerable in itself as to be notably attractive could be taken without mortal sin, a great mischief would arise to society.

2. What I have said of the unlawfulness of dethroning a prince, because some other person or some other form of government is preferred, holds also for the case of discontent with the present ruler on grounds which may seem plausible, and are even, to a certain extent, real. That is to say, a people which is substantially well and fairly governed cannot revolt legitimately for the sake of what would really be an improved state of things. The notion that every people has a right at every given time to improve its condition by a change of sovereigns or form of government is monstrous. Even supposing the proposed improvement would be real, if once effected, the attempt is unlawful, because revolution is assuredly forbidden, at the least, except in a case of necessity, and the case made is not such. The evils attending resistance to established authority are too great to be incurred for the sake of mere progress. Then, we must take into account the uncertainty of attaining that amelioration which is looked forward to, the uncertainty of its continuance if attained, the errors which may be easily committed in judging of the reality of the improvement. For, although I have supposed that in a particular case the ultimate change would be, in fact, for the better, if the principle of revolution is so far admitted its application cannot be confined to such a supposition. For the principle would come in practice to this, that wherever a change is *judged likely* to be beneficial it may be made. Now, those who desire a change will always represent it as beneficial, and will with some sort of specious reasoning work on the minds of the people, and turn to account that spirit of uneasiness and that love of novelty which are part of our corrupt nature. In one word, the principle of

the lawfulness of revolution for the mere sake of rendering better a condition of things which is already good and happy in a tolerable degree, is a principle of instability, than which nothing can be worse. The erroneous character of the views I am condemning ought to be brought home to us by considering the sort of men who start undertakings of the kind referred to. We shall certainly find on examination that they are, for the most part, bad men—men of little or no religion and of corrupt morals—men who it is difficult to conceive can be seriously aiming at a good object, though, of course, they take care to give themselves credit for high public virtue, and exaggerate the excellence of the result they propose for attainment. I am speaking at present of revolutions directed to mere advancement, not of those which seek to throw off a manifest and grievous oppression, though even in them bad men often take the lead, but not so exclusively; and even such revolutions are commonly criminal, at least in their working. Indeed, whatever may be said of the abstract lawfulness of revolution in certain cases, it is hard to point out instances of revolutions confined to legitimate objects and conducted on legitimate principles. The anarchical element generally enters largely into such undertakings.

3. There is one political privilege which is, in our times, looked on as specially necessary, and such that every people has a right to insist on its possession. This is a *free constitution*. The question, therefore, comes before us, whether a nation is entitled to go to extreme lengths in demanding a constitution, so as even to cast off allegiance to its otherwise legitimate sovereign because he will not yield to its wishes? Of course, a people may lawfully make the demand and persevere in urging it with moderation—but can they go so far as revolt? I say they cannot, if they are in other respects fairly governed. Certainly, a free constitution is not in itself necessary for the happiness of a people. It is not more necessary now than it was in former ages. The mere fact of such things being the fashion in our times does not create a title which can be legitimately enforced by arms. It does not enter into the original contract with the sovereign, who, on the other hand, is fulfilling his part. He might do better by granting what is asked, but he cannot be dethroned for refusing. This would be true, even if constitutions were always a certain and unmixed good. But such is not the case.

A constitution well framed and firmly established may be a great political benefit, though, indeed, seldom so great in practice as in theory. Our own British Constitution, which is the most ancient and the most genuine thing of the kind, the growth of ages, the result of long experience, well adapted to the temper of the *English* people, and at least tolerably acceptable to the rest of the Empire—the British Constitution, I say, is not so thorough a guarantee against oppression on the part of the State as its written description would lead a reader to judge. There are, no doubt, safeguards for the liberty of the subject; but they are far from being so complete or absolute as never to be set aside. But I have no desire to quarrel

with our Constitution. No matter what be its excellence, we cannot hence infer that blessings similar to those which it confers are to be expected from attempts to establish the same system elsewhere. It is not every people that is fit for a constitution such as ours. In saying this I do not mean to depreciate other nations. They may be as good as we are or better; but they may still not be, so to speak, made for a *British Constitution*, and yet it is a *British Constitution* they are to get; for ours is the model. They may not be made for any constitution of the same character. Then, to *have* a constitution and to *build up* one are two very different things. Ours built itself up by degrees, with occasional shocks and struggles, no doubt, but still it was in the main a work of time. It was not made to order. We did not set about playing at Parliament like some of our neighbours.

The starting of a constitution is a perilous enterprise, for many reasons, and very specially for this reason, that the party most active in *getting up* a constitution is usually an *ultra* party, aiming at a revolutionary liberty which is the same as licentiousness. This party, both before the assembly of the first parliament and in that parliament, which has on its hands the finishing of the constitution, will strive to work out its own purposes, and will keep the country in a state of confusion. It may be a long time before things settle down and the new government becomes consolidated, if it ever becomes consolidated, and is not, on the contrary, overturned in the process.

4. There is a peculiar ground on which the Roman people have, if possible, less right than others to insist on a constitution of the same character as that proposed elsewhere. The Pope's temporal sovereignty is annexed to his Spiritual Primacy, annexed from the commencement of the former. The Pope is first Bishop and then King; he is King because he is Bishop of Rome. This has been going on for eleven centuries. The Pope's civil authority, though otherwise of the same nature as that of any other prince, is, by its origin, and by very long custom, and thorough prescription, determined to be of a character consistent with his position as Head of the Church. Now, as Head of the Church, the Pope must be independent of any control which might interfere even indirectly with the freedom of his spiritual government. It will be well to look a little more closely into this matter, so as to avoid mistakes one way or the other.

First of all, then, the Pope could not safely put into the hands of the people or their representatives any power over ecclesiastical affairs. These belong to him as Pontiff, and not as temporal sovereign, and it is incumbent on him to manage them, partly in person, partly through an ecclesiastical organization distinct from his secular government. Secondly, there does not seem, on the other hand, to be any essential obstacle to constitutional government as regards the civil administration of Rome and the Papal States. Without a constitution, the Pope's absolute government ought to be carried on in the same way as the absolute government of any secular prince ought to be carried on. The Pope's civil relations to his people are exactly the same as those of any other temporal sovereign. Of course, he is

emphatically bound to govern justly, and even religiously, but not more justly nor more religiously than any other monarch. If we may so speak, he is *more bound*, but not *to more*; because every king is under the obligation of doing what is morally his best to conduct his administration according, and quite according, to justice and religion. The temporal and spiritual interests of the Roman people are exactly the same as they would be under a lay ruler, if he were there instead of the Pope. I am speaking of what *ought to be* whether it *would be* or not. It is needless to say that no Christian can legitimately claim for any nation a sinfully lax rule. Well, then, if the Pope, as an absolute sovereign, should govern just the same way as a perfectly right-minded absolute lay sovereign, what is to prevent his giving a free constitution, so far as civil government is concerned, if a lay sovereign can give it? He is not bound, but he *may* act thus. There is no essential obstacle, but there are difficulties, as we shall see. For, thirdly, although a constitution might answer at Rome with regard to internal affairs, there is a special difficulty concerning foreign relations. It is a matter of vital moment that the Pope should, as far as possible, be always at peace with all other nations. He should never be placed in a position to be forced by his own ministers to undertake a war against his will. He should never be liable to any restriction in his intercourse with princes or peoples. Now, a thoroughly complete constitution would place the Pontiff in this position. The Roman Constitution would, therefore, require to be of a more limited character than what might be eligible in another country. Fourthly, it is not very easy to construct a constitution so as that it may be effectually kept within certain prescribed limits. Once the power of the sovereign is largely shared by a representative body, to which his ministers are responsible, it is hard to prevent encroachments on the royal prerogative. If a nominally restricted parliament set its heart on something that is not within its legal competence, there are appliances available for pursuing the desired object, among the rest, that very obvious one of stopping the supplies, as the imposition of taxes is a leading parliamentary privilege. Suppose a Roman parliament thought fit to trench on ecclesiastical ground, or to interrupt friendly relations with another State, or to effect some serious change in the representative system itself, what trouble might they not give the Pope? Add to all this the fact that—as I said before, often happens in such cases—those who are pressing most for a Roman Constitution are men well enough inclined to go further than the Pontiff could in reason allow. Still, I am prepared to admit that some steps might be taken towards a constitution in the Papal States. The present Pope was taking steps, and had actually established a Parliament, when he was stopped by revolutionary violence, his Prime Minister assassinated, and himself soon after obliged to fly from Rome. These are certainly sufficient motives for waiting a while.

5. So far, we have not found any very decisive influence of the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power on the political rights of the Roman people. For their condition is such, temporally and

politically, that if their sovereign were not Pope they would not, on sound principles, be entitled to insist, by means of a revolution, on a change of government. Further, even supposing for the sake of argument, that in the case of a lay sovereign they would have a right so to insist, there is a reason why they should not have the same right as against the Pope, and that reason is not taken from the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power, but from the original and long established relation between the Roman Episcopate and the civil sovereignty of the Pontiff.

The Pope himself is a trustee for the Catholic Church, in the administration of his temporal sovereignty, which was instituted and introduced for the benefit of the Church. The same idea of trusteeship may not improperly be extended to the Roman people. They occupy those States as subjects of the Pope, and maintain him as their king, for the benefit of the whole Church. Those States are the patrimony of the whole Church. There cannot be States without a government and a people. The Pontiff governs, the inhabitants of the States are the people. We may add that if they perform a duty they enjoy a privilege; they possess as their capital the metropolis of the Christian world. We may add, too, that, if in the Papal States there is not that blazoning of constitutional liberty, so often more apparent than real, that distinguishes some other countries, there is sufficient substantial freedom and more justice in the political administration than can be easily found elsewhere. The Pope, as I have said, is, as a Temporal Sovereign, but a trustee for the Church. He holds his States, not in his own name, but in the name of that widely spread Catholic community of which he is the Head. He has not the power to resign those States into other hands. Hence, that famous, and, I will say, glorious, *Non possumus*, sneered at occasionally by his enemies—the enemies, very many of them, of Christ and of God, men who care as little for the Almighty as for his representative. The Pontiff has not power to dispose of what is really not his own. Of course, if the case could arise, and did arise, of a cession being beneficial to the Church, the Pope, as supreme administrator of her temporalities, could yield up his dominions, but not otherwise. He knows well it would not be for her advantage, and, therefore, he cannot do so. He firmly trusts, and so ought every earnest Catholic to trust, that the present storm will pass, and the States will be restored to himself or to another successor of St. Peter. He knows that it would be a far less evil that he alone, or even three or four other Popes after him, should lose their lives by violence than that their Temporal Power should be finally lost to the Church; and he has, and we may hope they would have the courage to face death for the sake of duty.

The last invasion of Rome and of what the Pope still retained of his States, as well as the previous invasion of the other parts which Pius the Ninth held at the commencement of his reign, was a manifest violation of all right. The substance, and the mode, and the results all combine to make up a glaring case of injustice and wickedness, such as cannot be sincerely defended by any honest man,



unless he chance to be excused by extreme ignorance. Abundance of attention has been called to these proceedings, and they do not come within the range of my subject. I will just say a word about the Roman *Plebiscite*. What is its value? I answer, none whatever. Had it been honestly taken, and really, and freely, and universally given, it would have been unlawful and invalid, because the people had no right to transfer their civil allegiance from the Pope. But, speaking of the fact as it happened, there was neither honesty, nor freedom, nor universality. In very plain terms, we may say the whole proceeding was a ludicrous and disgraceful imposition.

Here I close my series of papers on "The Relations of the Church to Society." My future contributions to the *IRISH MONTHLY* will be separate—extending to one or two papers—or possibly they may, at times, run on into some other series.

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## GUIDING LIGHT.

BY WILFRID MENNELL.

TO sailors on the sea,  
By wild winds driven far,  
How joyful it must be  
To see some long-lost star,  
That tells them where they are !

How sweet when, at the last,  
Some pilgrim, on whose path  
Grim doubt hath shadows cast,  
Receives the light of faith,  
And dies a holy death !

O Thou, whose word so sweet,  
Shines round us on our way,  
O Lamp unto our feet,  
Be Thou our guide and stay  
Forever, night and day !

Be Thou our loving guide,  
Else Satan's fell design  
Away will lead us wide :  
O light of love Divine,  
Forever on us shine !

## VICTOR DE BUCK, THE BOLLANDIST.

TO all but a few of our readers, the name of Père de Buck will be new. As it must be mentioned frequently in this brief paper, it may be convenient to begin with the remark that his name should rhyme rather with *look* than with *luck*. He died lately, and in the learned world he will be remembered as one of the most distinguished of the Nineteenth Century Bollandists. What that title means we shall see presently.

Victor de Buck was born at Audenarde, in Belgium, on the 24th of April, 1817, of parents who might be said to belong to the professional classes. His father was a native of Ghent, and his mother, Sophia Thienpont, of Alost. The writer of his obituary, in the *Précis Historiques*, whom we shall often translate without further acknowledgment, says that it was from this "famille de mœurs antiques et austères"—by which rather unamiable description he only means a stanch and pious old Catholic family—Victor derived that spirit of faith, that instinct of uprightness and integrity, those serious tastes, and those habits of labour and study which distinguish "our fine old Flemish race." He continued to the end a true Fleming—that is, as this (probably Flemish) writer explains the term, "an ardent Catholic and an indefatigable toiler, joining the devotedness of a true priest to the abnegation of a true Jesuit."

The Petits-séminaires and other Catholic establishments for education had been suppressed in 1825, by William, king of the Netherlands. Where shall Victor go to school? His father never for a moment dreamed of entrusting him to the schools of a government hostile at once to the religion and to the national spirit of the Belgians. The only refuge for parents who did not wish to send their children to be educated in foreign countries was the College of Soignies, which was still kept up by M. l'Abbé Descamps, afterwards Vicar-General of Tournai. Here our little Victor in his twelfth year (1829) began his classical studies, continuing them in the next and following years under the celebrated Abbé Cracco, in the Petit Séminaire of Roulers, which had meanwhile been reopened. In 1834, he was sent to the Jesuit College of Alost to finish his early studies under Father Broeckaert.

Linnaeus, they say, played with flowers in his cradle. Victor de Buck showed betimes the bent of his mind, but not quite so early. It is a pity that people do not find out sooner in life their *spécialité*, and devote their energies to it, with due regard for subsidiary labours and legitimate distractions. Life practically consists of but a small number of years, and "the one prudence of life is concentration." Victor de Buck's youthful studies were all a direct preparation for the task for which God would seem to have marked him out. His private readings carried him through the voluminous historical writings of Rollin, Crévier, Daniel, Lingard, and Bérault-Bercastel, as well as

the great Flemish works of Rosweyde, Hazaert, De Smet, &c. The study of the ancient and modern languages was also for him a work of predilection; and from his youth he was able to write with ease and correctness, and even with elegance, not only Flemish, his mother-tongue, but also French, and especially Latin, which were his literary languages. In his studies, "*il avait horreur de l'à-peu-près*," he was not content with a vague approximation, he wanted to know the real state of the case exactly; he hated the superficial, the inaccurate, the flimsy—he aimed at true learning, solid, full, and precise.

With these serious tastes, and with such pious family traditions, it was not strange that, when the moment came for choosing a career, young De Buck felt himself borne strongly towards that religious order which, as Bossuet says, towards the end of his third sermon for the Feast of Circumcision, "*fait servir, selon sa sainte institution, à la gloire de l'évangile, tous les talents de l'esprit, de l'éloquence, la politesse, la littérature*." He became a novice of the Society of Jesus, at Nivelles, on the 11th of October, 1835. After his noviceship, he completed his classical studies at Tronchiennes, and then applied himself for two years, with great success, to the study of higher mathematics. After his full course of theological studies he was ordained priest at Liège, on the 23rd of September, 1848.

But even before this sacred epoch in his life which I have just mentioned, he had found out his special work. In 1838, the Belgian Jesuits, with the assistance of the Government, resumed the great work of the "*Acta Sanctorum*;" and in 1840, Victor de Buck, though not yet a priest, or even a student in theology, was chosen by his superiors to be one of the new Bollandists.

The name of Columbus has not been given, as it ought, to the world which he discovered; nor has the great work of the "*Acta Sanctorum*" been called after its first founder, Father Herbert Rosweyde. But Father John Bollandus had a better claim in the one case than Amerigo Vespucci had in the other. Little did he or Father Rosweyde imagine that their project, which they hoped to accomplish in a few years of their own lifetime, would not be finished for three centuries at least, though generation after generation of skilled workmen were to labour at it almost without a break; but just as little did they imagine how vast a work it was, and on how vast a scale it would be done. So, in small things and in great, our business is to do what we can, leaving it to God to determine whether *we* are to finish it, or another, or no one.

However, in sketching very briefly the life of one of the latest of the long line of literary men who have perpetuated for two centuries and a half the name and the colossal enterprise of Rosweyde and Bollandus, we must not go over the story of the old Bollandists. That story is told in every Cyclopædia, and in many other places—nowhere better than in a series of papers contributed to "*Duffy's Irish Catholic Magazine*," by the Rev. Matthew Kelly of Maynooth College. In Charles Knight's "*Penny Cyclopædia*," the account of this "literary

corporation, established in the beginning of the seventeenth century, for the purpose of publishing the lives of all the saints of the Catholic Church," ends with the statement that the French Revolution interrupted the undertaking which would probably never be resumed. As we have seen already, this prophecy has been falsified, and since 1838, the new Bollandists have been at work, undeterred by the withdrawal, some years later, of the Government yearly subsidy of £240. They have added several huge double-columned folios to the fifty-three tomes completed before the interruption of the work, and have brought the lives down to the last days of October. It is expected that one or two more volumes will finish October; and, then, before advancing into the following month, a supplementary volume is contemplated for certain saints omitted in the regular order of lives for October.

But this is the point which the "Acta Sanctorum" had reached when Father Victor de Buck was called away from it. Meanwhile, he had devoted to it thirty-six years of persevering toil as his part towards maintaining the repute of this repertory of ecclesiastical science, this monument of high criticism and patient erudition, which has extorted the enthusiastic praise of such impartial witnesses as Guizot and Renan himself, and of which Gibbon has remarked, in his peculiar style, that "through the medium of fable and superstition it communicates much historical and philosophical information." When the young student was set apart for the work, his more experienced collaborateurs had just printed a catalogue of the saints still outstanding, amounting, in round numbers, to four thousand.\* Before venturing forward, De Buck retraced the long route that had been traversed. Pen in hand, he went over the vast collection till he had made himself familiar with all that had been done, and in another way, with all that remained to do. Thenceforward to the end of his days his motto might have been: *In plenitudine sanctorum detentio mea* (Ecclus. xxiv. 16). In his room in St. Michael's College, at Brussels, which was his study, parlour, bedroom, and all, he worked on, year after year, allowing himself, in the earlier years of his priesthood, the recreation of an occasional country-mission in some parish where he could preach to the poor people in his beloved Flemish. He also published a "Book of the Passion," and other devout treatises in that language. But, for the most part, his publications in French and Flemish were meant to popularise some of the results of his special hagiological studies. On the other hand, his labours as a Bollandist were by no means confined to the mere facts of a saint's life. For instance, the Life of St. Hilarion includes, as Monsigneur de Ram remarks, an immense study of the geography, history, and archæology of the fourth century. Special dissertations also on learned questions connected with his work of predilection he published with indefatigable industry, of which extra works it would be useless to transcribe here the list furnished by the PP. de

\* Guizot has computed that there are 25,000 lives of saints in the 53 volumes published before the French Revolution.

Backer in the supplement to their "Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus."

From all these arduous but fascinating and engrossing toils, for which he had in so marked a degree those signs of a vocation—inclination and aptitude—he would tear himself away to fulfil punctually all his duties as a priest and a religious, going, for instance, to hear the confessions of the old men belonging to an asylum near to the College of St. Michael—to whom he was wont to give a little instruction in French and Flemish twice each week—and catechising every Sunday for thirty years the young artisans who assembled at a house of the Christian Brothers. In community-life he was the humblest, the most obedient, the simplest, the most cheerful, the most amiable, the readiest to help and to console those who needed help or consolation.

It would be unfair, even in so rapid a glance at Father de Buck's career, to omit all mention of labours which have left no memorial of themselves behind in print—the time and trouble expended in satisfying the wishes, reasonable and unreasonable, of the very many who appealed to him as general referee on a thousand questions, the investigation of which involved the loss often of precious hours, with no more lasting result than the pages of a private letter to some priest, or bishop, or abbe, or savant. Before passing on abruptly to the end, let me just cite two remarks from the *notice nécrologique*, which has supplied me with most of my facts and a few of my phrases. Father de Buck had a horror of history written *a priori*, where the writer sets out with a certain theory, and forces every fact to fit into his theory—if not, so much the worse for the facts. A maxim which he used to repeat, with his tone of *bonhomme flamande*, would not commend itself much to Mr. James Anthony Froude—*Historia scribitur ad narrandum, non ad probandum*. But while he abhorred theorising and phrase-making, he had a great contempt for that cheap erudition which consists in heaping crudely together innumerable references and clumsy quotations instead of weighing and balancing them, and giving only what bears directly on the point at issue.

God gave his holy and laborious servant four years to prepare specially for death. Sickness and the loss of sight condemned him to unwilling and unwonted inactivity, which, however, he bore most cheerfully, striving by means of his wonderful memory to be useful to the last. By dictating to his brother, Father Remi de Buck (a Bollandist also), he was able in his blindness to put together materials previously amassed regarding the very difficult lives of some saints belonging to the old Celtic Church of Ireland. And here I may take advantage of this mention of Ireland to state that, though the Bollandists have, from the first, been Belgian Jesuits exclusively, an Irishman (whose work has, however, lain in England) is now about to be associated to their glorious labours.

On the 23rd of May, 1876, the Feast of Blessed Andrew Bobola, S. J., whose life he had published on that very day twenty-three years before, Father Victor de Buck died a holy and peaceful death in the sixtieth year of his age, the forty-second of his life as a Jesuit, and the thirty-sixth of his work as a Bollandist.

M. R.

THE *DIVINA PROVVIDENZA* OF FILICAJA.

## ORIGINAL.

**Q**UAL madre i figli con pietoso affetto  
 Mira e d'amor si strugge a lor davante,  
 E un bacia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,  
 Uno tien sui ginocchi, un su le piante  
 E mentre agli atti, ai gemiti, all 'aspetto  
 Lor voglie intende sì diverse e tante,  
 A questo un guardo, a quei disperse un detto,  
 E si ride, o s'adira, è sempre amante :  
 Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita  
 Veglia, e questi conforta, e a quei provvede  
 E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutti aita,  
 E, se nega talor grazia o mercede,  
 O nega sol perchè a pregar ne invita,  
 O negar finge e nel negar concede.

## TRANSLATION.

**A**S a fond mother o'er her children bends  
 And looks with loving heart their sport above,  
 And kisses one, to one her arms extends,  
 Or lifts up one, while others round her move,  
 As thus to every act, cry, look, she lends  
 Her anxious thought their every wish to prove,  
 To each in turn a glance or word she sends,  
 And smiles or chides, but still for all has love :  
 So infinite Providence o'er us on high  
 Doth watch and comfort these, for those provide,  
 Doth list to all, and aid to all supply ;  
 And, if for favours some in vain have sighed,  
 It but denies that we to prayer may fly,  
 Or grants even while it seems to have denied.

W. W.

## NEW BOOKS.

I. *The Life of our Life.* By HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, of the Society of Jesus. (London: Burns & Oates. 1876.)

ST. MAXIMUS seems to quote Ecclesiasticus not quite accurately in the passage that is read in the second nocturn of the Breviary office of a bishop-saint. "Dicit sermo divinus, *no laudes hominem in vita sua*: tanquam si diceret, lauda post mortem, magnifica post consummationem." Perhaps we are apt also to take too literally this prohibition against praising a man in his lifetime. If many get too much praise while living, some get too little, and on this score at least are secured too well from our Lord's reproach, "You have had your reward."

The *Dublin Review*, therefore, does well in saying, in its preliminary notice of the work we have named on this page, that very few English writers have made so important an addition to Catholic literature. We may extend the remark, and assert that all educated English-speaking Catholics owe a debt of gratitude to the man who has devoted to the service of Catholic literature the talents and marvellous industry which have revived in our day, in an altered form, the literary glories of the name of Coleridge. For even in a periodical which happily cannot pretend to be impartial on the subject, we will dare to say that in the person of Father Coleridge is worthily represented a family for whose varied and continuous tradition of literary distinction the annals of literature hardly furnish a parallel.

The present volumes are the nineteenth and twentieth of the Quarterly Series, which opened so well some years ago with the "Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier." Father Coleridge's special vocation would seem to mark him out for a commentator on Sacred Scripture, to be one of the long, and not ignoble, line which began with Salmeron and has not ended with Patrizi. He has acted wisely in not waiting till he could issue from the press a complete commentary on the Gospel, but rather publishing certain portions thereof in the order which circumstances rendered more convenient. Those who insist on beginning at the beginning break down often before reaching the end. Father Coleridge has already devoted three volumes to the "Public Life of our Lord," commencing with "the Ministry of St. John the Baptist" and going on to "the Sermon on the Mount." In the volumes before us he lays the solid foundation of his labours by weaving the results of many years of study into a Harmony of the Gospels, combining into one whole the narratives of the four Evangelists according to the divisions into which our Lord's life naturally falls. Or rather he had already laid the foundation in the Latin Harmony which he published some years ago under the title, *Vita Vitae nostrae meditantibus proposita*.

The present instalment of his great work is much more than a translation of his earlier volume, as we may guess from the fact that

each of the two volumes contains more matter than the one Latin volume. The most interesting part of the additions consists of full and precise notes on the chief difficulties occurring in each division of the Gospel narrative.

The work in which Father Coleridge is engaged is quite important enough, and his aptitude for the work is sufficiently remarkable and sufficiently rare, to justify us in praying that God may be pleased to prolong his life till he has accomplished all that he desires to do for the promotion of the devout and reverent study of "the holy, the sublime, the awful Word of God, over which saints have meditated in cells for years of ineffable sweetness, yet of solemn reverence; round which scholars, pale with watching, have wreathed the flowers they have woven or culled in variegated commentaries; which the silver voice of virgins, or the deep tones of holy monks, have chanted in breathless midnight, that no earthly sound might disturb the depth of their meditation; this compilation of the one spirit of God from the Providence of centuries through which He alone has lived; this treasure of spiritual honey drawn from a thousand flowers of various delicacy of perfume and flavour, not mixing, but each preserved; this gem of matchless price reflecting in an infinite number of faces the ever-varying, yet constant image of God in his might, in his sweetness, in his anger, in his love, in his unity, in his trinity, in his heavens, on his earth, on Sinai, and on Calvary; this noblest, greatest, divinest of thing unsacramental"—"the blessed history (to continue in the words of a very different writer\*) in which the blind, lame, palsied beggar, the criminal, the woman stained with shame, the shunned of all our dainty clay, has each a portion, which no human pride, indifference, or sophistry, through all the ages that this world shall last, can take away, or by the thousandth part of an atom of a grain reduce—the blessed history which tells of the ministry of Him who, through the round of human life and all its hopes and griefs, from birth to death, from infancy to age, had sweet compassion for, and interest in, its every scene and stage, its every suffering and sorrow."

II. *Solar Physics*: A Lecture. By the Very Rev. J. B. KAVANAGH, D. D., President of Carlow College. (Dublin: Dollard. 1877.) WHAT is the sun? How large is it? What is its distance from us? Whence has it that constant supply of heat and light, which day after day it pours down upon the earth? These are questions which from the days of Cain every child has asked its mother, and which, nevertheless, the most profound philosophers have, up to a comparatively recent period, been unable to answer. To these and many other questions concerning the sun, Dr. Kavanagh has undertaken to give a reply in a lecture delivered some time ago before the Catholic Institute of the town of Carlow. The lecture appeared at the time in

\* Charles Dickens, in "Dombey and Son," in the description of Alice's death. The previous extract is from Cardinal Wiseman's article in the *Dublin Review* for October, 1852—"The Bible in Maynooth."



the *Carlton Post*, and excited unusual interest wherever that paper found its way. We hoped, however, that it would appear in more permanent form, and we are glad to see that our hopes have been realised. Nothing has been omitted on the part of the publisher to make the reading of it agreeable.

The subject was, we think, happily chosen. There are few subjects of a scientific nature calculated to interest a wider class of readers than "Solar Physics;" and at the same time, few of which, notwithstanding the marvellous results of recent investigations, less is generally known. The ancients, as we might expect from the limited means of research at their disposal, were in almost total ignorance of the nature of the sun and his relations to our earth, and hence in their hopeless admiration they worshipped him as a god. Indeed, the worship of the sun appears to have been universal amongst barbarous nations. That it existed in these countries we have a standing proof in the name of the first day of the week. Anaximander, an astronomer of the Ionic school, declared his opinion about 2,500 years ago, that the sun was twenty-eight times as large as our earth. It was something in that remote period to have made the discovery that it was larger at all; but why twenty-eight times as large precisely it is difficult for us to conjecture. Pythagoras ventured to teach that the earth was not the centre of our system, and his disciple, Philolaus, gave it as his belief that the earth moved round the sun. These philosophers, however, not being able to support their opinions by any solid proof, found few, if any followers amongst the physicists and astronomers that succeeded them. In the second century of our era Ptolemy drew up his treatise on astronomy, in which the earth is regarded as the centre of our system. This theory was universally believed until the fifteenth century, when Copernicus, a German ecclesiastic, startled the world by renewing the assertion of Philolaus, that the earth moved round the sun. In the following century Galileo invented the telescope, and by its aid much new light was thrown on the subject of astronomy. The wide field of the heavens which was thus thrown open to scientists has since been cultivated with marvellous results, and never with greater than in our own day. Every division of science has made rapid strides of late years, and many of the discoveries made in other branches have been successfully applied to the study of astronomy. Optics, including the spectrum analysis, chemistry, and even photography, have been made to do good service in this department. The result is that the scientist can now, if we may be allowed the expression, take the sun from the heavens into his observatory, compute with comparative accuracy his distance from us, his circumference, his bulk, examine the material of which he is formed, observe every change which takes place on his surface, and photograph it for our inspection. Many eminent men of science have of late years made the subject of Solar Physics a special study, notably Father Secchi, S. J., of the Roman Observatory; and the fruits of their labours are abundant and surprising.

Dr. Kavanagh, as he tells us in his preface, has endeavoured to arrange in a concise and popular form some of these recent discoveries.

The task was one of no ordinary difficulty, and we think we may safely congratulate Dr. Kavanagh on the success of his efforts. It is sometimes urged against attempts to popularise science, that in avoiding the Scylla of abstruseness, one is liable to fall into the Charybdis of flippancy. This objection cannot, we think, fairly be urged against the present lecture. Scientists, like Professor Haughton, have found in it an admirable *résumé* of all that has yet been discovered on this branch of astronomy,\* and yet the greater portion of it, when the essential vocabulary has been once mastered, will be understood by a schoolboy of average ability. Throughout the entire lecture the language is as simple as the nature of the subject would permit; it is calm and unaffected, as becomes a man who is master of his subject, and who depends more on the force of thought and matter than on mere rhetoric. In some portions of it, where the lecturer had to contend with peculiar difficulties, arising as well from his being compelled to use the terms peculiar to the science, as from the abstruseness of the subject itself, Dr. Kavanagh has been singularly successful. In the whole range of science there are few subjects harder to popularise than the discoveries made by the spectroscope as to the solar corona, the chromosphere and photosphere, and the solar spots; and yet it is here precisely that Dr. Kavanagh appears to the greatest advantage. They only who have made a study of the spectrum analysis can appreciate the skill of the lecturer in the order and clearness with which he places this part of his subject before the audience. Again, under the ninth and last of the heads into which he divides his lecture, viz. : the physical constitution of the sun, we think he has displayed uncommon abilities as a lecturer. With great labour he has collected the opinions of almost all the authors worth consulting on the subject : Kirchoff, Arago, Frankland, Lockyer, Pouillet, Helmholtz, Mayer, Sir William Thompson, Playfair, Roscoe, Lyell, Croll, and Secchi. To many readers this will probably be the most interesting portion of the lecture. They have here the *status questionis* put very clearly. Newton first suggested that the loss sustained by constant combustion in the sun was compensated by comets falling into it. But the solid mass of the comets, which is found to be in reality very small, was altogether inadequate to explain the phenomenon. The dynamic and meteoric theory of Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn, followed; but this, though it has led to many useful discoveries, fails to explain much of what the author undertook to explain. Out of it, however, arose the theory now admitted as true by all astronomers, that our solar system was originally a mass of nebulae, diffused as far as the orbit of Neptune, and that the heat created by the rushing together of these scattered masses serves to account, in some degree at least, for the constant supply of solar heat.

In an age like ours when too many able philosophers—intellects

\* That is, if we except the results of the observations taken in various parts of the world on the occasion of the Transit of Venus, which occurred on the 8th of December, 1874. Father Perry, S. J., who was one of those employed in the enterprise, tells us it will require years to calculate these results.

like those of Darwin, Tyndall, and Huxley—led away by a spirit of pride, are endeavouring to explain physical phenomena without having recourse to a Creator, just as Democritus of old wished to do away with the Supreme Intelligence, advocated by Anaxagoras, it is gratifying to find men like Father Secchi penetrating the depths of science and philosophy and taking occasion from their discoveries to direct our thoughts to the great Author of all, making us admire the wonders He has worked, not only in this little world of ours, but also in the vast orbs that range the fields of space. Dr. Kavanagh also, in his lecture, has not failed to refer all to Him who “has pitched his tent in the sun”—*in sole posuit tabernaculum suum Altissimus*.

We feel confident that all who may be induced by our words to peruse this lecture will thank us for having brought it under their notice.

III. *God's Chosen Festival, and other Poems.* By GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT. (Dublin: Mullany, 1877.)

WHAT pleases us most in this tiny quarto is the choice of themes. Poets, and especially young poets, do not often make poetry the handmaid of religion; but in reality the purest and most sacred subjects are the most poetical. It is, therefore, edifying to notice that the most irreproachable of the verses in this volume are those through which runs as a chorus the name of “Mary full of grace” (p. 15). Patriotism, the domestic affections, and piety have in turn been the inspiration of these strains; and our wonder is that the poetic feeling which prompted so good a selection of subjects has not secured for them a more poetic treatment. We believe that the Author could, if not when publishing, at least when writing these pieces, have appended to his name the apologetic title, that “George Gordon, Lord Byron” set after his on the title-page of “Hours of Idleness.” But even so, one might fairly expect in such a volume more care, more delicacy, more finish—at least sequence of thought and grammatical correctness, with a wholesome dread of the commonplace and the prosaic. Yet loose constructions like the following are not rare. This one occurs in “The Children's Paradise” (p. 29), a poem which refers to the Big House so familiar to our readers, and which is very much less poetic than a great deal of the prose devoted to the same subject in our pages. But that prose has often been poetry unawares.

“Here are God's children, and your country's too:  
 God's friends have watched their path and led them here,  
 Where want and sorrow can no more pursue—  
 Which e'er is bright, though all the world be drear.”

Fadladeen would here remark that this *which* has no antecedent whatsoever. Now poetry should, first of all, *parse*. This was part of the advice given by a poet of distinction and experience to a young poetical aspirant. “Perfect grammatical and logical accuracy is fully as necessary in poetry as in prose.” The process of careful

"composition" has been well described by Mr. J. C. Earle in the first of his "Second Hundred Sonnets:"—

"The scattered thoughts compressed assume a shape;  
The nebulous vapour rounds into a star;  
The jewels in a carcanet beaded are,  
And flowing garments the nude statue drape;  
The ruddy juice exudes from the crushed grape;  
Alloys no more the precious metal mar;  
The ottar of the roses coats the jar,  
And all superfluous volatiles escape.  
Such is the process of the busy mind  
When in the pauses of the wakeful night  
It is assailed by vagrant thoughts, which bind  
The captive will in their embraces tight,  
And leave it not till they expression find  
In well-knit prose or verses tuned aright."

But the verses ought to be "well-knit" also like the prose, as well as "tuned aright;" and we think that on both points Mr. Plunkett ought to have taken more pains, for "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well."

There are three pieces occurring together in the middle of this collection which seem to be among the best in matter and form. These are "Beloved of God," "Sancta Maria," and "The Rain." But let the writer for his instruction compare the last of these, not with Longfellow's "Rain in Summer"—which has furnished his modulating phrase, "How beautiful is the Rain!"—but with "Rain in Spring," which he will find in the *Month* for May, 1871, marked by initials that will be for him more than initials.

IV. *The Illustrated Catholic Family Almanack for the United States, for the Year 1877.* (New York: Catholic Publication Society.)

WOULD that we had as good a one for Ireland! Besides the ordinary contents of an almanac proper, it contains a great deal of interesting matter, biographies of deceased bishops and others, with portraits and pictures of various kinds. We perceive that the compilers pay the IRISH MONTHLY the compliment of using its "Winged Words" very unsparingly. We could hardly expect them to make any acknowledgment thereof to the Irish Periodical, as they no doubt imagined that the stringer of our "Winged Words" is himself only a compiler—which is not always the case.

V. St. Alphonsus Liguori's *Way of Salvation*, and Dr. Challoner's *Think Well On't* (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son), are excellent reprints of excellent works which are worthy of being scattered broadcast by any one who wants to promote God's glory by the distribution of good works—an exercise of zeal which is very much rarer amongst Catholics, and especially amongst us Irish Catholics, than it ought to be. The convent, the priest, the layman, or the lady, who places a copy of *Think Well On't* in some of the homes of our good and pious poor people, will do a holy deed, in which we wish to have a little share by making the suggestion. In neatness and readableness this twopenny edition is the best that we know of for the purpose.

VI. *Biographical Sketch of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, O.S.D.*  
Abridged from her Life. (London: Longmans and Co.)

THOUGH this book can hardly be classed under the general title prefixed to these notices of books, it is still no doubt a "new book" for many of our readers, who would never think of going to the great publishing firm of Longmans for an edifying religious biography. The stock of Catholic literature is in this department so scanty, that we feel bound to call attention to this very interesting Life, of which the first sentence runs thus: "Margaret Hallahan was born in London, of Irish Catholic parents, on the 23rd of January, 1803." Though she was early left a desolate orphan, though she was but three years at school and her education was "finished" in her ninth year, and though she spent many years as a servant, God made use of her for a great religious work in England. She founded and governed a great number of convents of the Dominican order devoted to education and other works of zeal, amid hardships and difficulties which in this book, and especially in the larger work of which it is a judicious abridgment, are very pleasant to read of, however difficult they must have been to endure. The story is told with perfect taste and literary skill. It has made this holy and attractive character dear to many outside the Church, and such perhaps was its special purpose, considering the manner of its publication; but its lessons are needed also amongst ourselves, and therefore out of the proper order of time we give this brief notice of it. Such lives should be put on record. Filial piety imposes this on religious communities as a duty towards their founders. Why, for instance, does not Mary Aikenhead, the Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity, take her place beside Catherine Macaulay and Frances Ball, between Nano Nagle and Margaret Hallahan?

VII. *Lisez-nous. Nouveaux Contes dédiés aux Enfants.* Par C. d'Outremer. (Paris: Donniol, 1876.)

It is not on record whether the little pig that once on a time ran about the streets, ready-roasted, crying, "Eat me! eat me!" found any one willing to accept the invitation. Here is a little book that on the very title-page cries out "Read me! read me!"—for its name is "*Lisez-nous.*" We have obeyed to a certain extent, and found that these new "stories for children" are pretty enough little moralities. But the children of our acquaintance would desiderate something prettier and not quite so moral, and with the story-part a little more *prononcé*—to use a word which we should avoid if it were not a French book that is in question.

## WINGED WORDS.

## XVI.

1. Could if he would ? True greatness ever wills—it lives in wholeness if it lives at all, and all its strength is knit with constancy.—*Armgar.*

2. They who buy what they do not want will come to want what they cannot buy.—*Anon.*

3. Remember, when one is tied with cords, to struggle only strengthens the knots.—*Mrs. Browning.*

4. What duty is made of a single difficult resolve ? The difficulty lies in the daily unflinching support of consequences that mar the blessed return of morning with the prospect of irritation to be suppressed or shame to be endured.—*“Daniel Deronda.”*

5. Never tell a story against yourself ; for people will repeat it to your discredit without mentioning your frankness in telling it.—*Dr. Johnson.*

6. We prefer to speak evil of ourselves rather than to say nothing at all about that ever attractive topic.—*Rochefoucauld.*

7. All that is wise has been thought already ; we must try, however, to think it again.—*Anon.*

8. It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste ; and why is this but that it gives us Jesus for our food, and Mary for our nursing Mother ?—*Dr. J. H. Newman.*

9. There is nothing so hard to forgive as the sight of suffering in others, caused by our own injustice.—*Miss Kathleen O'Meara.*

10. One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.—*Middlemarch.*

11. You cannot plant an oak in a flower-pot ; she must have earth for her root, and heaven for her branches.—*Harrington's Oceana.*

12. There is a monotony in the affections which people living together, or very frequently seeing each other, are apt to give into ; a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise.—*Charles Lamb.*

13. I know not who the Sidney is from whom D'Aubertin's “Irregular Verbs” quotes this very true couplet :

“Pour vivre avec douceur, cher ami, croyez-moi,  
Le grand art est d'apprendre à bien vivre avec soi.”

And this other, which is true enough *in sensu sano* :

“Malgré tout le jargon de la philosophie,  
Malgré tous les chagrins, ma foi, vive la vie !”

14. I find, somehow or other, that the more work a man is made to do, the more he is able to do, and the more he desires to do.—*Gerald Griffin's Letters.*

## THE NEW UTOPIA.

## CHAPTER V.

## AN EVENTFUL DAY.

AT breakfast next morning came the letters, one for Grant, sent on from London to the White Lion, and from the Lion to the Grange, with the Australian postmark. Grant opened it, read it with a flush on his cheek, then crushed it in his hand, and read it again, and, finally, finished his breakfast in abstracted silence. As soon as it was over, he started for Bradford; and we, more at our leisure, made our way to morning service, where, I fear, the well-turned sentences of the Vicar's sermon fell on very inattentive ears, so far as I was concerned, for my thoughts were full of Grant and his story. Yes, he was right, that which he described was truly power; he had a something which we had not; it was the straight aim, the righteous purpose, the strength of a soul that knew the worth of souls, and to whom all else was nothing.

We walked home through the park. "I am sorry for Grant," said my father; "£4,000 is little enough with which to begin life afresh. He'll have to go back to Australia."

"Why so, papa?" said Mary.

"Why, my dear, what can a man do in England with £4,000?"

"It strikes me," I said, "that wherever Grant is, or whatever he has, he'll be *doing* something. Take it altogether, he's the most remarkable specimen I've ever set eyes on."

By this time we were approaching home, and could see some one standing at the garden gate, as it seemed on the watch for us. It was Mr. Jones, the head gardener; and, as he advanced to meet us, I noticed he held a paper in his hand, and that his manner indicated something was the matter.

"Have you seen this, sir?" he said, addressing my father; "I fear it's too true. It must have happened on Friday."

"Seen what? What has happened?"

My father seized the paper which Jones held out; I read it with him, looking over his shoulder:

*"Fatal Yacht Accident—Five Lives Lost."*

"We regret to have to chronicle a very melancholy accident which took place yesterday off the coast of Ryde. The yacht, 'Water Lily,' belonging to Viscount Belmont, eldest son of the Earl of Bradford, came in collision with a steamer near the Start Point, and instantly filled, and sank. Every exertion was made by those on board the steamer to render assistance to the crew of the 'Water Lily;' the master and two men were saved, but Lord Belmont and his brother,

of them to show our great loss, and that had no hope of the Hon. E. Carstairs, together with the three remaining bodies, were drowned, and all efforts to recover the bodies have as yet proved unavailing. We understand the deceased gentlemen were the only surviving sons of their noble father.

I saw and read a hundred. My father stood silent, stunned, motionless. At last the words came to his lips: "Both drowned? Impossible!—and their father?" We went into the house. Of the clergy, Jones could tell nothing. He was in Scotland, he believed, and it would take time for the news to reach him. Business travels fast in those days, and we were not long left in doubt how it fared with the bereaved father. There was a ring at the bell, and a husky-motined envelope was brought in by the servant. A post-office telegram from Belmont, the Scotch residence of John the Scott, House Steward, to Mr. John Aubrey, Oakham. 10 A. M. Bad news from Ryde; yacht accident. Lord B—— heard it suddenly. An apoplectic fit; still insensible."

And then, in an hour, a second telegram: "Still insensible. Mr. Wigram and Lady Mary sent for. Doctors give no hope."

Lady Mary was his only daughter, married to a Scotch M. P. and residing near Belmont. We saw that the curtain was closing heavily on the Oakham family. We sat and waited; what else could we do? And when Grant returned from Bradford he found us thus, waiting for the final telegram.

It came at last, ere nightfall, and told us that all was over. In less than eight-and-forty hours, the earl and his two sons had been swept from life, and the younger, as well as the elder line of the Oakham family, as my father said, was now extinct.

I watched Grant's countenance as he said it, but it betrayed nothing. "I think, Mr. Aubrey," he said, "that I had better be going. You will be having plenty of business here of one sort or another, and the family coming; and I shall be an intrusion. I shall start for London by the express train to-morrow. So best," said my father, who was crushed with the events of that terrible Sunday; "but we shall see you here again, Mr. Grant? We all feel as though we had known you from boyhood."

Grant smiled: "Thank you, it is very pleasant, but I too have had my surprises to-day; and I find I am wanted back at Glenaven without delay. I shall probably be leaving England within a fortnight."

I felt: inexpressibly sorry. But it could not be helped. So next day, after breakfast, I took his arm and led him for a last turn in the park. My father had gone up to the mansion to prepare, alas! for receiving the bodies, and give orders for the great pageant of the funeral; and Grant and I sauntered through the flower gardens that flaunted in the sunshine, and passed those very hot-houses and pineries on which we had been cutting our jokes the day before, all now an empty, miserable mockery. And Bradford! ejaculated Grant, at last. "My word! what a place! to think of men drawing out their thousands from such a den



to spend it on that hideous rubbish, and leave the souls of men to sink below baseness." "Have a care, Grant," he said, "they are beyond our judgment."

"True," he said, and he lifted his hat; "but tell me what you think of a man always being such a blind man with his eyes open."

"Well, you remember the Gospel? 'Ye (I fear I did not) How hardly shall they that have riches enter heaven?' or 'As though they want not. Can it, must it always be so?'"

Now, neither you nor I are just now in the way to test the facts of Jon Quant's groined and handed me the Australian letter he had received the day before. Read that, he said, and you will see what I am thinking of. It was from his friend Harry Gibson, the

"DEAR GRANT,

"You'll think me dead and buried, but I'm just worked off my legs, and haven't had time to eat, much less to write. I've stunning news for you. You remember Bill, the native boy, whom you saved from drowning? Well, he came in the other day, and told me he had something he would show to no one but me or the master. What was it? I must come and see. So I went to honour him, and he took me to the glen. A huge boulder, as it seemed to be, concealed by some scrubby bushes, and with a yellow gutter, and what looked like a mine, in short, a monstrous suggestion. We had it put, and got it down safe to Ballarat, 2,160 ounces, value £8,376! It has made a precious noise, I can assure you. Old Lyndsay, the Government surveyor, has been here, and examined the land, and the end of it is that Glenliven is pronounced 'amfurious' from one end to the other. Now, what will you do?—sell, let, or dig? Better way I suppose the property must be about the best thing in the market. Lyndsay says what it contains must be reckoned by millions. Write your orders, or, better still, come back and give them; or six months hence I won't answer for being an honest man, in spite of Father Young and his warning.—Faithfully yours,

... of ... **H. GIBSON.** ...

"You see how it is," said Grant, as I returned the letter, hardly knowing whether to congratulate or condole with him. "Millions: and I have before me here a picture of what *millions do* with millions, and at Bradford of what they *do not* do; and in my heart, Jack, a terrible sense of what they might and ought to do; and I ask myself shall I do it? Will gold be a curse to me, as to them? Will its touch poison, betray, deceive me? Shall I come to think money well spent on yachts and betting-books, and the best table in all London, and leave thousands of souls in my gold-diggings going to perdition? *Must* that be so, I say? and if not, how prevent it?"

"Grant," I said, "you overstrain your notions, you do indeed. Money is a means; a means of good as well as of evil."

"Just so," he said; "but how many men use it for good? And how dare I prophesy to myself that I shall do better than the multitude?"

We walked home silently. There he took his leave of us all, and said a word of the happiness he had felt in our little home-circle; it had been but three days since I had met him in the train, and we

were parting like brothers. "I accompanied him to the station, and when the carriage door was closed, and at last the train moved on, I felt it like a bereavement."

## CHAPTER VI.

### FRESH SURPRISES.

THE funerals were over. Mr. Wigram, and Lady Mary, and some other family connections had assembled at Oakham; everything had been done with becoming solemnity, for, indeed, it *was* a solemn thing to lay them side by side, the father and his two sons—the last of the Earls of Bradford. Then came the opening of the will, Lord Duffield, a maternal uncle, and Sir John Ripley being the two executors. There were so many thousands to Lady Mary, and legacies, and bequests, and plenty of money to pay them. But as to Oakham and its plate, and furniture, and library, and the Bradford mines, and the Scotch estates, they were all entailed, first on his eldest, next to his second son; and failing both of these, and their children (and they had none), all the demesnes of the late earl passed to the next male heir, and who *that* was would be a case for the lawyers. Mr. Wigram, of course, was disappointed; but the will was clear, and the executors knew their business.

"The next male heir!" exclaimed Mr. Edwards. "It will take a lifetime to trace out the pedigree!"

"Not quite so long as you think," said Sir John; "I believe it is not so very long since the heir of Oakham has been within these very walls."

"Not Grant!" exclaimed my father; "no, not possible!"

"Ay, not only possible, but most certain," said Sir John; "William Grant Carstairs, only son of Lord Carstairs, and grandson of the old Duke of Leven. His father never took the ducal title, and even dropped that of Carstairs when he settled in Australia; but I have indubitable proof that Mr. Grant, of Glenleven, was really the man; indeed it was well known in the colony, when I was governor. Carstairs died about a year ago, and his son, this William Grant Carstairs, is really Duke of Leven. He came to England to pay off the last remnants of his grandfather's debts, and as he could not do this without putting himself in communication with the Commission of Creditors, of which I am chairman, I became acquainted with his real name and history."

"Then Mary was right," I muttered to myself, while Sir John continued:

"We shall place the necessary evidence of these facts before the right tribunals, and, meanwhile, Mr. Grant must be communicated with."

"He leaves England in a fortnight," said my father.

"He will do no such thing," said Sir John. "It will be a case for the lords, and he will, no doubt, have a subpoena to appear and give evidence."

It all happened as he said; there was no difficulty about the proofs of identity, for there had never been any concealment of the fact, and everyone in Queensland knew well enough who "Grant of Glenleven" really was, and why he chose to drop the family name and ducal title. Then as to the heirship, that was equally plain. There were but the two male branches of the family, of both of which Grant was now the sole surviving representative. When all this had been sifted and proved, and every legal form gone through which could be demanded by House of Peers or Doctor's Commons, then, and not till then, did Grant consent to reappear at Oakham, and receive from the executors of the late earl all that was necessary to constitute him its master. It took more than a year to effect all this; and when at last the day was fixed for the new duke to take possession, not Oakham only, but the entire county prepared to give him a worthy reception. I had had my share of the law business, and went down to assist my father in the heavy work which the occasion brought on him. I shall not easily forget it. All the gentlemen of the county had assembled there, lords and baronets; but I need not give a list. There were triumphal arches and processions of school children, and the Exborough Volunteers, and a dozen carriages to meet him at the station. I remembered how at that same station he had stood alone a year before, looking in vain for some one to carry his bag to the White Lion; I remembered that, as I saw him now step on to the platform, and shake hands with the Marquis of Exborough, and when I heard the loud cheers that greeted him. How the bells rang out as the array of carriages drove through the village! What a bright gala day it was! The old family restored to Oakham, the old property given back to the eighth Duke of Leven.

But I don't intend to dwell on all this further. When the fuss of the grand reception was over, he sent for me to come to him. "Aubrey," he said, "what is to be done about the Australian business? Harry keeps on pressing for some one to go out. Can you find me anywhere an honest man with a clear head, and I'll engage he shall make his fortune."

I thought, and I hesitated.

"Will you go yourself?" he said, at last. "Mind, I don't ask you to go; but if you decide on accepting the post, I believe you will not regret it."

I consulted my father, and he urged me to accept the offer. There did not seem much chance of making my fortune by English law, and so, to make a long story short, before Christmas I left England, whither, as things turned out, I did not return for ten long years that were full of changes.

I have no intention, dear reader, of troubling you with my personal history during that eventful period. It was a busy part of my life, and the duke was right in saying that I should not regret it. My concern just now is to tell you my friend's story, and not my own; and my ten years in Queensland were certainly not without their utility in advancing his interests. I won't bind myself to say to a

selling the sums which I sent over to England as the produce of his goldfields at Glenleven; but Harry Gibson had not been far wrong in calculating their value at millions. If any one will bear in mind the fact (which is a fact) that in those ten years the produce of gold in this one colony exceeded £104,000,000, they will easily understand what must have been the value of a single property which extended over some thousands of acres; for when Lord Carstairs first settled in the colony, an enormous tract of sheep-feeding land could be bought for a comparatively trifling sum. My own interests, of course, were not forgotten; the Duke's terms were more than liberal; and, when the whole estate had been finally disposed of, I was able to return to England a wealthy man. One commission I entrusted to me by the Duke, spoke well for his heart; it was the removal to England of his parents' remains, which had been laid to rest in the little cemetery of Ballarat. I was surprised to find that there were some things in my home correspondence which gave me a secret anxiety. Much was said in praise of the new Duke, of his generosity, his manly principles, his care for his property and his tenants; but expressions were now and then dropped which showed me he had the character of being absconded. I was sorry for this, though not much surprised; in my brief intercourse with him in former years it was impossible to deny that his originality looked in that direction. What did surprise me, much more was that judging by his own letters, far from despising money, he seemed to care for it as good gold. He took his millions from Australia with a very good grace, and made no objection to the proposals I submitted, whereby a larger revenue could be raised from the property. And often, as I sometimes said to myself, this is but natural. Men thirst for gold and like to call it dirt, so long as their hands are clear of it; but let them feel its magic touch and the dirt becomes marvellously pleasant. Even desires to get as much as he justly can from his property, and so do I, and so does everybody. And right be a sigh with which I closed my meditations, showed me that my imagination had painted the Duke of former days as something higher and more unselfish in his aims than everybody.

When there was another thing that struck me as odd. A year or two after I came to Glenleven I became a Catholic. I had never thought much of these subjects in early youth; but many things which Grant had said had gone home; and the impressions first received from him were deepened in Australia. There, for the first time, I saw the Catholic religion at full work; I felt its mastery of souls, its reality as a Divine power, and to that power I submitted. It was only natural for me to imagine that the Catholic Duke of Glenleven would have been leader of his co-religionists in England. I had the English papers, Catholic and Protestant, sent out to me pretty regularly; and after my conversion I looked with some eagerness to see what part he took in parliamentary debates on questions affecting Catholics; and in the reports of Catholic meetings about Catholic interests, education, questions, workhouse questions, church-building questions, and the rest, I looked for his name, and I gene-

rally looked in vain. In my perhaps romantic imaginings about his probable course, I had pictured him as the founder of benevolent institutions through the length and breadth of the kingdom; I thought he would acquire a distinguished name and achieve great things for the poor and the labouring classes; but if he did so, the papers, at any rate, had nothing to tell me about it. There is no denying it was a disappointment, but I gradually grew used to regard the whole subject as one on which the fancy of youth had cheated me with its wonted delusions; and who is there who teaches middle life who has not to look back at one time or other at having been the slave of his imagination?

I returned, then, to England, spending a week or two in London, before going down to Oakham, where my parents still lived, for though my father's age had obliged him to give up his post as steward to younger hands, the duke would not hear of his leaving the Grange. Mary had become the wife of Charles Oswald, a squire of the neighbourhood, and was still able to be a good deal of comfort to her father and mother, and to find an ample sphere for all her capacities of usefulness. In returning to Oakham, therefore, I was still returning home, though I had formed no plans as to my own final settlement.

In London I found plenty of old friends, as welcome as new; perhaps the less kindly, from the fact that most of them had credited me with having brought home an Australian fortune. Some of those whom I had left just entering on their profession had fought their way to legal eminence, and some had earned their silk gowns, and a certain share of reputation.

Mr Clinton Edwards, the brother of our Oakham vicar, was now a judge, and at his table I met a group of men more or less distinguished in the world of politics and of letters. The world has many phases, some more, and some less pleasant to come in contact with. A London dinner-table, filled with refined and intelligent people, who know everything and everybody worth knowing, is, no doubt, a very agreeable sample of polite society. But mark well this truth, dear reader, it is still the world, and anything higher and better than what savours of the world, you must not look to extract from its conversation. Sir Clinton had a fancy for well-mixed variety in his company, so on the present occasion I had the good fortune to meet a Solicitor-General, and a Home Secretary, the editor of a popular philosophic review (whose theology, by the way, was not predominantly Christian), two men of science, and a county member. Including our host and myself, we numbered eight. It is needless to say that our dinner was impeccable. For the passing moment I found myself a lion in the gayest and wittiest circles so soon exhaust the sources of their gaiety, that any person who, for one half-hour, can stimulate a new curiosity, may calculate for exactly that space of time on enjoying a fair amount of popularity.

The conversation in such a circle was as graceful and varied as the forms in a kaleidoscope. Home, politics, the state of the colonies, Hapgood's dispatches about the Council of Ephesus, the

vicar of Oakham's long-promised, and recently published, work on Roman Antiquities, the last cartoon in *Punch*, and the University boat race, all passed in review, till for my sins I fell into the hands of the philosophic editor, who was, of course, profoundly ignorant of the creed of his next door neighbour. He was engaged on an article which aimed, I will not say at *proving* men to be well-developed monkeys, for I have never found that writers of his particular class ever aim at proving anything whatsoever, but at throwing out pleasant theories of the possible probability of their being nothing better. The intellectual inferiority of the Australian aborigines was the point on which I was subjected to cross-examination, and every fact elicited was bagged by my tormentor for future editorial purposes. But the county member who sat opposite charitably stepped in to my relief.

"I tell you what, Ford," he said, when he could get in a word, "you needn't go to Australia to look for intellectual inferiority; no, nor for savages either, nor for that matter for heathens; you'll find the whole stock-in-trade ready for inspection in a good many of our manufacturing towns, only nobody comes to inspect them."

"Very true," said Sir Clinton; "when I am Lord Chancellor I shall introduce a bill for obliging all members of parliament to spend one calendar month in a colliery district, say Bradford, for instance."

The familiar name struck on my ear and raised a host of recollections.

"Ah," said one of the men of science, "I've been down there lately. You know the improvement of the mines is one of the duke's hobbies."

"And not merely *mines*, is it?" said the secretary; "I've heard a good deal of his work among the people."

"Just so," replied the scientific gentleman, "he's always at something; you know it would puzzle the calculating boy to number his hobbies; but the last thing has been the mines, and really his ideas about ventilation are very creditable."

"You are speaking, I presume, of the Duke of Leven?" I inquired.

"Ah, yes, you would have known him, of course, before going to Australia. Curious history his has been, certainly."

"He is really an excellent fellow," said Sir Clinton, "but not long for this world, I fear; I never saw a man so altered."

"Well, he is a very good fellow, of course," said the county member; "but he carries things too far, to my mind."

"How so?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, I don't know exactly; lives the life of a hermit, which, in his position, is a mistake, and does mischief; and then he's always sporting some social view or other; setting himself a little against the current. One thing, you know, he's a Catholic."

"Yes," observed the second man of science, who till now had spoken but little, "it's a great pity that. Cuts a man of his standing so

completely out of everything. He can't take his proper place in general society, parliament or anywhere."

"Well," began the editor, "of all the idiotic absurdities a man can be guilty of, I should say that was the primest. I declare it would justify a commission of lunacy."

"I'm afraid that's the real explanation of the whole thing," said the county member, looking sagacious, and touching his forehead; "there certainly is a touch in the top story."

"Touch or no touch," said Sir Clinton, "he has done wonders at Bradford. I know it by the results at the sessions."

"And may I ask *what* he has done?" said the editor, with the slightest possible tone of sarcasm.

"Changed the whole system of wages, shut up about twenty public-houses, and, really, I don't know how he has managed it, but they're not so brutalized by half since he's had the manor."

"And if I am rightly informed (you'll correct me, of course, if I am in error), but I *understood* he had brought over a lot of German monks and built them a monastery."

"Ah, yes," said Sir Clinton, "that's at Glenleven, on the moors, you know. Well, it's one of his crochets, and, perhaps, not the most sensible."

The secretary shook his head, and looked disgusted. "I know this, we shall have to put a stop to all that sort of thing some day," he said, "and the sooner the better, in my opinion."

Then the conversation, by an easy change, flowed into foreign politics, and I was left to digest all I had heard, and form my own conclusions. Was Leven really a little touched? Was he unpopular? Or was he dying? Had his ten years of boundless means produced as their whole result an improved system of wages and mine ventilation, and the building of a monastery? And did he fritter away his genius and his undoubted powers in a quick succession of profitless hobbies?

I should go down next day to Oakham and judge for myself.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### RETURNING HOME.

My first week at Oakham was given to my family. I had to be introduced to my new brother-in-law, Oswald, who had brought Mary over from Exdale manor, that we might all be once more together. The duke had been called away to Scotland, and, to tell the truth, I was not sorry to have time and opportunity for rectifying my ideas on the new order of things before meeting him: My father praised him highly, for was he not a Leven? That single fact sufficed for him; nor would I have disturbed the simplicity of his loyalty to the representative of the old family by so much as a question. My mother had a special kindness for him, only regretting that he had

never married. Mr. Edwards, as courteous and harmonious as ever, fully seconded her regrets, and suggested that the influence of a refined and affectionate wife might have softened something of that austerity of character which he humbly conceived was out of tune with the century. His curate, the Rev. Wilfrid Knowles, who happened to be present, said nothing, but I thought he looked a good deal, and on inquiry, I found that the curate held more advanced views than the vicar, and was supposed to have what Mrs. Edwards termed "monastic tendencies."

All this explained but little. Oswald informed me the general impression in the county was that his politics were revolutionary, but the solitary fact in support of this theory appeared to be that his first act on coming to Oakham had been to lower his farmers' rents on condition that they raised the rate of their labourers' wages. Mary said it was all malice, and that they did not understand him. She evidently was his warm friend, and her husband declared that she did what she liked with him.

On the third day after my arrival, I strolled up to the park in company with Oswald, and could not help observing with a little surprise that the pineries and forcing-houses kept their ground, and had even, apparently, received some additions. I inquired for my old friend Jones, but found he had departed, and that his place was filled by one of a younger generation.

"I half expected he would have made a clean sweep of all this," I said; "he used to inveigh against it all as though grapes in June had been one of the deadly sins."

"Ah," said Oswald, "that was Mary's doing. She suggested to him that if he did not choose to grow grapes and apricots for his own table, he would be doing a good work to grow them for other people, and that they would be like gifts from paradise if he sent them to the hospitals. So now every week they are packed up and sent to the Exborough Infirmary, and the County Hospital, and half a dozen other institutions, not to speak of his own affair that he has founded at Bradford."

"Really that was a bright thought of old Mary's," I said; "who would ever have thought of her taking the command in that style?"

"Yes, and she gets her own perquisites, I believe," said Oswald, "with which she makes happy all the sick people of the neighbourhood."

"How about the orchids?" I asked, rather maliciously.

"Oh, as to them, you had better ask Verney." And so saying, he led the way to a small enclosure where a young and intelligent-looking man was superintending the packing of various cases of fruit and flowers. I looked at the rich fruit, no longer grown for show or luxury, and felt pleased to think of its altered destination. "And the flowers?" I asked, amazed at the quantity which were being delicately packed in cool moss, about to be carried off to the station.

"To Bradford, sir, and Homchester," replied Verney, the head



gardener, and one or two other missions. Thursday will be Corpus Christi, and they use a wonderful quantity of flowers.

"Hm," I thought; "I see all about it; what used to go to the dinner-table and the ball-room he sends to the hospital and the poor. Well, that is like old Grant; and it gave me a glow of pleasure."

I soon found that Verney was a Catholic, as were several of the men now employed about the place, and I heard from him that a private chapel had been added to the house, which sufficed for the wants of the few Oakham Catholics. But a magnificent church had replaced the old and miserable erection at Bradford, and there was a convent with nuns who worked the schools and served the hospital, and besides that, half the town had been rebuilt and the wretched dens which formerly abounded were replaced by model lodging-houses. The duke himself has a house at Bradford," said Oswald, "and spends a good deal of time there; how we can endure it, I don't know, but he sees to all manner of things himself, for at least 3000 he likes business."

"I suspect also," Oswald said, "that he has a liking for souls." "Well, I should have thought Bradford about the last place to have supplied him with that commodity," said Oswald; "very queer style of souls he must find among the colliers, and not the most responsive, for just now they seem greatly disposed to stone him by way of expressing their gratitude."

"How so? Is he not popular?"

"Not with all. You see, he attempts to limit their means of making 'beasts' of themselves, and many resent it like the born Britons. They've got a fellow named Degg to lead them now, who possesses a tongue, and a quite remarkable gift of slander, of which he gives the duke a weekly benefit in a rascally penny paper, which he edits, and which he sells by thousands. It's a grand thing in our education movement; it enables each man now-a-days to read his Degg."

"Would you like to see the chapel, sir?" said Verney.

"Immensely," I replied. And leaving his flowers in charge of one of the men in attendance, he led the way towards the building. It had an approach through the shrubberies as well as from the house for the convenience of the congregation; and Verney, having found means of informing the chaplain of my presence, left me in the hands of that gentleman, and returned to his green-houses."

The Oakham chapel was small in size, and my first impression of it was rather devotional than magnificent. Except in the east window there was no painted glass; but through the open casements came the sound of waving branches, and the green and pleasant light which falls through summer foliage.

After a few minutes, I began to take in some of the details. Though the chapel was Gothic in style, the architect had contrived to find places for several pictures, some of which struck my eye as familiar. I remarked it to the chaplain. "Probably," he replied, "you may remember them formerly in the Bradford collection; the

Crucifixion which you see there used to hang in the great dining-room. It had been a Spanish altar-piece, I think, and the duke said it was a sacrilege to put such a painting over a gentleman's sideboard."

"And at the same time that he removed it," whispered Oswald, "he burned half a dozen Venuses and Adonises, which had been the glory of old Bradford's gallery: a fact, I assure you; and at Christie's they would have brought their thousands."

The paintings had, in fact, been taken from various parts of the ducal mansion; all, with one exception, a singular picture, painted, as the chaplain told me, by a young German artist, under the duke's personal direction. It was a single figure, representing a young man in poor and squalid attire, lying on a bed of straw, and clasping a crucifix. The background was dark, and there were few or no pictorial adjuncts; only in one corner of the picture appeared something like a ladder or flight of steps above the head of the principal figure. All the beauty of the painting was in that head; wasted, sweet, superhuman in its expression, carrying me back to the description which Grant had once given of old Father Henry Young's countenance, in which the pride of flesh and blood had all been destroyed and obliterated.

"What a singular picture," said Oswald. "Who is it? a saint?"

"It is St. Alexis," replied the chaplain, and Oswald evidently was not greatly the wiser. But I looked, and thought, and looked again, and I fancied I had understood its meaning. The noble youth who fled the world, who despised pleasure, and held riches as a curse, the prince who chose, in his own father's house, to live unknown, and to die as a beggar, was, doubtless, one whose story might have a deep attraction for a man made rich against his will, and ever fighting with wealth and its temptations.

We approached the altar, and I perceived what had not struck me at first, the exceeding richness of all its fittings.

"That tabernacle," said the chaplain, "is *solid gold*: it was made out of the first gold discovered at Glenleven, in Australia, 'the great nugget,' as it was called; the duke had it sent to England untouched, and resolved that the first fruits of his gold-fields should furnish the tabernacle of his chapel. The lamps and candlesticks are likewise Australian gold, and so are the sacred vessels."

I knelt before the tabernacle, and the last fragment of my doubts and misgivings vanished into thin air. "Oh, Grant, Grant!" I murmured, "what injustice I have done you! The world talks and judges, and comprehends nothing; you are not of its form and fashion!" And as we turned to leave the chapel, I seemed still to see before me the dying face of St. Alexis, and the golden tabernacle.

We walked home through the plantations, and Oswald was silent, and, for him, thoughtful.

"I called your duke a man of business this morning," he said, "but just now I could fancy him to be a poet."

"A poet! Why so?"

"Well, it was a beautiful thought that about his gold; there was something about the whole thing that struck me as poetical."

"I doubt if the duke was ever conscious of doing anything particularly graceful; but, undoubtedly, *Faith* always has an innate sense of beauty."

"That is a little beyond me," said Oswald; "but I will tell you why it struck me. At Exborough Park, as you may be aware, there is also what goes by the name of a chapel. The Exborough people always set you down to gold plate at dinner, but the chapel looks like a dust-hole. Leven has abolished the gold plate at Oakham, and the gentry hereabouts called it one of his peculiarities; but I suspect they would understand it better if they looked at that altar."

"Yet the Exboroughs are Catholics," I remarked.

"I should rather think so," said Oswald, "and immensely proud of being of the old stock, and all that sort of thing. But Lady Ex. goes in for London seasons to any extent, and the Exborough girls are the fastest in the county."

"A report reached me in Australia," I said, "that one of them was likely to become Duchess of Leven."

"Wouldn't Lady Exborough have liked it!" said Oswald; "but it was a dead failure. On that subject, as on many others, Leven is peculiar; and I believe he confided to Mary that if the siege lasted he should have to leave the country."

I laughed. "Then there *was* a siege? And who relieved it?" I asked.

"Oh, I believe, Lord Exborough stepped in and stopped proceedings; and Lady Florinda herself took alarm when Glenleven was founded, and the rumour spread that the duke was going to be a lay brother."

"What is Glenleven?" I asked. "Everyone talks of it, and no one tells me what, or where it is."

"What, don't you know? It is a large tract of country just on the outskirts of Exborough Moor, where Leven has transplanted a community of Benedictines who fled from the tender mercies of Beastmark. He has built them a grand place, I believe; I have not seen it, but by all accounts the church is a second Cluny. They farm the land, and have all manner of schools of art, carving and metal work; then there are the granite works opened hard by, all which things give occupation to Leven's colony of orphan boys and other select characters, out of whom he cherishes the design of creating a New Utopia."

I looked inquiringly.

"I really cannot tell you much more about it," continued Oswald; "but I think his small success at Bradford, or what he considers as such, has convinced him that the reformation of society is somewhat a difficult undertaking unless you take your society in the cradle. And he has conceived the idea of a Christian colony, not beyond the Rocky Mountains, or in the wilds of Australia, but here in the heart of England, to be peopled by men and women of his own bringing

up, who shall be protected from penny newspapers, be greatly given to plain chant, and wholly ignorant of the pot-house."

"It sounds splendid; but are you in earnest?"

"Well, I tell you, I have never seen the place. It is a tremendously long drive, and killing for the horses. I gather my ideas of it chiefly from Knowles's talk, who would greatly like to be received as a monk—of course, under certain conditions."

"Well, you have excited my curiosity, and some day I shall try and see for myself," I replied; "but it sounds, as you say, uncommonly Utopian."

We reached home, and for the rest of the evening I listened, after a sort, to Oswald's careless rattle; but my attention, I confess, would often wander away to thoughts of the chapel and Utopia.

## THE IRISH CHILDREN'S FIRST COMMUNION.

### IN THREE PARTS.

#### PART II.—ANNIE.

Thus, months beforehand, twice at least a week,

And, as the end drew nearer, twice a day,

Did these dear, simple Irish children seek

That whitewashed chapel 'twixt the hills and bay,

Turning their holy taskwork into play,

Yet learning well Faith's verities sublime.

God bless and guard them! Heaven's for such as they.

May all reach safe in turn that brighter clime—

Heirs of eternity, though children frail of time!

The boys flock down in noisy bands; the girls

More slowly but more steadily proceed

That modesty and all heaven's purest pearls

Their souls adorn, on each bright face you read;

As on *Her* face who o'er the hills with speed

Went to the Baptist's mother (May they never

Darken their souls with evil thought or deed,

Kept pure by poverty and work and prayer

And by that Good Divine for which they now prepared

Among these little girls came three at first

With their kind governess from Hawthorn Nook ;

But one of these three sisters, fondly nursed,

Caressed and cherished, seemed unfit to brook

Life's gentlest gales. The pretty blush forsook

Her cheek, her tiny hands yet whiter grew ;

Then was she left at home with some good book,

Or set some easy fireside task to do ;

She was the youngest child—youngest and dearest too.

And here a curious fancy crosses me

Which Muse less homely would austere smother—

Something that I have sometimes seemed to see

About the namesakes of our Lady's mother,

(More numerous than those of any other

Except our Lady's own). If arch and canny

And prone to play one sly trick or another—

If wild and frolicsome, their name is Nannie :

If gentle, meek, and fair, we soften it to Annie.

And such was Annie Desmond. Fair and bright,

Alas ! too bright and fair to cheer us long—

Hers the sad brightness of a starry night :

'Twas easy seeing Annie was not strong,

That she once showed that something was wrong.

"Nay, Annes always die," I heard one say ;

And I indeed 'mid the celestial throng

Know some dear angels of that name, and they

In their fresh dewy robes did heavenward steal away.

Why should they not ? How good soe'er and dear

We must not grudge them to God's loving care,

Lord ! it is well for us to serve Thee here,

But better, safer to be with Thee there—

In thy blest home which she must surely share,

Who gracefully the cross did late resign

That Thou hadst willed her long and well to bear.

May light perpetual upon her shine,

And may her faith and hope, in life, in death, be mine !

Our Anns's place in heaven is ready now

The angels call her, and she must not stay.

God lays his hand upon her innocent brow

And draws her to his loving heart for aye—

One cloudless morning is her life's brief day.

She to her nest on high her flight will take,

And, as on dovelet's wing, soar far away ;

So the good priest the sad news tries to break

She on her deathbed must her First Communion make.

For, though a catechism class she taught,  
 She too was but preparing for the Feast  
 Of First Communion when the death-blight caught  
 Her delicate frame, and all her labours ceased.  
 Her pupils (youngest she herself and least)  
 Are now another's; but each day they steal  
 To ask for "poor Miss Annie," and the priest  
 Bids them all pray for her each time they kneel,  
 And then her little friends look graver than they feel.

Annie must die. But, though Death held her fast,  
 His grasp relaxed a little, and she tried  
 To gain as much of vigour as might last  
 Till, with her mother watching by her side,  
 She crept, pale as her snow-white frock, to hide  
 Hard by the altar rails. There, bending low,  
 She prayed that Jesus as his little bride  
 Would make her, too, that holy rapture know  
 Whereof Imelda\* died so sweetly long ago.

Angels unseen pray with her round about,  
 Until He comes to hush her longing sighs,  
 The Lord of angels; and the joy shines out  
 On her pale face and through her meek, bright eyes.  
 Unheard on earth, her grateful hymns arise  
 Up to the Throne, and showers of grace descend  
 Where 'mid the lilies the Beloved lies.  
 Soon, soon that Lord his messenger will send  
 To bid her to his Feast whose joy shall never end.

Then, tired and happy, to her little bed  
 Home she is borne, till Jesus comes once more  
 For the last time, to give her strength to tread  
 The perilous road we all must travel o'er,  
 From life to judgment. With her little store  
 Of merits gained, her trivial debts to pay,  
 She goes to Him who calls her. Evermore  
 All bright and pure in heaven's unfading May,  
 Her glad eternity one First Communion Day.

And so another angel sings in heaven;  
 Another hillock rises 'mid the grass  
 Of old Kilbroney, where on summer even,  
 Or on fine Sundays after latest Mass,  
 Poor Annie's mother and her sisters pass  
 A cheerful hour in loving talk and prayer.  
 But *she* is safe: not so are these alas!  
 Who Life's stern, glorious perils still must dare—  
 May they the fullest grace of First Communion share!

\* Blessed Imelda Lambertini died at Bologna in the rapture of her miraculous First Communion, on Easter Sunday, in the year 1333.

## BEYOND THE RHINE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

**T**HERE are few things in this world stranger than our incapacity to vibrate to the great events that are being accomplished around us, to share adequately the thrills and pangs of that mighty instrument of which we are each an individual chord. We are contracted by personal aims and views, hemmed in by formulas, and stultified by egotism, until it becomes almost impossible for us to escape far enough from self to reach that wide brotherhood of humanity, of whose life we are each one of us infinitesimal but inseparable fractions, and every pulsation of whose heart should find an answering throb in ours. We are so much the slaves of sense that we can only realise what is transmitted to us through the medium of our senses. We know, for instance, that our fellow-creatures are being cut to pieces under the knout in Siberia, and tortured in iron cages in China; but so long as they are out of sight and hearing, they may writhe and die without their agonies quickening our pulses to one genuine thrill of pain or horror. We know for a certainty that thousands of Chinese babies are sacrificed yearly to the barbarous cruelty of unnatural parents, but the facts do not offend our fastidious eyes and ears, so we heave a sigh, and wonder why Christian governments don't interfere to stop such hideous practices. But let a little band of Sisters of Charity gather up a few score of wretched London babies, and let the wise babies die off of inherited disease, previous neglect, and poisoned air, and betake themselves to Paradise in spite of all the Sisters can do to hold them back, and immediately there is an uproar. Meetings are held, and letters written to the newspapers, and the law is called in to look after the nuns, and see what can be done to arrest the heartbreaking mortality. And all this because it happens to be near enough for us to realise it. If we heard to-morrow that some good priest in England or Ireland had been seized and put into prison, and was to be kept there in chains until a certain sum was forthcoming to ransom him, which of us would sleep comfortably in our beds until we had hurried with our mite to the prison door? And yet we know, as certainly as if it were here at home, that there are at this moment hundreds of zealous, devoted priests suffering and starving in the prisons of Germany; and we know that if our sympathy were active and energetic, it might, nay, it undoubtedly would, alleviate their position and hasten their release. But the mountains, and the seas, and the rivers lie between us, and therefore we remain stolidly indifferent. Let us not be understood as advocating any boisterous display of sympathy or indignation. These confessors of God's Church in the German Empire have a mission which we are powerless to frustrate, were our efforts ever so united or so strong. Let us turn for a moment from the contemplation of our own apathy to consider what the nature of this mission is.

Nothing is the work of accident in the history of mankind, still less in the history of the Church. There is no such fact as a chance in the destinies of man. Neither is there such a thing as a terrible suffering; for suffering is the price of immortality; and is too precious for any patheledist to belittle. We may, therefore, take it as of faith that the sufferings of the Church in Germany hold some mighty, possible, wrapped as yet in the folds of the Eternal garment, where all the mysteries of the Divine will be hidden. Our business, meanwhile, is passive; each in our appointed place, in the accomplishment of this Divine will. Some passively, by enduring cold and hunger, and nakedness; and stripes, and tribulations; some actively, by speech and deed; others, by the bysant sympathy and prayer; but co-operation in some way is the duty of all. There is no escape from it. It is cowardly to stand aloof; it is stupid to plead incapacity. Help of some sort is within the reach of the lowliest; and the emerging of this dormant power is one of those results over which we may rejoice amidst the present sufferings of the Church. The crying evil of our time is selfishness. It is selfishness which splits humanity into irreconcilable factions, and breaks up the human family into dissensions and neutralities; making us all aliens to our brothers and strangers to the sons of our mother. If the persecutions beyond the Rhine did but achieve this one good effect of drawing us more closely together in love and fellowship and united action, surely it would be a huge gain to having so need and stress laid to its mission. *T*he mission of God! send us a few saints! It was Laportiere's cry when his country was sick and preyed to weakness and disorder. And to-day, in the hour of Germany's sore need, the same cry is going up from countless hearts in the Fatherland. It is hard to be grieved over the sufferings of a people without seeming cruel, to give thanks, while the soil is being watered in tears and blood, because of the rich harvest that is being prepared. And yet this is what we must do; for we would be in harmony with the Divine philosophy. The German people are sowing in sorrow a harvest for the Church of God which those who come after us will gather in joy. Nothing else can console us for the spectacle they are presenting; nothing else can justify or explain it. On looking back over the past three years of their history, what do we see? An endless complicity, repressive laws, harsh measures, tyrannical decrees, imprisonment, fines, spoliations, a long exodus of priests and monks going forth from the land of their birth, to eat the bread of charity in exile; the Church harassed, plundered, calumniated, and persecuted; a vast number of priests in prison, or debarrued from the exercise of their priestly functions (perhaps banished, in flight, or in captivity, and some in tearing open the sides of the Church, false Catholics drawing the sword against it, either by open apostasy or cowardly coexistence with her enemies; religious houses suppressed; their property confiscated; their treasures driven forth wanderers over the face of the earth, to leave, or to die upon the altars of the faithful in strange lands. Even the Sisters of Charity, those helpful unoffending citizens in every state, those humble servants of the poor, have been driven from their homes and to the interests of the



of the sick and poor, even they have failed to find mercy at the hands of the persecutors. Seminaries are closed, ordinations are forbidden, so that the mighty Mother is like one stricken with sudden bitterness, and condemned to see her children parish and none follow to perpetuate them; hundreds of parish schools have been suppressed, deprived of their Christian teachers and spiritual guides; pious congregations, herds of their superiors, either by death or imprisonment, have ceased to be; the temples of the living God are closed, or, still worse, are in the hands of the Old Catholics, desecrated by a false worship; the lamps of the sanctuary are extinguished where for centuries they have burned uninterruptedly day and night; the tabernacles stand open, rifled, desolate, forsaken.

Take the history of one diocese alone, the one, perhaps, with which we are all best acquainted. Conrad, bishop of Paderborn, the fifty-seventh successor of St. Hathumar, was first deposed from his episcopal see by the Royal Ecclesiastical Court of Berlin, and confined in the common district gaol for twenty-four weeks; then, in the following March, his Pastoral letter was made a pretext for imprisoning him for three months. After this he fled from Germany, and sought protection in a foreign country; he was, forthwith, deprived of his nationality, and is yet at this hour pursued by a fresh warrant of arrest. The prelate's contumacy has been heavily visited on his diocese. The majority of his priests have been deprived of their income, and even their private fortunes are confiscated. All Church property throughout Paderborn has been confiscated, monasteries, convents, schools, and asylums suppressed. In many parishes there is not a priest to administer the last sacraments to the dying, or baptism to children; no bell may ring; no chant or blessing may follow the dead to their grave.

In one district alone, which for obvious reasons we refrain from mentioning by name, eighty priests were suddenly thrown into prison, without a single charge being brought against them; their crime was that they were priests, they said mass and administered the sacraments. They were seized, and huddled into filthy holes with the scum of the criminal population. The foul air and food told fatally on many; several were taken ill soon after their incarceration. The bishop heard of this, and courageously presenting himself at the door of the prison, asked to see the soup, the chief prison fare, which was said to have caused the illness of the priests. The gaoler brought what remained of the mid-day meal; a glutinous mess made from putrid meat, and on the surface of which were unmistakable signs of the proximity of rats and mice. Our fastidious pea may recoil from writing these things, but the captive priests in Germany feed upon them. The bishop appealed to the authorities, and was answered that if he made any noise about the matter, the prisoners would only be treated with still greater rigour. "Say at once that you will kill them!" replied the prelate.

At Cologne the archbishop's palace is vacant, and the prelate himself absent in Holland, where he can, at least, occupy himself with the interests of his diocese in personal freedom and out of the

reach of the Prussian police. The canons of the Cathedral have been called upon either to quit their own houses, or to remain, paying an exorbitant rent for them; they have all chosen the former alternative. One of the most distinguished of their number, is at this moment living in two small rooms at the top of a little house in a by-street. The Sisters of St. Charles, who have hitherto had sole charge of the orphans, male and female, of Cologne, received a visit from the police to inform them that they must quit their establishment within a month; there could be no delay, as the government had already appointed those who were to take their place, a daughter of one of Bishop Reinken's professors from Bonn being named as superintendent over the orphanage; the nuns were permitted to take their beds with them, and also the furniture of their chapel, "as there was to be no chapel in the asylum in future."

The Franciscan nuns have a large house, attached to their convent, where they train domestic servants, and shelter them when out of employment. The police walked in one morning some months ago, and put double locks on all the doors between this house and the convent, and forbade the Sisters to hold any communication with the former. A week later a strong body of police came to inspect the locks and see whether they had been tampered with.

One of the most magnificent churches in Cologne, which would be a Cathedral in any other city, has been handed over to the Old Catholics, but their number is so small that they are lost in the vast building, and all the efforts of state patronage fail to swell their body to anything like a respectable size.

The latest day of grace granted to any religious order throughout the empire was last October; meantime any hostile municipality might turn them out at a day's notice, and appropriate their houses and property to any purpose they pleased.

Humanly speaking, the picture is not a pleasant one, and yet there is a bright, even a glorious side to it.

We have said that the German people, not merely the Catholics, but the whole people, are passing through a great moral crisis. And this is the case, whether they recognise it or not. Germany is stirred to her depths by this religious persecution. The soul of the nation, so long steeped in materialism, is waking up to a keen and critical interest in religious matters, and the death-sleep of atheism, thus disturbed, will not be so easily resumed. Even those who side with the persecutors in theory, are beginning to ask themselves how far the policy may be wise which is provoking this grand and vigorous manifestation of faith, and to inquire what the precise nature of this spiritual power is, which can brave and defy the omnipotence of the imperial will. The nations around are stimulated to a like gaze of inquiry and observation. The policy of Prince Bismarck is reacting on peoples and states beyond those he has agglomerated into the powerful German Empire, and whom he would fain weld into one solid pulp of docile submission to his own despotic will. He cannot fail to see that the task has some difficulties which, perhaps, in the first intoxication of success, he rated too lightly. The Germans are

made of tough and stubborn materials, The Romans found this out when, after conquering the wild, roving hordes, they drove them back into their forests, and thought to destroy their nationality by absorbing it into that of Rome, and building upon the ruins of the fierce, rude, German barbarism a more corrupt and polished barbarism of their own. But they discovered to their surprise that there existed in the heart of the vanquished territory a citadel which they could not storm, and before which their proud Empire, with its spurious civilisation and its terrific agents of war, felt back powerless. The nationality of the Germans, that sacred possession which neither sword, nor fire, nor lash, nor centuries of misrule can wrest from a people, held out impregnable against the legions of Rome. It was taken at last, but not by force of arms. The men of the north, those doughty warriors whose business and pastime were war, whose very worship was slaughter, the fierce, restless race who never built cities, or lived in houses of stone, but wandered in lawless freedom through their savage wildernesses, aggressive, untamable, did not look as though they offered an easy conquest to the gospel of the Prince of Peace; and yet it was so. Their rude simplicity afforded a fairer field for the growth of Christianity than the more gentle, sophisticated, and effeminate peoples of the south; there was in them a natural nobleness and frankness and love of truth that were less uncongenial to the Divine seed; their wierd witchcraft and mysterious sylvan rites were less antagonistic to the pure mysticism and awful sacrifice of Christian worship, than the more refined, abominable and soul-degrading idolatry of Rome, with its lying oracles and its diabolical magic. These Germans were the kind of men to be heroic Christians if they became Christians at all, and to go through fire and water for the God they believed in. This is what history tells us of them, when they and the world were young. And here, as elsewhere, Prince Bismarck may find that history repeats itself. It is a mistake to deify success, until we have arrived at a true idea of what success means. The greatest conquests the world has seen have been achieved by failure. Hard-headed politicians, stock-brokers, and the birds of prey may mock at such a creed, but the Christian ideal which it embodies is imperishable as Christianity itself. Industry, energy, good luck, and common sense may rule the world apparently, and compel its assent and admiration, but it is not so in reality. There is a truer instinct in the heart of man which craves a nobler standard, and wherever a man or a woman stands forth and exemplifies that higher ideal by renunciation, humility, and love, the reverence of the world goes with them. It follows Vincent de Paul, and Francis of Assisi, and the Sister of Mercy, and the little Sister of the Poor; and when the rich and the powerful insult or wrong these lowly standard-bearers, the reverence of the world rises to enthusiasm, and turns with a feeling of personal resentment against their oppressors, as against the natural enemies of humanity. It would be a dark and evil day for the children of men if this sublime ideal came to be dethroned amongst civilised nations, and the false god set up in its place. We dare not, and happily we need not, contemplate the depths of sin and

degradation into which humanity would sink, were such a revolution to be effected. And yet, when the great balance comes to be struck that balance which our inner consciousness is hourly reproducing in its delicate scales of right and wrong, we shall some of us be surprised to find how far we have practically worshipped the false god and cried *Deus in nobis* with the pagans, instead of shouting *Allahu* with the Nazarene, who was crucified and buried.

The German people are beginning to show signs of a change in this direction. The persecution has not abated a whit, and the people are growing weary of the sight of it, of tears and misery that bring them no profit, but manifold loss and inconvenience. Their national pride was satiated to the full by the triumph of German arms and German diplomacy; but they have other wants besides those which victories and conquered provinces can satisfy, and they are beginning to realise it and to hunger after the food which their rulers are rashly taking from them. "What harm did these quiet priests and devoted sisters do the State?" many are beginning to ask, "we did not particularly value them while they were amongst us, but now they are gone, we miss them, and you have sent us no one to replace them; no one to teach our little ones, to nurse our sick, to help our fathers and mothers when they are dying. The sisters did all this for us, and it cost us nothing."

Discontent is growing everywhere throughout the country. The state of trade is exhaustively described by Professor Reuleaux, the German Commissioner to the Philadelphia Exhibition, who writes home that the "main object of the German manufacturers is to produce an article which shall be cheap and nasty." Trade has, in fact, been stagnant in Germany since the war. Commercial enterprise of every sort is at a standstill, bankruptcies are numerous, and the thousands who are consequently thrown out of work are murmuring loudly. The wealth plundered in France, instead of enriching the country, seems to have impoverished it; the taxes are double what they were before the war, and socialism is making tremendous strides amongst the population. German politicians are not blind to these facts, but they trust to the colossal standing army to keep the danger in check.

Voices of protest, however, to which the great unifier of Germany cannot be deaf, are rising on every side. Even the absorbing interest of the Eastern question, which is as far from being solved now as it was two months ago, does not draw away the attention of Europe from Prince Bismarck, but rather concentrates it on his movements with a more suspicious and inquiring eye; and those most used to leaving Providence out of the reckoning in human combinations, are bidding him pause to consider whether his policy may be leading the nation. Not many months ago an influential organ of the London press, and one of the most anti-Catholic, informed us that the ecclesiastical profession is at such a discount throughout Germany that if things go on as they are at present, the empire runs in chance of finding itself in five-and-twenty years hence without a church of any sort. Young men show no vocation for orders, and unless some

change supervenes, the coming generation will see Germany already  
 at war, not with a spear and shield, but completely at the mercy of the might  
 and the possibility, without any counteractive force within herself  
 to oppose them. There are in the Fatherland many religious-minded  
 men, holding no particular belief, who look out on this prospect with  
 pain and alarm, and who do not scruple to challenge openly the  
 wisdom of a policy which is steering the nation to such a pass.  
 In England, too, looks on with the curious expectation of a neutral  
 spectator, whose instinct of common sense and fair play is, neverthe-  
 less, on the defensive. The Old Catholic conferences find an  
 echo beyond the Rhine, and lead now and then to startling revelations in  
 other Churches. For instance, an accomplished Bishop of  
 the Church of England made a speech at Exeter Hall, which mag-  
 nificently reminded his hearers of the close connection between  
 comedy and convocation, making many wonder how such a clever  
 man could be so bereft of the sense of humour as to commit himself  
 to statements whose absurdity was calculated to provoke what, in a  
 parliamentary report, would be described as roars of laughter from  
 both sides of the House. Even the sober *Times* could not keep its  
 gravity, but joined in the laugh at the episcopal speaker, and re-  
 marked that, "until the Bishop of Winchester was prepared to say  
 one or other of three things, the less he troubled Convocation on the  
 subject the better."

Far and near, the blows which her adversaries are dealing at the  
 Church of Christ are recoiling upon themselves. It is whispered,  
 we cannot say with what truth, that Prince Bismarck is becoming  
 aware of this, and would gladly relax his grip on the Catholics if he  
 could do so without compromising his own prestige or that of his  
 government. The pressure of public opinion must inevitably take  
 effect, and the more strength it gathers all over Christendom the  
 sooner will this effect be manifested. Catholics are no longer the  
 weak and despised body they once were. The day is past when we  
 could be spoken of as a sect not worth reckoning with. We  
 are holding up our heads, and measuring ourselves with the enemy.

Other forces are at work besides British constitutions, Muscovite  
 intrigue, and May laws; and the devil, for all his cleverness, over-  
 shoots the mark now and then, and defeats his own purpose. What has  
 he done with that Bill at Berlin, prohibiting all synods and chapters  
 from taking any step in Church affairs, either temporal or spiritual,  
 without the official sanction of the Government? He thought there-  
 by to sever the last link which bound the Catholics of Germany to  
 Rome, whereas he has simply forged a new chain, and invited them to  
 the great Mother more closely, more indissolubly than ever. We in-  
 sist the more triumphantly upon this result, because we are convinced  
 that the Teutonic element is destined to play an important part in the  
 future development of Christianity.

Let us make hearts, then, and instead of seeing all things gloomy  
 beyond the Rhine, let us cheer up and look confidently to the better

times that are coming. The wind of persecution wafts the seeds of the faith to the uttermost ends of the earth. The priests and religious whom Germany has cast out of her midst, have gone forth, are still going forth on their mission to distant lands, bearing the good tidings to peoples willing to receive them. America has opened wide her hospitable arms to the brave pilgrims. They are trooping across the Atlantic in great numbers, and joyful welcomes greet them on the free republican shores. The seminaries on the Rhine are closed, but others are being opened elsewhere. "Woe to our times, because the study of letters has perished!" cried St. Gregory of Tours. And at every period of disorder the same lamentation has been heard. But it is only because our vision cannot reach beyond the near horizon to that goal towards which the present strife is journeying, nor see the trophies that futurity will build out of the ruin and decay. And yet the history of the world from the very beginning is a repetition of this promise. Abel was not seen until Adam fell, nor Noah until the earth was filled with violence, nor the Messiah until the measure of iniquity was complete.

There was once an hour marked on the dial of Divine Providence, and when it struck, the races, who were gathered together, arose and separated, and sallied forth to their various missions and destinies. The Indians and the Persians went their way to the south; the races from which the Latins and the Greeks were to spring betook themselves to the west; and the Germans and Celts went onward towards the bleak plains of the north. It seemed an unfair division. For twenty centuries those other races basked in fertility and sunshine; they built fair cities, and cultivated all the gentler arts, letters, science, and poetry; they grew rich and prosperous, while the inhabitants of the north remained in poverty and ignorance, hunting and fighting in their forests. But the culmination of southern prosperity was the signal for its decline. The people grew indolent, effeminate, and corrupt; and at last the hour struck for the races of the cruel north to descend upon them and destroy them. The Germans arose in their nakedness and undisciplined freedom, and bore down upon the luxurious Romans, and the strength of these was as nothing before the battle-axes of the barbarians.

But later, when the appointed cycles had again revolved and the time was ripe, another conquest arose out of this defeat, a conquest mightier and more enduring than any the world had yet seen. The victors of Rome were to be vanquished in their turn; and the sceptre erected over them was not to pass away. No lasting conquest has ever been achieved on earth except by God. All others are short-lived. They serve a purpose, they fulfil a task, they do his will, and then they pass away. No sceptre is eternal here below but that one which overcame death, and overturned the empire of sin, and changed the face of all creation.

Nationalities may be amalgamated and territories annexed, and vast heterogeneous elements welded into a great empire, but, if it be the work of man, the mighty fabric is foredoomed to dissolution. It bears within it a germ of death. The stones of the monument will

fall asunder for lack of the only cohesive power which can hold them together. The empire of Christ is the only empire which possesses this principle of union and immortality; it alone can defy the march of time, and the attacks of men, and the fury of fiends, for it is cemented with the blood of Him who founded it and died for it, and whose word will be when kingdoms are crumbled into dust, and heaven and earth have perished and passed away like a garment.

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### LOVE'S "ROLL CALL."

#### AN EPITHALAMIUM.\*

**L**IFE'S "Great Lone Land" will now be lone no more,  
 For lo! upon the world's late desolate plain,  
 Ah! what a glad and glory-cinctured train  
 Of radiant forms the roseate field sweeps o'er!—  
 Shapes of ideal beauty, such as bore  
 Upon their sinless foreheads without stain,  
 In Rome's rich air or splendour-smitten Spain,  
 Divinest marks of their ancestral shore.

But not alone these airy shapes of Art  
 Await thee, happy thou, to wed with fame,  
 And, more than fame, to win a virgin heart:—  
 No, all the joys that youth and life may claim  
 Wait round about thee, each to do its part,  
 When Love his "Roll Call" reads and names thy name.

\* "A marriage has been arranged to take place between Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the popular painter of the 'Roll Call,' and Major Butler, C. B., author of 'The Great Lone Land.'"—*Daily Telegraph*, March 8th, 1877.

shallow stream bed can hardly conceal their wonder that so good a man should be so soon and so suddenly perished. Never think that this very thing that happened may be an infinitely higher form of the special Providence that disposes.

LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

XIX.—ABOUT IMPARTIALITY.

It is a fine study, and an inexhaustible, the impartiality of nature. She has no favourites, will not pet anyone. She cares equally for the cedar of Libanus, and for the hyssop that cometh out of the wall, and will expend as fine a force and skill in bringing a weed to its due perfection as she will in the finishing of some rare exotic. She spares no pains upon her pictures in the sky, and gladdens the eyes of all uplookers with a wealth of unimaginable colouring; but she has equal care for the pathetic hues of the withering leaf which no eye shall admire, not even his who shall soon tread it into the mire. Nature's laws fulfil themselves in a molehill as fully as in a mountain. Nay, in every atom is an epitome of the wonder of the universe.

But nature is not impartial in reference to the ends she has in view. These she will attain at the cost of any sacrifice. Expensive are the holocausts she demands for the sacred altars of her purpose. Race will devour race, and the higher organisation absorb the lower, till, stratum by stratum—each stratum made out of the wreck and ruin of one that went before—she builds up to the level upon which higher forms of life can find subsistence. Then comes her masterpiece—man. All these geologies and these chemistries have been in operation so many ages, simply to give a habitat to man. A cynical geologist might be tempted to quote, "*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus—homo.*" He is welcome to his joke; but nature knows what she is about, and man is worth exactly all the pains and cost it took to get him ready to appear.

But when he appears even he is not a favourite. Certainly he is not a favourite in the sense that nature will turn aside from her determined paths to spare an individual here and there, nay, nor to spare a million individuals if they happen to stand in the line of an explosion of any of her terrific forces. Build a city upon the site, beneath which, before human eras even began, nature had been laying in materials for an earthquake, and though the achievements of a race and the civilisation of an epoch were symbolised in its structure, when the hour strikes it will reel and shake asunder and break like a wave of the unresting sea.

To be sure, I do not forget the higher Providence, of which nature is only an instrument. But in the working of details we are left very much in the dark, our only wise conclusion that whatever happens is according to the highest wisdom, our only perfect prayer, "Thy will be done." You and I expect that Providence will protect us from this danger or that; and Providence assuredly will; but it will be, or may be, in ways better than we know or can pray for. A good man stands in the path of the red lightning, he is stricken down, dies before he has had time to feel the shock that killed him, and



shallow bystanders can hardly conceal their wonder that so good a man should die so, should not have been specially protected. Never think they that this very thing that happened may be an infinitely higher form of the special protection they desiderate.

The impartiality of nature is best seen in this, that her working maxim is, "*ne quid nimis*." Even of the best of things she will not have too much; and when too much threatens, her hand promptly throws into the other scale. Anarchy will lead to despotism, and despotism back again to anarchy. There will be the recoil in the second generation from the tension of the first. Overstrict parents drive their sons to laxness; and I have sometimes seen that the folly and imprudence of a father have been to his son most efficient teachers of wisdom and thrift. Excellence after a certain point is sure to go limping, lest it should outrun other excellences. Beauty will often have to carry a little unwisdom, the artist will be imprudent, genius will forget the rent day, and the hard, practical man of the world will just lose the charm which the uses he affects have for men more imaginative. "*Nequid nimis, nequid nimis*" is the refrain that nature tucks to every song she sings. She will secure her ends by keeping her impartiality.

Both things and persons are partial, but nature puts one partiality against another, and justice is done. Manage how we may, there is in all human things a crisis, after which they begin to tend to undesirable opposites. It is almost inevitably up hill and down hill, a perpetual see-saw. You aim at ripeness, and you scarcely have it when the unpleasant stage sets in that is on the other side of ripeness. The flower at its fairest runs to seed, becomes ragged and unsightly. There is a halfness about things, a haunting sense of limitation.

Pleasant is it to eat when you are hungry; but overpass the due limit, and nature hands you over to the keeping of that unpopular officer of her high court of justice, who is known, and not loyed, under the name of Dyspepsia. Knowledge is better than food, but you may take it injudiciously, may overfeed yourself with it, may fall in with some unwholesome qualities of it. Then, you will lose the power of discriminating; will have no notion of mental perspective; will come to believe in a sort of red republic of facts in which one fact is exactly as good as another, will spend after the manner of dry-as-dusts any amount of time in settling, or rather in showing the impossibility of settling the question as to whether some one in some remote age who never did anything in particular for which men care a jot died in his sixtieth year or in his sixty-first and will think all the time that you are writing history. In fact, you will have become incapable of knowledge in any worthy sense of the word.

Indeed, it is in the matter of knowledge that a man is most haunted with a sense of inevitable limitation. The ardent student begins by taking all knowledge for his province; then he begins to find things changing, one into another. He cannot drive any subject along anything like a clear highway; it slips in spite of him, it bypaths, leads him wild goose chases through difficult tracts, and

perhaps, ends by landing him in a quagmire. At best, he finds that in order to know 'A, he must look up B, and that B is not to be approached without credentials from C, and so on to the end of the alphabet, an end which not Mathusalem himself has lived long enough to arrive at. Rendered wiser by experience, the baffled student calls in the scouts of his army, rallies his dispersed forces; feels that life, nay, not life alone, but eternity, is too short to exhaust the inexhaustible. He gives up with a sigh his dream of over-running a world, henceforth it shall be his humble aim to subjugate a province. He becomes more or less a specialist. Nor does this help him much; for, on a reduced scale, but in exact proportion, the difficulties of the large beset him in the little, and he learns that not alone the ocean of knowledge is unfathomable, but that man has no plummet that will quite strike the bottom of any little well where truth keeps house.

Besides, by becoming a specialist, a man maims himself. The world may be the gainer, but to a certain extent, "the individual withers." Specialism and pedantry are perilously near each other. There is little help in routine when it is confronted with the unexpected; and there are very many occasions in which an ounce of mother-wit and resource is worth a ton of theory. Men who come to be very learned seem to lose the power of originating anything. They have their own functions, and very important ones they are. They become preservers, and distributors, and, above all, historians of past effort. But it would be absurd to send them on voyages of discovery or to explore new worlds. For that you want men of adventure, men of restless spirit, who could stay at home only at the risk of doing something for which society would hang them, men of sinew and muscle who have not left their eyesight between the pages of any book, nor drained off the force of their right hands through the channel of a goose quill, men who have in themselves an answer for every question the hour asks, and in themselves a resource in every unexpected complication of circumstances. Send these out and they will make a new world of which books have never given a hint. Their very ignorance has helped them. They were fettered by no precedent, for they knew none. This thing was to be done or that. They knew not, nor did they care to know whether a like thing was ever done before. But this they knew, that if it were to be done here and now, it must be done thus and not otherwise, and they did it.

But then comes the other side. These men of action cannot make the moulds in which the hot metal of action will cool into knowledge. Respecting never so highly their practicality, one cannot help seeing that they lack the finer thought that gives its best value to experience. They are somewhat like savages who have a profusion of gold and diamonds but are ignorant of their civilised uses.

There is something very graceful in the enthusiasm of a youthful student. He is absorbed in his pursuits; he is able to put himself into the mood that makes study a pure pleasure. I mean the mood that has no doubt but the present subject is the most important of

all subjects. There is a sort of fierce disdain of other branches as if they involved a loss of precious time. Afterwards, as the world widens, such a mood becomes less possible. The sources of intellectual enthusiasm begin to fail. Men are so much in earnest about things radically different that it becomes difficult to class subjects in the degree of their importance. Or, the student is somewhat posed by meeting some comparatively unlettered man whose common sense anticipates the conclusions of philosophy, and whose native resources place him on a fair level with the latest discoveries of science.

However, these considerations have led me away somewhat from my immediate purpose. Having spoken of impartiality in connection with nature, let us consider it a little in connection with men.

Impartiality is one of those cold-blooded virtues, the exercise of which seems to give unlimited satisfaction to hard-hearted people. The mere profession of impartiality gives a man a sort of claim to the judicial ermine; and when he improvises a tribunal, and brings some social delinquent to the bar, scarcely any one is bold enough to question his right to the seat of judgment. But virtues, in proportion as they are admirable and admired, present temptations to the counterfeiter and the cheat; and the man who, in any department of human things, lays claim to the rare merit of impartiality, need not feel himself insulted if his claim be subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. As there is a spurious prudence which, when analysed, is merely a scientific culture of selfishness; as there is a spurious fortitude, that bears with great equanimity the calamities of others; as there is a spurious temperance, that condemns all intemperance except intemperance of condemnation; as there is a spurious justice that concerns itself only with the debts due to it, without any regard to the debts it owes; so of impartiality, which, indeed, is a branch of justice, there is a spurious sort that often imposes itself upon uncritical people as the genuine article.

Every man, in his dealings with men, ought to aim at impartiality. But the aim is so difficult of attainment that the impartial man, like the wise man of the Stoics, has hitherto remained, and shall probably remain, among the unrealised ideals of human aspiration. Perfect impartiality would not, I imagine, tend to increase the personal popularity of the man who happened to possess it. Even the imperfect attainment of it, that is, happily, possible has usually resulted in pleasing nobody. There is, to begin with, a certain exasperation that is excited by the exhibition of it. Most men do not even profess to be impartial. They are unmistakable partisans, keenly eager, and undisguisedly biassed on the side of their own personal interests. Indeed, they come to think that such a bias is among the normal accompaniments of right reason; and when some one makes pretension of not having it, society is apt to rise against him as one of those mischievous beings who initiate any possible amount of wrongdoing by setting up to be better than his neighbours. What can you expect of a man who professes that the merits of a case have for him a fascination that overrides the fascination of his personal interest in

its being decided one way rather than another. The world refuses to believe in such profession, and not unnaturally, for the state is abnormal, and abnormal phenomena need better proof than mere words. If, indeed, a man *act* impartially the world will give him credit for it, even though in doing so it compassionately classes him with that not very numerous band, that *pusillus grex*—"too good for the world they live in."

There is, however, something to be said for the popular instinct that rather dislikes an obtrusive impartiality. High virtues are not to be had without a struggle, and that struggle is often like an incursion into an enemy's country, to make which a man is often tempted to leave his own fireside unguarded. When he returns victorious he may find seated by his own hearth certain undesirable guests who will insist on marching with him in his triumph to the capitol. These guests may be called little unamiabilities that sometimes accompany great merit. Or, to illustrate in another way: when weeds have got into the field of life, the pulling up of them is not effected without a displacement of good soil, and a certain consequent disfigurement, more or less temporary. If you have ever known a thorough convert, a man who, having been bad, was striving with all his might to be good, you will know how unintentionally trying, and how unconsciously disagreeable he may occasionally make himself even to sympathetic bystanders.

This is the case even when the virtues are real. How much more is it the case when they are only more or less successful imitations? When a man affects a special virtue he is in danger of making a hobby of it, and hobbies are generally ridden to death, or, at any rate, are ridden, without any regard to the law of trespass, over the fields of our neighbours. The virtue begins to be a taste, and our tastes very easily come to be tyrants both to ourselves and to others. It is so easy to overstep the limit that fences us from an extreme, that men often overpass it long before they think they have reached it. How many unvirtuous things have been done in the name of virtue. How often has even genuine virtue been carried out of the medium that was its natural home into an extreme that stamped on it the lineaments of vice to the eyes of every one except of him who still ruthlessly inflicted it upon the world. These dangers that I have hinted at are at the bottom of the suspicion, not to say the dislike, that ordinary people have for some unquestionably great virtues.

The cardinal virtues themselves would scarcely secure full appreciation from a mob. Prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance exact in their exercise such exemption from the passions by which average men are swayed, that average men come to believe that those who practise them must be altogether passionless; and the mob feels, and in this feels justly, that a thoroughly passionless man is a moral monster, a sort of solvent acid, poured upon all the bonds that keep men together, hand in hand and heart to heart. Poor mob, having experience only of the petty objects that are whirled like straws, and as valueless as straws, in the gusts of its own petty passions, has no notion of the passion for heroic virtue that carries poor human nature to the floodtide of purpose and achievement.

But, in truth, most of the impartiality that one sees is of the spurious sort, and it will be to good purpose to examine some specimens both of impartiality and its opposite, that will set in some light on the great root motives.

There is, then, the intellectual impartiality that I have sometimes met amongst men intellectually clever but not intellectually great. They are so impartial that they never decide. Keen enough, and glistening, they are blades that lend themselves to other hands for good or evil, and need other hands to find a use for them. They seem to see every side of every question, every weak place in every argument. The drawback is, that there is no argument, *pro or con*, without its weak place. A hundred roads to the desired goal stretch out before them; but every road is lined with enemies, which dullest sighted men would not have seen, and more courageous men would have despised. They sink into mere expositors, whose sole function it becomes to state a question they cannot or dare not answer for those who are able, and not afraid to answer it. These latter suck them like an orange, and throw them aside like the rind.

I dare say the life of such an intellectual fribble is not without its pleasures. The office of critical expositor of other people's plans has delights of its own. It is amusing, if nothing higher, to have, as by universal consent, a free pass from one camp to another, half busybody, half peacemaker. Only the disadvantage is, that when real fighting begins they are hustled aside as useless or obstructive, and no matter which side wins the battle there is for them no laurel wreath, for there is no side of which they did not partly prophesy the failure. Another drawback is, that with a wealth of endowment, that to a superficial observer would have given certain earnest of great achievement, they never achieve anything. Intellectually impotent, they leave behind them no intellectual children for the use or solace of mankind. It is no wonder that such impartiality is not popular. Men have a passion for doing something or seeing something done. Many a folly and many a fault will they forgive to a real worker who has helped on a cause ever so little; but the man who weighs and balances, throws up objection and answer as a juggler throws up balls, such a one the world knows will never make men his debtors for a stroke of real work.

Just as little wonder that this manner of impartiality should soon cease to be respectable. In most cases it springs rather from a defect of nature than from fulness of intellectual light. It is usually the attribute of men who, having a great deal of what the world calls "head," have, withal, very little "heart," and whose courage is of the sort that "oozes out at the fingers ends." They cannot give a decision on any side because they do not care enough about any side to think it worth while to risk a decision in its favour.

It is very much the same in the domain of morals. But impartiality in moral judgments, often, deserves rather the name of indifference. This indifference is of two sorts, the indifference of a going, good-natured people, who tolerate every man and everything,

so long as toleration does not involve any degree of self-sacrifice ; and the indifference of the man of acrid nature and bilious temperament, who, in every difference between men, has a keen eye for the faults that are proverbially declared to be discoverable on both sides of every dispute. The former praise everyone all round, the latter censure all sides indifferently.

But, besides, there are two classes of good people, the negatively good, and the positively good. There are those who are so scrupulously afraid of doing wrong that they seldom venture to do anything ; and those who are never satisfied unless when engaged in action. The former, disliking intensely to commit themselves, will present at first sight a greater appearance of impartiality than the others ; but second sight may not tend to confirm such a conclusion. The others have to live in a keener air and to deal with rougher elements. The roughness gets into their tongues and into their temper, and their moral judgments rarely fail in decisiveness, or lack the definite outline which incisive speech can impart to the raw material of human judgments.

The hardest work in the world is done by men whose brains are constructed on so simple a plan that they can house only one idea at a time. They are unembarrassed by those large intellectual possessions that in crises of action often turn into encumbrances. Whatever may be said of a long campaign, it is certain that in a riot those are apt to be boldest who have little or nothing to lose. Property of all sorts is everywhere prone to timidity. These men of whom I speak have not the slightest hesitation in running their heads against stone walls, logical or other ; and the marvel is their heads are so thick that they never seem to feel the shock of the collision. Inconsistency, that is, the "*bete noir*" of sensitive people, gives them no trouble, for however largely it may appear in their conduct or in their opinions they are quite unaware of its existence.

They live in the present, and have very little care and very little memory for what they said or thought yesterday or the day before. And as the world's memory is almost equally short, their vehemence about anything this week is not discountenanced by their equal vehemence the week before about something not only different but incompatible. Assuredly, these men are not impartial, except, perhaps, in the long run. They are always vehement partisans of their own present views. But I say "in the long run," because in the summing up of their career it may be found that practically they have earned a claim to impartiality from the fact that there was scarcely any party to which, at any rate constructively, they did not, from time to time, give their support.

Another class, far removed from impartiality, is made up of the hot-headed, who make a personal matter of their opinions. Their opinions are themselves, and these selves they long to impose upon a submissive world, of course for the world's own good. But the world is not submissive, and their counsels rejected they lose patience, and pull down the barriers of bitter speech. They are almost

invariably well-meaning, but it is by well-meaning men that a great deal of hardship has been inflicted upon their neighbours. Let a man mean well for himself by all means. I for one shall never quarrel with him. But when he begins to mean well for *me*, and to fit, and, if it will not fit, as usually it will not, to force his meaning on my life, then I should wish to get as quickly as possible out of the sphere of his good intentions. Such a man has constant hope of making earth a paradise, and a sort of sub-hope which he would scarcely acknowledge, that in the middle of that paradise will be erected a huge trophy bearing the name and keeping the fame of him—the reformer. But he finds that after all his efforts things go on very much the same. Earth refuses to become a paradise, men remain men—not angels yet—and our friend, having lost his pains, loses his temper. His whole mental history has been told in the jingle—“little pot, soon hot.”

I think it is a bad thing when impartiality of any kind hardens into a state. True impartiality is shown in single instances and individual judgments; but when the instance has been reviewed, and the judgment formed, a man must cease to be impartial. How can he be impartial with regard to the standard of his judgment without forfeiting his self-respect and the respect of others. There is a right and a wrong in everything, and an ascertainable right and wrong in most things, and once having ascertained, impartiality—the refusing to take a side—is either indifference or cowardice.

I find that impartiality is apt to harden into a state amongst a class of men for whom the world has great respect and for whom most people have nothing but good words—I mean “the moderate men.”

A moderate man is constitutionally timid, and consequently looks on conservatism as an essential feature in the right order of things. He will not willingly leave the old paths; but if a truculent passer-by threatens to push him into the gutter, he will not fight even for the old path he loves so well. I suppose this timidity is one of those admirable devices by which nature hinders even the most inveterate conservatism from being utterly obstructive of progress. The moderate man has no strong opinions, except, indeed, and the exception is an important one, a strong opinion that all other strong opinions are dangerous to the peace of the world; something like moral dynamite, that is highly undesirable, especially in one's immediate neighbourhood. He is usually kind-hearted, for kindness is easier than severity, and benevolence is oil on troubled waters. But in difficult circumstances he fails to exhibit the courage of his friendships. He will not fight for anyone. Somehow I think these moderate men are less frequently happy than the world imagines. It is the old story of the old man and his ass. A moderate man finds after a long lifetime of striving to please everybody that nobody is in the least pleased, and that the utmost he has to expect even from his best wishers is the “charity of silence.” Besides, his peace is broken in another way, without mention of which this slight sketch of him would be incomplete. I

never met a moderate man who did not seem perpetually arraigning himself, as it were, before an imaginary tribunal, much more concerned about the justification of his acts than about their quality or their consequences. His epitaph may be written by a variation of that witty one of Rochester on Charles the Second: "Here lies our moderate man, who never did anything foolish, or anything great."

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### AT THE SUNSET.

BY ALICE BISHOP.

LET us go to the upland shade awhile,  
 As the sun sinks down in the crimson west,  
 See! the fields are lit with a prayerful smile,  
 And the cattle deep in the ripe grass rest;  
 I shall seek this place in the future years,  
 And recall this hour when you're far away;  
 'Twill be time enough for my grief and tears,  
 And I could not weep if I would to-day.

How your hot hand trembles! your face is white,  
 And your eyes are strange with the fevered pain;  
 Through the long, long years from to-morrow night  
 We shall never meet on this earth again;  
 There's the tall church spire 'mid the trees off there,  
 And the graveyard hid on the green hill's brow—  
 And it seems to me in those vapours fair,  
 That it never looked half so calm as now.

'Tis hard to live and 'tis hard to die,  
 But no troubled dreams on those sleepers break,  
 'Twill be all the same when the years go by,  
 Yet I know which choice in this hour I'd take.  
 I can picture you as you were a child,  
 And for ever since as your bright days ranged;  
 I can see you grave, and glad, and wild,  
 I shall never know you old or changed.



'Tis a voice of power that has bid you rise,  
And forget your home and your father's land,  
To live and die 'neath the stranger's skies,  
And to never clasp but a stranger's hand;  
But pain may wait on the unborn years,  
Since pain makes perfect a human soul;  
And your sacrifice may be wet with tears,  
When ten thousand waves will between us roll.

Do you think of one morning long ago,  
When the young larks fled through the fields away?  
Just a bluer sky and a warmer glow,  
And they took their flight in the bright June day,  
With a stronger beat in their parting wings,  
With a joyful tremor they went. Ah! me—  
But the heart of man is a weary thing,  
And the ways of God are a mystery.

'Tis the last, last time we shall seek this place,  
Through the lonely range of my life's sad way.  
'Tis the last, last time I shall see your face:  
Oh! I could not weep if I would this day.  
It will matter little in a few short years,  
Though the scar may seam where the heart once bled,  
Though your eyes are strange with the unwept tears,  
'Twill be all the same when we both are dead.

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### THE SUGAN EARL OF DESMOND.

WHEN Dermot MacMorrough was returning home, having obtained a promise of aid from Strongbow, if the King of England consented, he tarried for some time at St. David's, waiting until shipping was provided to transport him to Ireland. During his stay there he was hospitably entertained by David Fitzgerald, then bishop of that see. In answer to Dermot's repeated demands for help, Fitzgerald proposed that Maurice, his brother, and FitzStephen, his half brother, should pass over to Ireland in the spring of the following year with a body of troops, while Strongbow was getting together a larger force. Dermot promised to grant them in return the town of Wexford and two hundred acres of land in its neighbourhood. Soon after Maurice arrived with two ships having on board ten knights, thirty men-at-arms, and about a hundred archers; in due time he was invested with the lordship. Eight years later, he obtained

from Strongbow a grant of the barony of Ophaly, Kildare excepted, and of the territory of Offelan, in which were Maynooth and Naas. An old Norman-French 'Geste,' entitled "The Conquest of Ireland," founded on a brief history, the author of which is supposed by some to have been Maurice Regan, the interpreter of Dermot MacMorrrough, makes special mention of these grants.\*

"Li quens Ricard pus dunout  
A Moritz le FitzGerould,  
Le Nas donat le bon Cuntur  
Al FitzGerould od tut le onur.  
Ce fut la terre de Ofelan  
Ki fut al traitur MacKelan.  
Si li donat Winkenlo,  
Entree Bree e Arklo;  
Ce fut la tere de Kylmantan,  
Entre ad Cleth e Loughgarman."

"The same Richard (Strongbow) then gave  
To Maurice FitzGerald,  
Naas gave the good Earl  
To FitzGerald all the honour.  
This was the land of Ofelan  
Which belonged to the traitor MacKelan.  
He also gave him Wicklow,  
Between Bray and Arklow;  
This was the land of Wicklow,  
Between Dublin and Wexford."†

The old chroniclers describe this Maurice as a "mighty man, full of honour and courage, exceeding all men of his time in martial powers and chivalry; from whom are descended all the Geraldines of Ireland." He was the common ancestor of the Earls of Kildare and Desmond. Genealogists are not agreed about the time when the two branches separated. It is certain, however, that as early as 1199, the lords of these two houses had separate and distinct properties in parts of the kingdom widely distant from each other, the Desmonds holding large seigniories in Munster of the Crown immediately *in capite*; hence the king was always their guardian, and had the disposal of them in marriage; while the founders of the house of Kildare held their seigniories in Leinster of the Crown mediately, *i.e.*, by subinfeudation under the Earls of Pembroke.‡

Soon after the arrival of Henry II., the ancestors of the earls of Desmond acquired large possessions in the counties of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry. One of the territories then obtained was the district now called the barony of Connelloe, in the Co. Limerick, containing upwards of 100,000 acres, which was ceded to them by the O'Connell sept, in consideration of lands in Kerry and Clare.§ In 1199, another estate of ten knights' fees was granted them for homage and service in the cantred of Fonternel and also in Thomond, with such franchises as vested in the grantee the distinguishing privilege of the baronage, *i.e.*, the power of administering justice in civil and criminal cases among his vassals. By his marriage with Eleanor, the daughter of Sir William Moriarty, Maurice's grandson, Thomas, acquired large estates in Kerry.|| His son, John, married the daughter of FitzAnthony, custodian of Desies and Desmond, and thus obtained all the lands of Desies in Waterford, the castle of Dungarvan, and the estates of Desmond, of which her father had died seized. The long minority

\* See Carew's "Preface to a Fragment of the History of Ireland by Maurice Regan," in Harris' "Hibernica."

† "The Earls of Kildare," by the Marquis of Kildare, ii. 4.

‡ Lynch, "Feudal Dignities," p. 229. § *Ibid.*, p. 238. || Archdall, i. 61.

of the two next lords, from 1297 to 1315, did not allow them to take that leading part in public affairs which procured the advancement of the Houses of Kildare and Butler to higher honours. But as soon as Lord Maurice had reached the age qualifying him for the discharge of the responsible office of the earldom, Edward III., "wishing to honour the person of his beloved and faithful Maurice, gave to him the name and honour of Earl of Desmond, conferring on him at the same time all the royal liberties within the kingdom of Kerry, to be held in tail male by the service of one knight's fees."\*

Of the Munster Geraldines it may with full truth be said, that they were more Irish than the Irish themselves, *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*. Though "transplanted from the banks of the Arno and the shores of the blue Tyrrhene Sea,"† the branches of that mighty tree took deep root in the far-off land of Ireland.‡ Others of the invaders held aloof from the native Irish, excluding them from all social intercourse, proscribing their language, laws, and customs; hence their territories were a scene of continuous warfare for centuries, their very existence was tolerated only on condition of the payment of "black mail" to the native chieftains.§ But the Desmonds contracted alliances with the native nobility, and conformed to the manners and customs of those among whom they dwelt; hence, though settled in a remote part of Ireland far beyond the protection of the Pale, they lived in security, and their foreign descent and recent arrival were soon forgotten.

"'Tis true, in Strongbow's van  
By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign began;  
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nurst,  
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst."||

Earl Gerald, "the Poet," is spoken of by our old chroniclers as "a lord of marvellous mirth and affability, the most distinguished of the English then in Ireland, and even of many of the Irish, for his attainments and knowledge of the Irish language, of poetry, and other branches of literature." Earl Thomas did not disdain to take an Irish wife, Catherine Ny Cormac, even at the risk of offending the pride of his followers.¶ When the Earl of Worcester was appointed to the government of Ireland, he had an act passed whereby the Earls of Desmond and Kildare were attainted for "their alliances, fosterage, and alterage, with the King's Irish enemies."\*\*

They loved the country of their adoption with all the warm affection of Irishmen. And that love was returned. In the whole range of history there are few examples of greater devotion than that which

\* Lynch, p. 238.

† Surrey, "Description and Praise of the Fair Geraldine."

‡ O'Daly, "The Geraldines," Introd., p. 5.

§ "Black Mail" was paid by the English Government to the MacMorroughs, to protect the settlers in Kildare and Carlow; and by the citizens of Dublin to the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles.

¶ See Davis' Poem, "The Geraldines."

¶ See "Moore's Melodies," "By the Feal's wave benighted," &c.

\*\* Lynch, p. 251.

was shown by his Irish vassals to Earl Gerald when, "wringed into un-  
 dutifulness" by religious persecution, he rushed into rebellion. One  
 hundred years after the fall of the family, we find the Irish army  
 within the walls of Limerick, then besieged by King William, and  
 threatened with the horrors of famine, consoling themselves by  
 assurance of success from "one of the Earls of Desmond that died  
 above two hundred years ago," and was secretly buried, but "who,  
 the Irish fancied, was secretly carried away by enchantment."\*

But true Geraldines! brave Geraldines! as torrents mould the earth,  
 You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth!

Oh! how deeply treasured in my heart are the memories of that  
 beloved race,† exclaims the learned historian of the Geraldines.  
 Their history, he says, he had made his special study in his exile, for  
 it was intimately connected with that of his religion and of his  
 country. For this reason we too would set before our readers a brief  
 sketch of the life of Earl James, the last of "that noble race, of that  
 ancient family, descended out of the loins of princes."‡ His career,  
 though brief, was not inglorious. His history is in many respects a  
 sad one; yet it is not without interest, for it will teach us what unholy  
 means were employed to reduce Ireland to submission.

James Roe, 15th Earl of Desmond, succeeded to the title in 1536.  
 His first wife was Joan, daughter of Maurice, Lord Fermoy. After  
 the birth of a son, Thomas, he divorced her under pretence of too  
 near relationship. He then took to wife More, only daughter of  
 O'Carroll, Lord of Ely O'Carroll. Of this marriage two sons were  
 born, Gerald and John. Earl James, at his death, bequeathed the  
 earldom to Gerald, setting aside the claims of his eldest son, Thomas,  
 to whom he left only the barony of Kilmalton and the manor of  
 Castlemore near Mallow. Thomas' cause was taken up by Fitz-  
 maurice, Lord of Kerry, and others of the clan Geraldine; but Gerald  
 was favoured by the Crown; he was styled and owned Earl of  
 Desmond, and as such was present at the parliament summoned by  
 the Lord Deputy, Sussex to meet at Dublin on the 11th of January,  
 1569. In the roll of the *Domini Temporalis*, the name of "Geraldus  
 Comes Desmonie" stands third, after those of the Earls of Ormond  
 and Kildare. The earldom was essentially an English institution,  
 and therefore should be regulated in its descent by the law of England;  
 which declared that the eldest legitimate son of a nobleman was heir  
 to his father's title. Had it been an Irish chieftainship, the father's  
 choice, approved by the clan, would have been sufficient for the  
 lawful transfer, according to the principles of tanistry; but tanistry

\* Lenihan, "History of Limerick." † O'Daly, *Intro.*, p. 5. ‡ Hooker.

† The Writ of Summons is given in Lynch's "Feudal Dignities," p. 343.

‡ "The inheritance descendeth not to the son, but to the brother, nephew, or  
 cousin german, eldest and most valiant; for the child, being oftentimes left in  
 nourse, or otherwise young or unskilful, were never able to defend his patrimony,  
 being his no longer than he can hold it by force of arms. But by the time he  
 groweth to a competent age, and have buried an uncle or two, he also taketh his turn  
 and leaveth it in like order to his posterity."—Campion, "History of Ireland," c. vi.  
 Tanistry was abolished in 1605, by judgment of the Court of King's Bench.

was considered by the English Government "a vile and lewd usage, not deserving the name of law." Gerald's rebellion, long and fierce, and his melancholy death, are among the most vivid traditions of the Irish people. On the night of the 11th of November, 1584, he was surprised with only two followers in a lonely valley among the mountains of Kerry, as he cowered over the embers in a miserable hovel; the lord of a country which in time of peace yielded a rental of 40,000 gold crowns, to whom no less than fifty lords and barons paid tribute, who could lead into the field eight thousand of his own principal gentry and freeholders. There he was despatched by the hand of a common soldier; his body was flung on the highway; his head was sent by Ormond\* to the Queen as a proof of his faithful service, and, by her Majesty's order, empaed on London Bridge. He it is whose sad fate has been so often set before others who would follow his example, *ingens rebellibus exemplar*, a mighty warning to rebels.

In 1583, a special act of attainder was passed against Gerald and nearly one hundred and fifty of his confederates in the rebellion. His vast estates, amounting to 574,628 acres English measure, were forfeited to the Crown. But the territory over which the Earl of Desmond claimed jurisdiction, comprised more than double that number of acres; it included the whole of Munster except the parts belonging to the Earls of Ormond and Thomond, and reached from Danqueen to the meeting of the three waters, and from the great island of Ardnemidh in Hyliathain to Limerick.

Fifty years before, the Council of Ireland had recommended to the King that "there should be selected certain gentlemen of England, younger brethren of good discretion, who have little or nothing to dispend there, so the intent that they shall trust to nothing elsewhere, but to such lands as the King shall appoint them here, and every one of them to choose such men as will tarry with them and inhabit." Sir Henry Sidney's "fixed principle" in the government of Ireland was, "the dissipation of the great lordships, their lands should be distributed; if among the English, the better; if not, yet that they be dissipated." Proclamation was accordingly made throughout England, inviting younger brothers of good families to undertake the plantation of Desmond. Estates were offered in fee of the trifling rent of three pence per acre in the counties of Limerick and Kerry, of two pence in Cork and Waterford; the payment to commence at the

2 \* Thomas, the 10th Earl; he was Desmond's stepson. Being only fourteen years old at his father's death, he became a king's ward, and was brought up at the English Court with Prince Edward; there he was taught to hate his country and the religion of his forefathers. In his 66th year he was converted by Father James Archer, S. J., while a captive in the power of the O'Mores. In their *Panthea Hibernia*, and in Ledwich's "Antiquities," there are two curious prints of Ormond's capture.

† A detailed account of his death will be found in O'Daly's "Geraldines," p. 106. i. e. from the most western point beyond Ventry, in the Co. Kerry, to the confluence of the rivers Nore, Suir, and Barrow, opposite Cheek Point, near Waterford, and from the Great Island, near the city of Cork, to Limerick. See "Annals of the Four Masters," v. 1561.

‡ Letter of the Council of Ireland to the King, A. D. 1586.

end of three years; and for three years more half only of the stipulated rent was to be paid. Seven years were allowed to complete the plantation. The undertaker for twelve thousand acres was bound to plant eighty-six families on his estate; those who held less, were to provide a proportionate number. None of the native Irish should be admitted among the tenantry. Garrisons would be stationed on their frontiers, and commissioners appointed to decide any controversy that might arise.\*

In 1589, a return was made, by order of the Government, of the lands then held by the undertakers, the rent paid by them to the Queen, and the number of persons they had placed on the lands. In Cork and Kerry, Sir Valentine Browne and Sir Henry Denny held 6,000 acres each, at a rent of £100; William and Sir Charles Herbert, 18,000 acres, at £500; in Limerick, Sir William Courtenay, 12,000, at £150; Sir Wareham St. Leger, 12,000, at £33 6s. 8d.; Sir Walter Raleigh and his associates, 36,000; Edmund Spenser, 3,028. The Earl of Ormond too had a large share of the spoil, 3,000 acres in Tipperary, and a vast tract of poor land in Kerry. The Barkleys, Cuffes, Hydes, Beechers, Thorntons, and many others, whose descendants now declaim so loudly about "the sacred rights of property," having "nothing to dispend" at home, flocked over to Ireland, and had the fairest portions of Munster parcelled out among them. And yet they were not satisfied. Sir William Herbert wrote to Walsingham, the English Secretary of State: "I mean to take 6,000 acres in Kerry, and am desirous to have 6,000 others in the county of Desmond, after the Earl of Glencar's death. I beseech your honourable favour and furtherance to her Majesty, that I may have the Castle Lough, the Palace, and Ballycarbry, with 6,000 acres of land about them. I write thus timely, if not out of time, lest some others should first make means and suit for them."†

Earl Gerald had left an only son. He was born in London, and had the honour of having for godmother Queen Elizabeth. A year before his father's death, his mother had handed him over to the Lords Justices as a hostage. Their Lordships did not think the Castle of Dublin a fit place "for a prisoner of so great charge;" and they asked that, for the better assurance of him, her Majesty might be persuaded to remove him unto the Tower of London.‡ There he lay for sixteen long weary years, "fixed in fettered solitude to pine," nursed by Mrs. Fethergill, and drugged by Dr. Noel with "cool juleps and conserves of waterlilies,"§ instructed in profane learning by "selected schoolmasters," and in religion by the apostate, Miler Magrath, the Queen's Archbishop of Cashel. Once the gates were opened, and he was set free, but only for ten short months, when, by the Queen's order, he was sent to Ireland in the vain hope that his

\* Leland, "History of Ireland," ii. 301.

† "Life of Florence MacCarthy Mor," p. 54. The names of the undertakers will be found in "Acts of Parliament," 1586, ch. 8 and 9, p. 483.

‡ The Lords Justices to the Privy Council, Nov. 7th, 1583.

§ See the "Bill for Physick furnished for Mr. Fitzgerald," in "Life of Florence MacCarthy Mor," p. 488.

presence there would win over the ancient followers of his father from James FitzThomas.

Thomas, the eldest son of Earl James, took no part in the rebellion raised by his brother. He lived peaceably at his castle of Connaha, in the Co. Cork, and died there in 1596, leaving four children, James, John, Gerald, and a daughter who afterwards married M'Carthy Reagh.

His eldest son, James, called James FitzThomas, had, during his father's lifetime, put forward his claim to the title and estates of Desmond. Before the undertakers' patents were made out, he protested against the injustice that was about to be done him. He went to London and obtained an audience of the Queen; he told her that his father was the eldest son of Earl James; that Gerald had been nothing more than a usurper of his brother's rights, and therefore could not forfeit an estate which was never his; that the earldom granted by Edward III. to the eldest sons in succession could not be forfeited nor their blood attainted by the rebellion of a younger brother. But the Queen turned a deaf ear to his remonstrances. Vague promises of justice were made to him; and he was told that a mark sterling per diem should be paid towards his maintenance; it was paid for one year only. James returned home, a rebel at heart, resolved to bide his time, and seize on the first opportunity that offered to get back his estates. "Yet he was," as his adversary Carew truly says, "unmeet to be a rebel."\* His nature was too gentle for the fierce times in which he lived, too guileless for the wily enemies he was fated to encounter. As a leader, he was no match for the able commanders sent against him. "The most beloved, the most potent of all the Geraldines,"† at the head of 8,000 men, well armed and disciplined, holding every strong place in Munster, Cork alone excepted, which was defended by only 1,700 men, "had he understood his business better," the mighty contest on which land and life, the honour of his race, it may be the future destiny of his country, were staked, might have had another and a happier issue.

In truth, the south was but ill prepared to rebel. As beautiful and sweet a country as any under heaven, it was reduced to a heap of carcasses and ashes.‡ It was the common practice of the English commanders to employ their soldiers in cutting down the unripe corn, so that those of the inhabitants who survived the horrors of war, should die of famine.§ "The land," says Holinshed, "which, before these wars"—the first Desmond rebellion—"was populous and well inhabited, rich in all the blessings of God, being plenteous of corn, full of cattle, well stored with fish and sundry other good commodities, was now become waste, so barren of man and beast, that

\* Cox states that "he was the handsomest man of his time." Hib. Anglic., i. 415. Camden calls him "hominem obscenissimum." See "Annals of the Four Masters," vi. 2080, note.

† "Pacata Hib.," p. 251.

‡ Spenser, "State of Ireland," p. 28. Leland, "History of Ireland," b. iv., c. 2.

§ "Annals of the Four Masters," vi. 2187, and "Pac. Hib.," passim.

whosoever did travel from one end to the other of all Munster, even from Waterford to the head of Smerwick, which is about six score miles, he would not meet any man, woman, or child, saving in towns or cities; nor yet see any beast but the very wolves, the foxes, and the like ravening beasts. Many of the people lay dead, being famished, and the residue had gone elsewhere.\*

But in spite of their past disasters, the news of the "Jorney of the Blackwater" roused the Irish enemy in other parts once more to take up arms. "O'Neil has triumphed according to his heart's desire over his adversary. Since the English first set foot in Ireland, they had never received a greater overthrow; 13 stout captains being slain, and 1,500 of the common soldiers, who, being scattered by a shameful flight all the fields over, were slain and vanquished."† This victory was hailed with acclamation in the Eternal City. The guns of St. Angelo conveyed the joyous intelligence to the citizens, and the Te Deum was solemnly sung at St. Peter's.‡ More than once aid in arms and money was forwarded to Ireland through the Spanish Nuncio; pontifical letters, too, were addressed to the Irish people, exhorting them to join the Catholic army, and conferring the same privileges, blessings, and indulgences as had been enjoyed by the Crusaders of old on all those who would assist O'Neill and his army, the champions of the Catholic faith.§ Among the royal presents which the Irish chieftain received on the occasion of these victories, is specially mentioned the gift of his Holiness, a costly crown, adorned with a rich plumage of phoenix feathers. Even the old English of the Pale, many of whom were still aliens at heart, though staunch Catholics, were drawn into the confederacy; all looked up to O'Neill as the saviour of the country from thralldom and heresy, and declared themselves ready to follow his guidance. He was as much monarch of all Ireland as any of his ancestors since the time of his great ancestor, O'Neill of the Nine Hostages. "The combined traitors were puffed up on all sides. Ulster was in arms; Connaught had revolted; the rebels in Leinster swarmed in the English Pale; while the English lay in their garrisons, so far from assaulting them, that they lived rather in continual fear of being surprised."||

De Lacy,¶ a Catholic nobleman who held the strong castles of Bruff and Bruce, in the county Limerick, had brought on himself the anger of the English. He fled to Leinster, and sought the pro-

\* Holinshed, vi. 459. See also Spenser's "State of Ireland," p. 158.

† Camden.

‡ Memoir, &c., p. xi., by the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, prefixed to Lombard's "De Regno Hib. SS. Insula."

§ Brief of April 16th, 1600. The original is given in "Pacata Hib.," p. 666.

¶ Fynes Moryson's "History of Ireland," i. 19.

|| "Nobilis eques Momonius, vir animi plenus, nec eloquentiæ inanis," says O'Sullivan. He was both in descent from the great Hugh de Lacy, "Lord of the English of Meath, Breffny, and Oriel, who had conquered the greater part of Ireland for the English, and of whose castles all Meath was full, from the Shannon to the sea."—"Annals of the Four Masters," iii. 74.



tection of the O'Mores. From thence he sent messengers to O'Neill, to inform him that Munster was ready to revolt, that all the inhabitants to a man would accept James FitzThomas as Earl of Desmond; and follow him as their leader; he asked that some of the victorious Irish of Ulster or Leinster might be sent southward, where, so soon as the national standard was unfurled, all the oppressed Catholics and plundered Irish of Munster would rush to join it in the name of liberty and holy Church. In the beginning of autumn, 1598, O'Neill detached Captain Richard Tyrrell, of Fertullagh,\* "of English race, but a bold and unnatural enemy to his country and the English," with 1,500 men to join Owny O'More. Giving the care of Leix to his brother Edmund, O'More, by O'Neill's order, marched towards Munster at the head of 800 foot and 30 horse; he was accompanied by Tyrrell, Redmund Burke, Baron of Leitrim, who was angered at the injustice done him by his uncle, the Earl of Clanrickarde; his brother William Burke, and Dermot O'Connor. "They proceeded with the greatest armed force they could gather into Ossory. The people of that territory, of their own accord, came to join them, except M'Gillapatrik. They afterwards went to the northern extremity of Slieve Bloom, in order to induce the Irish of east Munster and Westmeath to join them, namely O'Molloy, M'Coughlan, and O'Carroll. After agreeing on terms of peace with them, they turned their faces towards the two Ormonds, and from them they sought neither peace nor friendship, but proceeded at once to plunder them, on account of their enmity towards the Earl of Ormond. They remained for two or three weeks in that country. Their Irish neighbours came to converse and join in the same confederation with them. They then marched with their forces, at the instance of Thomas, son of the Earl of Desmond, into the country of the Geraldines."† The Earl of Ormond made some show of resistance, but they reached Limerick without any serious opposition.

O'More's arrival in the south produced an almost universal rising. The very day he set foot in Munster, the province to a man was in arms before noon. From the rural districts disobedience had spread to the walled cities and port towns; the gentlemen who had promised the most had fallen from their allegiance. "Fitzmaurice, Baron of Lixnaw, the Knights of Kerry and Glin, the White Knight, and many other chiefs of the house of the Fitzgeralds; Dermot and Donough MacCarthy, of Duhallow; Daniel, son of MacCarthy Mor; Condon, O'Donoghue, Roche, Lord Fermoy, and two of the kinsmen of the Earl of Ormond, Lords Mountgarrett and Cahir; the O'Sullivans, O'Driscolls, O'Donovans, O'Mahonys of Carbery; all took arms and made common cause. James FitzThomas was placed at their head; it was O'Neill's wish that the elder brother should assume the title and patrimony of Desmond; and if he had not the courage to do so,

\* Fertullagh, a barony in the Co. Westmeath; this was "the Tyrrells' Country" from the period of the Norman invasion till it was forfeited after the rebellion of 1641. See "Annals of the Four Masters," ii. 636, note.

† *Ibid.*, vi. 2077.

that his younger brother, John, should be substituted for him. James did not hesitate; he took the title and was saluted chief by the followers of his family. When Ormond heard of his decision, he wrote to him, expressing "his sorrow that he had joined with those unnatural traitors, considering how his father always continued a dutiful subject."\* From his camp at Carrigrone, Thomas replied that, "for a long time he had behaved dutifully; that he had claimed the title, and obtained a promise that justice should be done him; but now his inheritance was bestowed on undertakers. Seeing no other remedy, he would try to maintain his right by all possible means, trusting in the Almighty to further the same." He concluded his letter with these words: "To be brief with your lordship, Englishmen were not contented to have our lands and livings, but unmercifully do seek our lives by false and sinister means, under colour of law; and, for my part, I will prevent it as best I may."†

In the previous rebellion, led by the great Earl of Desmond, when Ormond was employed by the Queen to uphold the English rule in Munster, many of the Irish chieftains rallied to his support. But now, owing to the rapacity of the undertakers, the English Government was without a friend. "All Munster revolted," says Camden; "and that not so much upon the fortunate success of the rebels as out of hatred of the inhabitants against the English undertakers and planters, who had been settled in the confiscated lands seized on after the Earl of Desmond's rebellion." Another reason for the general revolt is given in James FitzThomas' letter to the King of Spain: "The Government of the English is such as Pharaoh himself never used the like; for they content not themselves with all temporal superiority, but by cruelty desire our blood and perpetual destruction, to blot out the whole remembrance of our posterity; as also our old Catholic religion, and to swear that the Queen of England is supreme Head of the Church. I refer the consideration hereof to your Majesty's high judgment; for that Nero in his time was far inferior to that queen in cruelty. Wherefore, myself, with my followers and retainers, and being also requested by the bishops, prelates, and religious men of my country, have drawn the sword and proclaimed war against them, for the recovery, first of Christ's Catholic religion, and next for the maintenance of my own right."‡

Sir Thomas Norris, the President of Munster, had mustered his forces, amounting to 2,500 men, at Kilmallock. Fearing the result of an engagement, he formed his army into three columns, and retreated to Cork. His purpose was to place the newly levied soldiers in the southern garrisons, and to take the field later with the veteran troops. He succeeded in reaching Cork with some loss. "The Irish proceeded westward, across the Maigue, into the north-

\* "Life of Florence MacCarthy Mor," p. 175; and "Kilkenny Arch. Journal," 3rd Series, i. 548.

† *Ibid.*, p. 176.

‡ "Pacata Hib.," b. 2, ch. iii. See also Lombard, c. xix.—"Sufferings endured by the Irish on account of their Religion."

western extremity of the county Limerick. James, the Earl of Desmond, came to join them; and John, the second son of Thomas Roe, was already along with them on these expeditions, for he had come to draw them into the country." Hearing of their progress, the Earl of Ormond set out to meet them with all his infantry and cavalry. He sent an urgent message to the President requesting him to come without delay and join him at Kilmallock. "When, the Irish, who were encamped in the west of Limerick, heard this, they marched towards Kilmallock, and showed themselves to these two lords, who were in pursuit of them. Upon seeing them, the lords agreed to avoid meeting them and turned off towards Mallow. The Irish pursued them to the gate of the town and proceeded to dare them to battle, saying that they could never wreak vengeance on them better than now, when they were all together in one place. Yet what the two great men determined on was, that the President should return to Cork and the Earl to his territory of the Butlers."\*

As the country was in the power of the Irish, they conferred the title of Earl of Desmond on James, son of Thomas Roe, by the authority of O'Neill.† "In the course of seventeen days, they left not within the length and breadth of the country of the Geraldines, extending from Dunqueen to the Suir, which the Saxons had well cultivated and filled with habitations and various wealth, a single son of a Saxon whom they did not kill or expel. Nor did they leave within this time a single head residence, castle, or any sod of Geraldine territory which they did not put into the possession of the Earl of Desmond, excepting only Castlemaine in Kerry, Askeaton in Hy-Connell-Gaura, and Mallow in Cork."‡ Eighteen hundred of the undertakers made their way to Waterford and thence to England.§ Spenser the poet, then sheriff of Cork, was driven from his

"Calm retreat, amongst the coolly shade  
Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore."||

He had recommended that "the wandering Irish bards should have the bitterness of martial law at the hands of the provost-marshal." He fled to England, and the year after died in London "for lack of bread."

To give the men of the south a proof of his good will towards them, O'Neill, in the beginning of 1599, sent to their aid his son Con, at the head of 3,000 men, well supplied with arms and ammunition. He reached Munster with very little loss, though in the frequent attempts to bar his progress, 2,000 of the enemy were slain. Having inflamed Munster, some of the Ulster forces returned home. Owny O'More set out for Leix; Redmond Burke for Ormond. Tyrrell

\* "Annals of the Four Masters," vi. 2081.

† Hence he was called by the English the "Sугan Earl," i. e., "the Earl of Straw."

‡ "Annals of the Four Masters," vi. 2083.

§ Lombard, p. 168.

|| Kilcolman Castle, three miles N. W. of Doneraile, where he wrote his "View of Ireland," and a great part of "The Faerie Queene."

remained with the Earl of Desmond, who "continued spending and subjugating Munster, and gaining more and more people to his side during the remaining months of the year."\*

The Privy Council grew alarmed. Loftus, the Queen's Archbishop of Dublin, and Gardiner, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, to whom the civil government had been entrusted at the death of Lord Deputy Borough,† urgently asked that aid should be despatched from England. Sir Samuel Bagnal had been sent over a short time before with 600 men; he landed at Dungarvan. On his march along the borders of Leinster, he was met by the O'Mores, and over 400 of his men were slain. Ormond, who held the supreme military command, complained that the Queen was leaving him without the means of repressing the rebellion, that his "poor soldiers were without hose or shoes, perishing from cold, nakedness, and rotten food, while the Mayor of Limerick was sending out wine to Desmond's camp." Sir Henry Wallop wrote "that unless her Majesty undertook a loyal and strong prosecution against the vile, ungrateful rebels, the kingdom would be lost, nothing being left now but Dublin and a part of Wexford." To increase the alarm, a report was spread abroad that the king of Spain was again preparing to invade England; that he intended to send 12,000 men to Ireland, to aid the rebels.

D. M.

(To be continued.)

## SONNET.

## CONTINUOUS REVELATION.

BY J. C. EARLE.

YOU think God's revelation at an end?  
 It never ends; no, never. Every mind  
 Which graciously He visits to unblind  
 Beholds a new apocalypse extend  
 Above him and around. His nearest friend,  
 And likest to himself of all mankind,  
 Sees otherwise, and, in his soul combined,  
 Pictures in other shapes and colours blend.  
 In none the heavenly vision was the same  
 Precisely with the visions seen before:  
 To none the gentle Breath creative came,  
 Dispensing the same measure of the store  
 Of gifts, but was in each a kindling flame  
 Of light on light—of God known more and more.

\* "Annals of the Four Masters," vi. 2083.

† He died at Newry of wounds received at the battle of Drumfluich. See Mitchell's "Life of Hugh O'Neill," p. 128.

# RELICS OF RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS— “SHAMROCK” OF *THE NATION*

## PART II.

TWO or three months after the Dublin editor had examined that Carlow manuscript, which “hardly invited examination,” but which proved to be “truly a war-song, full of fire, and clashing in its sonorous lines like the shields of heroes,” the writer of it came up to Dublin, not (as we might fear) to try and live by his pen, and to turn his Pegasus into an overworked and underfed hack, but to become one of those medical students of whom he was presently to constitute himself the Laureate. The hospital with which he was connected during his training for this noble but perilous profession was St. Vincent’s, in St. Stephen’s-green, under the care of the Sisters of Charity. The Sisters who knew him retain the kindest recollections of the shy youth in spectacles, who was known to be a poet, and whose poetic gifts they pressed into their service, as we shall see by-and-by. Long, indeed, should his memory remain green in their souls, for he in his turn has embalmed their sacred name and office in poetry almost worthy of such a theme. See how its echoes ring through the heart of Meagher, many years later, when he is describing the deathbed scene of Terence Bellew M’Manus in St. Mary’s Hospital,\* San Francisco: “He lay dead, with those sweet ministers of hopefulness and peacefulness on their knees beside him, whose beatified presence recalls to us those words of celestial melody and inspiration which, vibrating through every heart, prove the loving nature and lyric power of Richard Dalton Williams, who, to the cause of Ireland, brought the brave passion of the Crusader as well as the sweet enchantment of the minstrel.” And then the brilliant orator—for such

\* Which is served, however, by Sisters of Mercy, not Sisters of Charity. Williams’ tribute to the Sisters of Mercy is much inferior, beginning:—

“ Before the cross, before the altar,  
 She gave her vows to God,  
 To bear that cross, and ne’er to falter,  
 To tread the path He trod.”

Dr. Murray, of Maynooth, has treated this kindred theme more worthily in his “Sister of Mercy.” John Fisher Murray—whose scanty poetical remains are nearly all of high merit—has some feeling verses addressed to the Sister of Charity. In this context of the homage paid in verse to religious orders, I may mention a sweet poem, “The Presentation Nun,” in “Voices of the Heart,” by “Mary,” of *The Nation* (the late Ellen Downing, of Cork), and a sonnet to the *Sœurs de Bon Secours*, in Mr. Thomas Gallwey’s “Lays of Killarney.” Gerald Griffin’s “Sister of Charity” is the best known of all the poetical tributes to our holy nuns, whose very life is a poem.

he certainly was, no matter what faults a cold-blooded criticism may discover in his glowing periods—repeats the first of the following musical stanzas :—

- “ Sister of Charity! gentle and dutiful,  
 Loving as seraphim, tender and mild,  
 In humbleness strong, and in purity beautiful,  
 In spirit heroic, in manners a child;  
 Ever thy love, like an angel, reposes  
 With hovering wings o’er the sufferer here,  
 Till the arrows of death are half hidden in roses,  
 And hope, speaking prophecy, smiles on the bier.  
 When life like a vapour is slowly retiring,  
 As clouds in the dawning to heaven uprolled,  
 Thy prayer, like a herald, precedes him expiring,  
 And the cross on thy bosom his last looks behold.  
 And, oh! as the Spouse to thy words of love listens,  
 What hundred-fold blessings descend on thee then!  
 Thus the flower-absorbed dew in the bright iris glistens,  
 And returns to the lilies more richly again.
- “ Sister of Charity! child of the Holiest!  
 Oh! for thy loving soul, ardent as pure!  
 Mother of orphans, and friend of the lowliest!  
 Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor!  
 The embrace of the Godhead so plainly enfolds thee,  
 Sanctity’s halo so shrines thee around,  
 Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,  
 Nor droops in thy presence abashed to the ground.  
 Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes,  
 Burning the breast of the maidenly rose,  
 To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty flushes  
 When the incense ascends and the sanctuary glows,  
 And the music, that seems heaven’s language, is pealing—  
 Adoration has bowed him in silence and sighs,  
 And man, intermingled with angels, is feeling  
 The passionless rapture that comes from the skies.  
 Oh! that this heart, whose unspeakable treasure  
 Of love hath been wasted so vainly on clay,  
 Like thine, unallured by the phantom of pleasure,  
 Could rend every earthly affection away!
- “ And yet, in thy presence, the billows, subsiding,  
 Obey the strong effort of reason and will;  
 And my soul, in her pristine tranquillity gliding,  
 Is calm as when God bade the ocean be still!  
 Thy soothing, how gentle! thy pity, how tender!  
 Choir-music thy voice is, thy step angel-grace,  
 And thy union with Deity shrines in a splendour  
 Subdued, but unearthly, thy spiritual face.  
 When the frail chains are broken, a captive that bound thee  
 Afar from thy home in the prison of clay,  
 Bride of the Lamb! and Earth’s shadows around thee  
 Disperse in the blaze of eternity’s day;  
 Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer’s story,  
 Arresting the thunders of God ere they roll,  
 Intervene, as a cloud, between us and his glory,  
 And shield from his lightnings the shuddering soul;  
 And mild as the moonbeams in autumn descending,  
 That lightning, extinguished by mercy, shall fall,  
 While He hears, with the wail of the penitent blending,  
 Thy prayer, holy daughter of Vincent de Paul!

The first time that Hartley Coleridge was brought in early childhood from his home in the country, and saw the lamps lighted in the city streets, he cried out: "Oh! mamma, *now* I know what the stars are—they are lamps that were good on earth, and have been taken up to be stars in heaven." Somebody has proposed that this brilliant child-saying should be engraved in letters of gold on ivory tablets and distributed among the lamplighters of the universe to show them the poetry of their profession. The Sisters of Charity—and they, too, and all of us in all vocations, must be lamps of some kind on earth, lighting up our own little corner, before being stars in heaven—they acted on a similar suggestion of a more practicable character, and reprinted for distribution from *The Nation* of August 22, 1846, "Sham-rock's" exquisite tribute to the "poetry of their profession."

There is another most touching memento of our poet's connection with St. Vincent's Hospital, which is the best known, perhaps, of his pieces. For this and the many extracts for which I have still to crave room, I might plead the same excuse as Lord Jeffrey in his essay on Burns: "We reckon with confidence on the gratitude of those to whom they are new, while we are not without hopes of being forgiven by those who have been used to admire them." Burns himself hardly wrote anything more pathetic than "The Dying Girl:—

"From a Munster vale they brought her,  
From the pure and balmy air,  
An Ormond peasant's daughter,  
With blue eyes and golden hair.  
They brought her to the city,  
And she faded slowly there—  
Consumption has no pity  
For blue eyes and golden hair.

"When I saw her first reclining,  
Her lips were moved in pray'r,  
And the setting sun was shining  
On her loosened golden hair.  
When our kindly glances met her,  
Deadly brilliant was her eye,  
And she said that she was better,  
While we knew that she must die.

"She speaks of Munster valleys,  
The pattern, dance, and fair,  
And her thin hand feebly dallies  
With her scattered golden hair.  
When silently we listened  
To her breath with quiet care,  
Her eyes with wonder glistened,  
And she asked us what was there.

"The poor thing smiled to ask it,  
And her pretty mouth laid bare,  
Like gems within a casket,  
A string of pearls rare.  
We said that we were trying,  
By the gushing of her blood,  
And the time she took in sighing,  
To know if she were good.

"Well, she smiled and chatted gaily;  
 Though we saw in mute despair  
 The hectic brighter daily,  
 And the death-dew on her hair,  
 And oft her wasted fingers  
 Beating time upon the bed,  
 O'er some old tune she lingers,  
 And she bows her golden head.

"At length the harp is broken,  
 And the spirit in its strings,  
 As the last decree is spoken,  
 To its source exulting springs,  
 Descending swiftly from the skies,  
 Her guardian angel came,  
 He struck God's lightning from her eyes,  
 And bore Him back the flame.

Before the sun had risen—

Through the dark, low morning air

Her young soul left its prison,

Undeiled by sin or care.

I stood beside the couch in tears,

Where, pale and calm she slept

And, though I gazed on death for years

Flush not that I wept

I checked with effort pity's sighs,

And left the matron there

To close the curtains of her eyes

And bind her golden hair."

This poem belongs to a somewhat earlier date than the preceding one. I suspect the bashful poet did not show it to the Sisters of Charity who watched over his "Dying Girl" so tenderly, for bashful and humble he was, they tell me, speaking to them rarely, and with downcast eyes. But somehow the authorities of the hospital came to know that, like Day and Martin's Blacking Factory, they kept a poet on the premises;† and the poet's services were put in requisition to improve the form of a pious squib which some one had concocted. Thus did the good nuns draw capital out of the railway mania of those days:

"In these our days of Railway schemes, from rustiest untombed,  
 'Well worthy of your basions thought'—it is called *the Railway LINE.*"

Of all the schemes this is the best, so be not hasty in your mind.

However, your rest despise, and take your share in this.

\* The plaintive music of this ballad is, partly broken by the arbitrary change of metre here, and in the two last quatrains. And the other odd lines of the poem have disyllabic endings which might be called *rhymes riches*: *daily—daily, trying—sighing, &c.* A similar technical fault occurs in a piece resembling this, "The Deathbed," by Thomas Hood, who allows the odd lines in his last stanza, to rhyme, while the corresponding lines in the preceding stanza are not independent and unfettered.

† They had a true poet at another time on the premises of another capacity. Poor Clarence Mangan was once a patient at St. Vincent's Hospital. One of the nurses complained of his fidgettiness. "Oh! my dear," replied an experienced but slightly prosaic *religieuse*, "those poets have nerves at every pore."



'Tis sometimes at a discount found by worldly souls (be sure);  
But they whose judgment is more wise, a *premium* will secure.  
What though they hazard all their goods, and all their worldly store,  
What though they hazard life or health, 'tis worth all that and more.  
Indeed 'tis worthy all our care, its *Terminus* so grand;  
No other line can lead us safe to heav'n, our promis'd land.

"The line is sometimes rough indeed, but then with constant care,  
The *engineer* shall guide you through, all safe—his name is '*Prayer*.  
While he is with you on the train, you need not be afraid,  
You'll safely gain your wished-for end, so powerful his aid.  
E'en when through tunnels dark you go, a remedy he hath,  
To dissipate your doubts and fears, and light the darkest path.  
His '*Lamp of Faith*' will shed a light more clear than op'ning day,  
And make each cloud that dims the soul, an iris in its ray.  
Whene'er the engine seems to flag or slacken in its speed,  
Be not alarmed, for one is there to help you in your need.  
He brightens up the blazing fire, and tireless flies along,  
Nor aught can stop him in his course, for he is angel-strong.  
So perfectly he does his work, no fault in him you see,  
All passengers speak well of him, his name is '*Charity*.'

"Lest fears should rise of what may come to stop you on your way,  
Two guards appointed are—and, mind, attend to all they say.  
Perhaps you'll hear a 'still small voice' of warning from the first :—  
'Go not so fast, or too much steam may make the boiler burst.  
Imprudent zeal departs full speed, but soon her fuel fails;  
The fire is out—the steam is off—she sticks upon the rails.  
Or else, with far more haste than speed, she swerves from off the track,  
And to avoid a precipice, must many a mile go back.  
*Mortification* is my name; if you'll attend to me,  
My brother guard I'll introduce—he's called *Humility*.  
Whate'er may happen on your road, of this you may be sure,  
All accidents that can befall, *Humility* can cure.  
Oh, listen to his good advice, whatever he may say;  
Then both of us will be with you, and by your side will stay.  
But then you must obedience show to every thing we tell;  
You'll not repent, for certainly we'll guard you safe and well.'

"And now I must disclose to you, without disguise or guile,  
You'll find a station on the road where you must stop a while.  
'Tis *Purgatory* called, and there from every spot and stain  
You must be purified, before the promised land you gain.  
Ah! be not in despair at this; you shall attain that shore,  
Where tears and sorrows are not known, and dwell there evermore.  
'Tis only for a time you stop, the blessed day will come,  
Your train will take you up again, and leave you at your home.  
Some special trains sometimes there are, but few and far between,  
And very few the passengers that go by them, I ween.  
They stop not at this station, but these souls so good and pure,  
Straight on to heaven at once they go, at once their prize secure.

"Now, tell me if you do not think, whate'er may be the rest,  
Of all the railways in the world, this line is far the best  
Then travel by '*RELIGION'S LINE*.' Oh, be not here remiss:  
However you the rest despise, secure your 'shares' in this."

"Shamrock" had probably very little share in these lines; his own fun is not quite so mild as this, which savours considerably of a convent recreation-room. However, before giving a few specimens of his humour, I will heighten the contrast by finding space here for a very different exercise to which the nuns set their medical student. One of them asked him to translate the *Stabat Mater*. "Oh! Clarence Mangan tried it lately, and he made a mess of it—one should be very holy to do *that*." However, in the "Manual of the Sisters of Charity," printed in 1848, appear what they very properly call paraphrases of the *Stabat* and the *Dies Irae*. Paraphrases they are, not translations reproducing form and substance, as Mr. D. F. MacCarthy has since done for the first in the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," vol. v., page 150; and as J. O'H. has done for the latter in the *IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. ii., page 136. Williams translates the *Dies Irae* in the metre of Thomas Davis' "Fate of King Dathi," and of his own "King Brian's March to Clontarf." I will contrast with it, not the version already contributed to our magazine, but one in the same metre, by the late Rev. Philip Stanhope Worseley, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March, 1860:—

"Day of anger, day of wonder,  
When the world shall roll asunder,  
Quenched in fire, and smoke, and thunder.

"Oh, vast terror, wild, heart-rending,  
Of that hour when death is ending,  
And her jealous Judge descending :

"When the trumpet's voice astoundeth,  
Through earth's sepulchres reboundeth,  
Summons universal soundeth !

"Death astonished, nature shaken,  
See all creatures as they waken  
To that dire tribunal taken.

"Lo! the book where all is hoarded,  
Not a secret unrecorded :  
Every doom is thence awarded.

"So the Judge, when He arraigneth,  
Every hidden thing explaineth ;  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

"In that fiery revelation,  
Where shall I make supplication,  
When the just hath scarce salvation ?

"Fount of love, dread King supernal !  
Freely giving life eternal,  
Save me from the pains infernal.

"This forget not, sweet Life-giver !  
Me Thou camest to deliver :  
Cast me not away for ever.

" Seeking me, thy sad life lasted :  
On the cross death's pains were tasted :  
Let not toil like this be wasted !

" God of righteous retribution,  
Grant my sins full absolution  
Ere thy wrath's last execution.

" Lo! I stand with face suffused,  
Groaning in my guilt accused:  
Spare my soul with sorrow bruised.

" By the Magdalen forgiven,  
By the dying robber shriven,  
I, too, cherish hope of heaven.

" Though my prayers are full of failing,  
Save me, of thy grace availing,  
From the pit of endless wailing.

" On thy right a place provide me,  
With thy chosen sheep beside me :  
From the goats, good Lord ! divide me.

" When to penal fire are driven  
Those who would not be forgiven,  
Oall me with thy saints to heaven.

" Kneeling, crushed in heart, before Thee,  
Sad and suppliant I adore Thee  
Hear me, save me, I implore Thee!"

I exhort you to compare this exquisite version, stanza for stanza,\* with the no less skilful one above referred to, the author of which was unaware of any previous attempt to translate the wonderful dirge of Thomas of Celano in the metre of the original, till I called his attention to Mr. Worsley's poem. In none of his translations has "Shamrock" aimed at this minute reproduction of the original in substance and in form; yet surely much of the spirit and cadence is preserved in the following:—

" Woe is the day of ire,  
Shrouding the earth in fire—  
Sibyl's and David's lyre  
Dimly foretold it;  
Strictly the guilty land  
By the Avenger scanned,  
Smitten aghast, shall stand  
Still, to behold it.

" Start from your trance profound!  
Through the rent graves around  
Hark! the last trumpet sound,  
Dolorous clangour!  
Death sees in mute surprise  
Ashes to doom arise—  
Dust unto God replies,  
God in his anger.

\* In one of them, as printed in our pages, a mistake occurs; the second "place me," in stanza fifteen, should be "grace me."

"Bring forth the judgment roll,  
Blazon aloud the whole  
Guilt of each trembling soul—  
Justice hath bidden.  
Though, to my shrinking gaze,  
Hall's everlasting blaze  
Glare through the judgment-day's  
Dire desolation.

Then shall all hearts be known  
Sin's abyss open thrown  
Vengeance shall have her own—  
Nought shall be hidden.  
Lamb for the ransom slain,  
Then mid thy snowy train  
At thy right hand to reign,  
Place me for ever  
On that dread day  
While at thy dread command  
Those at thy left who stand  
Far from the chosen band,  
Lightnings shall sever.  
Save me, tremendous King!  
When the day of doom bring  
Under thy mercy wing,  
Through thy grace purely  
Down the accursed dock  
Numberless falling—

"Jesus, remember I  
Caused Thee to toil and die  
Sin brought Thee from the sky—  
I am a sinner!  
Break my soul's bitter chain—  
Thou for her love wast slain—  
Gush'd thy heart's blood in vain—  
Saviour! to win her?  
—If thou didst not die for her—  
Down to the fiery doom,  
Ghulf'd in hell's hopeless tomb,  
Strick through the ghastly gloom  
Horrors appalling.  
"Contrite in pale dismay,  
Lord! hear a sinner pray—  
Oh that tremendous day  
Spread thy shield o'er him;  
Day of great anguish, when  
God from the dust again  
Summons us, guilty men,  
Wailing before Him.  
Grant us remission.  
Guilty and sore in fear,  
I, clad in shame, appear—  
Yet for thy mercy hear,  
Lord, my petition  
In Thee alone we trust,  
Shelter and save us!  
"Who madest Mary pure,  
And the good thief secure,  
Gavest me also sure  
Hope of salvation.  
When on the day of dole  
Deathbells of nations toll,  
Spare the immortal soul  
Thy Spirit gave us."

Lockhart, in describing the deathbed of Sir Walter Scott, mentions that the last mutterings of the dying man which they could follow were verses of "some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish Ritual, in which he had always delighted." We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Irae*, and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favourite:

"Stabat Mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat Filius."

I will not site here our poet's paraphrase of this hymn of prediction, further than to give the opening lines in which the two first broadly simple words are held back, as you see, too long to  
The Man of Sorrows, rais'd on high,  
O'er Calvary's purple banner hang  
All drenched in blood.

And by the cross, lamenting nigh,  
Her soul with speechless anguish wrung,  
His Mother stood."

Nor will I quote the translation which he wrote also for the Sisters of Charity of the *Adoro Te Devote*; but, like the piper of three tunes, I will give you one just as good; aye, and better, as another of our countrymen said to the socialist who asked if one man was not as good as another. And this version of the grand ballad-prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas seems to me not only better than "Sham-rock's," but the best in the English language, though I have before my mind a version in fine rolling lines which occurs in one of the chapters of "Wasted Seeds"—a tale which ought long ago to have been reprinted from back volumes of *The Month*. The following translation, by "J. O'H.," was printed in the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart":—

"Hidden God, devoutly I adore Thee,  
Truly present underneath these veils:  
All my heart subdues itself before Thee,  
Since it all before Thee faints and fails.

"Not to sight, or taste, or touch be credit,  
Hearing only do we trust secure:  
I believe, for God the Son hath said it—  
Word of truth that ever shall endure.

"On the cross was veiled thy Godhead's splendour;  
Here thy manhood lieth hidden too:  
Unto both alike my faith I render,  
And as sued the contrite thief, I sue.

"Though I looked not on thy wounds, with Thomas,  
Thee my Lord, and Thee my God I call:  
Make me more and more believe thy promise,  
Hope in Thee, and love Thee over all.

"Oh, Memorial of my Saviour dying!  
Living Bread that giveth life to man!  
May my soul, its life from Thee supplying,

Taste thy sweetness, as on earth it can.

"Design, O Jesus, Pelican of Heaven

Me a sinner in thy blood to lave.

To a single drop of which is given

All the world from all its sin to save.

"Contemplating, Lord, thy hidden presence

Grant me what I thirst for and implore,

In the revelation of Thine essence,

To behold thy glory evermore."

I have gone out of my way in my anxiety to place these two excellent translations before an English Protestant clergyman and an Irish Catholic barrister before those who would hardly discover them in the periodicals in which they originally appeared. But I promise to illustrate the genius of Williams henceforth from himself alone; and as our sacred selections have now been pretty numerous, I will pass on to lighter strains, reserving what seems to me a very remark-

able burst of lyrical piety for a later date in the poet's life to which it in reality belongs. Yet I cannot forbear hallowing this page with an original poem by Williams, which is on the same subject as the almost inspired lines of St. Thomas that we have just listened to, and which also comes in here appropriately as being another of the pieces "written to order" for the Sisters of Charity, and printed first in a little collection of hymns compiled by them. This is the poet's prayer, "Before the Blessed Sacrament :"—

"Teach me, O God, the truest adoration ;  
Give me to know, in thy mysterious ways,  
Shall hymns of joy and fervent aspiration,  
Or tearful silence, best proclaim thy praise ?

"Where'er I bow in humble pray'r before Thee—  
So great my load of sorrow and of sin—  
So great my joy one moment to adore Thee,  
Sobs and hosannahs strive my heart within.

"Woe for the soul that cannot here discover  
Her own Creator and the angels' King—  
King of the angels—but man's more than lover,  
Tortur'd and slain for our vast ransoming !

"And yet the vilest dust concealeth wonders,  
Teems with strange marvels, miracles indeed :  
And heaven hath distance, splendour, time, and numbers  
The lordliest mind shall never grasp and read.

"Still man, who sees Thee in the humblest flower,  
Who knows so little round him or above,  
While he, perforce, admits thy boundless power,  
Presumes to set a limit to thy love !

"Had heaven to me a shining sceptre yielded  
Of some strong angel, whose bright throne may be  
O'er many a starry myriad lightning-shielded,  
In glory marching thro' eternity—

"Oh ! happier far, in humble adoration,  
Were I to bend my pride, head, heart, and knee,  
And feel—no more a discord in creation—  
My soul in harmony with her and Thee !

"Before Thee, then, this world seems cold and narrow,  
The spirit blossoms like the prophet's rod ;  
And every sigh becomes a burning arrow,  
Whose bright point flashes thro' the heart of God !

"Thou hast unnumbered seraphim to sing Thee  
Adoring canticles from pole to pole ;  
But we, alas ! faint praise, poor offering bring Thee,  
Yet Thou hast died for this—the human soul !

"Oh, make it thine by grace and tribulation,  
And when life's brief calamity is o'er  
Crown us in love's sublimest adoration,  
Where faith is lost in vision evermore !"

Yet, after all, the contrast, though striking, would be hardly reverent if we were to pass on abruptly, as I proposed a moment ago, to the "Misadventures of a Medical Student," and the other comic

strains with which the name of Dalton Williams, for those who knew his name at all, has hitherto been chiefly associated. I shall, therefore, pause here again after giving a caution which is probably very necessary. If anyone should think that the high opinion I have expressed or implied of the poetical talent, or even genius, of Richard Williams is not justified by the samples I have given, or have still to give, I would beg such an objector to remember the circumstances in which Williams wrote. His rhymes are not to be judged rigidly, like the elaborate verses which have mellowed in the mind of some poet-artist as he strolls through the asphodel meadows, and which have been polished, and condensed, and submitted to critical friends before being sent to the printer, and which are then corrected assiduously in the proof-sheets of the dainty pages of toned paper and double-ledged type. No, Williams' verses were scrawled, for the most part, in the noisy haunts of medical students, and hurried through the press in the office of a political newspaper, many fine things being huddled away in the column of "Answers to Correspondents," amongst matters of no interest whatsoever except to some "Constant Subscriber," who "encloses his card, but not for publication." The wonder is that, produced in such circumstances, the artistic form of the poems of R. D. Williams should not have much worse blemishes, and that the breaks in their musical flow should be so few.

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### NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Eucharistic Year: Preparation and Thanksgiving for Holy Communion on all the Sundays and Principal Feasts.* Translated from the French, by SYDNEY AGATHA SHIEL. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1877).

THE brief preface in which the Primate, the Most Reverend Dr. MacGettigan, recommends this book, informs us that it has, in the French original, run through ten editions, in about twice that number of years. It is strange that so successful a work on such a subject has been left untranslated so long. Miss Sheil may be congratulated on having given us one of the most valuable additions that have been made of late to our stock of translated books of devotion. She has performed her task very carefully.

The Italian *mol* about *traduttore* and *traditore* implies that translators are often traitors to the author to whom they profess allegiance. A good translation is a difficult achievement. Not only to turn a true poem in one language into a true poem in another—not only to reproduce adequately the subtler graces of a prose work of classic merit—but even the proper turning into our own language of an ordinary work of devotion requires a good knowledge of two languages at least, and a considerable amount of literary skill. Yet it has been too much the fashion to suppose that, as every gentleman can drive a gig, every lady can translate a French book, especially on a pious subject. *Hinc ille lachrymæ*: hence those wretched attempts which are sometimes enough to make one shed tears—not of devotion.

The *Année Eucharistique* has met with a better fate, as it deserved to do. It is one of the fullest and most solid courses of pious exercises compiled to satisfy the devotion of the faithful towards the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Such a work is of course a special boon for religious communities ; yet it will aid many also, who are "in the world, but not of it," to spend more sweetly and more profitably those precious hours before the Tabernacle which turn the life of the devout Christian into one holy and happy Eucharistic year.

II. *Irish & English Freemasons and their Foreign Brothers.* By MICHAEL DE GARGANO. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

This curious quarto, which is now completed in three parts, undertakes to describe the whole system of the Freemasons, with their oaths, ceremonies, secrets, grips, signs, and pass-words, and some official lists of members. This is a tempting bill of fare. The chromolithographs are particularly striking.

III. *The Chances of War.* An Irish Tale. By A. WHITELOCK. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1877.)

The connection between this Magazine and the Irish historical novel of which we have just set down the well-chosen title, is fortunately so intimate that it would be unbecoming to attempt in these pages anything like a criticism on its merits.

We have often wondered that judges and others, who are sometimes called upon to pronounce on cases in which their personal feelings are supposed to be interested, should not strive to be so elaborately impartial as rather to lean in the opposite direction. But, as a fact, judges in such circumstances seem rarely to make any effort of this kind. In the present case we shall escape the difficulty by simply announcing that the tale, which has run through a good many of our monthly issues, has now, as Benjamin Franklin hoped for himself in his epitaph, "appeared again in a new and beautiful Edition, corrected and amended by the Author." At least it has set up life on its own account, and, in a permanent and substantive form, has taken its place in the rapidly increasing series of reprints from the IRISH MONTHLY. That series began with the *Life of Father Henry Young, of Dublin*, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton (London, Burns & Oates), which was followed by the Irish American Tale of the Dean of Limerick—*Jack Haslitt* (James Duffy & Sons, Dublin). The present volume will have for its successor a collection of the theological papers contributed to this magazine by the Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S.J.; who in turn will be followed, we trust at no distant date, by the "Certain Professor" with a volume for which we should seek a parallel further back than "The Gentle Life" or "The Recreations of a Country Parson."

IV. *Rationalism in its two phases of Idealism and Materialism.* By the Rev. THOMAS FINLAY, S. J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1877.)

This is an inaugural discourse lately addressed to the members of the Literary Institute of Limerick. It would be hard to treat the subject more solidly or more fully within the limits of one lecture; but that subject is, of course, too vast for such narrow limits, and the lecturer would have done wisely in confining himself to a single branch of it. His style is characterised by a clearness, calmness, and dignity well suited to the philosophical questions under discussion.



THE NEW UTOPIA.

## THE NEW UTOPIA

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE "NEW DUKE"

On the following Monday the Duke returned, and next day I received a brief note from him, begging me to come up to the Park, to dine and sleep, and begin the settlement of the Queensland business the following morning. I went up accordingly, was shown to my room, dressed and descended to the drawing-room, where for the best part of an hour I waited alone, but seven minutes appeared not. At last, however, ascertained, the hour pre-arranged with him was the one hour in the day he claimed for privacy, and no one then ever ventured to disturb him. At last the doors opened and he stood before me, as I grasped his hand, and looked into that face, the same, and yet so altered! Aged not by ten but twenty years, no longer with the vigorous, ruddy bloom of five and twenty, but pale and transparent, and sweet beyond reproach, I started and knew something about it, waiting in his Chamber, but at once he stopped me. "I have enough of that elsewhere," he said, "let you and me be always Grant and Aubrey." He then said, "Well, I have enough of that elsewhere."

We went in to dinner. Remembering all I had heard of his mythical habits, I was curious what there might be to his legend. I noticed nothing. There was no gold plate, certainly, but neither was there any effotation of extravagant simplicity. He talked of old times, in Australia, and of Scotland, whence he had just returned, and of Gloucester, where he had been inspecting some new engines for his mines. Oswald was, night, he certainly had a liking for business.

1. After dinner we stepped out on the terrace. A "How delicious this is after a glass of Hombacher! How it reminds me of that happy evening at the Grange, Jack, when you all made me so at home! I couldn't see the feeling it gave me to see your mother with her hair and her crochet, and her sweet motherly ways!" It reminded me of my own dear mother. Do you know it often go and have a talk to the old lady, that I may just look at that cap of hers - it's the most lovable thing in Oakham."

"That was your sister's affair; trust a woman for getting what she  
 has a mind for."  
 "And then, the chapel."  
 "Ah, yes, I couldn't always be going over to Bradford, as on that  
 eventful Sunday. You've seen it, of course?"

Yes, and St. Alexis. I had smoked a pipe of tobacco, and was feeling comfortable. The man who was poor Werner's painter, such a fellow as he was, told me that he had painted a picture of a fellow like you, a true painter, a man with a soul at the end of his paint brush. He said that he had painted a picture of a fellow like you, a true painter, a man with a soul at the end of his paint brush. He said that he had painted a picture of a fellow like you, a true painter, a man with a soul at the end of his paint brush.

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"So you burnt poor Adonis?"

"Who's been talking about all that nonsense? Mary, I'll be bound. Yes, I burnt him, and I'd burn him again if I had the offer."

"What a Goth you are, Grant?"

"About as bad as St. Gregory, for he would certainly have done the same. Look here, Jack; you send a fellow to prison for a month, with hard labour, for selling prints in a shop window that shock the eye of the respectable public; and then the respectable public votes thousands of the public money to hang the walls of the national collections with abominations much more dangerous."

"Well, but what about Werner? is he an ancient or a modern?"

"Werner? Oh, I forgot you didn't know him; well, I think I never loved a fellow better; but, you see, my friends have all got a trick of leaving me."

"Is he dead, then," I asked, gently.

"Dead to this world, Jack; he has left it; passed, as the Laureate would say, '*into the silent life*.' He carried his heart and his pencil to Glenleven."

He was silent. "People say——" I began, then paused, for I thought it might seem an impertinence.

"I know what you mean," he said, quickly. "Yes, I dreamt about it once, but they would not hear of it. They told me truly that I had received my call, and that my sacrifice must be to remain in the world, and not to leave it."

"Why, of course," I said. "Could you doubt it? It is not every one who has such means at his command."

He sighed deeply. "Means enough, but so little comes of it."

"Come now, Grant, what do you mean by that? Just look at Bradford."

"Bradford!" he said; "yes, indeed, I do look at it—such an utter failure. No, of course, I don't regret it, nor the time, nor the plague of it, nor the money; and I don't mean that there's been nothing done; but, oh, the depths of iniquity hidden away in places like that, and all England seething with them." He bent his head for a minute or two, and an expression of great pain was on his brow when he once more raised it. But it passed in a moment, and again the sweet, calm look returned. "All right, Jack; one must do one's best, and a sad mess the best is; but one must do it, and then leave it with God."

"And how about Glenleven? Is it true, Grant, that you are trying to create a Garden of Eden there, with all due precautions for shutting out the serpent?"

"If you mean the ale-house, yes," he answered. "I suspect that is our English edition of the monster."

"What! beer actually prohibited? My dear Grant, that will never pay: the Anglo-Saxon animal cannot live without it."

"I believe he can't; but I don't go that length."

"What, then?"

"Well, I try it this way: I engage the fellows to drink what they want at home at their own houses."

"But how can they get it to drink?" I asked. "Isn't there something about 'licensed to be drunk on the premises?'"

He looked a little timid, as though aware that he was confessing to a hobby. "I do it this way, Jack: they all have their *rations*. Every man at work on the place has his proper allowance, and it is sent him from the little tavern. But the tavern is in my own hands, and the fellow who keeps it has no license to sell beer or spirits on the premises."

"Don't they evade your code of laws?"

"Well, on the whole, no: but time alone can test it."

We walked up and down for a while in silence. "I know, my dear Aubrey," at last he said, "that there's much to be said against it, as unreal, unpractical. Most men think me an ass, and I daresay they are in the right of it. But to secure even a year, a month, a week of innocence is worth living for—at least that is how I see it."

I felt touched at the humble, apologetic tone of the man who was speaking of what the world styled his crotchet. "My dear Grant," I said, "who can doubt it? All I was thinking was, how far any private efforts can ever take the place of law and public opinion."

"Your old stronghold!" he said, smiling. "You were always the man for law and order. Just see here. Did you ever hear of Count Rumford?"

"The stove-man," I replied; "of course. What of him?"

"Stoves! that's all you know about him. He was Prime Minister to the Elector of Bavaria, and reformed everything. Munich was full of beggars, and no one knew how to get rid of them. Rumford (he was an American, you know,) got a lot of workshops ready. Then, on a fixed day, he agreed with a dozen or so of officers and gentlemen to act with him, and he himself went into the street, and arrested a beggar. The others did the same, and they took the rogues to the government workshops, and offered them food and wages if they would work, and the pillory if they would not. The next day every beggar in Munich had surrendered, and the streets were free of them."

"I think I have heard that story before," I said; "and I think, also, that the government workshops were abolished by the next Elector, and the beggars returned to their former wicked ways."

"So much the worse for the Elector," said Leven, laughing at my sequel to his story. "Anyhow, Rumford carried his purpose his own way. That is what I like; none of your mendicity acts, and spread of education."

"And yet, Leven, you might advance the good cause a precious deal in parliament?"

"Might I? There are two opinions on that point," he said. "No, parliament, and committees, and public meetings, and associations are all glorious things no doubt, but they're not my line; they paralyse me. Let those who feel they can do good that way do it, and I give them my blessing; but I can only go one way to work, and that is straight ahead, and arrest my beggar."

"Well, you must take me to your paradise some day," I said.

"That I will; we'll have a week there when all the plaguing business is over. There are red deer on the moors, and otters in the river, if you have a taste that way, and it will be very jolly."

Our conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance on the scene of a third party in the shape of a merry, fair-haired boy, who came running down the terrace to inform "Cousin Leven" that coffee was waiting; and as we turned to obey the summons, the duke held him by the hand, and let him prattle away of all he had been doing or wanting to do whilst Cousin Leven was in Scotland. At last, as we approached the end of the terrace, the boy set off to announce our coming, and Leven answered my look of inquiry. "Little Edward Wigram," he said; "you know Lady Mary died a Catholic—curious, wasn't it?—and on her death-bed got her husband to promise that this child, at least, her youngest, should be brought up in the faith. He couldn't refuse her; but when I heard it, I wrote and begged him to trust the child to me. You see, Aubrey, I have had the whole thing looked thoroughly into. After me there is no male heir. The entail ceases, and I am at full liberty to leave the property to whom I choose, or run through it during my life, and leave it to nobody. The last is what I ardently desire to do, if I have but time. Still, I suppose Oakham, at any rate, must go to somebody, and so, the long and short of it is, I have adopted Edward, and he will have whatever is left."

"Does he know it?" I asked.

"Of course he does; how else should I train him to feel his responsibility? And a fine little fellow he is, with the spirit of twenty sea-kings in him. I suppose it will have to be thrashed out of him some day; but it's not bad raw material to begin with."

"Grant," I said, bluntly, "do you never intend to marry?" He shook his head. "You see," I continued, "what I mean is this: you can't do half the good you might without that sort of influence at Oakham to help you. And, then, family life—you know its beauty, you feel its charm."

"Yes," he answered, rather huskily, "I don't doubt it; I assure you, I don't; but somehow it's not my line."

"Well, but are you sure you are right about it? Look here, what I mean is this: family life is not the world, it can be sanctified. There was an Elzear and a Delphina as well as an Alexis."

"I know it," he replied, "and a lovely thing it was, that old family life of Christian society; I hardly think I know anything finer. But, bless you, Jack, where should I find a Delphina now-a-days? and what on earth should I do with a girl-of-the-period, and, yet more emphatically, what would she do with me?"

"My dear Grant, all young ladies are not of the Exborough cut."

"Ah! you've been listening to gossip; well, all I can say is this: most Catholic girls are—most that I know; and it's a crying shame on what we call 'the Catholic body.'"

"Then, my dear Grant, it's another abuse which calls for reform, and who is more fit to be a reformer?"

"No, I tell you it's not that alone, but it can't be. Family life not the world, you say? Well now, I'll just tell you this: *it would be the world to me.* As to your dinners and dances, your political careers, and your stars and garters, they neither tempt nor attract me; I can renounce and abjure the pomps and vanities, and feel it a light sacrifice. But if once I felt the home ties of which you speak, 'claiming responsive smiles and raptures high,' they would turn to shackles. Besides, there are other things. I'm a strange fellow, Jack, but I can't help it. I don't think I'm harder about the heart than other men; yourself, Oswald, Werner, and a lot of others, I love you all, and I love you tenderly; but it's quite a different concern, I do assure you." I could only press his hand, and remain silent. "All right, Jack, you must take me as you find me. Edward shall carry out all your plans by-and-by; he'll make a rare Elzear, and your little niece, Mary, will be just the right stuff for a Delphina."

Such was Grant, as I found him after our ten years' separation. As simple, as boyish, as unartificial as ever, but tenderer and gentler, with none of the old asperity of tone and manner. As he said of his father, after his conversion, "the pride had all gone out of him." What the process had been I could not guess, but the result was not to be mistaken.

The winding-up of our Queensland business was an affair of time, and until it was finished I remained at Oakham. I gradually came to understand more of my friend's habits of life, and the more I saw the more I wondered. He was literally worn down with the press of work and business. His two secretaries worked with him, and worked hard; but the burden was on his life, and it pressed heavily. The administration of a more than princely revenue, and its administration for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men, was his daily care and his daily cross. Not at Oakham alone, or at Bradford, or within his own county, and his own immediate circle, did Leven pour out his labour and his substance. The great floods of his charity watered the land through a thousand secret channels. I need not speak of them here; indeed, who could reckon them? for the trouble which others take to be known and done justice to, he spent to remain hidden. But I was witness to the amazing correspondence so faithfully discharged, to the patient investigation day after day, of fresh applications (not always the most becoming, or most reasonable), to the unalterable cheerfulness with which he chained himself to his allotted tasks, and made it his single thought "to give his life for the brethren."

At Oakham it was one of his favourite objects to draw the young men of the neighbourhood, rich and poor, around him, and make his house a centre. A little whimsical in all his ways, he conceived the notion of making the volunteer rifle corps, of which he was colonel, an instrument of social reformation. They had a portion of the park set apart for their exercises and rifle practice, and on certain days he had them to dinner, and on those occasions the dinner was always a

great affair. Officers and privates he had them all together. "It is no bad thing the rifle uniform," he said; "it teaches the lads self-respect and courtesy." His house, with its galleries of art and library, his park, and his gardens, were open to them on certain days, and during part of the day on Sundays. And among the youths whom he thus drew into his influence he formed a little society. "It cost me a good deal of thought, what we should make our bond of union," he said to me, "but at last I hit on natural history."

"What a fellow you are, Grant," I said; "how on earth does that keep them together?"

"The simplest thing in the world," he replied; "I started an Oakham museum. You remember the statuary hall of the Bradford collection?"

"I do indeed—a good deal in the Adonis line."

"Exactly; well, I dispersed a great lot of it. What in conscience I could present to the public I did present, and the rest Werner and I doomed to the hammer."

"You sold it?"

"Not exactly, Jack; I should have had a scruple of making money out of all those gods and goddesses; but we got half a dozen paupers out of the Exborough union, with good, stout hammers, and in a week the divinities were well broken up, and laid down to form our new approach to the chapel. I assure you, I never take a turn along that road without a thrill of satisfaction."

"Really, Grant, no wonder they call you 'extreme' in your notions."

"Well, but listen: the room, emptied out of all that villainy, we turned into our museum. Come, and see it." And he led the way to the late hall of statuary.

There were cases of stuffed birds and beasts, specimens of marble and granite from his Glenleven quarries; coal fossils from Bradford, found and contributed by his miners; crystals from the Scottish mountains; and nuggets of gold from Australia. Moreover, here and there were some of the Roman antiquities, dug up in the camp hard by, which had first set in motion the brains of good old Edwards; and there were all manner of curiosities, such as schoolboys prize, and which few but schoolboys are really found to appreciate—wasps' nests, and birds' nests, and dried snakes in bottles.

"No great varieties, you see, but all our own collection; even the boys bring their quota, and that series of bees' and wasps' nests is a real curiosity."

"And you think it answers?"

"I know it does; every hour they give to this sort of thing is an hour stolen from the beer-shop; and, besides, it cultivates and makes them think. I have had a professor or two down here to give some lectures to the society. I choose my professors myself, you know," he said, rather grimly; "and I can assure you they are not Darwins. Well, now, not very many, but a few of those lads have been thinking to good purpose, and form a class of instruction under Father Hubert."

"What does Edwards say to that?"

"Oh, of course, he was rather savage about it at first, and Knowles has opened a course of lectures against Roman aggression; but I suspect they begin to choke him in the utterance."

"Will he ever come to his senses?" I said; "I fancy there is a grain of wheat beneath the chaff in his case."

"Possibly; but it must have time to germinate. You will see him probably at Exdale, where, Oswald tells me, he is expecting you to-morrow. I shall join you there in a couple of days; and then, if all goes well, we'll start for Glenleven."

It was arranged accordingly, and the next day, with little Edward for my companion, I set out for Exdale Manor.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### EXDALE MANOR.

I INFORMED my reader in a previous chapter that my family had no claim whatever to figure in a romance, and that my sister Mary, in particular, had not the least pretension to be considered a heroine. Neither was her husband, Charles Oswald, anything of a hero; but he was an excellent fellow, and their marriage was a happy one, Mary supplying the plain good sense which served as ballast to her husband's animal spirits. Their family consisted of three children, of whom the "little Mary," that Grant had spoken of, was the eldest. Alexia, her younger sister, was somewhat of that type which among boys we term "a sad pickle;" and Johnny, the son and heir, was yet in his cradle. The only other figure in the home group was Oswald's unmarried sister, Florence, of whom I could predicate no more on a first introduction than that she had fine, classical features, stamped, however, with that joyless intellectualism which mars all beauty on the face of woman. Mistake me not, dear reader, for an intellectual countenance is a magnificent object, and the index of a truly magnificent gift; but both the gift and the countenance need something else to soften their sharp edges, and that *something* seemed wanting in Florence Oswald.

Exdale itself was a modest country-house, very different in style and dimensions from Oakham; but it had a charm which Oakham did not possess, it was filled to the brim with a genial, domestic atmosphere. Dear old Mary was regularly in her glory, as mistress of a house, and head of a family. She had the true genius of that particular calling; she understood her husband's ways and wants, and always contrived to supply them; she made the most of a moderate income, and prevented his doing foolish things, without his ever dreaming that he was managed; she took in girls from the village school, and trained them to be good servants; but no one was ever plagued with their awkward ways whilst they were in course of training. The house looked as if somebody was always putting it

to rights, and yet there was no fuss about it, and Mary herself was never seen in a bustle. She was not a heroine, certainly, but I will maintain against all comers that she was the queen of wives and mothers.

After the deserted suites of state apartments, and long, silent galleries of Oakham, the sound of family talk and children's prattle was a pleasant change, though the scene, by comparison, was a homely one, for what they called "the Park," at Exdale, was little better than a paddock, and instead of elegant fallow deer there were to be seen in it only half a dozen cows and an old pony. The latter was already in possession of Master Edward, his claims being stoutly contested by Alexia, and as passively acknowledged and submitted to by little Mary.

"It's a miniature picture of human life," I observed, as Oswald and I stood at the window and surveyed the group, "Mary representing the old school, and Alexia standing up for the rights of man—or rather of woman."

"In the present instance, Mary will be the winning horse," said Oswald; "I never yet knew a woman who gained the day by a war of independence."

"I don't know about that, Charley," said Florence, who had meanwhile joined us at the window; "I think I have heard of one Judith."

"Under correction," I ventured to remark, "Judith won the day less by resistance than by address."

"Just so," said Oswald; "if she had not known the art of making herself agreeable, she would never have brought home the head of Holofernes. And, see, it's just as I said it would be: Edward has vacated his seat in favour of Mary, and Alexia is left to go on foot. Capital lesson for you, Florry."

"A tame sort of conquest," she replied, carelessly; "she lets him lead the pony, as though she did not know how to hold the bridle. Alexia would have been half round the park by this time."

I glanced at the speaker, and it seemed to me as though this little dialogue had given me the key to her character, one that disdained to lean on the strength of another, and would far rather suffer than submit.

We were summoned to dinner, the only other addition to our party being Wilfrid Knowles, who liked to be called "Father Wilfrid," and wore a Roman collar. Between him and Florence there seemed to exist a mutual interest based on conscious antagonism; he, stiff in his sense of sacerdotal superiority, she, equally self-possessed in her audacious spirit of revolt.

"So Degg has done for himself at last," said Oswald, when preliminaries had been gone through, and everybody was feeling comfortable; "it would prolong my life if I thought I should live to see that fellow get his deserts."

"Who is Degg, and what has he done to do for himself?" I inquired.

"I was telling you of him the other day: the editor of the



*Western Censor*, and the greatest good-for-naught in Exshire. His Philippics, as he calls them, abusive as they are, have hitherto been so cleverly contrived as to escape legal chastisement; but in his last production, entitled '*The Australian Duke*,' he has passed the boundary line, and Leven, at last, has him fairly in his power, for he is bound to prosecute."

"What makes him so exceedingly savage with the duke?" I inquired.

"Oh," said Oswald, "he wanted to be returned member for Bradford at the last election, and Leven was supposed to have used his influence to save the borough from that disgrace.

"Besides which," added Knowles, "the Duke of Leven is a Christian, and Mr. Degg has an angry aversion to everything that savours of the faith."

"Really," said Florence, "I think you are all rather hard on poor Degg; he writes extravagantly, as men of genius often do, and his sense of wrong and injustice is just like a fiery passion: but he cares for the working classes, and can't always control himself when he pleads their cause."

"Florry, don't talk nonsense," said her brother; "Degg cares for the working classes just in the same way as I care for the ducks and chickens in my poultry-yard, which I care for extremely, with a view to my ultimate advantage."

"And what particular advantage do you think poor Degg will get from taking part with the weak against the strong?" said Florence.

"In the first place," said Oswald, "he enjoys the sweets of notoriety, and the pleasant sensation of putting down his betters; and if Hapirock should ever again undertake the tinkering of our glorious constitution, I suspect Mr. Degg calculates on floating into parliament on the tide of universal suffrage."

"Well, so be it," said Florence, "worse men than he have before now sat in parliament."

"But, my dear Florence," said Mary, in a tone of remonstrance, "if he really *is* an infidel?"

"I don't see what right anyone has to say so; and, after all, as the word is commonly used, it's a relative term, and means simply people who don't believe exactly as much as we do ourselves. I dare-say Mr. Aubrey would consider our best Oxford divines as hopeless infidels."

The blow was intended for Wilfrid, but he remained unscathed by it. "If Mr. Aubrey were to express such an opinion, it would not be far from the truth," he observed. "The Oxford of the present day is, unhappily, more than half infidel."

"Well, then, Mr. Knowles, on your own showing, poor Mr. Degg no more deserves to be sent to Coventry on that account than the most distinguished men of your own Alma Mater, so you are bound to judge him mercifully."

"She can hold her own pretty well, can't she?" said Oswald. "Take some champagne, Florry, and leave Degg to his doom. If there's justice in England, he'll soon be in limbo."

"So you are going to Glenleven?" said Knowles, addressing me, by way of changing the subject; "I suppose it's your first visit?"

"Yes," I replied; "ever since I've been in England, I've been so continually hearing of Glenleven, that I'm glad at last to satisfy my curiosity."

"It's a wonderful place, certainly," he observed; "I spent a week there last Lent, and enjoyed it immensely."

"Really, Mr. Knowles? Wasn't it rather a schismatical piece of enjoyment?" inquired Florence, "at least according to our Anglican notions."

"No, indeed, Miss Oswald," said Knowles, who seemed to have an unflinching command of temper; "I, for one, deeply deplore our unhappy separations."

Florence seemed to be considering how best to aim her weapon in retort, when I stepped in to rescue him from further badgering. "If you know Glenleven," I said, "you are probably acquainted with Leven's friend, the young German painter."

"Mr. Werner, you mean—Brother Norbert, as he is now called? yes, I know him very well."

"Of course we all know Mr. Werner," said Mary; "he was only an amateur painter, you know; in reality he was rather an important personage."

"How a man with his genius could go and bury it on the moors!" said Florence; "it was an awful sacrifice."

"What a girl you are, with your everlasting *genius*," said Oswald; "I believe women think every man with a black beard is a genius."

"I never thought you one, Charley," said his incorrigible sister; "so I suppose you being fair accounts for it."

"Indeed, I hope he is not," said Mary; "geniuses seem to me to be always doing or saying something they'd better have left alone."

"One of Mary's home thrusts," said Oswald; "how d'ye like it, Florry?"

"There's a good deal of truth in the remark," said Wilfrid; "a genius is an erratic thing at best—much like a comet, as brilliant and as unsubstantial. For practical ends, a stable-lantern is infinitely more to the purpose."

"I suppose both comets and geniuses have their uses in our system," I observed, "though everybody isn't sharp-sighted enough to discover it."

Florence gave me a quick glance of inspection, as though she might possibly some day or other find it worth her while to speak to me.

"The worst of it is," said Oswald, "that so many of your geniuses are just nothing but sky-rockets after all, and go out whilst you are staring at them."

"Well," said Florence, "sky-rockets are beautiful, and beauty is always of use; I appeal to Mr. Aubrey."

It struck me that she said this as it were to test me, and see what stuff I was made of. "To answer satisfactorily," I replied, "I fear I must be a bore, and ask you what you mean by beauty?"

"Well, what do *you* mean by it?"

"Suppose I were to call it the *splendour of goodness*?"

"Ah! that will do famously," she replied; "if goodness is beauty, then beauty is goodness; so we conclude in favour of the sky-rockets."

"Sad sophistry, Miss Oswald," said Wilfrid Knowles, as he rose to open the door for the ladies. But he soon followed them, leaving Oswald and myself *tête-a-tête*.

Poor Oswald yawned as if relieved from a mental tension more or less irksome. "I suppose we must not grudge women the use of their tongues," he said, "though they talk sad nonsense with them. I always hold that what claws are to the lion, and a beak to the eagle, that her tongue is to a woman."

"I should think old Mary's tongue was a peaceable member," I replied.

"Pretty well, though she can come out now and then with a plain truth or two, as she did just now on the matter of genius. I wish she could put some of her common sense into poor Florry."

"Your sister has a touch of the erratic gift herself, 'I should suspect,'" I said, "and, if so, you must make allowances."

"Oh, yes, and more than a touch; she is always at work on some new bother. What ever can set a woman on such scents I don't understand; and it's bad altogether, you know, and unhinges her."

"People have a way now-a-days," I said, "of looking unhinged and unhappy; it's the fashion."

"No," said Oswald, "I don't call Florry happy; she's always wanting a career of some sort, and can't settle down to humdrum. Mary is the only person she really minds, and Mary gets Wilfrid Knowles here to meet her, because she hopes he'll do Florry good: but I think it's a mistake; he only rouses her love of contradiction."

We talked about other things for a while, and then adjourned to the drawing-room, where we found Wilfrid and Mary deep in the discussion of parochial affairs, and Florence at the further end of the room, playing a game of fox-and-goose with Edward, while the two little girls looked on, Alexia acting as self-elected umpire. I ventured to approach, and was greeted with the information that "Aunt Florence was losing all her geese!"

"I wish I thought so," said Florence, with a sigh. Then, as the last white peg was snapped up by the inexorable fox, she resigned the board to the children, and graciously condescended to allow me to sit beside her. "I have not yet thanked you," she said, "for taking the part of poor genius. I really thought 'Father Wilfrid' (as they call him) would have condemned us for life to the use of stable-lanterns."

"Possibly," I said; "if one had to find one's way on a dark night, they might have a trifling advantage over sky-rockets."

"Yes, but one isn't always groping one's way in the dark."

"Well, really, when you come back to civilised society after ten years' absence, it's not much unlike what you find people doing."

"How so?"

"Why, everyone seems on the look-out for first principles which one would have thought they had learnt centuries ago from their grandmothers."

"I think I understand what you mean," said Florence, musingly; "but it must be so when people begin to think for themselves; everyone can't exactly rest satisfied with his grandmother's speculations."

"No, but my complaint is, that these independent thinkers pick everything to pieces, and leave it so."

"That is to say," said Florence, "they analyse, and how else can they hope to get at truth?"

"Those who analyse," I said, "should know how to reconstruct, otherwise they are in the position of people who take their watches to pieces, and cannot put them together again. They would have done better to have trusted a watchmaker."

"Your simile has the vice of all similes," she replied; "it seems to say something, and it says nothing. I can trust my watch with another to regulate, but not my independent convictions."

"But, my dear Miss Oswald, how many persons now-a-days possess such a commodity? All the people I know take their convictions second-hand from the *Times* newspaper, or the *Saturday Review*, or maybe from the *Western Censor*. I really hardly know one man who thinks for himself, unless it be the Duke of Leven."

"Yes, the duke is original, certainly," she replied; "I don't agree with him, of course; but he is thoroughly in earnest, and I respect him immensely."

"And Father Wilfrid, is not he also somewhat of a doctor in Israel?"

She looked disdainfully in the direction where he sat: "In his own opinion, no doubt, but not in mine. I like the *real thing*, Mr. Aubrey, whatever be its kind. Charley's champagne was splendid; but if he were to give us 'gooseberry' with a champagne ticket, I should call him an impostor." With that she walked to the open window, where Wilfrid presently joined her, and soon we heard them engaged afresh in a wordy war.

"That's the way she treats the impostor," said Oswald, who had caught her last words as he approached. "A most wonderful thing is woman!"

This philosophic remark closed my study of character for that evening, but when I retired to my room, I could not help going over it all again, as a lawyer studies the points of his brief. "She talks at random," I said to myself, "and half of it is *chaff*. She thinks amazingly well of her own powers, and has read a prodigious quantity of rubbish. She would have no objection to be thought an infidel, because it would be jaunty and defiant. If she ever becomes one, it will be the result of over-preaching; if she is ever saved from becoming one, it will not be by the ministry of Father Wilfrid."

In the correctness of this last conclusion, I was next day confirmed, and it happened thus: Exdale was in the parish of Oakham, but possessed a church of its own, served by one of the Oakham

curates, and just now the thoughts of Mr. Knowles were busily engaged with plans for its restoration. The architect, Mr. Buttermilk, was to meet him at Exdale, and had brought with him drawings and elevations in great store, the inspection of which furnished the drawing-room party with an agreeable morning's occupation.

Screened by my newspaper, much edifying talk over sedilia and holy water stoups fell upon my ear; and I was wondering a little about the exact utility of the last-named article in a Protestant church, when Florence joined in the conversation and at once hit the blot. "The sedilia are to sit in, I presume," she said, "and will save the expense of chairs; but what will you do with the holy water stoups?"

"It is our wish," said Buttermilk, with professional unction, "to reconstruct this beautiful little edifice, as it existed in the fourteenth century, and to do that completely none even of these minor accessories should be omitted."

"But will there be holy water in them?" inquired Florence, in the tone of one innocently desirous of information.

"Probably not," said Knowles, "but they will bear their witness."

"Oh, I see," said Florence, gravely; "holy water stoups and no holy water: let us proceed."

The next drawing was produced; it represented an elaborately carved tomb or sepulchre, to be erected on the north wall of the chancel.

"How beautiful!" said Mary; "but isn't it an odd place for a monument?"

"It is not a monument, my dear Mrs. Oswald," said Knowles, "but a *sepulchre*, such as was required for the touching and significant ceremony anciently practised on Easter morning," and he proceeded to read from a glossary of Gothic art the description of an elaborate rite, "now wholly obsolete."

"I was thinking it must be so," said Florence, who had listened attentively. "I have often gone to the services in Holy Week when I've been abroad: the music is so beautiful; but I never saw anything at all like what you have described."

"No," said Knowles (who, I suppose, overlooked me behind my newspaper), "it is one among many examples of the way in which the modern Roman Church has departed from the ancient practice."

"And which, no doubt, the modern English Church has preserved with jealous veneration," said his tormentor.

"If she has not preserved it, she will very probably revive it," said Knowles. "If we continue at our present pace, the English branch of the Church Catholic will ere long have the most magnificent ritual in western Christendom."

"I don't doubt it," said Florence, "and I tell you what it will then remind me of; a grand display of gold and silver dishes with nothing to eat upon the table."

"Would you like the display any the better," said Knowles, "if the dishes were full of viands?"

"Perhaps not," said Florence, "except in this, that the banquet would then be a reality; whereas, in the present case, it is a cruel sham."

"Do not mistake me, Miss Oswald," said Knowles, with great earnestness. "I respect your love of what is real and honest; I do indeed; were we aiming at the revival of external ceremonies only, it would be, as you say, a cruel sham; but ceremonial is not an empty shell; in time it will bring back the realities."

"Never!" said Florence, with a vehement emphasis, which made Mr. Buttermilk look up through his spectacles in some alarm; "never! your realities are long ago dead and buried."

"Are they?" I said, as I caught her eye over my newspaper.

"Yes," she replied, leaving the group of archæologists, and coming over to my quarter of the apartment, "can you dispute it?"

"I dispute the possibility of a reality ever *dying*, whatever pains may be taken to bury it."

She remained silent; and, as I looked at her, I too felt a kind of respect for that scorn of shams which was manifestly genuine in her. I thought of the impression I had myself received long years ago, when Grant had told us the story of his life, and how for the first time it had opened my heart to a sense of the realities of faith.

"May I tell you a story, Miss Oswald?" I said.

"I should like it of all things," she replied; "and perhaps it will help to restore my temper. Suppose you tell it in the garden, for if you begin here we shall be swallowed up in the mediæval Maelstrom."

So to the garden we made our way, and finding a seat adapted for story-telling, I began at the beginning, and related my friend's history and experiences as well as my memory served me. She listened, at first with curiosity only, but soon with deeper interest; and before I had concluded, the tears which gathered in her eyes had almost softened into beauty her haughty features.

"Yes, that is real, if you like," she said. "That mass in the barn listened to by a crowd of shepherds and bush-rangers, with the old priest standing up there in the midst, and speaking out to them like a man; and the others, astounded, cut to the heart, conscience-stricken! What a scene! One longs to have witnessed it!"

"But what *made* it real?" I asked.

"The man was in earnest," she replied, "and so was his audience. There was no affectation about mediæval vestments, or obsolete ceremonies; he spoke from his heart and they listened with theirs, and that was all about it."

"Then you don't think it was in any way explained by the fact, that he spoke as one having authority, who had the truth to give?"

"The truth! authority!" she repeated in a tone, as though the words conveyed no definite sense to her understanding. "Perhaps I don't quite catch your meaning; I cannot see how one man has any more *authority* to talk than another; but if he says bravely what he thinks strongly, it is truth to him; and I listen with respect, whether the words come from Pius IX. or from Buddha."

Yes, that is the sort of thing we have to listen to now-a-days from our sisters and daughters. Of course they don't know what they are talking about, and not two of them would be able to tell you who Buddha was, or when he lived. But what does that matter? It is the last new slang which they have picked up from the last periodical, and it sounds free and slashing; so it is quite in harmony with that peculiar style of dress which finds favour in proportion as it is manly.

"That view of truth is rather self-destructive," I observed; "a dozen or two of those same strong truths would soon reduce each other to negations."

"After the fashion of the Kilkenny cats," she replied. "I see what you are driving at. Mr. Knowles' favourite theory of *ob-jective* truth, as he calls it; I have listened to it till I am weary. No, no, Mr. Aubrey, it would never do for me; you must leave me at liberty to seek for truth wherever it blossoms, like those bees there, that are gathering their honey from every flower in the garden."

I felt reluctant to diminish the impression which Grant's story had made on her, by plunging her afresh into captious argument; though I could not help calling to mind her own words the evening before, on the peculiar vice of similes. At that moment Mary approached, indicating the break-up of the Archæological Committee; Florence made room on the bench beside her, and informed her sister-in-law, that I had been "telling her all about the Duke of Leven."

"Ah!" said Mary, "how well I remember the evening he told us that story; I could have listened till midnight. He's so changed since then: don't you think so, Jack?"

"Yes," I said, "he is changed, but I think it is for the better."

"Better in what?" asked Florence.

"He's less harsh and dogmatic," I said; "he used to have a way of blurting out his views, as if prepared to run his head against everybody's garden wall. Time has softened his rough edges."

"And other things besides time," said Mary; "he has had his sorrows."

"Indeed!" I said. "I have heard nothing about them; but I suspect his wealth, after all, has been his chief trouble."

"An original kind of sorrow, that," said Florence, "to which most persons would resign themselves, if the chance were given them."

"It is so, I assure you," I said. "He is weighed down with a sense of responsibility, and, wishing to do the greatest possible amount of good, the actual results are always falling short of his desires."

"Well," said Florence, "it is a noble weakness. He's mistaken of course—most people that I know of are; *but at least he's mistaken splendidly.*"

## THE DIRGE OF DESMOND.

A. D. 1583.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

**R**USH, dark dirge, o'er hills of Erin : woe for  
 Desmond's name and race !  
 Loving Conqueror whom the Conquered caught  
 so soon to her embrace :  
 There's a veil on Erin's forehead ; cold at last is  
 Desmond's hand :  
 Halls that roofed her outlawed prelates blacken like  
 a blackening brand.

Strongbow's sons forsook their strong one, served  
 so long with loving awe ;  
 Roche the Norman, Norman Barry, and the Baron  
 of Lixnaw :  
 Gaelic lords—that once were princes—help not—  
 Thomond or Clancar :  
 Ormond, ill-crowned Tudor's kinsman, ranged her  
 hosts, and led her war.

One by one his brothers perished : fate down drew  
 them to their grave :  
 Smerwick's cliffs beheld his Spaniards wrestling  
 with the yeasty wave.  
 Swiftly sweep the eagles westward, gathering where  
 the carcass lies :  
 There's a blacker cloud behind them : vultures next  
 will rend their prize.

'Twas not war that wrought the ruin ! Sister  
 portents, yoked for hire,  
 Side by side dragged on the harrow—Famine's  
 plague, and plague of Fire :  
 Slain the herds, and burned the harvests, vale and  
 plain with corpses strown,  
 'Mid the waste they spread their feast ; within the  
 charnel reigned—alone.

In the death-hunt she was nigh him, she that  
 scorned to leave his side :  
 By her lord she stood and spake not, neck-deep in  
 the freezing tide :



Round them waved the osiers; o'er them drooped  
the willows, rank on rank :  
Troopers spurred; and bayed the bloodhounds, up  
and down the bleeding bank.

From the east sea to the west sea rings the death-keen  
long and sore :  
Erin's curse be his that led them, found the hovel,  
burst the door !  
O'er the embers dead an old man silent bent with  
head to knee :  
Slowly rose he: backward fell they :—" Seek ye  
Desmond? I am he."

London Bridge ! thy central archway props that gray  
head year by year :  
But to God that head is holy; and to Erin it is  
dear :  
When that bridge is dust, that river in the last fire-  
judgment dried,  
The man shall live who fought for God; the man  
who for his country died.

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## PAGAN TESTIMONY TO THE UNITY OF GOD.

**T**HE first human inhabitant of this world; the "Original Man," is a personage that in these days engages considerable attention. This is the natural result of our extended knowledge of the globe on which we live, and of the general advance of science. And what mental recreation can be more complete than flying from the noise and dust of our artificial society, which has banished Nature, alike from its pleasures and its business, to transport ourselves to the young world where *all* was Nature, where man was indeed "monarch of all he surveyed," so wide was his liberty of choice as to residence and occupation ?

It is to be regretted that many accomplished men should have set out on this field of research under what, I fear, must be called a perverse delusion, by which their labours are rendered to themselves worse than barren, and much less fruitful to others than they would else have been. This delusion is, that we start in this research from a point of *ignorance*; that from the research itself is to be obtained all the knowledge that the subject admits of. We Christians know

that such is not the case ; that, on the contrary, we have certain knowledge of many facts concerning the origin of man, the origin of races, and the primitive history of the world. This knowledge is limited, but it is exact, and disposes, with a precision not likely to be accidental, of several questions only rendered more obscure by those who depend on science alone.

I shall be told of course, that if we are to talk theology, we should do so, but if ethnology or philology is our subject, then it is "unscientific" to introduce the evidence of Revelation. I would ask, if the obtaining of knowledge be our object, is it "unscientific" to make use of knowledge that we have ? or if a sound Theory is our aim, is it "unscientific" to make use of an hypothesis, of the immense antiquity and immense reception, which no one can deny to that Revelation.

But so far from using Revelation, even as an *hypothesis*, that is, laying it down as one supposition, and candidly comparing it with the phenomena, that is, with the facts obtained from other sources, these writers begin by taking for granted that the Sacred Writings *do not* give the true account, and proceed to frame another of their own. When they have done this to their own satisfaction, they imagine that they have done something to shake the *prestige* of Revelation ; whereas it ought to be evident to the merest beginner in the art of reasoning that, so far, they have said nothing requiring an answer. If there be ten suppositions that plausibly account for certain appearances, all may be erroneous ; but as nine of them must be so, if there be one true, the evidence of that one is in no way affected by the presence of the other nine. If the civilized world has for ages believed that a certain event occurred, with certain consequences, the opinion of Professor X that these consequences might have been brought about in another way, is simply irrelevant. The question never was how things could have happened, but how they did happen. Again, when one learned man argues against a common parentage, from the difference between Caucasian and negro, while another insists on developing mankind, by successive stages, from the vegetables, both theories are in flat contradiction to the text of Moses. But as they destroy one another, the champion of Revelation need not draw his sword, but may look on, like Cadmus, till tranquillity has been established, in hopes to find the survivors, as he did, open to receive good advice.

By discarding the knowledge which we really possess, these theorists also involve themselves in questions, from which, for them, there is no exit. They are called on to decide how the idea of Religion originated. They try to make a new "Science of Religion," viewed as a human invention, varied by race, climate, &c. The absurdity of the results, particularly as to the origin of *moral obligation*, might have been predicted at the outset by those who know the fact that there is no case on record where the first idea of Religion was conveyed by men to men who had it not before. The greatest changes have been wrought in the belief of nations, and very rapidly, by other races, or by individuals, who substituted one set of tenets for another. But no evidence exists that there ever was on earth a race of men who had not the idea of religion. What they possessed might be a base supersti-

tion; but if so, it only, when properly viewed, the more completely bars the way against those who would make religion a human invention: since such people were more likely to get rid of it if possible, than to impose it on themselves. All religions imply more or less of obligation and responsibility. Men have varied these restraints, tightened and relaxed their discipline, modified their ceremonies, even changed the objects of their worship. But, that a race free from all such obligation, should forge chains for themselves, is transparently absurd; the heathen priests have often added fetters to fetters for their unfortunate dupes; but this they were enabled to do by the principle of religion already in all cases *present*. No period can be named at which any race existed anywhere, to whom the first idea of religion (in its widest sense, that of subjection and responsibility to an invisible power) could have been *brought* by any missionary.

To prove this, it would suffice to show that, as far as we know, every human tribe has had objects of worship, has looked to some unseen power as a rewarder and punisher. The number of these beings matters not; their qualities matter not, nor the rites of their worship. If there were such ideas in the minds of the people, they had a religion. But the facts of the case go very much farther than this, and prove that amid all the gross superstition which overshadowed the earth for ages, the great truth of the Unity of God was never utterly lost by any tribe of man. It was so obscured, and is at this moment, as to exercise no appreciable influence; but at all periods, as far as can be known, the vote of the human race as to the supremacy of One God, would, if taken by districts, either large or small, have been unanimous. Individual atheists have never been but a fungous growth of a corrupt civilisation, and should not enter into the account.

It is my present intention to show, that on the great question of the supremacy of One God, there has been a consent of all the tribes of man, from all time. In doing this, I by no means take upon me to say, that in worshipping one God, they all worshiped the True God, or in any way to endorse the unfortunate lines of Pope's Universal Prayer. I merely say, that human reason has always avoided two absurdities: first, that there is no Intelligent First Cause; secondly, that there are more than one. I would *modify* an opinion widely held and propagated with the best intentions, but as it seems to me inexact. I am not about to start any paradox about the belief of the heathen nations; and as to their degradation in mind and morals, I have nothing to say even in mitigation. Error of doctrine produced in them its necessary fruits, bad morality, varied of course by race and climate, but bad in all. What I shall show is, that man never sank quite so low in the intellectual scale, as is supposed by many. And this I think should be conducive to the honour of the Divine Author of Reason, showing the power and vitality of that gift by which He first made us to differ from the lower animals. At the same time, as the pagan nations, while recognising one supreme deity, almost universally gave to inferior beings that worship of sacrifice which is due to God alone, it is evident that they were no less guilty than the Holy Scriptures declare them to be, of *making to themselves gods that were no gods*; that, on the contrary,

this very gift of reason rendered them, as S. Paul tells the *Romans*, "inexcusable."

I shall not take evidence by races, because no complete classification of races is agreed on. It is a favourite theory with some writers, that the Hebrew race had an exceptional leaning to the idea of one God, that they were *naturally* monotheists, while all other races were by nature polytheists in the ordinary sense of the term. If this were true, we should have proved a much more essential difference between them and the rest of mankind, than any which has been founded on the colour of the skin, or the proportions of the head—a radical difference in the faculties of the mind. There is not, however, in history a vestige of support for such a chimera. On the contrary, all the external means and appliances conceivable scarcely sufficed to prevent the Hebrews from lapsing into the grossest superstitions of which their neighbours offered them the example; while their Talmud shows that they were not second to any race, in overlaying truth with absurd fiction. But I shall avoid the question of the origin and connection of races, by adopting a division by latitudes.

If we divide the earth's surface by parallels of latitude, at intervals of thirty degrees, the most southern will be found uninhabited. If we take the suffrages of the inhabitants of the other five in succession, exclusive of Christians and Jews, we shall have the religion of natural man, the result of his *original* ideas on the subject, whether revealed, or implanted, modified by the subsequent action of his mind, of his passions, and of the circumstances in which he was placed.

Now as the religion of God, the True Religion, is One, so although error is multiform, yet the religion of man does present a sort of uniformity when viewed on a large scale. This consists in an idea of the Supreme God, which secludes Him practically from the government of his creatures. Men have always admitted the existence of a Supreme God, and at the same time, where not subject to the true religion, have, more or less completely, superseded Him by beings of their own creation, to whom they ascribed the direction of earthly events. This is not more true of ancient Paganism than of its more modern developments. Mahometanism loudly proclaims the supremacy of God, but consigns both this world and the next to the influence of an unbridled sensuality. The list of usurpers will, of course, show the names of Thor and Friga, of Neptune and Venus, of Vischnu and Indra; but may we not almost join with these the favourite idols of "Progress," and "Science," and "modern thought?" The idea is in all the same; the form only is modified. Reason rules in favour of one God, and Passion assents, on condition that the presence of that God shall not be brought too near to man. Then this stipulation is provided for, by representing the Supreme Throne as a sort of exalted sinecure, the duties of which are discharged, *tant bien que mal*, by a number of inferior powers. The presence or absence of idols, to represent these latter, is not very easily to be accounted for; some of the finest races, as our northern ancestors, having had few or none, and others, as the Greeks, being indefatigable in their manufacture, and most of the Polynesians agreeing on this point with the Icelanders.

I commence with the region between the North Pole and 60° N. L. The religious ideas of all the arctic tribes of Asia are essentially the same. They confess One God, but a subordinate demon usurps all their attention. Some avow that, as God is in heaven, and the demon on earth, it is better worth while to propitiate the latter. The Ostiaks are said to worship the bears; this is a mistake, perhaps, arising from a droll custom observed when they kill a bear, which they do whenever they can. When the bear is *hors de combat*, they approach him with much ceremonious respect, and, in a prescribed form of words, which has been compared to the elegy on cock robin, inform him that he owes his death to a *Russian*. They do this to avert the vengeance of the other bears. The Samoiedes, the most apathetic race known, believe that there is one God, perfectly good, who, however, leaves everything to be disposed of by a subordinate of a very opposite disposition. These tribes differ in customs and moral conduct, but all hold the same general theory of the Deity. The Lapps and Finns have more legend, but formed on the same basis; not only is the demon, according to them, subject to God, but the Thunder, a person emanating from the demon, is compelled to serve God, and punish the demon. They have an idol, crowned with twelve stones, representing God. Thus, at the outset, we meet the unity of God clearly asserted, and at the same time utterly neutralised.

Passing westward, it is consoling to find a nobler idea reigning in Norway and Iceland. The ancient Icelanders permitted no image, or even roofed temple, to seem to limit the presence of Him, whom their ancient books describe as "the one God, Author of all that is, the Eternal, Ancient Being, Searcher into all things that are concealed, the Being that never changeth." This lofty idea was, however, among the northern races, soon obscured by hero-worship and a mythology, the grandest fiction ever framed by man; for the most part wild and gloomy, sometimes exquisitely sentimental, rarely gay, as the productions of the southern climes. In it the flashes of higher truths are numerous, but we cannot dwell upon them here.

Crossing the Atlantic, we find the Greenlanders firm in the opinion that one God created man, and afterwards for his comfort produced woman out of man's thumb. He also created a male deputy, good and propitious, whose influence is sadly interfered with by a sorceress who dwells under the sea. They have also to reckon with innumerable giants, dwarfs, and elementary spirits; but they think that they have, through their *angekok*, or wizard priest, a constant communication with God. The Esquimaux, a kindred race, entertain similar ideas. The monotheism of the Indians of North America is admitted, and requires no illustration here; and thus we have the consent of the northern zone as to the Unity of God. At the same time we see the inveterate disposition of man to supersede Him in the government both of nature and of human conduct.

Between 30° and 60° N. L. we meet first the Kamtschatkans, whose idea of the Supreme Being Himself is obscure. His existence is matter of manifest inference from the other opinions which they hold. Their "Gods" were *created*, and are of decidedly limited

capacities; two of them, the parents of man, brought down with them from heaven this earth, which *they* evidently had not created, as they did not know how to catch fish; and land animals were the invention of another deputy sent down from "heaven." That they recognise One First Cause is clear, but the rest is a low order of superstition.

In Japan, the Sinto sect is clear in the assertion of the supremacy of One God, who has neither temple nor worship, these honours being monopolised by inferior objects of veneration. In Japan, also, we first come in contact with one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of man—Buddhism, the prevailing religion of China, Tartary, and the peninsulas and islands in the direction of India. This system of religion, or philosophy, or whatever it be called, numbers among its followers nearly one-third of the population of the globe. Its suffrage, therefore, on the question before us is evidently the most important that can be taken under one name. Very old documents exist containing the doctrine of Buddha, as originated, perhaps, five or six centuries before the Christian era, but, according to some, still earlier. Whether Buddha represents a man or a school is uncertain and unimportant. These, and most "orthodox" Buddhistic teachings, represent existence itself as an evil for each being, as an inopportune disturbance of the tranquillity of non-entity, which blissful haven is to be reached again by following certain moral and philosophical rules through a long series of transmigrations of the soul from one body to another. It is not surprising that such a system should have been at once set down, and by no mean judges, as utter atheism. But when we take into account the certain fact, that, of four hundred millions of professing Buddhists, no portion can be pointed out who adhere to this singular theory, the difficulty vanishes. Buddhism originated in India, whence it was exiled only to take possession of the vast regions which it now occupies. In India, absorption into the Deity was held to be the *reward* of the virtuous soul. Buddhism exaggerated this doctrine to the point of utter absurdity, for its theory is absolute nonsense; while it took possession of the minds of the people, by its dreamy mysticisms and the facility with which it could be combined with every superstition that it met, that did not enforce caste distinctions. The natural result took place: Buddhism having omitted God in framing its philosophy, and this omission being repugnant to human reason, each people, in adopting Buddhism, supplied the deficiency from the system which already prevailed amongst them, and Buddhists differ from others, not by being atheists, but by following Buddha's method to obtain final identification with the Deity. Buddha, according to his votaries, was the first who attained to this perfection; and he is continually becoming a man, in the lama of Thibet and elsewhere, which is conclusive proof that he is not annihilated. Buddhism, *as held*, is, therefore, a theism distinguished by peculiar views as to the way in which the soul is to arrive at perfection.

With regard to the national religion of China, a singular statement is to be found in some very respectable works, viz.: that the idea of a Supreme Being is wanting, because they have no word in the lan-

guage equivalent to "God." Why should they require the word, or how can they be wanting in the idea, when Tien, "the Lord," is in their ancient and most sacred books described as One Personal Being, "not only Creator, but Disposer of all things, Omnipresent, of infinite wisdom and justice;" and when, in his honour, each succeeding emperor is obliged to till with his own hands a small plot of ground, and offer Him the fruits? Nevertheless, no race is sunk in baser superstition than the Chinese.

The rest of Asia, within this zone, is at present chiefly Mahometan, and therefore monotheist. Whether the people are much above others that we have met with is another question. But the religion of Mahomet is but a comparatively modern intruder. The territory was once the stage where great nations played their parts, whose testimony has its place here. The ancient Persians, whose system once prevailed as far as India, are supposed to have recognised two Gods, a good and an evil power. This is inexact. Both were created beings, as is proved by their account of the deluge, which was produced to destroy the adherents of the evil spirit, Ahriman, *not* by the good spirit Ormuzd, but by the Creator of both. The magian doctrine of a final judgment by the Supreme God proves the same thing decisively. The original doctrine, ascribed to Zoroaster, presented one Eternal God, in the two aspects of beneficence and severity, of which the emblems were light and darkness. These aspects were afterwards personified in two co-ordinate beings; and the practice of making the benevolent spirit represent God, and fire and the sun represent both, necessarily degraded the conceptions of the people.

The ancient Assyrians, Chaldees, Armenians, &c., never seem to have doubted the supremacy of a Creator and First Cause, although they were, at an early period, gross idolators. They established a host of heroes in a middle place, amongst whom, beyond question, are to be identified several patriarchs and leaders named by Moses. That they still owned one God, as Supreme, is proved in the cases of the Persians, by the account of the Deluge given by each of these nations. According, for instance, to the ancient Chaldees, Noah was, immediately on landing, *promoted* to heaven, to be one of the subordinate gods. The Phœnicians and the kindred tribes were early famous for their worship of the sun and moon, and elementary deities, under various names, as well as of heroes of preceding times; but they supposed each of these to have a specific office and patronage assigned to them. The lapse of these nations into gross idolatry would seem to have been rapid and wanton, the result of the sensual cravings of the race of Cham, and wholly independent of the intellectual belief in a Supreme Cause, to whom they did not hesitate to trace the pedigree of Baal, Astoreth, and all the rest. This is even more manifest, when we read their mythology, by the light of the Greek, which was partly, at least, its offspring. The Arabians, who are divided between this zone and the next, supply a curious illustration of the distinction made between "God" and "the gods." Of the latter, before the time of Mahomet they had upwards of three hundred. In planting gardens and orchards, they used to set apart a portion for "God," and another

for "the gods." If any fruits fell from the latter portion into the former, they made restitution, but not *vice versa*; and if an offering designed for "God" seemed better than that designed for "the gods," they exchanged them. They did this on the avowed grounds that the gods, with themselves, needed everything from God, while He required nothing from any one.\* There cannot be a more perfect illustration of the way in which the heathen universally contrived to hold together two ideas, which to us seem mutually destructive and really are so, as regards their influence on morals. Of the ancient religion of the north coast of Africa we know little, except so far as it was Phœnician, which it was to a great extent. Of the Phœnician religion I have already spoken. The ancient religions of Europe we have also already met. No one acquainted with the Greek and Roman classics can dispute the presence in their religious system of one Supreme Power far above all the denizens of Olympus, although the latter seemed to the people to conduct most of the affairs of earth. To this conviction St. Paul at Athens appealed with confidence. Tacitus tells us that the Germans of his time worshipped one God, without either temple or image. The Scandinavian system gives us the type of all the religious forms of the north of Europe, and those of the south were imported from Asia, where we have seen that they were monotheistic in theory, however corrupt in practice. Crossing the Atlantic once more, we encounter the Indian tribes of Canada, the United States, and the Pacific Coast. Their recognition of the "Great Spirit," as the Author of all things, is not the less certain if novelists have given us a too favourable picture of their habits and principles. The Red Indian is confessedly a monotheist, but not free from the stain of idolatry, as some suppose. The laborious and minute investigation of the history and antiquities of the tribes of the Pacific Coast, by Mr. Bancroft, presents them as differing from the inland races in more knowledge of the arts of life, and very much worse morality. Throughout the whole immense continent of America, whatever corrupt, and generally cruel systems are to be found, the idea of one Supreme Being underlies them all, more evidently than can be said of any territory so extensive. Elsewhere, we find it upon due inquiry; in America it is patent, yet, strange to say, not a whit more influential. As something like this is also true of the dominant races of Europe, it may be the result of a masculine logical habit of mind, which is certainly wanting in the dreaming Asiatic, as in the sensual African.

I now proceed to the region between the Equator and 30° N.L. In China there are three leading sects:—that of Confucius, whose theory is somewhat pantheistic in *language*; that of Taotse, which clearly asserts the personality of one Supreme God; and that of Fo, or Buddhism, already discussed. This latter prevails westward, as far as Ceylon. The natives of the Philippines make their idea of the Supreme Deity very clear by styling Him "the God-maker." In Tonquin, Formosa, Siam, Birmah, the same belief prevails, mingled



with Buddhism. The religion of Hindostan (excluding Mahometans and Buddhists) has been the subject of volumes, and will be the subject of more; here we have only to deal with it as monotheistic or otherwise. The Hindu description of the First Cause sometimes amounts to a description of "nothing," and as often to a description of "everything." But this arises from their awkward and extravagant efforts to enlarge on the subject, and yet to abstract from the idea, all that is limited or particular. The result is often pompous nonsense, at least, to European perception. The doctrine of the personality and supremacy of the First Cause is not, however, left doubtful. We are told again and again, and reminded with indefatigable repetition, that the Supreme Cause evolved the universe, together with all the protean host of gods, from his own mind in time; that is, millions of millions of years since.

Passing westward, we come to the eastern coast of Africa, of the religion of which, before Mahometanism reached it, little is to be known; we may, however, conclude that it was similar to that of the adjoining districts. The ancient religion of Egypt was, like that of the kindred tribes of Western Asia, what may be termed a wanton and inexcusable substitution, as the object of worship, of heroes and the powers of nature, for the Divine Author of all, whose existence, at the same time, they never dreamed of denying. Cham, their ancestor, is certainly the first of these minor deities. A much lower place in the genealogy is assigned to Osiris, who was the principal object of their worship.

The western coast of Africa is the abode of the Negro tribes, amongst whom there is much more variety of form and character than is commonly supposed. Along the whole Guinea Coast, the people not only believe in a Supreme God, but invoke him solemnly as such in prayer, and as a sanction for oaths. Yet they are found worshipping snakes, and the most contemptible objects of which any of them chooses to make a *fetish*. They throw away a *fetish* and adopt another, with more or less ceremony, ascribing its virtue only to the Superior Deity, who in some way inhabits it for the time. To Him they distinctly ascribe the creation of man, black and white; and they believe that He will judge them after death. One of these tribes has unconsciously let out a secret as to the real ground of all religious scepticism which I ought not to omit. There is a party among them who throw doubt on the doctrine of a future state. The reason is well known there. The priests always insist on *bravery* as the path to future happiness—the sceptics are all the *arrant cowards* in the tribe. Not having "pluck" to earn their share of paradise, they deny its existence. Do *we* see through our "freethinkers" in Europe, as well as the Negroes see through theirs?

The religion of the West India Islands, when they were discovered was essentially the same as that of Mexico and the adjoining continent on both sides of the gulf. Cruel and superstitious as was that of Mexico, it was still clear in its enunciation of belief in One Divine Creator, who produced all things by his word alone. He created the ranks of animals in succession, as far as the apes inclusive; but

they had no souls, and therefore did not praise Him. He then created man with a soul, and *he* praised God. Such is the Mexican account of the Creation.

Having now examined three zones of the earth, and having obtained from all the same verdict on the question before us, and having occupied more space than I intended, I shall take the remaining regions in one view, without regard to latitude. "One God Creator of many inferior deities," gives the general idea of the religion of all the islands to the north of Australia; but Australia itself is a humiliating contemplation. All that can be said for its wretched inhabitants is, that it cannot be proved that they do not believe in one Supreme Deity. Nor could a more favourable account, received now, be relied on, because of their intercourse with Europeans. In a demon they do believe; and all analogy leads to the inference that obscure and inactive as it must be, they have the other idea also. It is of little moment, however, to the object of this paper, that a partial exception should present itself in a race the very lowest of all, whose intellect never roused itself so far as to urge them to any attempt at a polity, or suggest to them to make the slightest provision for the future. We leave them, then, and *ascend* to the Hottentots, who distinctly profess their belief in one Supreme "Captain of the Gods," as they style Him. They have no forms for his worship. They say that they know little about Him, because He cursed them for their sins, and made them "stupid." In Loango, and along that coast, their description of God is, so far as it goes, unimpeachable. So in Caffraria, Dr. Colenso found the Zulus better theologians than himself; which is quite possible, as they, poor fellows, were struggling *out* of darkness, and he *into* it. In Madagascar they teach that one God Supreme created man, and out of man took, not one, but *seven* helpmates for him. The New Zealanders are distinct in their monotheism, and with them we may class all the islanders of the Pacific, since the same is true of all whose tradition we have obtained. Tahiti, the Marquesas, Fiji, New Hebrides, the Sandwich, and Friendly Isles are sufficient witnesses for all. In these the belief in One God is combined, as usual, with the superstitious worship of inferior beings, and often with the grossest vice.

Returning to the continent of South America, we find the Brazilian idea of God (before their conversion) not obscure, but comparatively poor and unspiritual; and, accordingly, it is only here that we find the traces of the Darwinian idea of an actual descent from apes. The natives paid more attention to the demon than to God. The exact state of the natives of Peru and the other Southern States before the reformation wrought by the Incas will never be ascertained. The Incas, who, as "children of the sun," paid great honour to that luminary, considered the other races blinded idolators, and demolished all the emblems of their worship, while they remodelled their society according to their own immeasurably higher ideas of civilisation. But there is proof that even this old race was preceded by another much superior to it in the arts of life. Despite of some very strange aberrations in domestic morals, the dynasty of the Incas displayed

public virtues which render them models for all sovereigns. No royal house on earth can show nearly so great a number of rulers, each of whom merited the name of "the father of his people." They and their subjects worshipped the sun, in a certain sense. But what distinguished them from every other pagan race, was the vigilance with which they defined that *sense* from time to time, enforcing attention to it with pains and penalties; in order that the sun, whom they considered their ancestor, should *not* usurp the attributes of the Supreme God. They made armed raids upon sun worship, when they considered that this abuse was becoming prevalent. Of course any sort of worship of the sun was mere paganism; the idea that in any way the sun could be a person was sufficiently absurd. Nevertheless, they deserve credit for the distinction which they made, which the Inca himself expressed on one occasion in this way: "If I, the Inca, were to impose on one of you an unremitting toil, a task without any relaxation, you might, perhaps, fulfil it; but I should never impose on myself such a burthen, nor if I did, would I keep to the resolution. But the sun and the other luminaries go their rounds incessantly, never taking rest or recreation, *therefore*, they are not free; they are not gods, but the servants of God."

With this clear and sound conclusion of natural reason I end my inquiry, hoping that I have proved my proposition, and that my readers have understood that proposition to be simply this: that blinded and perverted by his fall, the reason of man has yet never sunk so low, as to disown its Author, and accept the absurdity of an effect without a cause; while in every clime it has displayed, with accumulated proof, its hopeless incapacity, without Divine interposition, to raise his moral nature, or lead him in any consistent path of virtue.

F. H. N.

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EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI.

'TIS winter still: the birds that cannot sing  
     Twitter their dreams of spring.  
 Scarce heard, upon the cold, slow breeze doth float  
     Many a faltering note  
 Of last year's thrushes, that have yet to learn  
     Thrush-music to discern:  
 For Love, that teaches all things, lies asleep,  
     And wingèd creatures creep,  
 Unconscious of the folded force that lies  
     Waiting for summer skies,  
 And for the strong awakening that is near,  
     The joyous time of year,

For which we wait—I, and the dumb wild things  
 That cannot feel our wings.  
 The wet, brown earth, alive with swelling seeds,  
 And starred with sprouting weeds,  
 Awaits her robe of glory, which the powers  
 Of wind and snow and showers  
 Wove in their secret places, through the drear,  
 Unhappy time of year :  
 When I, who only saw the present gloom,  
 Sat sullen by the tomb  
 Of all the dear dead things that were to me  
 Solace and sympathy.

But now the earth and I can wait in peace,  
 Expecting the release  
 Of winter's captives, which in darkness deep  
 Are stirring in their sleep ;  
 As in my heart the hopes I thought were dead  
 Stir in their living bed—  
 Stir, but awake not. Ah ! will spring revive  
 Hopes that are scarce alive ?  
 Will buried love and banished joy return,  
 When summer sun-rays burn ?

I know not ; but I know the world will be  
 Gladsome and fair for me,  
 As for its birds, and weeds, and creatures low  
 Since God has made me so,  
 That to all these my soul is set in tune :  
 And if I live till June  
 There will be bloom and sunshine in my days,  
 And I shall feel the rays  
 That colour roses colouring my life  
 With rose-hues rich and rife,  
 So that I shall not shiver in the gray,  
 Cold ending of my day ;  
 And though no friend in human form be near,  
 I shall not lack for cheer.

Therefore, we do not pine, the earth and I,  
 Our joyful time is nigh !

M. La T.

*February, 1877.*

## RELICS OF RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

## PART III.

THE selections I have given from R. D. Williams's poems have been chiefly samples of his Muse in her pathetic and religious moods. But "Shamrock" is another illustration of the truth that humour is very often akin to sadness; or, as poor Thomas Hood, who was himself so striking a proof of the same, has expressed it :—

"There's not a string attuned to mirth  
But has its chord in melancholy."

The author of the "Dying Girl" and the "Sister of Charity" was the author also of the "Misadventures of a Medical Student." This whimsical series was, perhaps, the most important result of the years he devoted to the study of the healing art. Carlyle says in the "Life of Sterling": "The fact is, that Sterling was made to be a poet and not a priest at all"—a statement, the negative portion of which is indisputable. Williams, on his part, was made rather to be priest or poet than doctor. He never could get used to the surgery, and, in fact, had so little of the leech about him, that he shrank with horror from even touching the sanguinary little animal that winds up Horace's *Ars Poetica* so cleverly. The friend whom I have quoted from the columns of *The Nation* speaks of the poet's "delicate and susceptible organisation," and insists on his unfitness for the rougher work of the world. "A life of cultivation and development, from which worldly cares were resolutely shut out, would alone have done full justice to his intellect. From the chair of a college, or the desk of a public library, he would have uttered himself in music that would never die. But the songster of the grove is not a domestic fowl, much less a bird of prey. Its sole task is to sing sweet songs."

Sweet songs and grotesque rhymes were, as I have said, the most permanent result of Williams's medical studies. His "Misadventures" can hardly be appreciated except by young men placed in somewhat similar circumstances. They require also a little knowledge of Latin and Greek, for "Shamrock" has worked into these most flowing lines an astonishing quantity of medical terminology, the accuracy of which I should be loath to guarantee. It is well known, moreover, that comic poetry is very liable to grow flat by being kept long. Yet, let us try if poor "Shamrock," after a score of years, can raise even the ghost of a laugh.\* Here, for instance,

\* In the course of my shamrock-gathering explorations I have come across what seems to be a very curiously verified prophecy. A squib, called "Lord Clarendon's Pound," published in *The Nation* of November 29, 1851, contains these lines :—

"Great Dan and De Grey are gone from us;  
That the first is in heaven let us hope;  
And the other—do you think I may promise?—  
One day will come round to the Pope."

Twenty years after, this nobleman *did* "come round to the Pope," not in person, but by his representative; for Lord de Grey is now Marquis of Ripon.

is a ghostly legend, the recitation of which would be emphasised most appropriately by an occasional judicious use of the gesture that is known in certain circles of society as "taking a grinder":—

"One day the Baron Stiffenbach among his fathers slept,  
And his relict o'er his ashes like a water goddess wept,  
Till her apparatus lachrymal required so many "goes"  
From certain flasks, that soon there shone a ruby on her nose.

"The Dowager of Stiffenbach was fair enough to view,  
And, having her dead husband's wealth, could touch the rhino too ;  
But yet, of all the neighb'ring nobs, not one would e'er propose,  
Because she wore a ruby, a large ruby on her nose.

"At this the jewelled baroness was very much annoyed,  
But rival baronesses her perplexity enjoyed,  
For the ruby was a by-word and a triumph to her foes,  
Who, spinster, wife, and widow, all exulted at her nose.

"The Baroness of Stiffenbach now called the doctors in,  
And freely gave for drugs and shrugs great quantities of "tin."  
At length they said 'twas surgeon's work, then gravely all arose,  
And left her, as they found her, with the ruby on her nose.

"Now came the surgeons. First they voted all the doctors fools,  
Then drew from curious armouries a multitude of tools ;  
That they were armed to fight a bear a stranger would suppose,  
And not to dig a ruby from a baroness's nose.

"But now among the surgeons vital difference we find,  
For some proposed to cut before and some to cut behind ;  
And soon, in scalpelomachy, they well nigh came to blows,  
For the baroness's ruby—the ruby on her nose.

"At length came forward one, by lot elected from the rest,  
But, alas ! the eager brotherhood too closely round him pressed,  
For they stood upon the corns of the operator's toes,  
Who, leaping, with the ruby, also sliced away the nose.

"They stitched it on immediately, yet—*why* has not transpired—  
That very day the baroness capriciously expired ;  
Thus died that lovely lady, by a judgment, some suppose,  
For having led the baron, in his lifetime, by the nose.

"They made her grave three fathoms deep, by Rhine's embattled tide,  
And bowed her gently downwards by her darling Stiffy's side ;  
But her restless spirit wanders still, and oft, at evening's close,  
She haunts the castle ramparts, with her finger on her nose.

"Grim reader ! let us blubber o'er the melancholy fate  
Of the quondam Baron Stiffy's non-teetotalising mate ;  
And for the future solemnly, if possible, propose  
To shun the weird elixirs that bring rubies on the nose."

Mark how skilfully the rogue amplifies the complimentary phrase "you're a brick!" in the introduction to one of his "Misadventures:"—

"There's a tavern off Westmoreland-street, near Robinson and Bussell's,  
Where I often took the wrinkles from my epigastric muscles,  
And sometimes brought a friend or two right valiantly to join  
In a foray on the 'natives,' or a jousting with Sir Loin;  
And oft I condescended with my solemn host to chatter  
Of steam-engines and rattlesnakes, or any other matter.  
I glanced at apple-dumplings, monster meetings, civil wars,  
Ham sandwiches, geology, the Oregon, the stars,  
Hydropathy, the Puseyites, the newspapers, and soup,  
And gave himself advice for gout, his child the same for croup.  
I blarneyed him, I plastered him, I stuck it on in lumps,  
I said he was a 'roarer' and the emperor of trumps:  
And I called him, while he boarded me respectably on tick,  
The quintessence concentrated of a sublimated brick."

But, in spite of all this elaborate softsawderisation, the misguided man sent the impecunious poet to gaol under aggravating circumstances which it would take up several of our pages to recount. I will give at full length one only of these "Misadventures," and that the shortest. As it is about the Taxman, the motto is selected from the Greek Grammar, *ραζω, ραζεις, ραζει*, &c.

"A moon ago, one morning, as I tried to kill the blues  
By the fragrance of manillas and the very newest news,  
All suddenly the echo of a spurious double knock  
So startled me that both of them dropped from me at the shock;  
But my vinaigrette was near me—it was near me, thank my stars,  
For my nerves are very weak from dissipation and cigars.  
I sank upon the cushions of a lounge rich and thick  
(Like all my other furniture, I had it upon tick),  
Till the valet brought me, grinningly, an oblong billet-doux,  
With Queen Victoria's compliments requesting one-pound-two,  
By Parnassus, 'tis the taxman—he hath called three times before—  
'The phantom's on the threshold'—the lion's at the door;  
'Say, Tom, I'm sick, or not at home, and won't be back at all.'  
'So I told him, plaze your honour—but he wouldn't lave the hall.'  
Well, then, thought I, soft solder must be given as before;  
So I took a gentle stimulant, and hastened to the door,  
In my richest robe-de-chambre, and my Turkish slippers too,  
And my very blindest simper, I began with, 'Ah, how do?'  
But the taxman spake unto me, 'Three times I've called in vain:  
By the Hokey, you shall rue it if you make me call again.'  
(*Mem.*—Probably this Hokey's he whom savage Muses sing—  
Of all the islands cannibal the not unworthy king.)  
And then the door he most melodramatically banged—  
A fine emphatic pantomime, expressing, 'You be hanged!'

"A week of doubt most terrible, of expectation dire,  
And again the phantom cometh—he cometh in his ire.  
And the taxman spake unto me—he spake with jeer and scoff,  
'Fork out the blunt instantan, or I'll cant your chattels off.'  
And thereto, besides, moreover, superadded he an oath,  
But the Muse, unused to swearing, to repeat it here is loath;  
The Muse, a pious virgin, never swears but when she's vexed—

So, alas! for future critics on this here most classic text;  
 Screw microscopic goggles on each philologic snout,  
 If the Muse don't tell you what he swore you'll scarcely make it out.  
 But courage, future philomaths! and friends of lyric lore—  
 By Jingo—living Jingo—was the solemn oath he swore;  
 But who this awful Jingo is none know—'tis very odd;  
 He possibly of taxmen is the tin-devouring god.  
 In vain to soothe the worshipper of Jingo I began—  
 'Dear sir, I'll tell my uncle, who's a very public man,  
 And whose ready generosity will gladly knuckle down  
 Whatever tin I ask him for, from a yellow to a brown;  
 And if you call to-morrow, I mayhap shall tell you then  
 What Sunday in the coming week you'd better call again.'  
 Now the taxman spake *not* to me, but with eccentric bound,  
 Like a bit of Indian-rubber, uprose he from the ground;  
 And falling round the corner, from the horizon and from me,  
 Went off hopping like a chess-knight or intoxicated flea.  
 But many an imprecation flitted back on zephyr's wing—  
 By Jingo and by Hokey—by Hokey and by Jing;  
 And though I know he loves me so, he'll surely come again,  
 With certain raw crustaceae, most likely, in his train—  
 The phantom and his lobster host with calmness I shall view,  
 For my uncle above-mentioned has supplied the one-pound-two."

The polite reader who cannot recognise the pawnbroker in this obliging relation of the poor Medico would be left in the dark by one of the "lights" in "Dublin Acrostics" which describes "uncle" as "a kinsman visited by night." Although the transcriber has in one couplet substituted *banged* and *hanged* for *slammed* and the energetic participle that rhymes therewith, we fear that the bailiff will remind some timid persons too vividly of that new English land-agent in Tipperary, much given to strong adjurations, on whom one of the tenants reported as follows: "Well, I don't know about his business daylins; but for *blasphaymious* language he's *au revoir*."

The nature of these humorous rhapsodies, and the circumstances in which they were composed and published, make it specially noteworthy and worthy of praise that, with all his dash and wildness, the "Medical Student" never forgot the warning given in one of his own poems:—

"Fly, then, fly from passion's pages;  
 Turn from proud and gloomy song—  
 Though the flowing marge engages,  
 Sorrow sobs the stream along;  
 For if pride the minstrel fashion,  
 If he bow the Muse to wrong,  
 Deifying human passion  
 With the sacred breath of song,  
 Oh! the ruin he occasions!  
 Hearts that shrink from naked sin,  
 Won by fallen song's persuasions,  
 Gaze, admire, fall headlong in."

"In fact," says Mitchel, "there were two Clarence Mangans—one well known to the muses, the other well known to the police." This epigram was unjust, even as applied to poor Clarence Mangan, who was



not well known to the police, and who was, in many respects, singularly good and pure; but at any rate there were not two Dalton Williams. There was nothing of the supposed Poe-and-Savage type of the poet about him. He was a good and honourable man; and in the midst of political excitements and all his struggles of various kinds, he was a devout Catholic. In the heat of the '48 crisis, *The Nation*, of July 15, in mentioning his arrest, says: "The character of Mr. Williams stands high in a wide circle of friends and admirers for his singleness of heart, true benevolence, *servent piety*, and generous patriotism." It is not often that "servent piety" thus makes itself felt amidst the keen strife of parties. Politics, and even controversies of a less secular kind, are unfavourable to the milder virtues. When Greek meets Greek, we must expect the tug of war; and even a war of words is not easily reconcilable with the Sermon on the Mount, and especially with a few of the Eight Beatitudes. No editor has yet been canonised.

At the point which we have reached, Williams became an editor; yet to this stormy period of his life belong some incidents which might occur in the life of a Saint. "He was much more ready," says Mr. Sullivan, "to visit the sick and dying than to join the not unfrequent symposia of his literary and political friends. From one of the two or three companions who had personal knowledge of the fact, we have heard of his having left for covering on the bed of a poor sick woman whom he was called on to visit in one of the purlieus of Dublin the inner and outer coats which he had brought on him, and returning to his home on a winter night in his shirt sleeves. This act would surprise no one who knew him: it was quite in keeping with his character."

The incident just narrated took place probably while Mr. Williams was discharging his self-imposed duties as a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. He was one of the first of the young men who aided in establishing it in Dublin, to which it found its way not many years after it was first founded in Paris by that pious and gifted Frenchman, Frederic Ozanam,\* whose story, as recently told by Miss Kathleen O'Meara, has fascinated so many thousands of Catholic readers and Protestant readers in tens of thousands. To this connexion with the Vincent de Paul Society he refers in a letter which Mr. D. F. M'Carthy has been so good as to send me.

"March 26, 1847.

"MY DEAR DESMOND.—I send you the standing desk, and hope that you may make countless standing jokes and Irish ballads upon it. The bearer is visited by our Society, and deals in *Punch* and other periodicals, on which he has some small profit. He supplies me, and I recommend you to get your punch through his hands. If you are here this evening at eight o'clock, you shall have a cup of coffee on our way to Westland-row. With best respects to Mr. M'Carthy, and the ladies, I am, sincerely yours,

"R. D. WILLIAMS."

"On our way to Westland-row." This familiar name—so familiar to our Dublin organs of speech that the harsh *t* and *d* are dropped in pronouncing it—means either Church or Railway Terminus according as the context in which it is mentioned is sacred or profane. In the

\* See his *Life*, published at Edinburgh by Edmonstone and Douglas.

present context it means the Church, to which was attached that Conference of the Society of Vincent de Paul, of which "Desmond" and "Shamrock" were active members, and not merely honorary members. All honour, indeed, to that class of members also. We must not disparage any form of benevolence. Very good in its way is the charity that (as the old joke phrases it) "puts its hand into its breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, and pulls out half a crown." Any sort of charity, done with any sort of good motive, is good as far as it goes. But there is a special blessing in not merely relieving the poor vicariously and from a distance, but in coming near them, listening kindly to their story, and doubling any alms we are able to give them by accompanying the giving thereof with a smile of sympathy, or, it may be, a tear. This last is even a good substitute for an alms when none is forthcoming. "Silver and gold I have none"—nor even coppers—"but what I have I give you." That is a very nice way the Spaniards have of saying "No" to a beggar: *Perdone Usted por Dios, hermano*: "Forgive me for God's sake, brother." And this again reminds me of a little poem by Aubrey de Vere, so little that I will give it whole and entire:—

"Speak to the end, poor orphan! I  
Am poor, thou canst not poorer be.  
Yet, having nought to give thee, why  
That nothing give ungraciously?"

But *perdone Usted por Dios, hermano*, for straying into this somewhat irrelevant disquisition on the difference between active and honorary membership of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Williams was decidedly an active member. This is the era of documentary evidence, rummaging in musty archives, poking among faded state-papers; and accordingly an obliging gentleman has disinterred for me a quarto containing the visiting tickets filled up by the members of the Vincent de Paul Society just thirty years ago. Amongst these, as clear as if written yesterday, are many entries signed by R. D. Williams alone, and some by him and D. F. MacCarthy together. Under the date of Saturday, the 16th of January, 1847, Williams reports on the distressed state of three families whom he guarantees as being deserving objects for relief. One case is the family of a labourer "driven from the country by famine and can't get work in town. The eldest girl is thirteen years, and the others eleven, ten, eight, seven, three, and one, respectively. As wretched a place as we ever saw: dark, cold, and dirty—and there is only one hard bed for the whole family." These are some of the entries which the poet-student sets down opposite the printed queries; and as to the "State of health of family," he reports, "All sick, except the mother, who attends to the rest and struggles against everything;" though doubtless the description he gives in another place applies to this. "The mother is a gentle, decent young woman, weak and careworn." And then, under the head of "general observations and remarks" (the printed form is responsible for the tautology) he sums up thus: "The annals of our Society can furnish few instances of greater misery than this. Friendless, landless, penniless, without food,

without health, without hope, the wretched family, sick and shivering, starves in a corner, while their father is vainly looking for employment, and the miserable, half-clad mother—herself requiring at least repose, for she is pregnant—is daily less and less able to oppose the strength of maternal instincts to the onset of disease. Besides the fullest allowance of bread, meal, and soup, we think the Society might reasonably advance some money to redeem pledged clothes and pay the rent (one shilling a week) for those utterly destitute outcasts.”

Those were the famine times, but I dare say there are some this moment in Dublin suffering hardship almost as severe. Poor Williams did his best for them by word and work. We have seen some of his work; and, among his words for the poor, he it was that sang that lay of the Famine which Miss Annie Keary has enshrined in one of the most affecting passages of her clever novel of "Castle Daly," written in a generous spirit and in a very graceful and finished style. In the twenty-second chapter of that "Tale of an Irish Home thirty years ago," she makes her warm-hearted heroine, Ellen Daly, read "with a face wet with tears," the poem which she quotes in full (probably as reprinted from Duffy's *Irish Catholic Magazine*, in Edward Hayes' "Ballads of Ireland," the finest collection yet made of our poetry), beginning:—

**"Life and death are in Thy hand,  
 Lord, have mercy!  
 The Blight came down at Thy command,  
 Christ, have mercy!  
 The famine-pang and fever-pain  
 Tear the nation's heart in twain;  
 Human help is sought in vain,  
 Parce nobis, Domine!"**

We refrain from giving the rest of this "poetry of sorrow;" for there are two or three poems of a later date which demand recognition, and, however "quotationipotent" we may be, we cannot, like Tennyson's often quoted "Brook," "go on for ever" with our quotations. Among the pieces that we pass over with a wistful glance of regret, we would fain cite "Ben Heder," were it only for the sake of holiday recollections, linked with that beautiful spot under its more prosaic name of Howth. The *Nation* editor did not reject this as he rejected another set of rhymes on the same theme, on the ground of their being "unworthy of its hawks and oaks of old, and of the changeless beauty of that glorious headland on whose shore Partholan touched Irish soil for the first time."

We should feel less compunction for utterly ignoring "Shamrock's" audacious parodies—those, for instance, on Clarence Mangan's wierd and musical "Time of the Barmecides," and Thomas Davis' "Oh! for a steed." Of the former travesty we may condescend to give the last stanza:—

“ But mine eyes are goggled, my whiskers dyed,  
And I stoop in spite of stays ;  
May I soon go back to the Dodder's side,  
Where I fished in my zigzag days !

For to Donnybrook back on elastic toe  
 My memory ever flies,  
 And I rave of the time, long, long ago,  
 When I basked in the barmaid's eyes;  
 And I howl for the time, long, long ago,  
 And the light of the barmaid's eyes."

And of the latter we give the three concluding verses:—

"Oh! for a feed! a bribing feed, at an election spread,  
 Where much is said that's never done, and done that's never said,  
 And biped swine  
 To 'nine times nine'  
 Invert their heels and head.

"Oh! for a feed! precarious feed, at boating or picnic,  
 Where 'nobody gets nothing,' and everybody's sick;  
 And sudden squalls  
 Seize hats and shawls  
 Just borrowed, or on tick.

"Oh! for a feed! by hook or crook, from any good soul at all,  
 In rural cot, or pleasure yacht, or festive civic hall;  
 Or in poteen still,  
 On a Munster hill,  
 To stagger, and then to fall."

Though parodies do not deserve justice, it would be unjust not to place these ingenious absurdities side by side with specimens of the two originals. Davis's war-song ends:—

"Oh, for a steed, a rushing steed, in any good cause at all,  
 Or else, if you will, a charge on foot, or guarding a leaguered wall—  
 For freedom's right  
 In flashing fight,  
 To conquer—if then to fall!"

And Mangan's supposed translation from the Arabic begins:—

"My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,  
 I am bowed with the weight of years;  
 I would I were stretched in my bed of clay,  
 With my long-lost youth's compeers!  
 For back to the past, though the thought brings woe,  
 My memory ever glides—  
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,  
 The time of the Barmecides!  
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,  
 The time of the Barmecides."

Let us pass on to serious things. Those were "the Bad Times." "The Famine came," says Mr. T. D. Sullivan, in the biographical sketch to which we have so often referred; "the Famine came, and the Continental revolutions, and John Mitchel's *United Irishman*, and under the combined influences of these the Irish national party were taken somewhat off their feet." Early in the summer of that disastrous year, 1848, Williams established a political journal of his own, *The Irish Tribune*, in conjunction with Kevin Izod O'Doherty (now a prosperous physician in Queensland), and another young doctor, who supplied the funds. In the first number (June 10, 1848) there is a poem by "Shamrock," which, though here styled "The Irish National

Guard to his Sister," is the same, I find, as a poem which has been sent to me from an American publication in which it did duty again under the title, "To Hester of the Sacred Heart." It may thus serve to mark the point of transition to that second period of our poet's life, the ten years spent at the other side of the Atlantic. As there is some rashly worded doctrine broached in one of these quatrains, it is consoling to remember that this Tyrtæus was full of Christian faith, and hope, and charity, millions of miles removed from every taint of Pantheism, and, in fact, much more at home with the cross and rosary which he assigns to Hester, than with the spear and brand which he claims as his own weapons :—

"My sister dear, in holy cloister kneeling,  
Serenely gazing on the midnight orbs,  
Their eyes to thine celestial dreams revealing,  
While adoration all thy soul absorbs;  
Forget not earth, though heaven encamp about thee;  
Forget not him who feebly fights and falls  
Alone, afar, and pilotless without thee,  
In vain for aid amid the tempest calls.  
Thou art as sacred fire before an altar,  
And I—a watcher in the lonely night,  
With bleeding feet the while o'er rocks I falter—  
Look up and bless the consecrated light.  
Thy tent is where the lightning-sworded Seven  
Array the dazzling armies of the suns;  
But mine afar where gleam the fires of heaven,  
Pale, pure, and holy as a choir of nuns.  
And thou shalt drink at that ambrosial table,  
Where angels banquet in immortal halls,  
While I—oh! were my grosser sense but able  
To bear the light that from their raiment falls!  
To feel his glory like an ocean growing  
For ever grander o'er my sinking head,  
And on my brow a twilight lustre glowing  
From distant suns in far-off systems shed I—  
I fight with steel, and thou with prayer; but whether  
With cross or spear, or Rosary or brand,  
O sister! may we climb the heavens together!  
A patriot's blood might grace an angel's hand.  
I deem that all are to one centre tending—  
All spirit rays that in one flame shall burn,  
When each with all, and all with Godhead blending,  
Back to their source, fire-tested, shall return.  
Each living soul, no more distinct and single,  
Through æons purified, shall yet combine,  
Till even natures base as mine may mingle  
With those almost immaculate as thine.  
Yet tremble, sister, tremble and be zealous—  
Elected vessel of a Spouse thou art—  
Who still the more He loves, the more is jealous,  
And thou reclinest on his very heart.  
But I have worshipped from my youth his daughter,  
Chain-breaking Liberty, at whose command,  
For weal or woe, to felon-chains or slaughter,  
I do devote myself for this dear land.  
Farewell! Pray Him who drew the stars from chaos,  
Who smiled the darkness into golden light,  
And sent from heaven the sword of Maccabeus,  
To smile on Erin and defend the right."

"Felon-chains," or at least imprisonment was his portion very soon. The *United Irishman* had been suppressed by the Executive after sixteen weeks' existence; but a career of only six weeks was all that was allowed to the *Irish Tribune*. It was suppressed on July 15, 1848. The following Sunday Williams was arrested at his house, 35 Mountpleasant-square, Ranelagh, but he was not tried till the 2nd of November. Judge Torrens and Judge Crampton presided at the Commission, at which he was defended by Mr. Samuel Ferguson, Sir Colman O'Loghlen, and Mr. John O'Hagan, against the charge of treason-felony, in having compassed, imagined, or intended to depose and levy war against the Queen by the publication of certain articles in *The Tribune*. By a species of poetic justice, or at least by a very happy arrangement, the speech in our poet's defence was delivered by a true poet who, so long ago, ten years before *The Nation* newspaper was founded, had sung "The Forging of the Anchor" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, so nobly, that when the slashing editor, Christopher North, then one of the leaders in the literary world, recites it in one of the famous *Noctes Ambrosianae*—for that was the way he took to publish the contribution of the unknown Irish lad—the Ettrick Shepherd cries out: "That's your own!" and the Professor replies, "I wish to God it was."

Mr. Ferguson's speech, besides being manly and eloquent, had the greater merit of being judicious and well calculated to promote the interests of his client, which is more than can be said for a good many eloquent speeches. The following passage has an interest for our present purposes. Trying to disabuse the mind of the jury of the prejudices created by atrocious charges of socialism and infidelity brought against the traverser, his advocate said:—

"He is not an infidel. With a charity becoming his Christianity he prays that God may forgive his enemies that abominable slander. Gentlemen, I am not a member of that ancient and venerable Church within whose pale my client seeks for salvation and has found tranquillity and contentment in affliction. But I would be unworthy of the noble and generous Protestant faith which I profess if I could withhold my admiration from the services which I am instructed he has rendered to the cause of religion and of charity, not only by his personal exertions in distributing the beneficence of one of the best and most useful charitable institutions existing in our city, but also by his pen in embodying the purest aspirations of religion in sublime and beautiful poetry. When I speak of the services he has rendered to religion by his poetry, allow me also to say that he has also rendered services to the cause of patriotism and of humanity by it; and permit me to use the privilege of a long apprenticeship in those pursuits by saying that, in my own humble judgment, after our poet Moore, the first living poet of Ireland is the gentleman who now stands arraigned at the bar."

Among the witnesses whose evidence the Royal Irish Academy's file of the *Freeman's Journal* places at my disposal as conveniently as if the trial took place yesterday, I will summon only two for the defence—priest and doctor. Dr. Bellingham said: "Mr. Williams was my pupil at St. Vincent's Hospital; he was a remarkably amiable and gentlemanly young man; I consider him a person of a very humane and tender disposition, from what I know of him by personal intercourse and from the character he bore among his fellow-students."

And the Rev. Stephen Anster Farrell, who was then a curate in Francis-street, Dublin, but who soon after became a member of the Society of Jesus, deposed that "he had been acquainted with the accused for two years, and knew him to be very charitable and of the most kind and tender disposition." But the Crown sternly interposed when the witness was questioned about the authorship of those melodious lines to the Sister of Charity, which were to all intents and purposes "tendered as evidence" for the traverser. Whether legal or illegal evidence, they had probably their own weight with the jurors\* who, first of all, found the accused guilty of publishing the *Irish Tribune*, but not of intent to depose the Queen, and who, when sent back twice to reconsider their finding, returned finally with an absolute verdict of Not Guilty. The *Freeman's Journal* the next morning cited a "parallel case" curiously similar to this in the conduct of both judge and jury—the case of William Penn in 1670, when indicted for preaching to an unlawful assembly in Gracechurch-street—"in which case (says the *Freeman*) the London jury behaved with much the same sturdiness as our respected fellow-citizens, and the interpolations of the learned Recorder closely resembled the *TORRENS dicendi copia* which the Foreman yesterday encountered."

In closing the Commission the judges ordered that Mr. Williams should be set at liberty; but Mr. C. G. Duffy, whom two juries had failed to convict, was detained in prison for a third attempt which was to end like the others.

(To be continued.)

## THE IRISH CHILDREN'S FIRST COMMUNION.

### IN THREE PARTS.

#### PART III.—THE GREAT DAY.

A WEEK, one brief week only, and the day  
 Of First Communion shall have dawned. Dear child !  
 Thy Saviour cometh. Oh ! prepare the way :  
 He only wants a pure heart undefiled.  
 Banish from thine each thought untoward and wild,  
 And grow more like to Him this heavenly Guest,  
 More holy, and more humble, and more mild.  
 So will He come with joy into thy breast,  
 Lavish his treasures there, and sweetly take his rest.

\* Mr. Kevin O'Doherty remarked the day before, that every Catholic (to the number of thirteen) had been "challenged" by the Prosecution in empanelling his jury; and the names, &c., show that these recalcitrant jurors also were Protestants. This is mentioned as creditable to them in the present context.

Another week ! But much is still to do—  
 In turn the children at the good priest's side  
 Must kneel to purify their souls anew  
 In that all-cleansing, sanctifying tide  
 Which from the Sacred Heart flows far and wide.  
 No heart is pure enough for this great feast,  
 Yet Christ would share it with us ere He died,  
 And his Heart's yearnings never since have ceased :  
 And now He comes to these, his dearest though his least.

There are rich, vivid moments in life's day—  
 Chiefly to young and guileless spirits given—  
 Keen, exquisite joy that will not, must not stay,  
 For this is earth around us, and not heaven.  
 This fullest rapture, without taint or leaven  
 Of sin or sadness, can be felt by none  
 More perfectly than by the child that, shriven  
 From its least trace of evil, thought or done,  
 Sees in clear morning sky the First Communion sun.

The sun shines brightly out, as if it knew  
 How many hearts are glad to see it shine ;  
 For all the dresses white and ribbons blue  
 Borrow a brighter glow, O Sun ! from thine.  
 Whole months of sunshine would these maids resign  
 (What matters hay crop or the ripening corn ?)  
 To be secured until this day's decline  
 From drenching downpour and from mist forlorn—  
 All sunshine bright as now, this First Communion morn.

Yes, till the day's decline ; for not till then  
 These snowy garments shall be doffed. In bands,  
 Through lanes and hamlets, and then home again,  
 They'll shyly march, with interwoven hands,  
 Less gay but happier than their wont. Thy sands,  
 O Time ! should glide less rapidly to-day.  
 But now 'tis early morning, yet there stands  
 A little knot at stages on the way,  
 Eager to shine among the churchward-bound array.

Thus the procession gathers on its course,  
 And in fair order gains the chapel-gate,  
 Where Father John with pride reviews his force,  
 Chiding the few who even now come late,  
 (As come they will, how long soe'er you wait.)  
 Then to its proper place each class proceeds,  
 And each one tries, although the strain is great,  
 Not to look round, but kneeling prays or reads—  
 The prayers of such as these the great God hears and heeds.



And now the belfry's hushed. A final thrill  
Of deeper expectation ; for at last  
The vestry-door opes wide and wider still :  
In red and white the servers flutter fast,  
Each to his post, with tapers tall which cast  
A dull glare 'mid the sunshine. Then all stand  
Until the mitred Sire bath slowly passed,  
Bearing his crozier in his trembling hand—  
A fatherly old man, austere, yet kind and bland.

The children think that bishops must perforce  
Have snowy heads like this which lowly bends  
In prayer at altar-foot. Meanwhile, of course,  
Each little heart its private prayer suspends,  
For see ! the Bishop now the steps ascends  
With Father John in surplice by his side,  
Who, slightly timorous himself, pretends  
The boys' manœuvres carelessly to guide,  
And rubrical mistakes with quiet skill to hide.

The Mass begins. They kneel, and e'en the priest  
Kneels where he's wont to stand, and strikes his breast  
At *their* Confiteor ; and, when they've ceased,  
He speaks out slowly, solemnly the rest.  
O First Communicants ! pray, pray your best,  
For time is passing, and the moment nears  
For which so many prayers have been addressed—  
So many longing sighs and heart-wrung tears—  
Pray now with tears to Him who falling tear-drop hears.

The Gospel o'er, the servers seat them round  
Upon the altar-steps ; the rest sit, too,  
And nought is heard save the impressive sound  
Of many silent hearts. " My children, you  
Who are my joy and pride, my treasure true "—  
So doth the Bishop his discourse begin  
Which I in vain might strive to preach anew,  
For (more than words) his looks, tones, gestures win  
Their way to innocent hearts undimmed by care or sin.

" Happy, my children, happy, happy ye !  
The Lord is with you. He who said of old  
' Suffer the little ones to come to Me,  
The tender, snow-white lambkins of my fold '—  
He cometh now within your breasts to hold  
Sweet converse, and his gracious gifts to shower.  
Ah ! not by man's tongue can the tale be told  
Of all the works of grace and love and power  
That He, the hidden God, works in Communion-hour.

"List to his prayer : *'My child, give me thy heart !*  
 From this entreaty turn not cold away,  
 But beg Him of his bounty to impart  
 All gifts and graces of this blessed day,  
 And seal your hearts as all his own for aye.  
 So when the years, many or few, are fled,  
 Through which God willeth you on earth to stay,  
 He who shall month by month your souls have fed  
 Will at the last come thus to bless your dying bed.

"Oh ! in the days or years 'twixt now and then  
 May God be with you all, my children dear !  
 May you grow up good women and good men.  
 If God should spare you long to labour here,  
 May you live happy in his love and fear !  
 Most precious earnest of that love is given  
 To you this morn. Pray ! for the moment's near  
 For which to fit your spirits ye have striven—  
*He comes into your hearts whose smile is heaven of heaven.*

"Pray, then, my dear ones ! Bow each heart and head  
 Before the awful Deity that deigns  
 To stoop so low our wretched souls to wed.  
 On high, in glory, love, and light He reigns ;  
 Yet on our altars hidden He remains,  
 To come into our hearts. Your hearts to-day  
 Will first receive Him. Children, still take pains  
 To welcome Him as sweetly as ye may ;  
 Pray on, then, in your hearts ; pray, dearest children, pray !"

The solemn rites proceed. The Sanctus bell  
 Is followed by the double chime that bends  
 Each head in worship. Wrong it were to tell,  
 In such rude rhyme, of Him who now descends  
 'Mid these his dearest and most cherished friends—  
 The young, the poor, the simple. Let us pray  
 That these fresh hearts for ours may make amends,  
 And that our icy chill may melt away  
 In these warm memories of First Communion Day !

M. R.

## WIT.

BY ISAAC TUXTON.

## I.

**D**ELIGHTED surprise is the common immediate sensation following fresh knowledge of an elevating or curious kind. Whenever relations are established between ideas, knowledge of some kind is communicated. The sensation of delighted surprise springs from relational knowledge especially. Philosophers and mathematicians establish *essential* hidden relations between ideas of things, in their several fields of thought, and the delighted surprise, consequent on the full perception of these relations, is grave and profound, as is the labour gone through in fusing the different ideas into one living whole. The deepest joy is grave, not gay. But there are lighter relations, links, analogies, by which cognitions of all sorts, apparently *toto cælo* distinct and often contradictory, run into one another so as to make a delightfully surprising ideal compound out of heterogeneous or opposing elements. The relations which enable us to fuse such conflicting or distinct ideas may be called literary. They constitute the basis of all figurative language. Men of letters, poets, orators and wits have here a common field of work. Their peculiar gifts, therefore, are very closely related, if not really identical. By the discovery of essential or scientific relations between ideas of things, the truths of philosophy and the laws of nature are demonstrated; by the discovery of real, subtle, but superficial relations, poets, prose writers, orators, and wits, surprise, delight, refute, convince, persuade, incite, restrain, cheer, console, and in innumerable, indefinable ways, energize in human intellects, wills and emotions. No wonder it is so difficult to pack poetry, oratory, or wit into a definition when we see the endless variety of effects produced. The cause contains the effects somehow.

Only those perceived relations between cognitions, which provoke smiles and laughter, are ordinarily called wit; but I am much mistaken if all the bold, striking figures of the orator and the poet, which delight and move in any way, may not as truly be so called. Enthusiasm, then, and tears, and the thousand other emotions of our mysterious being, which the poet and orator, by means of their peculiar language cause, are as much the effect of wit as smiles and laughter. Humour—after all, humour is but a branch of wit in sentient creatures. It is the wit of the emotions: We can, it is true, in general assign its field of action different from that of wit, but the line that divides them cannot be drawn, and they run into one another continually. In a sentient, intellectual creature, they are necessarily co-existing phases of the same power.

Sydney Smith says that the feeling of wit (that is, wit in its more restricted or ordinary sense) is produced by those relations of ideas,

which excite surprise, and surprise alone. He gives the following story as an example. Louis XIV., being extremely harassed by the repeated solicitations of a veteran officer for promotion, said one day, loud enough to be heard, "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer I have in my service." "That is precisely the charge (said the old man) which your majesty's enemies bring against me." Does the relation here established between the king's rebuke and the witty officer's confession of its truth and triumphant defence of himself by the same confession excite surprise alone? Surprise primarily, but almost, if not altogether contemporaneously, admiration for the cleverness of the wit, unselfish joy in his triumph, satisfaction in seeing the king defeated, and keen sense of delight in our own exercised power of taking in rare and subtle relations without effort. What did the officer do when the king's bitter speech pierced him to the quick, blighting, as it would seem, all his hopes? Instantaneously he saw its bearings with regard to himself, his shattered hopes, the king displeased, his own past services, his wish to propitiate his royal master, his hoping against hope of yet attaining what he sought for, and, having thought through this and much more, he sees, by acknowledging in one respect the truth of the king's remark (that is, establishing a relation between it and the object of his wishes), he can gain all his ends, as well those before as after the rebuke. Herein lies the wit of the agent. The percipients of his wit take in all these bearings, too, instantaneously; and surprise, admiration, sympathy, and the triple satisfaction, all expressed by smiles and laughter, succeed. The multitude of so many expressed and implied acts taking place in a moment should not astonish us, when we remember how the mind works, especially when some powerful stimulus is applied; e.g., in danger, realising the situation, reviewing means of facing the peril, choice of what seems most feasible and salutary for self and others. Again, in disputation, and in numberless other circumstances, the mind sees at a glance what it would take pages to express. An instant of time is made up of an indefinite number of infinitesimal portions. In each infinitesimal part a spirit can act, and mind is spirit. Besides, just as the corporal eye can take in thousands of different objects at the same indivisible moment, so the "mind's eye" can see thousands of relations of ideas absolutely contemporaneously. Admiration and sympathy, both *sui generis*, and a soothing sense of superiority of some kind in the percipient, seem to be what distinguish in their effects phenomena, which make us smile and laugh, from phenomena of the same gift which cause emotions of beauty, sublimity, enthusiasm, pathos, &c. Not, as Sydney Smith seems to say, that wit stops short at surprise, whereas these other relations of the *mens divinator* go on from that and call into being other emotions; though, in affirming this, he seems to allow, that the phenomena are radically identical, since the primary effect of each is the same.

What constitutes the peculiar beauty of a passage like the following?

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Here we have the physical phenomena of the tide, such help and obstacle to boatmen, run into the experiences of human life by a mental combination, so as to surprise, delight, and move us strangely. By the same literary relations between ideas, Holy Scripture, all impassioned oratory and real poetry, drive home to our hearts, feebly grasped, or difficult, or overlooked ideas and truths. Surprise is the first effect of all these perceived literary relations; then delight in our almost effortless act of perceiving such subtle links; then peculiar emotions, according as the relations move us to smiles, laughter, tears, enthusiasm, high resolves, or noble aspirations. But in all there is the fundamental sameness caused by the perception of surprising relations between mental objects in totally different spheres of being.

I will now give briefly the substance of the foregoing remarks. Surprise is the first effect of relational knowledge. Delight follows; and both surprise and delight take their complexion from the relations established. The mental power of the poet, orator, literateur, and wit, for perceiving rare, delicate, real, superficial resemblances, links, or relations, between ideas of things apparently the most remote from one another, is one and the same. However, the phenomena of this power, which provoke smiles and laughter, are alone commonly called wit. They are distinguished from the other phenomena of the same faculty, not in that they produce surprise alone, while these others go further; but, in that they produce admiration of, and sympathy with, the agent, both *sui generis*, together with a feeling of superiority of some kind in the percipient, and the surprise, admiration, sympathy, and self-satisfaction are expressed by delighted smiles and laughter.

### TO ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

ALL art is born of love, and leads thereto;  
 Love is the nurse of genius; they who move  
 Their fellows most, the most are moved by love.  
 Great painters and great poets always knew  
 The human soul, as well as art, to sue;  
 No feet were swifter than their own to rove  
 'Mid sacred temple and symbolic grove,  
 Where Love holds court, to worship and to woo.

And thou who playest to earth a painter's part,  
 Hast as a woman and a lover smiled;  
 And we shall know thee all thy sunny life  
 Less as the matchless mistress of thine art  
 Than as thy father's and thy mother's child,  
 A poet's sister and a soldier's wife.\*

\* See the note appended to "Love's Roll Call" in the last number of this Magazine.

## THE ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.\*

BY MELBOURNENSIS.

**A**S in the case of the North American Indians, the Australian aborigines have suffered from contact with the white man. Of the thousands that once roamed in rude freedom over the hills and valleys which Europeans have seized and made their own, not many hundreds now remain. The survivors generally live in the outskirts of the settlements, retiring before the steadily advancing wave of civilization. Before they accepted the gifts of the white man, and allowed him to take up his abode among them, the aborigines were, on the whole, a vigorous and healthy race. But the white man brought with him strong drink and civilised vice, with their natural result, manifold disease, and a blight fell upon the native population. Inured to hardship, they had flourished in their primitive wildness; but, like the beast of the forest, that will droop and die behind the bars of a cage, they became enfeebled in the midst of the restraints and enervating ease of civilisation, and rapidly disappeared from earth. Whole tribes have been swept away, of which even the name is no longer preserved. Strangers possess the lakes and rivers that once were theirs, and they shall never more hunt the opossum and kangaroo in the woods and over the plains of Australia. The individuals who live within the limits of the colonies are, in most instances, but degraded specimens of the race. To form a true idea of the Australian savage, we must seek him in the wilds to which no white man has yet penetrated, or judge him by the accounts of impartial travellers who were the first to become acquainted with his appearance and customs.

From such accounts we learn that the blacks of Australia are of middle height, though they sometimes reach a majestic stature. They walk with an erect carriage, and a proud, independent mien. In colour they are seldom decidedly black. The prevailing hue is that of copper in a great variety of shades. Their hair is not woolly, but long, glossy, and curling. Of their beards, which are, in many instances, full and flowing, they are usually very vain. Their eyes, though sunken, are large and brilliant; the nose is broad, the mouth wide, the lips thick, but not protuberant, and the forehead low, massive, and perpendicular. The forehead is higher, and the under jaw less projecting than in the Negro. Muscular and well-proportioned, they are easy and graceful in the motions of their body.

"When an aboriginal young man," says Mr. Bonwick, "is adorned for a corrobory (dance), with his hair parted, greased, and curled, his sinewy and finely chiselled limbs untrammelled with dress, his noble bust artistically decorated with ochre, and his joyous face beaming

\*The writer is indebted for much of his information to Mr. Bonwick's work, "William Buckley and his Port Philip Black Friends:" Melbourne, 1856.

with exuberant good humour, he presents a far more pleasing object to the lover of natural grace, than the bejewelled, scented, patent-booted, smirking fop of Regent-street."

The easy self-possession and, at times, the cold and haughty indifference which characterise the Australian savage in the presence of white men, tell of the life of unrestrained freedom which he enjoys, acknowledging no controlling power save the wayward inclinations of his will. Captain Sturt, when exploring the river Murray in 1829, was the first European to visit the numerous tribes that lived on its banks, and he has left pleasing descriptions of his experiences among them. A few extracts from his journal will give a pretty good idea of the aborigines in their wild state:—

"Some natives were observed running by the river-side behind us, but on turning the boat's head towards the shore they ran away. It was evident they had no idea what we were, and, from their timidity, feeling assured that it would be impossible to bring them to a parley, we continued onward till our usual hour of stopping, when we pitched our tents on the left bank for the night, it being the one opposite to that on which the natives had appeared. We conjectured that their curiosity would lead them to follow us, which they very shortly did; for we had scarcely made ourselves comfortable when we heard their wild notes through the wood as they advanced towards the river; and their breaking into view with their spears and shields, and painted and prepared as they were for battle, was extremely fine. They stood threatening us, and making a great noise, for a considerable time, but finding that we took no notice of them, they at length became quiet. I then walked to some distance from the party, and taking a branch in my hand, as a sign of peace, beckoned them to swim to our side of the river, which, after some time, two or three of them did. But they approached me with great caution, hesitating at every step. They soon, however, gained confidence, and were ultimately joined by all the males of their tribe. I gave the first who swam the river a tomahawk (making this a rule in order to encourage them), with which he was highly delighted. I shortly after placed them all in a row, and fired a gun before them. They were quite unprepared for such an explosion, and after standing stupified and motionless for a moment or two, they simultaneously took to their heels, to our great amusement. I succeeded, however, in calling them back, and they regained their confidence so much that sixteen of them remained with us all night, but the greater number retired at sunset. On the following morning they accompanied us down the river, where we fell in with their tribe, who were stationed on an elevated bank, a short distance below, to the number of eighty-three, men, women, and children. Their appearance was extremely picturesque and singular. They wanted us to land, but time was too precious for such delays. Some of the boldest of the natives swam round and round the boat, so as to impede the use of the oars, and the women on the bank evinced their astonishment by mingled cries and yells."

Some time after the party was pursued by two large bodies of savages, which appeared on opposite sides of the river. The two

divisions soon united on the right bank, and "the whole then followed us," says Sturt, "without any symptom of fear, but making a dreadful shouting, and beating their spears and shields together, by way of intimidation. It is but justice to my men to say, that in this critical situation, they evinced the greatest coolness, though it was impossible for any one to witness such a scene with indifference." The explorer landed on the left bank to rest his men, and while an encampment was being formed, he advanced to the water's edge, accompanied by Mr. M'Leay, another of the party. He invited the blacks on the opposite side to an interview, holding out a branch in token of friendship. After great hesitation, the savages laid aside their spears and crossed the river. They were led to the white men's camp, where the first who approached received a tomahawk, and the rest some pieces of iron hoop. At sunset they left, but three of their old men remained at the fireside all night. "They are undoubtedly," Sturt declares, "a brave and confiding people, and are by no means wanting in natural affection. In person they resemble the mountain tribes. They have the thick lips, the sunken eyes, the extended nostril, and long beards; and both smooth and curly hair are common among them. Their lower extremities appear to bear no proportion to their bust in point of muscular strength, but the facility with which they ascend trees of the largest growth, and the activity with which they move upon all occasions, together with their singularly erect stature, argue that such appearance is entirely deceptive. The old men slept very soundly by the fire, and were the last to get up in the morning. McLeay's extreme good humour made a most favourable impression upon them, and I can picture him, even now, joining in their wild cry. Whether it was from his entering so readily into their mirth, or from anything peculiar that struck them, the impression upon the whole of us was, that they took him to have been originally a black, in consequence of which they gave him the name of Rundi. Certain it is, they pressed him to show his side, and asked if he had not received a wound there—evidently as if the original Rundi had met with a violent death from a spear-wound in that place. The whole tribe, amounting in number to upwards of 150, assembled to see us take our departure. Four of them accompanied us, among whom there was one remarkable for personal strength and stature."

The latter proved eventually of great service to them in very critical circumstances. At a certain portion of the river they found about six hundred natives awaiting them in a threatening attitude on a sandbank, towards which the boat was drifting. The aborigines were armed with clubs and spears, and filled the air with hideous battle-cries. They wore their war-paint, some having lines of white drawn along their ribs, arms, and legs, to make them look like skeletons, while others were covered plentifully with grease and yellow ochre. They presented a terrific appearance, as filled with fury and uttering loud yells, they kept their spears quivering in the air in eager expectation of the near approach of the boat. Sturt and his men were in great danger, and were just on the point of firing upon the savages, when from the bank opposite the latter a man suddenly flung himself



into the water, swam quickly to the hostile natives, and drove the foremost back from the river. "At one time pointing to the boat, at another shaking his clenched fist in the faces of the most forward, and stamping with passion on the sand." It was the friendly, stalwart savage who had been with them a short time before, and who arrived in this singular and unexpected manner to save them from imminent peril. He protected them on another occasion from a hostile tribe who were about to attack them when the boat had stuck fast in the river.

The Australian aborigines are generally naked, but in cold weather they use a long cloak made from the skin of the opossum, or kangaroo, and sewn with sinews of animals. This cloak contains an aperture for the head, and hangs from the shoulders to the knees or the middle of the leg. The garment is open on the side so as to leave the right hand and arm free. Among the coast tribes seaweeds and rushes serve the purpose of skins. But few ornaments are worn. It is singular that it is the men, not the women, who use them. Feathers of the emu (Australian ostrich) or of the cockatoo, with the teeth of the kangaroo and the claws of birds, decorate the person on great occasions, while further beauty or splendour is sought by curling the hair and carefully painting the body. Raised scars cover the bosom, or, as in the women's case, the back.

A European lady was once visited by a fine looking woman of the aborigines. She thought that the present of a bright cap and gown would improve the appearance of her visitor, but found it did not. Next day the same woman visited her again, clothed, to the lady's surprise, in the usual robe of kangaroo skin. But her surprise was much increased and her amazement excited, when she saw the woman's husband make his appearance at the door of the room, his brawny limbs enveloped in the gown, and his beard and dusky features peering from under the gay head-dress.

Being a nomadic race, they do not confine themselves for any lengthened period to fixed habitations. Shifting their ground whenever their wayward fancy suggests a change or game becomes scarce, they establish a new encampment by branches of trees arranged so as to protect them against the wind, or by logs or reeds covered with grass, bark, boughs, or skins. But, in certain localities, especially within the tropics in the north and north-east, where a superior race of aborigines exist, substantial and well-made huts are found.

The savages display much more ingenuity in the construction of their weapons than in building dwellings. Unacquainted with bows and arrows, they use as weapons principally spears and shields. The top of the spear bears sharp pieces of quartz fixed into it with gum. A throwing stick, in which the spear rests, is used for projecting the weapon with greater force. The shield is made of gum-tree wood. Another weapon is the waddy, a thick, heavy stick or club. But the most singular of their instruments of war is the boomerang, a curved blade of wood which, when flung forward, will return towards the spot whence thrown, in such a way as even to strike an object behind the person who threw it. Their hatchets or tomahawks consist of a

large, sharpened stone, fitted into a handle of wood. They use javelins pointed with hard wood, stone, or bone. Nets for entrapping game and fish are woven by the women from roots whose fibres are separated by mastication. Those nets are strong enough to hold the emu or the large kangaroo. On the Murray, the blacks are skilful in spearing the fish. Sometimes during the dark hours of the night a whole fleet of canoes will cover the broad waters of the river, each boat drawing the fish within reach of the spear by a blazing torch of odoriferous wood, fixed in the prow. Occasionally a savage dives into the river-depths, carrying with him a light spear; he feels for the fish among the stones and holes of the bottom, and soon appears at the surface with one of the finny tribe quivering on the point of the weapon. To catch the wild duck, the aborigines swim down the stream with their heads concealed in a bush, or they keep beneath the surface, breathing through a reed till they get under the bird and seize him from below. They are very adroit in noosing with a long rod and bait the turkey and wood-pigeon. The graceful, but wary Lyre bird (*Manura superba*) cannot be so caught, but often falls a victim to a skilful cast of the waddy.

According to the most celebrated explorers, the Australian aborigines are naturally good humoured and affectionate, frank, open, and confiding; but they are frequently roused to sudden bursts of fury, and they become then vindictive, cruel, and treacherous. It is unjust in Europeans who have experienced their anger, to describe them as always characterised by the latter feelings. If such feelings have been often displayed towards white men, it is because the savages naturally regard them as aliens and usurpers, who deprive them of their hunting grounds and the means of subsistence. Among themselves quarrels and wars are of frequent occurrence, though seldom attended with fatal results to any great extent. Their life, exposed as it is to the elements, is not without its enjoyments. Living amidst the picturesque and beautiful scenery of Australia, beneath a sunny sky, and in a fine climate, they wander from one hunting-ground to another, and fish in the lakes and rivers, free from anxiety or care; they fight when it is their humour, or they feast and make merry in their temporary resting-places. "Their camp," says Mr. Bonwick, "is a very home of buffoonery and laughter. Without the conventional decorum and restraint of our civilised society, without our jealousy of vanity and punctilious observances, they gambol with the freedom of roistering children. Such an idea as suicide never comes into their minds; they have no bills to meet, no position to sustain. The condition of the old men in a tribe is honourable, gratifying and fattening; their counsels are treated with respect; they marry the young wives, and they may eat what they please."

Some have described the blacks of Australia as the lowest in the scale of rational beings, placing them, in fact, little above the beast. The description is incorrect. Those who have had the best opportunity of being well informed on the point, testify that the Australian savages possess a mental acuteness and propriety of judgment not to be despised. Sir T. Mitchell says:—"They are as apt and intelligent

as any other race of men I am acquainted with." Mr. Parker, who had been protector of the aborigines, declares that "they are just as capable of receiving instruction, just as capable of mental exercises, as any more favoured race." The children are described as fine, healthy, and sprightly, and as only needing to be taken early in hands and trained to different habits to become the equals of civilised children. Like the North American Indian, the aborigines of Australia are remarkable for exceedingly acute sight and hearing, and for enduring patience. Their quickness of perception is chiefly displayed in following the trail of man or of game. The slightest impression on the ground or grass, the displacing or breaking of a twig, is enough to enable them to follow the object of pursuit with certainty and rapidity.

They have invented names for every species of animal, fish, and vegetable they use, but they possess little power of generalisation. They have no word to express the generic terms fish, tree, bird. A countless number of dialects, or rather of different languages, exists on the continent, tribes living within a few miles of each other having scarcely a word or phrase in common. This variety is due to the very slight intercourse between the various tribes, and to the custom of dropping, in certain circumstances, old words and inventing new ones. When a member of a tribe dies, the survivors never mention his name. Thus on one occasion a man died whose name was the word used by the savages to designate fire, and it then became necessary to change the word for fire and invent a fresh one. They have words for "one," "two," "three," but to express "four" they say "two-two;" for "five" they say "two-three," and so on. Several of their languages exhibit much grammatical refinement, especially those of the northern portion of the continent. The verb has nearly all the moods and tenses of the Greek; while the noun, pronoun, and adjective have a dual, as well as a plural form. An extract from Mr. Bonwick's work will give a fair idea of the language.

"Almost all the words end in vowels. There are five vowels and sixteen consonants. There is a want of the c, f, j, x, or z. . . The following, from the Murray dialect, will show the declension of nouns :—

*Nominative:* Meru, man; Merakul, the two men; Mera, men. *Active Nominative:* Merinnanna. *Genitive:* Merining; Merinnimakul; Merinnarango. *Dative:* Merininnanno; Merinnakulamanno; Merinnaramanno. *Accusative:* Meru; Merakul; Mera. *Ablative:* Merinni (with); Merinnakulamanno; Merinnaramanno; Merinnainmudl (from); Merinnakullammammudl; Merinnaramainmudl."

"Among the Murray pronouns are *Ngape*, I; *Ngurru*, thou; *Ngedlu*, we two; *Ngupul*, you two; *Ngennu*, we; *Ngunnu*, you; *Ninni*, he."

In some of their songs the Aborigines exhibit much poetic feeling. We give one translated freely into English by Mr. Richard Howitt in 1840. It is the lament of a mother on the death of her child:

*Tullamarine* (a wild flower.)

"Tullamarine, thou lovely flower,  
I saw thee in a happy hour;  
When first I gazed upon my boy,  
I saw thee with a mother's joy.

"Methought thy beauty on me smiled ;  
And by thy name I called my child ;  
And thence alike with joy were seen,  
Both boy and flower, Tullamarine.

"The lights of heaven appear and go ;  
Both stars and flowers their seasons know ;  
Thus, in thy season, thou art seen,  
Sweet earthly star, Tullamarine.

"Soother of many a weary hour,  
By mountain-stream, in forest bower ;  
I gathered thee with choicest care,  
And wore thee fondly in my hair.

"Wide wandering through the woods away,  
Where with thy bloom the ground was gay,  
I called thee then the "flower of joy,"  
Sweet namesake of my darling boy.

"He grew, he flourished by my side,  
He ran, he gathered thee with pride ;  
But, woe is me ! in evil hour,  
Death stole away my human flower.

"I wander in my sorrow's night,  
My star is emptied of its light ;  
Thou, flower of joy, art changed to grief,  
Thy dews, my tears, are on thy leaf.

"Therefore do I behold in vain  
Thy beauty, look on it with pain ;  
I see thee with an inward groan,  
Because I look on thee, alone.

"All things my sorrow seem to share,  
There broods a sadness on the air ;  
There hangs a gloom along the sky,  
My boy is dead, and thou shouldst die.

"Now for the joy which long I had,  
The sight of thee must make me sad :  
So in my path no more be seen,  
But deck his grave, Tullamarine."

Singing, and music produced by beating with the open hand on tightly-stretched skins, accompany the corrobory or dance, in which the savages take great delight. The corrobory is celebrated with much ceremony. An eye-witness thus describes one which took place by moonlight:—

"Certain important-looking old gentlemen are gliding about, consulting and giving directions about the *fête*. The performers see that the pipe-clay lines of beauty upon their body are in proper order, re-daubing where necessary. After an amount of fussing, coquetting, fidgetting, and confusion, worthy of a more civilised reunion, there is a fall to places. The ladies squat near the fires, clear their throats

for a song, and give an extra tightening to their drums. The old men sit or stand in groups. The young men spring blithely into the centre, accompanied by an involuntary ha! ha! of admiration from the throng of ebon beauties. Some little bantering passages between the sexes are silenced by the seniors, in growls from their white-haired lords, and spiteful snappings from the shrivelled hags of mammas. Silence is called; the ranks are formed; the moon's beams rest upon the naked performers. With bunches of gum leaves in their hands, and others round their ankles, like flying Mercuries, the dancing men are ready. The band strikes up. Slowly moving their bodies from side to side, the young men gracefully and tremulously move their hands to the measure. At a signal, the legs commence a similar motion, having a most grotesque and unnatural appearance. The flesh of the thigh and calf is seen quivering in a most extraordinary manner. This excites deep interest in the spectators. Exclamations of delight issue from the eager witnesses of the performance at some peculiarly charming and difficult wriggling of limb. After sundry chasseeing, the men break their line, rush together in a mass, without disorder or confusion, leap upwards in the air, wave their boughs over their heads, utter a loud "Waugh!" and, bursting into laughter, join in a *melée* of chattering, and receive the hearty congratulations of their friends." (*"William Buckley and his Port Philip Black Friends,"* pp. 59, 60.

The commonly-received opinion with regard to the majority of the Australian aborigines is, that they have no idea of a Supreme Being. They make use of no prayers, and have no form of public or private worship. A singular belief with regard to the life which succeeds death seems to have been adopted by them since the coming of the whites. They think that when they fall down and die, they after a time "jump up white fellows." It is said that a semi-civilised savage, when about to be hung for some crime in Melbourne, cried out: "Very good; me jump up white fellow; plenty sixpence." He was consoled by the prospect of all the enjoyments which the money he should have as a white man would purchase for him. Their moral character does not reach a high standard. Polygamy is the prevailing custom; and conjugal infidelity, though discountenanced and punished, is by no means rare. Nearly all their quarrels result from disputes about the women. Infanticide prevails to a great extent, especially in the case of half-caste children. The latter they regard as no better than the wild dogs of the country. Infanticide is occasioned principally by the difficulty of providing proper nourishment. The food of the adults is not nutritious enough for very young children, and as the mother does not wean her offspring till it has reached the age of three or four years, the infants that are born in the meantime are usually killed. When reasoned with on the subject, the aborigines reply that it is no use to have picaninny, because "white fellow shoot 'em when 'em young man." It is certain that they eat the flesh of enemies taken in battle, but there is no sufficient testimony to show that human flesh is preferred by them to other food.

Not many attempts, we grieve to say, have been made to ameliorate

the condition of the Australian savages. The author we have so often quoted says: "There have not been wanting some feeble efforts to christianize the natives of Port Philip and the neighbouring colony of New South Wales. But all such attempts have failed. Besides difficulties previously mentioned, there are other powerful antagonisms—the restlessness of the people, the active opposition of some settlers, and the bad example and teaching of many white men" ("William Buckley and his Port Philip Black Friends," p. 73.) Mr. Bonwick speaks of Protestant missions. The only Catholic mission of these colonies is situated in Western Australia. It had to contend with many difficulties in the beginning, but it is now in a flourishing condition. The New Norcia Mission, as it is called, is conducted by Spanish Benedictines, whose superior, Dr. Salvado, is a bishop. The history of the mission is very interesting, and we hope to be able at some future date to make the readers of the IRISH MONTHLY acquainted with it. We shall merely say a word at present on the way in which the mission was begun. More than twenty years ago, Father Salvado, accompanied by another priest, sought an encampment of blacks in the wilds of Western Australia. On seeing them, the savages, who had never before gazed on a white man, seized their spears and shields, and assumed a menacing attitude. But the missionaries, undismayed, continued to advance, making signs of friendship. The savages allowed them to enter the encampment. The missionaries then took some sugar and began to eat it. The blacks, seeing this, wished to taste the sugar, and conceived such a liking for it that their visitors soon gave out all they had. A friendship was thus established. The missionaries henceforth followed the savages in their various wanderings, using the same food, and sleeping, like them, on the ground in the open air, till they had acquired a good knowledge of the black's language, and were enabled to lay the foundations of their mission.

It is much to be regretted that Western Australia is the only colony supplied with missionaries for the aborigines. There is sore need of them, especially in Queensland, where the blacks are very numerous. The Jesuit Fathers of Victoria and of South Australia are few in number, and scarcely able to cope with the amount of work which they have to do in the large cities where they are established. If their numbers were sufficiently increased, they would gladly found a mission among the neglected aborigines. Perhaps nowhere on earth would fewer difficulties be encountered in an attempt to renew the wonders of the far-famed missions of Paraguay than in the wilds of Northern Australia.

An excellent secular priest who had laboured for some time among the Murray tribes, wrote lately from Queensland (where he has found a more ample field for his zeal), giving a description of the condition of the aborigines in that colony. The letter which was addressed to a prominent member of the Society of Jesus, in Victoria, opened with the statement "that the writer had succeeded in obtaining from the Colonial Parliament a measure by which every aboriginal who wishes to settle on the land may have a homestead of 320 acres, 120 being

arable, with assistance from government in establishing the settlement. There are a great many tame blacks," continues the letter, "scattered throughout the settled districts of the colony, who are fit for such a settlement, and would desire it if made acquainted with the possibility of obtaining it, and how to set about it. I have not yet met a black in contact with civilisation, who would not like to be civilised when the feasibility of it was explained to him. As far as I can see, when their temporal wants are supplied, they are disposed to listen to the truths of Christianity. What they would do after hearing them, I cannot tell. I have not been with perfectly wild blacks; but they are said to be more docile and tractable than the semi-civilised, except where they are hostile. To start a mission among them would, I think, require a considerable amount of men and means. If a mission were opened in the north, among the tame Blacks on the confines of those who are being exterminated on the Palmer,\* I believe the poor creatures who are hunted there by the whites would be glad to take refuge at the mission, and the tame ones could be employed to entice them thither. The main difficulty of acquiring the language arises from the want of books; but this want can be to a considerable extent supplied by black interpreters. Each dialect is generally more or less understood for a considerable distance, sometimes for a hundred miles in different directions. But alas! *Mensis quidem multa, operaris autem pauci!* What am I in this vast Colony which is more than ten times as extensive as England and Wales. Absolutely nothing! If Catholic missionaries do not immediately come forward, I apprehend that the blacks will fall into the hands of the Protestants."

The letter concludes thus: "As the settlement of whites on the gold-fields and in the pastoral districts is very rapid, so is the destruction of the Blacks by them and the native police (aboriginals trained as policemen). Immediate assistance would save thousands of them and settle them on the land, who otherwise must perish by poison and shot. The Bishop of Brisbane (Right Rev. Dr. Quin), is very anxious to help them, but he has no missionaries."

The colonies are, unfortunately, but scantily supplied with priests, who find that they have more than enough to do among the white population. In the meantime, the native Australian race is passing rapidly away. Like the leaves that fall in the forest at the approach of winter, they drop silently and unnoticed into the grave. Mutual wars, conflicts with Europeans, disease, infanticide, and the decrease of game, are in constant operation to thin their numbers and put a stop to their further propagation. It is sad to witness their extinction, but doubly sad to see them disappear from earth, enveloped in such a night of ignorance and error. Thousands have been already swept away, and those that remain are melting like a vapour from the face of the land that gave them birth, while there is none who will

\* A gold-field exists there, and the diggers are by no means scrupulous with regard to the way in which they get rid of the hostile blacks. They employ, as the letter seems to indicate lower down, poison and the rifle for that purpose.

stretch forth a hand to give them aid. The white men who have deprived them of forest and stream, of lake and mountain and plain, are surely not free from obligation with regard to them. After injuring them so much, after contributing so materially to their rapid decay, they ought to do a great deal more than they have done to make compensation for the past. If they fail in this, they cannot be held guiltless of the destruction of the native Australian tribes. The precept of Christian charity knows no distinction of colour, and the dusky savage of Australia is as much our neighbour, in the Gospel sense, as a white man. It were well for him if we would do to him as, in like circumstance, we would that others should do to us.\*

### NEW BOOKS.

I. *Poems for Catholics and Convents, and Plays for Catholic Schools.*  
By the Sisters of Mercy, St. Catherine's Convent, New York City. (New York. 1874.)

INSIDE and outside this is really a charming book. The somewhat awkward title which we have quoted describes it accurately enough, provided that under the term "Catholic" we understand "Irish" also, as people generally do, thanks be to God, especially in the United States, from which this handsome volume has been sent to us. It has been "printed and stereotyped at the New York Catholic Protector, West Chester, N. Y.," which is, no doubt, an Industrial School or Orphanage, or some such charitable institution. We confess that this circumstance increases our wonder at the complete finish and elegance of the printing and every detail of the material get-up of the book. The book consists of a variegated and very pleasing assortment of poems on almost every conceivable topic connected with Faith and Fatherland, the fatherland being, of course, as we have implied, poor old Ireland. No matter where the theme may begin, "the heart untravelled fondly turns" to Ireland before the end of the poem with some such simple prayer as this (p. 128):—

"God bless the dear old land, the dear old people,  
God bless their hearts and homes each day anew;  
God keep them in their faith, and in their country,  
And keep them unto both for ever true!"

\* An interesting letter on the Australian Aborigines will be found in the *Tablet*, January 8th, 1876. A perusal of it will more than repay the trouble of looking it up. After mentioning how Protestantism has failed to make Christians of the Aborigines, and how the Catholic Church has been unable to do anything through want of priests, the writer (an Irish Catholic gentleman, long resident in Australia) zealously exclaims, in concluding his letter: "For the honour of God, for the honour of our holy religion, for the salvation of the souls of the poor aborigines, I pray God that my effusion may meet the eye and engage the heart of some holy missionary to enter upon the work of their conversion, and save them from the degradation and ruin which otherwise is their inevitable lot."



We do not know how many Sisters of Mercy have conspired in producing this anthology, or whether "Sister M. A." who signs the clever preface, is responsible for all except those marked "M. C. S." We suspect that nearly all of them have flowed from one heart. Plenty of *heart* there is in them; but we think that, in gathering them into this volume, a more rigid self-censorship ought to have been exercised. No doubt some of the pieces which would thus have been condemned to remain in the caterpillar state of manuscript may give pleasure and do good to many souls; but the behests of art ought to be attended to, even by those who hope and pray that their words may become the instruments of grace. There is no reason why "pious poetry" should spoil beautiful themes by slovenly metre or slipshod commonplace. The very talent shown in these pages makes us regret all the more that many of the poems have the air of mere improvisations, while they would have been worthy of that patient study which alone secures the fit expression of the swift inspirations of the heart.

The second part of the book, "Poems and Plays for Children only," will amuse grown-up folk also, who can say with Santa Claus, in one of those rhymes, "though physically forty, my heart feels young once more."

II. *A Daughter of St. Dominic.* By GRACE RAMSAY, Author of "A Woman's Trials," "Iza's Story," &c. (London: R. Washbourne.) THE name given on the title-page transcribed above, shows that this is an earlier work of the writer who has since allowed us to thank her under her true name for many pleasant and edifying books, of which this is one of the pleasantest and most edifying. Miss Kathleen O'Meara has a good deal of what she herself speaks of somewhere as "that charming and untranslatable gift called *esprit*." Lively and interesting as are her own fictitious sketches, they do not exceed in interest or beauty this story of a real life.

III. *My Return to the Church of Christ.* By H. A. VANDER HOEVEN, Barrister-at-law, and Member of the Second Chamber of Holland. Translated from the Dutch. (London: Burns and Oates. 1877.) MONSIGNOR CAPPEL, in his preface to Mr. Bagshawe's useful book of instructions for converts, "The Threshold of the Catholic Church," remarks that no two persons seem to be led to the fold of Christ in precisely the same way. This conclusion may be drawn from the various accounts of their motives given by different converts. Frederic Lucas, an English quaker, and Dr. Silliman Ives, an American bishop; Maziere Brady, an Irish parson, and Hope Scott, a London lawyer; Coventry Patmore, the poet, and John Oxenford, the critic; nay, men in circumstances less dissimilar than those whom we have on purpose matched unequally—men like Lord Dunraven and the Marquis of Ripon, or even like Dr. Newman and Cardinal Manning—if we could learn the process of their conversion (and three out of these few, and very many more whom we could name with hardly any effort of memory, have in fact described it for

us), they would be found to have all travelled by different ways to meet in the one Catholic Church.

The account of a recent conversion given in the well-translated book which lies before us, has an independent interest of its own. It is the work of a lawyer of Holland; and one point which will strike a reader accustomed to consider Dutchmen as phlegmatic as their swamps is the almost excessive fervour of its tone. But the legal training of the writer does good service also, as in the following passage:—

"I do not intend to write here an apology for the Catholic faith, but a sincere explanation of the current of thought by which, with the grace of God, I became a Catholic. In doing so, I have to put forward a principle which, in my opinion, is most important in investigating the truth, and without which I should never have arrived at an exact decision, namely, *that points of minor importance never should draw our attention from the principal question*. I was greatly convinced of the importance of this principle by reason of my legal practice. Almost every cause admits of arguments on both sides, and this to a certain extent without bad faith. Very seldom is the right of one party so clearly and thoroughly established, that there are no objections and arguments to be brought forward by opponents. When a 'layman' listens to the pleading of two advocates of talent, he will always feel what Henri IV. felt, who, in such a case, cried out: '*ma foi, ils ont tous deux raison*.' But those advocates themselves, or at least their impartial colleagues and the judges, generally know which of the two defends the true cause and which tries to blindfold justice. For they examine the *cardo questionis*, the decisive point of the question, and always look to *that*, so that all arguments not to the point, however shrewd and plausible they may be, exercise no influence over their judgment."

This is a very sensible view. It is unreasonable to dwell on such difficulties as communion under one kind, for instance, while leaving in abeyance the plain and decisive question of the existence of one visible Church with whom the Redeemer promised to abide for ever.

IV. *Magister Choralis*: A Theoretical and Practical Manual of Gregorian Chant. Translated and enlarged from the 4th German edition by the Rev. N. DONNELLY, Cathedral Church of the Immaculate Conception, Dublin. (Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati: Pustet.)

THE original of this work is of the highest authority, having been composed by the Rev. F. X. Haberl, Choir-master of Ratisbon Cathedral, who was charged by the Sacred Congregation of Rites with the revising and editing of the new choral books of ecclesiastical chant, the recent official publication of which is an important epoch in the history of Gregorian music. The present translation has been executed with the author's permission, and under his personal direction, embodying all the improvements of the 5th German edition, which has appeared simultaneously. Brought out by a firm which has at its command the amplest resources for the publication of Church music, the price of this most useful volume is surprisingly low, even when the cost of binding is added to it.

A CYNIC.

BY ETHEL TANE.

AND so your life has been a dreary story  
Of treachery against you, leal and true ;  
And little of our nature's tender glory  
Is yet revealed to you.

You think that you are wise and I am dreaming  
The dream of youth—as beautiful as vain—  
That friendship is another name for scheming,  
And love is—love of gain.

My friend, not long ago my dull existence  
Passed slowly by within a city drear,  
I watched the endless roofs, the smoky distance,  
The sparrows, prating near.

At length a footstep mounted to my attic :  
One entered in and reached to me his hands,  
And now I go with him—O joy ecstatic !—  
Across the meadow-lands.

The saucy robin trills his carol near us,  
The lark arises at our very feet,  
While speckled thrush and blackbird often cheer us  
With mellow notes and sweet.

And he—my guide—has promised me that yonder  
Are built the nests of doves and nightingales,  
In secret woods where we alone shall wander,  
In more sequestered vales.

But *you*—you look for doves in city alleys,  
For nightingales among the sparrow crew—  
Then marvel that the music of our valleys  
Is still unheard by you.

## WINGED WORDS.

## XVII.

1. There is such a thing as an affectation of not being affected.—*Anon.*

2. Among the Khond Indians, when two meet, the younger says: "I am on my way;" and the elder replies: "Go on." [Which thing is quoted for a parable.]

3. These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the weeks and days, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless.—*George Elliot.*

4. Think before you speak, think before whom you speak, think why you speak, think what you speak.—*Anon.*

5. Greatness is not shown by those who go to one extreme, but by those who touch both extremes and fill the space between them.—*Pascal.*

6. I will hold to the principles received by me when I was sane, and not mad—as I am now. Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no temptation: they are for such moments as this, when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigour. Stringent are they; inviolate they shall be.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

7. Prudence is the virtue of those who command, not of those who obey.—*St. Ignatius.*

8. No evil dooms us hopelessly except the evil we love and desire to continue in and make no effort to escape from.—*Mrs. Lewes.*

9. We must find our duties in what comes to us, not in what we imagine might have been.—*The same.*

10. Don't be forecasting evil, dear child, unless it is what you can guard against. Anxiety is good for nothing if we can't turn it into a defence. But there is no defence against all the things that might be.—*The same.*

11. The worst of innovations is the rigid execution of obsolete and ambiguous laws.—*Anon.*

12. If men would only say what they have to say in plain terms, how much more eloquent they would be.—*Coleridge.*

13. The most active or busy man that hath been, or can be, hath no question many vacant times of leisure, while he expecteth the tides and returns of business, except he be either tedious or of no dispatch, or lightly and unworthily ambitious to meddle with things that may be better done by others.—*Bacon.*

14. Earnestness is the basis of good conversation.—*Anon.*

15. In youth the absence of pleasure is pain; in age the absence of pain is pleasure.—*Anon.*

16. If a writer does not mind his P's and Q's, pathos is apt to become bathos.

17. It is no virtue to frown at irremediable faults.

## THE NEW UTOPIA.

## CHAPTER X.

## DEGG'S ESCAPE.

OUR conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the very person under discussion; the duke's carriage was seen coming along the drive, and we assembled before the door to meet him. He was always at home at Exdale, where he seemed able to shake off the shackles of his position and move at ease. Thither he came at brief intervals to enjoy the sunshine of the family circle, where the children expected "Duke," as they called him, to tell them stories about kangaroos and dodos, and where he took counsel on many practical points with that wise old Mary.

Greetings over, he was shown to his room, whither, at his request, I accompanied him to take charge of sundry packets of unanswered letters, the daily acknowledgment of which was one of the duties which he held sacred. Before we again descended to the drawing-room I took occasion to inform him of the presence of Miss Oswald.

"We have had some passages-at-arms together," I said. "What do you think of her?"

"Much like the rest of her genus," he replied. "They would be offended with us if we were to call them the *softer* sex, since they've taken to chaff and yachting buttons."

"You are not often so severe," I replied. "In this instance I do believe there is something hidden under the chaff. I begin to suspect the existence of a heart."

"She has a *head*, I know, and one famously full of rubbish: as to the other appendage, I will take it on your word."

"Do you know, Grant, I wish you would take her in hand; it's much like taming a wild cat, I know, but it would be worth the labour."

Grant shook his head. "I know Florence well," he said; "she rises to an argument like a trout to a fly, and would stand out against an archangel for pure love of contradiction."

"If the archangel were clothed in the garb of a High Church parson, I believe she would; but the tears were in her eyes when I talked to her to-day about Australia and Father Daly."

"So you've been blabbing, and made the little girl cry over your story, and were moved by 'the watery witness in her eye' to believe in her possession of a heart? Really, Jack, it savours of the sentimental."

"No, no, Grant, nothing of the sort, I do assure you; but the poor child is in want of a better helping hand than Wilfred Knowles, who does his very best, and only drives her in a contrary direction."

"Well," said Grant, "we'll think it over; but the taming of young ladies is not exactly my vocation."

We went down stairs, and were met by Oswald, who barely gave himself time to shake hands with the duke, before he brought forth the iniquity of Degg, and demanded instant justice. "You'll prosecute, of course; he hasn't the least rag of a case, and at last we shall be rid of the rascal."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said Grant, in a very unexcited tone, "but I don't intend to prosecute."

"Not prosecute!" cried Oswald. "But, my dear Leven, *have* you read his last week's article?"

"Yes," replied the duke. "Verney put it into my hand as I was getting into the carriage, and I read it coming along."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"You won't let the fellow escape this time with impunity?"

"Yes, my dear Oswald, life is too short to spend it prosecuting rascals; if Degg has a fancy for publishing fancy biographies of me, he is perfectly welcome; I shall neither bring him into court, nor shall he bring me."

Oswald's disappointment was intense: but something in the duke's manner made it difficult for him to pursue the subject, and he had to content himself with an expressive gesture which, if interpreted, might be understood as meaning either despair at the eccentricity of his friend, or a fervent desire of impaling the unhappy culprit.

During dinner, and the hour or so of conversation that followed, the duke was chiefly absorbed by Wilfred Knowles, who talked to him about Glenleven, and religious rules, and the practices of the Fathers in the Desert, till Florence could not conceal her impatience, and even Oswald fidgetted. I thought that Grant himself must be tired of it, but, if so, he did not betray it in his manner; he appeared to be giving Wilfred his whole attention, and was always courteous and kind.

As soon as she found herself out of earshot, Florence gave vent to her indignation. "Your duke should certainly be canonized," she said; "he has done two heroic acts this day; he has pardoned Degg, and listened patiently to Father Wilfrid for the space of two hours."

"Oswald will never forgive him the first achievement, nor you the second."

"Well, but are they not both rather of the supernatural order?"

"Probably," I replied; "as yet, I confess, I do not understand his motives in the matter of Degg."

"If Mr. Knowles would but be quiet for a minute, I would make bold to inquire: can't you create a diversion?"

The diversion, however, was effected by the duke himself, who having succeeded in obtaining a short respite, took refuge in an arm-chair near us.

"So it is really true, then," said Florence, "that Degg is not to be delivered over to the tormentors? I assure you, Charley here was already preparing the faggots."

"I daresay he would have run a fair chance of burning in that fourteenth century Mr. Knowles is so fond of," replied the duke; "but we are happily fallen on days of toleration."

Florence paused; and it was with the least possible amount of timidity that she said at last: "Is it very impertinent? I don't mean it so; but may I ask your reasons?"

"Reasons for what?"

"For not punishing him. Was it generosity?"

"Well, I'm not very fond of revenge, or of law courts either. I don't think they're the best places in the world for fostering charity."

"And was that all?"

"No, not quite, perhaps," and it was his turn to hesitate. "Well, Miss Oswald, I'll say to you what I could not say just now to your brother, when he was at such a white heat of frenzy. All circumstances considered, I should feel it shocking if Degg were to be held up to judgment for libelling *me*, when for these many years past law court after law court has declared it impossible to call him to account for libelling my Master."

"Your *Master*!" ejaculated Florence.

"Yes; why do you look so astonished?"

"I don't think I exactly understand."

"Why, my dear Miss Oswald, it's what every one knows; this poor creature has found it to his profit to put out week after week the most offensive articles on religious matters. He has not been content with assailing what he calls sacerdotalism in all its branches; he has attacked Christianity along the whole line, the most sacred things and the most sacred persons. I should not like to offend your ears by repeating the titles of some of his things; yet for all this blasphemy he has escaped scot-free; and after that, do you suppose I would allow damages to be given against him for some silly lies about my character? It would go against one's instincts of faith: at least that is my feeling."

There was a long pause: Florence leant her head on her hand, and seemed to be really thinking; Grant took up a book of photographs, and I sat by and watched the scene, which deeply interested me. At last she spoke: "Faith—yes, it must be a wonderful thing; a wonderful motive-power to those who possess it."

"And don't you possess it?"

"No, and I suppose I never shall. Don't be shocked. It must be a grand thing to believe as you do; but to some minds, even whilst they admire, it is simply impossible."

"Do you mean deliberately to say that you believe *nothing*?" said Grant, looking at her with those grave, penetrating eyes that were so rarely turned to meet the gaze of another. She seemed almost to tremble under their power.

"No, not quite that; but not what you would call believing."

"Let us come to particulars," said Grant, "for I don't believe that you believe nothing. And if there is any one thing you do believe, obey it, and it will lead you further."

"I don't understand," said Florence. "Please to explain your self."

"Well, I will take the first element of faith; you believe in God?"

"Of course," she replied.

and Alexia liked to call it running away. By-the-by, Charley, I wonder you don't get posts or something put up there; the road goes amazingly near the edge of the cliff."

"Of course it does," said Oswald. "That's where the baker's cart went down, horse and all, so, at least, says the Exdale tradition."

"Well, I think you ought to prevent the butcher from following him," said Florence; and there the matter dropped.

Guests arrived, and we went to dinner. Florence had for her next door neighbour an old gentleman who appeared to be prosy; but she gave him her undivided attention, or seemed to do so. For all conversational purposes, however, she was extinguished, and I was left to speculate whether this result was due to the achievements of the duke or of Dobbin.

During the rest of the evening, Grant had to receive and return the attentions of the company invited to meet him. But he was one who never forgot, and he watched his opportunity. At a convenient moment, when the buzz was general, he found means to approach Florry, and address her without observation. Engaged at a chess-table within ear-shot, I was able, while considering the next move of my queen, to catch their dialogue.

"Am I right," said Grant, "in supposing that the drive to-day, by Baker's Bit, was not altogether pleasant?"

She looked at him. "Has Edward told you?" she said; then, after a moment, "I don't want Mary to hear about it; but the pony backed; it's a horrid place; we were all but falling."

"Was there really danger?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied; "the left wheel must have been over; I don't know how much Edward saw, but I could see clear down the cliff, two hundred feet to the bottom."

"A terrible moment," said the duke. "I have known such in my life; they condense into a second the sensations of years."

"They do, indeed," said Florence, "and they clear away many clouds." Then she was silent, but it was a silence that seemed to indicate that there was something more she half desired to say. Grant did not hurry her; he held his tongue, and gave her time to gather up her courage; and at last she found her voice, but it was a very husky one. "I remembered your words; I shall never forget them. It is all confusion now, but they will lead me somewhere, I don't yet know where. Only this I want to say: *When I looked down that precipice, I felt that He was my Master.*"

"And I think that is check-mate," said my adversary, a mild young parson, astonished at his own success; but in truth, my soul had been rather in my ears than my eyes, and in my joy at Florry's capitulation I lost my queen and my game.

"It's all right," I said; "some losses are a real victory."

He stared, as well he might; and I daresay it was next day reported in Exdale that Mrs. Oswald's brother was more than a little eccentric.

"You will let me give you your revenge," he said, replacing the pieces, whilst I continued to play the eaves-dropper; but there was



little more to hear ; only the duke's parting words. " Well, that's all as it should be ; and if you remember *my* words, don't forget little Edward's."

" How so ?"

" At the edge of the precipice he prayed, and you were saved ; it was a lesson."

" Yes, yes," said Florence. " I know what you mean ; I thought of it when he told me."

And so the conversation ended.

The next morning we left Exdale for a week at Glenleven. Edward was left behind, Florence pledging herself that he should come to no harm, and that riding and fishing should not altogether banish the Latin Grammar. Grant was silent for a while as we drove away ; at last he said :

" You were right about that poor child, and I was wrong. One is always wrong in judging that people have no hearts. Everyone has one, only they can't always find it."

" I suspect Florry found hers at the edge of Baker's Bit," I said.

" Yes, and she was a brave girl, too, to hold her tongue about that adventure for fear of frightening Mary. Most women would have jabbered about it for a fortnight."

" The daughters of Eve do not certainly owe you much in the way of compliment," I said ; " but my belief is that Florence only needs the faith to rise far above the average. She is a good way off yet, though."

" Yes," said Grant ; " but she is in the right way. We must get them to say a lot of rosaries for her at Glenleven."

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## CHAPTER XII.

### GLENLEVEN.

A DRIVE of eighteen miles brought us to the outskirts of the moors among which Leven had planted his Christian colony. From that semi-mountainous district, topped with granite peaks, and girded by its forests, more than one river took its rise, and found its way through plains and valleys to the Southern Channel. It was a lonely, unenclosed, uninhabited district, sufficiently far removed from cities and the hum of men to savour of the wilderness. How beautiful I felt it ! and how my companion seemed to revel in the freedom and freshness of the mountain air and the solitude. At an opening of the hills we came rather suddenly on the village, formed of well-built cottages, not boasting of what Leven would once have called the intolerable affectation of Oakham picturesqueness, but still pleasant to the eye, and as he was careful to inform me, rejoicing in good ventilation and drainage. The houses and the walls were all built of granite ; it was the cheapest material because close at hand, and it gave a grand, solid, and somewhat ancient tone to the erections. Leven did not fail to point out to me, as we passed, the goodly struc-

ture, from which swung the sign of "*the Leven Arms*," the tavern, that is, where, as he said, "Nothing and nobody was licensed to be drunk on the premises." A little out of the village, in a charming spot, fenced about by beech-woods, and looking down the valley, was the Duke's house, a modest little cottage attached to a small farm-house, containing six rooms, to which it was his custom to retire when he wanted rest and solitude.

He entered it with the glee of a man who finds himself at home. Two sitting-rooms, and a couple of bedrooms, with one for his attendant. This was all. The furniture was plain and solid, the bedrooms having the rural look of cottage neatness and poverty. Of the sitting-rooms, one was a dining parlour, the other his private study; it looked into a little garden, where grew some common flowers, stocks and wall-flowers, and roses, and huge beds of mignonette, "my mother's favourite flowers," as he said, the perfume from which was borne through the open window. I looked around; on the wall were one or two prints of devotion, in plain black frames, a book-case tolerably well filled, and some plain, old-fashioned furniture. "Now this is Paradise, old fellow," said Leven; "we'll have dinner first (no French cookery, you'll remember), and then go down to the monastery."

I shared his happiness; to have him here in this corner of the world, away from his letters and his cares, in the free, fragrant air of the mountains; it was inexpressibly delightful; and no French cookery was ever done justice to as was that first homely little dinner in Glenleven Hermitage.

We rose from table, and sallied forth on our road to the monastery. He led the way through the little garden, and we had not taken two steps when we came on a view of the majestic pile through an opening in the trees, and as we stood to gaze at it, the deep tone of its chiming bells came up from the valley. It was built, like everything else at Glenleven, of granite, and seemed extensive; but what struck me most was the vast size of the Abbey Church, and its roof of loftiest proportions.

"Aye, you'll see all about that presently," said Leven. "I'll just tell you, to begin with, that the monks were their own architects. I put in my word as to size, and so on, but the grandeur is in their own design; monks should best know what monks require."

We reached the gates, and ringing at the door, were ushered by a lay brother into the guest-room, which looked monastic enough in the severity of its fittings. In a minute or two the door opened, and two black-robed figures entered; one, to whom Leven knelt for a blessing, and whom I guessed to be the abbot, and another younger man, whose expressive countenance beamed with pleasure, as he greeted his friend; I did not need to be told it was Werner.

I had never before been in the company of religious, and imagination helped impressions which under any circumstances would have been powerful. The abbot, like most of the community, was German, and after a few minutes of pleasant, easy talking, they told us that vespers were about to be sung, and conducted us to the church.

As I entered, I was transfixed. I had been prepared for vastness, but not for such as this ; nor yet for the wonderful religiousness of that stately severity. A cruciform building ; the two transepts forming separate chapels under the two great towers, a nave supported on enormous granite pillars, and beyond, a choir for the monks, separated from the nave by a light low screen, and fitted with oaken stalls. Above rose arch upon arch, catching the evening rays, and seeming to soar away into amazing heights of flickering light and shadow. Presently there entered the long line of black-robed monks ; the stalls were filled, and after a minute or two of silence, one clear voice began the office ; then an anthem was entoned, and then burst forth the full joyous harmony of organ and choir.

What sounds those were to which, for the first time, I listened, awaking in me a new sense, yet one to which my whole nature seemed responsive. It was the voice of the Church, the voice of the ancient mother. How the music yielded to the words and became their interpreter, translating their sense from the ear to the heart, and from the heart to the ear ! How impossible it was to associate the memories of the world, or the pleadings of flesh and blood, with any of those tones to which I listened ! It only lasted too short a time, and when it ceased I found I had been weeping.

But it ceased at last, and then Leven touched me, and bade me look at the figures in niches which adorned the choir above the stalls of the religious. Some were kings, some bishops, some hooded monks, in stone, habited like those of flesh and blood, who sang beneath them. "A devotion of my own ;" he said, "the English saints, Oswald and Edmund, and the two Edwards, kings of our race ; and our bishops, St. Augustine and St. Ethelwold ; and the good Odo, St. Dunstan, and the two St. Thomases ; and dear old St. Richard, of Chichester ; and English Benedictines, too, St. Bede, St. Benedict, St. Aldhelm, and St. Wolstan ! What a galaxy of saints, and what saints they were, yet who in England cares now to think of them !"

We walked round the choir to the Lady Chapel, rich in marbles, and delicately ornamented ; then passing back, the duke pointed out to me the two transepts, divided off by gilded gates, the metal-work of the Glenleven workshops.

"This northern transept," he said, "contains a treasure, the shrine of an English saint, the brave Saxon king whose remains lay for many centuries in a ruined abbey of the county. It was to be had for money (the ruin, I mean), so I bought it. We disinterred the sacred relics, and brought them here, and now they rest there over the altar."

We knelt and prayed before the shrine of the glorious martyr, and then rising, we passed to the southern transept. "To whom is this chapel dedicated ?" I whispered. "To St. John, the titular of the Church, and my own dear father's patron ;" and then I perceived that this chapel contained two altar tombs, on which reposed carved figures with hands clasped in prayer, and I guessed it all in a minute.

The church was the mausoleum of his parents, and it was here

he had laid them to rest, when he had caused the remains of those he had loved so dearly to be sent back to their native country. He did not speak, for he saw that I understood it. We went up to the tombs ; one clad in ducal robes, with his feet resting on his good dog, his grave, manly features carved with exquisite care, and the hands joined upon the breast. The tomb itself displayed no carving beyond the quatrefoiled panels, and at one end the family arms ; but a brass fillet ran round the upper surface, engraved with these words in old English characters :—"If they had been mindful of the country whence they came out, they had, doubtless, time to return ; but now they desire a better, that is, a heavenly one. Therefore, God is not ashamed to be called their God, for He hath prepared for them a city." (*Heb.* xi. 15-16.)

I passed to the other tomb, and thought I recognised in the sweet, matronly features of her whose effigy reposed there, a likeness to my friend ; then I read the inscription which bade me pray for the soul of John William, Marquis of Carstairs, and his wife, Eleanor ; and kneeling together, Leven and I softly recited a *De Profundis*. As we rose from our knees, I observed a brass plate let into the floor in front of the two monuments. "My own resting-place," said Leven, as I pointed to it. "Some day, perhaps not very far off, I shall be lying here at their feet."

We left the church, but his last words struck to my heart, and I looked at him earnestly. "All right, old fellow," he said, "don't spin cobwebs out of what I said just now. I meant nothing in particular."

"I sometimes fancy it is *not* all right," I replied. "You wear yourself out with many cares, and too little recreation."

"Well, *this* is recreation, anyhow," he said ; "just look at the light behind those granite peaks ! Let's go down to the river, it's just the hour for the otters."

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#### STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE VISITORS' BOOK AT GLENGARIFF.

TO the sweetest of dreams there's a waking,  
To the brightest of days there's an end,  
And a sorrowful moment for taking  
Last looks at the face of a friend.  
What pain like the ending of pleasure ?  
What shock like a dream dispelled ?  
How we mourn the intangible treasure  
We could not have held !

And now, since my holiday's over,  
And duty recalls me to live  
Where thistles grow thick in life's clover,  
Will she sternly refuse to forgive  
This weakness of impotent wailing  
For a past so entrancingly bright,  
For sunshine and flowers unfailing,  
For a dream of delight ?

The dim and delicious recesses,  
Where bays of a chrysolite sea  
Sleep shaded in tangle and tresses  
Of briar and blossoming tree ;  
The glades where the woodbine and roses  
Shine warm in the emerald gloom,  
And each flicker of sunlight discloses  
Fresh beauty and bloom ;

The garlanded islands all lying  
Embayed in an ocean of light,  
The rampart of mountains, defying  
All winds that can wither and smite ;  
The paths that are all paths of pleasure  
By mountain, and forest, and stream,  
The sense of a glorified leisure,  
A realised dream.

Oh, who would not suffer in leaving  
An Eden of joys like these,  
And turn with reluctance and grieving  
From all this enchantment and ease ?—  
From the rose-covered porch of "The Eccles,"  
Where comfort and happiness dwell,  
And where peace has no flaws and no speckles,  
Save fear of farewell !

Oh, long may this fairest of regions  
Its sacred seclusion retain,  
Not trampled by hurrying legions,  
Not haunted by steamer and train :  
That, when wearied with strife and confusion,  
We may come to this land of the blest,  
And find without dream or delusion  
A Valley of Rest.

M. La T.

*Eccles' Hotel, June, 1876.*

## THE SUGAN EARL OF DESMOND.

## PART II.

IN the April number of this journal we gave in detail the history of the last Desmond rebellion up to the beginning of the year 1599. The English power, not merely in the North, where O'Neill ruled paramount, but throughout the whole of Ireland, was then in a most critical position. The great Munster Plantation was swept away. "The work of years," said Bacon, "was thus made the spoil of days." Our own annalists state that all Munster had become "a trembling sod." A mighty effort was needed to be made, in the face of such dangers. The English Privy Council was in sore alarm. Elizabeth proposed to commit the government of Ireland to Lord Mountjoy. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the royal favourite, warmly opposed such a course; he argued that a man of varied experience was required for the conduct of the war; that the retired and studious life which Mountjoy had hitherto led, was hardly a fit preparation for such service; a brave and skilful general would be needed, one who would possess the confidence of the Crown, who would be superior to the petty factions that had hitherto ruled supreme in Ireland. The Queen lent a ready ear to the arguments put forward by her favourite. She asked him to accept the office. On all sides he was urged to obey the royal wishes. His friends thought his previous achievements in Spain proved beyond a doubt that he possessed considerable talents for war and were a sure warrant of his future success. His enemies hoped that his inordinate vanity would soon bring about his ruin. His patent was made out with the title of Lord Lieutenant; it granted to him more extensive powers than almost any other governor of Ireland ever had; he could make military laws and put them into execution; pardon all crimes, even treason itself against the royal person; appoint to all offices, and confer dignities at will. He was allowed to conduct the war almost entirely at his own discretion.\*

Towards the end of March, he set out from London, "accompanied by a gallant train of the flower of the nobility, and followed by the people with joyful acclamations. But it was remarked, as a thing of evil omen, that it happened to thunder in the clear day, and that a violent storm of rain followed soon after; in sailing over, too, he was tossed to and fro with a contrary wind." On the 15th of April, he landed in Dublin with 17,000 foot and 1,300 horse. "The beholders said so great an army had never till that time come to Ireland, since the Earl Strongbow and Robert FitzStephen came in former times with Dermot MacMorrough.†" One of his first acts was to issue a proclamation in the Queen's name, in which he "excluded the ancient Irish, her Majesty's inveterate enemies, from all hopes of pardon. The modern Irish, who had been forced by the tyranny of the British governors to have recourse to arms, would receive forgiveness, provided they surrendered their arms without delay." He was politic enough to

\* Rymer, xvi. 66.

† "Four Masters," vi, 2111.

grant a certain degree of toleration to the Catholics. Mass could at times be celebrated in private houses, and sacraments administered. Some priests were released from prison. The honour of knighthood was conferred on a few Catholics who were known to be well affected towards the Crown. He sent a messenger to the Earl of Desmond, to treat with him about the terms on which he would lay down his arms and return to his allegiance. To these overtures Desmond replied, that he was determined to follow out the wishes of O'Neil in every thing.

Essex was soon made aware of the difficulties he had to contend with. The rebels exceeded in number his forces; they were better trained to the use of arms, and more inured to the hardships of irregular warfare. O'Neill, at the head of 6,000 men, threatened the Queen's forces in the north; O'Donnell was about to attack the English governor in Connaught; the Munster men had bound themselves by a solemn oath to be faithful to the cause of Desmond. Not one of the insurgents showed any purpose of submitting or suing for pardon; even some who had hitherto followed the royal cause, gave manifest signs of disaffection, and were known to hold secret correspondence with the rebels.

In the English Council, Essex had been wont to say that the Irish wars had been protracted by the frequent parleys of the deputies with the rebels. On one point only had express instructions been given to him: he was told "to pass by all other rebels whatever, and to bend his whole force against O'Neill, the arch-rebel." But some of the Irish privy councillors, interested in the newly-planted lands of Munster, urged him to lead his army towards that province; they assured him that "there was not of the plunderers of the Queen in Ireland a tribe more easily invaded than the Geraldines, as they were then circumstanced."\* Essex used to say that the Earl of Ormond had been struck blind because he had advised the advance into Munster.† In deference to their opinion, he divided his army into three bodies; 3,000 foot and 500 horse were sent, under Sir Henry Harrington, into Wicklow, to keep the O'Mores, the O'Byrnes, and the other Leinster tribes in check, and "to punish Feagh M'Hugh's sons." To Sir Conyers Clifford, Governor of Connaught, he sent a like body of men.

"After resting certain days in Dublin, for establishing the state of the kingdom," he set out for the South with 7,000 foot and 900 horse, the remainder of his army. He marched through the champaign fields between the villages of Kilrush and Castlemartin, in which place he appointed to meet him 27 ensigns of foot and 300 horse.‡ On his way through Leinster he was attacked by O'ney O'Moore, at the head of the men of Leix. Falling on his forces in their passage through a narrow defile, they slew large numbers and bore away as trophies the plumes of the lordly gallants. The place was long after called Barnagletta,

\* "Four Masters," vi. 2111.

† Moryson, i. 166.

‡ Dymock, "Relation," &c., published by the Irish Archæol. Soc. in 1843.

i. e., the Pass of the Plumes.\* In spite of this disaster, he continued his march southwards. On his way he laid siege to Cahir Castle; only a few men garrisoned it, wholly unprovided with artillery. The Earl of Desmond and Redmond Burke hastened to its relief. After a successful skirmish, they succeeded in throwing into it a body of fifty men, under the command of James Butler, the brother of Lord Cahir. The besiegers brought heavy guns from Waterford, and soon forced the garrison to surrender.† "He took," says Camden, "Cahir Castle, environed with the river Suir; he spread a great terror of himself far and near, driving away great numbers of cattle and dispersing the rebels round about into the woods and thickets." To his royal mistress he could not give any account of brilliant exploits; but he soon saw that the rebels whom he dispersed were no contemptible enemies. "The people in general," he wrote to the Queen, "were able-bodied by nature, and have gotten by custom ready use of arms; and by their late successes, boldness to fight your Majesty's troops. They have better bodies and more perfect use of their arms than these men which your Majesty sends over. Your Majesty's commanders, being advised and excused, know all advantages, and by the strength of their order will, in great fights, beat the rebels; for they neither march, nor lodge, nor fight in order; but only by the benefit of footmanship can come on and go off at their pleasure."

During the siege of Cahir, Sir Thomas Norris, then president of the two provinces of Munster, i. e. Desmond and Thomond, came from Cork to Kilmallock to wait on Essex before he should reach Limerick. "He was in the habit of scouring the hills in the neighbourhood every day, to see whether he could kill or capture any of the Queen's enemies. On a certain day that he went to the eastern extremity of the county, he happened to fall in with Thomas Burke, brother of the Lord of Castleconnell. Thomas, alone of all his people, was on horseback; he had nearly 100 Irish soldiers with him. When the President saw him, he made a determined attack on him. About 200 of his people were cut off on that occasion; and more would have been slain, but that Norris in the fray received a violent and venomous thrust of a pike where the jawbone joins to the upper part of the neck.‡ He was taken to Kilmallock, where he lay ill for six weeks. He died in the month of July.§

\* *Multos plumeos apices capit O'Mora, unde hodie locus dicitur Transitus Plumarum.* O'Sullivan, t. 3, l. 5, c. 9. The name is now obsolete. No evidence has yet been discovered to prove the exact situation of the place. See note by O'Donovan in "Four Masters," vi. 2112.

† There is a "view" of Cahir Castle, as it then was, in "Pac. Hib.," p. 76. Soon after it was surprised by James Butler. The way in which it was captured is given at length in Dineley's "Journal." See *Kilk. Archæol. Journal* for 1868, p. 89.

‡ "Four Masters," vi. 2115. According to O'Sullivan this skirmish took place at Kiltelly, a village about two miles south of Pallas Green, in the Co. Limerick.

§ Sir Thomas Norris, Lord President of Munster, having been slain in the service of Queen Elizabeth against the rebels in the said province, King James on that account, and because the lands of his daughter and heiress were waste during that time, remitted to her all the arrears of the Crown, viz., in Limerick County for the Friary of the Holy Trinity at Adare, called the Friary for the Redemption of Captives; and the Friary of St. Augustine at Adare, and the Abbey at Manister Nenagh.—*Kilkenny Arch. Soc.*, ii., 270.



Leaving a strong garrison in Cahir, Essex advanced to Limerick; he reached that city early in June. Here he was met by Sir Conyers Clifford and the Earls of Thomond and Clanrickarde. Clifford and Clanrickarde, "having finished their consultation," returned to Connaught; the Earl of Thomond joined his forces to those of Essex. From Limerick he continued his march southward, and encamped on the banks of the Maigue. Near the bog of Rower he was met by the soldiers of Desmond. "Fierce and morose was the welcome which they gave to the representative of the sovereign on his first visit to them. He heard their uproar, clamour, and exulting shouts, instead of the submission and of the mild words that should have been spoken to him. That day he was not suffered to make much progress; he pitched his camp a short distance to the east of Askeaton. The next day, he and the Earl of Thomond resolved to send a body of cavalry, with ammunition, to Askeaton, and not to proceed farther westward into Munster themselves, on that occasion. On their return eastwards, the next day, near Finnerstown, they were set upon by 2,500 of the Geraldines, under Daniel M'Carthy More and the Earl of Desmond. Many of Essex's people were slain, among them a noble knight of great name and honour, Sir Henry Norris. He then proceeded to Kilmallock, and having remained three nights in that town, he directed his course southwards by Cean-Teabrat and Slievreeagh, with the intention of passing into Roche's Country. Instead of proceeding to Cork, as it was thought he would have done, he directed his course over the ford at Fermoy, thence to Conna, Moygeely, and Lismore. During all this time for six days, with Desmond at their head, the Geraldines continued to follow and press upon his army, to shoot and slaughter them. When the Earl arrived at the Desies, the Geraldines returned in high spirits to their homes. From Dungarvan he proceeded to Waterford, "thence through Wexford\* into the country of the Butlers, and into Leinster. His army did not march prosperously from Waterford to Dublin, for the Leinster men pursued and slew great numbers in every road and way by which they passed. The Gaels of Ireland used to say that it would have been better for him that he had not gone on that expedition."†

About the end of July, he reached Dublin with the remnant of his army, "his men wearied and distressed, and their companies incredibly wasted." There he learned that Cahir Castle, the taking of which had been his only remarkable exploit towards subduing the rebels of Munster, "had been retaken by James Butler, and its garrison put to the sword."‡ He was deeply chagrined at the ill success of his arms. In his letters to the English Privy Council, he lamented that all his undertakings were attended with misfortune; that he knew not to what it could be attributed except to an evil star that led him to Ireland.§ The Queen "was sorely troubled that so great a loss had

\* Tradition says he was hospitably entertained at Balmaguir by his kinsman, James Devereux, who sold three townlands to pay for three days' open house on the occasion. Devereux was then knighted. See *Annuary of the Kilk. Arch. Jour.* for 1855, p. 43.

† "Four Masters," vi. 2119

‡ Camden.

§ M'Geoghegan, p. 512.

been sustained." To avert her anger, he wrote that he was now ready to advance against O'Neill. "Her Majesty must not think Ireland a summer's work nor an easy task. The Irish have able bodies, good use of the arms they carry, and boldness to attempt. Our common men have neither bodies, spirits, nor practice of arms." He urged that new supplies of men and arms should be sent over in all haste. He ordered Sir Conyers Clifford to march on Belleek, in order "to distract the rebel forces, while he himself should set upon them in another part."

But Essex's misfortunes were not yet at an end. Clifford set out at the head of 1,900 foot and 200 horse. On the 15th of August, he reached the entrance of the Curlew mountains. There he was met by 400 Irish rebels, led on by O'Donnell and O'Rourke, the son of him who, fourteen years before, had been hanged at Tyburn "for entertaining in his house at Dromabaire certain shipwrecked Spaniards," who routed them utterly, slew their commander and divers other personages, both lieutenants and ensigns; the rest fled, throwing away not only their arms but their very clothes."\* Harrington was defeated at the ford of Rathdrum, and obliged to fly to his stronghold at Newcastle. "No sooner," he wrote, "had our soldiers discovered the enemy but they were presently possessed by such fears that they cast away their arms and would not strike a blow for their lives. Yet the enemy were no more in numbers than they were. All that I could ever do, would never make one of them once turn his face towards the rebels. And, notwithstanding that our horse that were in the rear, charged twice, whereby they won our men breath and ground enough to have better resolved, they rather took that as an opportunity to strip themselves not only of their weapons but of their clothes."† Blanche was attacked by the O'Connors of Offaly; 500 of his horse were cut to pieces.

Essex at length resolved to march in person to the confines of Ulster. He took the field with 1,300 men, a force wholly unfit to cope with the power of O'Neill. They met at Ballyclinch, on the river Lagan. O'Neill rode up at the head of a few horsemen and demanded a parley. Near an hour was spent "in the interchange of words betwixt the two, without anyone to hear them." That those who professed the Catholic faith should have full freedom to practice it, that the judges and principal officers of state should be natives of Ireland, and that O'Donnell and Desmond should enjoy the lands held by their ancestors for the last two hundred years;‡ these were the terms insisted on by O'Neill. The result of the meeting was a truce, to be renewed every six weeks; it would begin on that very day, and last till the 1st of May following; "yet so as it should be free for both sides to renew acts of hostility after fourteen days' notice given." All O'Neill's friends and allies, even those of Munster, should be bound by it. Desmond was then engaged in besieging the fort

\* "Four Masters," vi. 2127 et seq. Dymock's "Brief Relation of the Defeat at the Curlews."

† Harrington to Cecil, in Kilk. Arch. Jour. for 1859, p. 433.

‡ M'Geoghegan, p. 514.

of Castlemang.\* He consented to withhold his forces from any fresh assault upon its walls and from forays beyond his own country, but he firmly refused to raise the siege or to allow any provisions to enter. A few days later the garrison was starved into surrender; but he gave them their lives "in consideration of O'Neill's truce."

On the 28th of September Essex set sail from Dublin. "He left Ireland without peace or tranquillity, without lord justice, governor, or president."† On his arrival in London he was committed to the Tower; the chief crimes laid to his charge were, that he neglected the instructions given him for the carrying on of the war in Ireland, that he had made a truce with the Irish rebels, and that he had left his government without leave. Ormond was once more appointed lieutenant-general of her Majesty's forces in Ireland.

In the month of January, 1600, O'Neill determined to visit the South. His purpose was "to confirm his friendship with his allies in the war, and to wreak vengeance on his enemies."‡ He gave due notice to Ormond that he intended to journey into Munster to know the minds of the people of that province, and that he had appointed Holy Cross, in Tipperary, as the place at which he would meet his friends. His enemies said the object of his journey was to confirm the determination of all the traitors of the South with new oaths before that idol which the Irish nation more superstitiously reverence than all other idolatries in Ireland.§ "He marched at the head of his troops"—a royal progress, which he called a pilgrimage to the Holy Cross—"along the borders of Meath, through Delvin to Athlone, thence through Ely, where he wreaked his vengeance on the O'Carrolls; by Roscrea, Ikerrin, and Templemore, until he reached the Abbey of Holy Cross. He had not been long here when the Holy Cross was brought out to shelter and protect him; and the Irish presented great gifts, alms, and many offerings to its keepers, and to the monks, in honour of the Lord of the Elements. He gave protection to the monastery, in respect of its houses and glebe lands, and all its inhabitants."|| During his stay there he held princely state, and issued a manifesto in which he declared himself the accredited defender of the faith. He had already written to the southern chiefs, M'Carthy of Muskerry, Lord Roche, Lord Barry, the White Knight, and Florence M'Carthy, to make known to them the object of his journey. Those among them whom he found zealous in the cause, he encouraged; such as were doubtful he detained prisoners, or obliged to give him pledges. He put in irons the White Knight and his son-in-law, Donough M'Carthy, whom he found "trafficking with the enemy." He deprived Donald M'Carthy of the chieftaincy of Clancarrha, and advanced Florence to that dignity.¶

\* Castlemang, or Castlemaine, a fortress on the river Mang, near Milltown, in the Co. Kerry. It was built by M'Carthy More and the Earl of Desmond jointly for the protection of their territories; it commanded the only highway passable at all seasons between Kerry and Limerick. See "History of Kerry," by Miss Cusack, p. 210.

† "Four Masters," vi., 2147.      ‡ Ibid.

§ "Life of Florence M'Carthy More," p. 229.

|| "Four Masters," vi., 2149.

¶ "Pac. Hib." B. I., C. I.

From Holy Cross he proceeded to Cashel; there he met James Fitzthomas, "whom he had previously appointed Earl of Desmond by his own command and on his own authority, contrary to the statute of the sovereign of England. They were rejoiced to see each other." O'Neill duly invested him with the dignity, estates, and ancient privileges of Earl of Desmond, to hold the same as vassal to the Prince of Ulster. Uniting their forces, they crossed the Suir and advanced along the northern side of the Glen of Aherlow and through Roche's country, "where he lodged some six days," to Barrymore. As soon as Ormond received O'Neill's letter, he determined to march against him at the head of 5,000 men. The Lords of the Council did not desire such another "journey" as that of the Blackwater; they besought him to remember the defenceless state of the capital itself. But Ormond would not listen to their fears; he hastened on towards the South. His troops, however, did not share in the zeal of their leader; they took care to keep at a safe distance from so formidable a foe.

To Lord Barry, who had been a follower of Desmond's in the great rebellion, and was now a staunch partisan of the Queen, O'Neill wrote: "You are the cause why all the nobility of the South, with each of whom you are linked in affinity or consanguinity, have not joined to shake off the yoke of heresy and tyranny."\* Desmond, too, and M'Grath, the Bishop of Cork, had urged him to make common cause with them in defence of his religion and his country. Barry answered that he had resolved never to forsake the Queen's allegiance. "O'Neill traversed his territory, burning and plundering it from one extremity to the other, both plain and wood, both level and rugged, so that no one hoped or expected it could be inhabited for a long time afterwards." He then proceeded southwards across the Lee, and pitched his camp at Inniscarra, between the rivers Lee and Bandon, on the confines of Muskerry and Carbery. Donal and Florence M'Carthy, whom the English officials considered "the most dangerous man in all Ireland," the O'Donovans, O'Donoghues, and O'Mahonys, came to pay him homage and present him tokens of submission. Finding Florence not only forward in his own person, but also a fartherer of others, he created him M'Carthy More, using in this creation all the rights and ceremonies accustomed among the ancient Irish.†

Maguire accompanied O'Neill to the South, in command of the cavalry. One day, early in March, "O'Neill, with his hell-hounds, not being far from Cork,"‡ he led out a troop of horse and some infantry to scour the neighbourhood in search of provisions. The soldiers, wearied at the end of the day by reason of their long journey and "the vastness of the spoils and plunder," halted and encamped for the night. But Maguire would make no stay until he reached O'Neill's camp. News was brought to Sir Warham St. Leger, who jointly with Sir Henry Power had, after Sir Henry Norris's death, been appointed to the government of Munster, that Maguire was returning with only

\* O'Neill's Letter and Barry's Answer will be found in "Pac. Hib.", B. I., C. II.

† "Pac. Hib.", B. II., C. VI.

‡ Ibid., B. I., C. II.

a small part of his force, and would pass through a certain narrow defile. In haste he got together a body of horse, "well armed and vigorous," and went to the appointed place. Maguire came up soon after. When he caught sight of the enemy, he put spurs to his horse, and attacked the leader with all his might. St. Leger discharged a pistol, and wounded his opponent mortally; but Maguire, before he fell, thrust his spear through St. Leger's helmet, dealing him a deadly wound; he then drew his sword, and cut himself a passage through the enemy. With difficulty he reached the camp, where he expired soon after. St. Leger, too, died of his wound a fortnight later. The death of Maguire caused "a giddiness of spirits and depression of mind in O'Neill and the Irish chiefs in general; and this was no wonder, for he was the bulwark of valour and prowess, the shield of protection and shelter, the tower of support and defence, and the pillar of hospitality and achievements of the Oirghialla, and of almost all the Irish of his time.\* "He was," says Camden, "a valiant rebel." Lyon, the Protestant Bishop of Cork, sent to Cecil a detailed account of the fight. "On Saturday last," he wrote, "being the first of this month, Maguire, with others, were sent by Tyrone into Kerri-currihy to burn and spoil. In his return, a little before night, he was encountered with by Sir Warham St. Leger and Sir Henry Power, who issued forth with certain horse out of Cork. About sunset, Maguire was slain by Sir Warham himself, and he again wounded by Maguire in the head, with an horseman's staff, to death, as it is thought. The same time were slain Maguire's son, his priest, his foster-brother, with divers others of account amongst the traitors; some of their horsemen's staves and Maguire's colours were brought away. He left his staff in Sir Warham's head, and fled wounded; and by reason of the fall of the evening, after he had ridden about a mile, not being further pursued, fell down from his horse, died that night under a bush, and is gone to his place, and the next morning was carried to the rebel's camp, dead."†

A week afterwards, O'Neill set off on his return homewards; news had reached him that an enemy far more dangerous than any he had yet encountered, was threatening the North. "He proceeded to the south-east of Cork, and through Barrymore, Roche's Country, and Clangibbon. He then took leave of the Munster men, promising them that if he could seize an opportunity during the war waged upon him by the English, he would return again among them. He took with him to Tyrone some of their chieftains as hostages and prisoners, and left others in the hands of the Earl of Desmond. He transferred his own authority, and gave a warranty to Dermot O'Connor for the hiring of 2,000 men in the country of the Geraldines, that Desmond might have their assistance. He passed on by Knockany, and crossed the Suir, keeping Cashel to the right."‡ Ormond followed on his track with all the forces he could muster; by the simple stratagem of leaving his camp-fires lighted and marching during the night, he left

\* "Four Masters," vi., 2165, and "Pac. Hib.," B. I, C. II.

† "Life of Florence M'Carthy More," p. 235.

‡ "Four Masters," vi., 2165.

his pursuers far behind. "He passed along the same roads by which he had gone into Munster until he got back to Tyrone, without receiving battle, opposition, or attack, and without losing any person of note except Maguire alone." "His retreat," wrote Fenton to Cecil, "was considered a masterly performance, and gained him more estimation in the minds of his countrymen than anything he had yet done."

D. M.

(To be continued.)

## CELT AND TEUTON IN PRAISE OF THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

THE present page will fall under a good many eyes during the octave of Corpus Christi. This is a fair excuse for calling attention to a curious similarity in thought and expression that I have detected between an old Irish and an old German poet in a hymn which each composed in honour of the most holy Sacrament of the Altar, long before St. Thomas Aquinas had sung *Lauda Sion*. The Irish poet, at least, dates so far back. Of his German rival I know nothing except that among the Oeuvres de Madame Swetchine is given a literal prose version of an old German hymn which had been brought to her by Count Montalembert from one of his German excursions during the composition of his "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary." This literal prose I have rhymed pretty literally in the following verses, which have been printed before in the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," except one stanza omitted there by accident:—

"Clear vault of Heaven, serenely blue,  
How many stars come shining through  
Thy azure depths?

*'Beyond all count are they.'*

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day

"Fair world, the work of God's right hand,  
How many are the grains of sand  
In all thy frame?

*'Beyond all count are they.'*

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

"Green meadow, wide as eye can see,  
How many o'er thy sward may be  
The blades of grass?

*'Beyond all count are they.'*

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

"O groves and gardens rich and fair,  
What bounteous harvests do ye bear  
Of fruits and flowers?

*'Beyond all count are they.'*

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day!

"Great ocean, boundless, uncontrolled,  
How many do thy waters hold  
Of briny drops ?

'Beyond all count are they.'

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !

"High sun, of all things centre bright,  
How many are the rays of light  
That from thee dart ?

'Beyond all count are they.'

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !

"Eternity, O vast sublime !  
How many moments of our time  
Are in thy length ?

'Beyond all count are they.'

Praised be the Holy Sacrament as many times a day !"

A writer in the *Irishman* newspaper, in noticing recently in a very cordial spirit the "Eucharistic Verses" which are appended to the recently published translation of the "Eucharistic Year," remarks on the dearth of sacred poetry written by Irishmen in English ; and he adds, that in the native Irish language itself there is sacred poetry *galore*. Perhaps one might make a fair attempt to account for both these facts. An illustration of the last of them is found in the "parallel passage" which I have promised to place side by side with our version of the old German canticle. I owe it to the kindness of Professor O'Looney, of the Catholic University, who has furnished me with a perfectly literal prose version. But although it will be, alas ! unintelligible to all but a happy few of my readers, I think it my duty to give first the original :—

## MOLAÐ AN T-SACRAMUINC BEANAIGTE.

Níor lia amgíl a b-platár faoi láimh an Ríḡ,  
Níor lia ainimniḃ beanaigṫe acá ar na naoimh,  
Níor lia óruṫaig an t-Áear ar élar an t-raoiḡil,  
Ná molaḃ gaḃ ceangán ar ainim an t-ráoraiminc.

Níor lia bpaon a b-epéanmhuir fairḡe acá,  
Níor lia éirḡ a m-béal na ngairṫe a rṫáin,  
Níor lia péar ran t-raoḡal, ná gaimim ar epáig,  
Ná molaḃ coirp naoimṫa aon-mio Áear na ngṫár.

Níor lia bliagán a ríorruṫḡeaḃt ḡndṫ an Ríḡ,  
Níor lia ruḃailcibe diaḃa acá aḡ Cṫorṫ,  
Níor lia roslire, tá a b-Párraṫar árb an Ríḡ,  
Ná molaḃ do Dia ḡo ríor ran t-ráoraiminc.

Níor lia réalṫa ḡlinneaḃ a rpeáṫa bíor,  
Níor lia bpeáṫe léigib a Cléir do Cṫorṫ,  
Níor lia caol-ṫrpuṫ ṫeḡḡean ran epéanmhuir ríor,  
Ná molaḃ ḡan epaḃḃaḃ ar naoim-ḃoirp beanaigṫe  
Cṫorṫ.

Níor lia leirir le paicirín a ḡ-clár an bliḡ,  
Níor lia buile gaḃ coille dá n-beáṫnaḃ an ríḡ,  
Níor lia binn-ḡuṫ éluimpear ḡo bṫát na ríḡeaḃt  
Ná molaḃ mho Muirḡe ḡo mmo ran t-ráoraiminc.

Here is the literal translation of the foregoing, which was written in the twelfth century by Donogh Mor O'Daly, Abbot of Boyle, in the county Roscommon, called for the sweetness of his verses, not for the nature of their themes, the Ovid of Ireland:—

1. Not more numerous the angels in heaven under the hand of the king; not more numerous the blessed names which *are upon* the saints; not more numerous the things which God hath created on the face of the world, than the praises of each tongue *upon* the Sacrament.

2. Not more numerous the drops which are in the great tidal sea; not more numerous the fishes that swim in the bosoms of all waters; not more numerous the grasses of the world or the sands of the strand, than the praises of the holy Body of the only Son of the Father of grace.

3. Not more numerous the years in the eternal perpetuity of the King; not more numerous the divine gifts which Christ hath [in store]; not more numerous the lights which are in the King's high Paradise, than the praises to God which are truly given in the Sacrament.

4. Not more numerous the radiant stars which appear in the skies; not more numerous the words [of praise] which his clergy read for Christ; not more numerous the small streams which flow into the great sea, than the praises unceasing of the divine, blessed Body of Christ.

5. Not more numerous the letters to be seen in the Book of the Law; not more numerous the leaves of all the woods by the King made to grow; not more numerous the melodious voices which shall be heard in his kingdom for ever, than the praise of the Son of Mary oft-repeated in the Sacrament.

Thus did Celt and Teuton, long centuries ago, amplify in verse the ejaculation which springs naturally from every heart that does not find our Lord's saying hard, but believes whatever the Son of God has spoken—an ejaculation which some may like to express in the indulgenced Italian rhyme, and some in Father Caswall's couplet:—

“Sia lodato e ringraziato ogni momento  
Il santissimo e divinissimo Sacramento !

“O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament Divine,  
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment thine !”

M. R.



## EDUCATION OUTSIDE THE SCHOOLROOM.\*

BY RICHARD O'SHAUGHNESSY, ESQ., M. P.

**M**OST of us have passed from school—some to manhood, some, before youth ended, to the serious business of life. We have bidden good-bye to the schoolmaster. Henceforth our education must be self-education. But ought we to pursue it? Was not the dream of boyhood to devote the labours of mature life to money-making, and the leisure to enjoyment? Perhaps, on the whole, the young man who is not trained to honest, physical enjoyment is as badly off as the young man who ignores mental enjoyment. Both pleasures are necessary to a healthy human being, and the man who omits either will be tempted by his physical or mental constitution to seek pleasures that in the end degrade mind and body.

But one man says, "I know enough; not as much as my neighbour, but enough for my purposes." With such a person the best argument is, wait and see. Granted that you are on a par with your neighbour as to professional and business advantages: if he pursues, and you neglect the branch of science that regulates your occupation, will he not have a better chance of success, will he not at least enjoy success with more dignity and benefit to his neighbour?

This is an age of intemperance. Nearly all of us, except the total abstainers, drink too much. We don't all drink till we fall under the table, but we are social. The system tells on our stomachs and on our nerves. The habit increases; and some of us, who began with a modest allowance, become Bardolphs without being conscious of the development. If my leisure time is vacant, and my neighbour has occupation for his, which is more likely to become a drunkard?

I do not suggest that a man should employ all his leisure time on any occupation. There are moments, nay, hours and days, when we require absolute rest. But here is the difference:—to the man who employs a reasonable part of his leisure on active occupation, the hours of rest are halcyon moments, perhaps the most luxurious of life. Nature has a healthy appetite for repose, as the stomach for food after a moderate fast. But to the unoccupied man leisure is a heavy burden. At first he longs for the return of business, and perhaps consoles himself by reflecting on the frivolity of his companions. But by degrees the melancholy satisfaction of recurring toil palls. He seeks some employment for his free hours, and when he advances in years, and field sports are given up, if he has much leisure and no taste for reading or thinking, he runs risk of a sad old age.

Now these remarks about the necessity of occupation in leisure apply to us more than to our fathers. In the first place, we take more leisure than they. In the second place, the eager haste with which we transact business, the violent rate at which we travel, have given

\*A Lecture delivered to the members of the Limerick Catholic Institute.

us a habit of occupation and activity, and a distaste for listlessness. These characteristics pursue us even in our leisure moments, and forbid us that tranquil enjoyment which we see so keenly appreciated by our elders. This diminution of the capacity for rest is, in an important sense, a loss to us in mind and body. Constant activity tells on nerves and intellects. The bow must be unbent or it loses its spring, and much premature weariness is the result of our unrest. But we must take our age as we find it, and endeavour to minister to our free hours such pursuits as will employ without overtaxing our energies.

I meet, however, many men who disclaim all hope of self-education, because they say: "I was badly grounded, I never got beyond the three r's; I couldn't tell you what *Magna Charta* means; I know I am ignorant, and I believe I am stupid. You see I was never at a college." To such men I say, "I feel tempted to congratulate you. You have escaped the danger that ruins the capacity of many a fine schoolboy. You have learned nothing; granted. But then you have nothing to unlearn. You have contracted no bad habits of mind. You have not been incapacitated, as scores of our college-bred gentlemen are, for unaided mental activity. You have not frittered away the best and brightest hours of life in a vain attempt to understand Latin, or Greek, or trigonometry, in a class of twenty, when the master drags on the whole regiment, pell-mell, at the rate which only the three or four smart boys of the first form can maintain."

Oh, those weary school-days! The hopeless mist of dead languages and Latin declensions, and Greek roots, floating undistinguishable before the poor boy's heavy eyes. The dreadful piles of sines, and cosines, and parabolas, heaped before his stupified gaze like the wreck of a railway train after collision. The placid professor appealing with glib accuracy to the eyes of the front bench, and troubling himself as much about the poor boys in the rear as he does about the inhabitants of Japan. When these poor fellows began, they began honestly, hoping to learn, longing to turn the years to some account, and to come home ready for the next step of life's journey. By degrees great heaps of unintelligibilities formed around them like icebergs. Nobody minded them. If they picked something up, so much the better. If not, no matter; it is an age of progress. We can't wait to consult their poor intellects; they must hurry on. Their eyes swim, their hopes of a clear understanding vanish. They become intellectually demoralized, and they regain a hope of regeneration only when they resolve to remain ignorant, to trust to mother wit, and to read what they call light literature, namely, *Miss Braddon* and *Wilkie Collins*, the only things to which their persecuted intellects are permitted to turn. I ask those present, who, being teachers, are competent to judge, if this is an overdrawn picture of educational misery. I ask them, without any hesitation, because I know that this baneful process is not the course of their schools. What are the objects of learning Latin and Greek, and mathematics, and are these objects generally achieved? One object is to train the mind to systematic activity, and to the conception of symmetry and order,

and cause and effect, by the appreciation of grammar and scientific deductions. Is this object often gained? Of the average attendants of our schools not one boy out of four can construe an ordinary Latin sentence or work out an algebraic problem which he has not seen before, and the boys who can't do either of these things after a college course have not learned their lessons, and therefore cannot have learned systematic activity, or the conception of symmetry, order, or cause and effect, from their classical and mathematical studies. The second object of classical studies is to create a taste for classical literature and a power of enjoying its beauties, while the second object of scientific study is to enable the mind to use mathematical knowledge in searching the laws of physical nature. When we reflect on the small number who see any beauty worth remembering in Latin poetry, or who ever think of science after they leave school, we may justly conclude that these second objects of study are in the vast majority of cases wholly missed.

The two great Continental languages are, perhaps, the branches of knowledge that pay best in our day in commercial life. A young man that enters a merchant's office in the great centres of commerce, knowing French and German, begins with a salary fifty per cent. above the clerk that knows only English. On no subjects can your industry be more wisely bestowed. Here are two or three hints that general experience suggests with regard to them. 1st. Be careful in the selection of your books. Voluminous grammars and exercises weary the student and drive him away. Select a system that involves the necessity of speaking the language step by step from the first lesson. 2nd. Keep to one language at a time. 3rd. Do not attempt the business without a master. You read of men that learn French and German by themselves. They are only exceptions; most men can only achieve a practical success with the aid of a teacher.

The facilities for scientific self-education at this day are very great. Side by side with the crammers, who emasculate the minds destined for the public service, there has sprung up a class of men of accurate knowledge and of trained capacity for teaching, who have published excellent handbooks on the different branches of mathematics, on physical science, on the natural sciences. It is a difficult thing to hit off the right thing in a popular scientific book if you want it to be really useful. If you are too profound and too accurate, a lifetime and the aid of a master are necessary to understand the subject. If you are too loose, too popular, the reader learns nothing except a fatal facility for discussing what he knows nothing about. But the manual writers of the present day have hit the happy medium, and anyone who wishes to learn algebra or trigonometry, or to understand the natural forces at work around and within us, is enabled to do it with a certainty of success if he will only employ a little perseverance. I suppose most of us have seen "*Cassell's Popular Educator*." It is a complete and simple encyclopædia of all the sciences and of languages also, which brings the most interesting subjects within the range of anyone that can read or write; and it is

only one of many sources of knowledge to be had at a price within every one's reach.

The favour with which classical studies are regarded makes men think Latin and Greek indispensable elements of education. Many men believe themselves educated because they know these languages, or give themselves up as intellectually lost because they don't. This is a dangerous notion, and does a great deal of harm, even in our schools and universities. Latin and Greek are excellent—perhaps the most excellent—instruments of education; but good judges are beginning to doubt the wisdom of treating them as indispensable, in the presence of the multitude of literary and scientific subjects of high value as instruments of culture, and of high practical importance, now before us. But the danger of regarding the dead languages as indispensable is much greater in self-education than when education is bestowed in the school. As a rule, the man who has not learned them at school, and who can only devote a fraction of his leisure hours to study, should leave them untouched. They must be commenced by the study of difficult grammars, which are very useful for the youthful mind, because, as I have said, they train it to the ideas of order, symmetry, and cause and effect. In order to confer this benefit, they must be conned over again and again, not merely understood and learned; and, to ensure the full development of their effects, they require an attention and a freedom of the mind from a diversity of pursuits which only a schoolboy can afford. As for those who have laid a foundation of Latin and Greek at school, they will stand in a different position. If they have so far progressed as to read any one author with pleasure, if they see and relish any beauty in their Virgil, or Homer, or Livy, let them by all means persevere. Let them sustain the continuity of their intellectual life. Nowhere will they find such perfection—nowhere will their enjoyment be so productive of pure taste, and of the capacity of feeling the beauties of their own language. All our literature—nay, most of our thought—is founded on the ruins of these dead languages; and here, perhaps, principally lie the charm and utility we all instinctively recognise. But if your recollections of the classics are not pleasant, if you remember the grammar with horror, if you think of Horace as Lord Byron thought when he wrote:—

“Then, farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,  
Not for thy faults, but mine. It is a curse  
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow——”

if you never got beyond the business of sitting by the roadside and breaking the stones of the Greek and Latin grammars—and, indeed, breaking stones in the literal sense is as profitable and pleasant as these pursuits unwisely directed—then let me advise you to bid adieu to the classics, and turn with a light heart “to fresh woods and pastures new.” Turn to the language which, indeed, we do not call our own, but which we speak. It is the language of our conquerors, but even they admit that we have sometimes used it with effect; nay,

that we have done something to elevate and adorn it. It was said of old, in words which defy translation, and which I feel it a kind of profanity to put into English—"Captive Greece took Rome, her fierce conqueror, captive, and brought the arts into rude Latium." Let me say that it adds to the pleasure of meeting you this evening to see among the audience the master from whom I learned these words. We have not done as much for England—at least, not since we became her subjects. I believe we shall one day exercise a vast influence on her mind. There was a time when her sons flocked to our shores for the hospitable culture which our ancestors, ignorant of the future that awaited their posterity, generously bestowed. It is a time to which every Irishman should look back with pride, across the dreary centuries that have intervened. Let us never forget the happiest and most useful—not the most glorious; for, in a nation as in a man, injustice resisted and survived without loss of manhood is the most glorious phase—let us never forget the happiest and most useful era of our nationality. I believe the future of this Celtic island will be an image of the remote past. The days of strife and agitation cannot last always. Some day or another we shall be at peace. The ancient love of learning that

"leaves all meaner things,  
To low ambition and the pride of kings—"

the love that survived fire and sword, and was kept alive in thatched cottage and hedge-school, will grow warm again. It will replace Ireland on the pathway of her old destiny. It will restore to a race strengthened and purified by the past, the fairy grace, the refined fancy, the intimate communion with beauty, which never wholly deserted us, whatever we suffered, wherever we were exiled, whatever tongue the vicissitudes of history substituted for our own. But even as things stand, we need not blush to cultivate a tongue which so many good and great Irishmen have spoken, and written, and still speak and write. If we would understand the thoughts of men who have best served Ireland, we must appreciate the language of Swift and Berkeley, Burke and Grattan. We have other affinities with the English language which it has been reserved for modern critics to ascertain. It is certain that there is a large admixture of Celtic blood in English veins, derived from the conquered British nation. It is equally certain that the Celtic temperament enters largely into the English mind, and has developed some of the traits of many great English authors. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his lectures on Celtic Literature, has dealt with this question, and traced some of Shakespeare's beautiful thoughts back to a Celtic source. It is this element that has saved the Englishman from the heaviness which he cannot help seeing in the German descendants of his Teutonic ancestry.

But how are you to study English? This is a question often asked. Well, the way to begin is to get an interest. The way to get an interest is to select some subject on which you feel curiosity. The

range of English literature is so wide that every great subject has been dealt with by a master mind. Ask who he was. Read his book. Read it as a pleasure, not as a task. Enjoy its beauties, beauties of order, beauties of ingenuity, beauties of courteous insistence on his own opinions, of generous or implacable hostility to his antagonists, beauties of candour and tolerance, sometimes beauties of conscious or unconscious fallacy, beauties of language. I put beauties of language last, because you will see that it is only when a man thinks beautifully and harmoniously, that he can write beautifully. This is the great lesson to learn—to think. If you continue interested, see what your author's opponents say. Look at his more subtle enemies, the critics. Hear what they say of his style and matter; see in how many different ways the same simple subject may present itself to different minds; and having seen that, learn these two things, for they are inferences from what you have beheld, and they are the harvest of education. First, never to adopt any man's opinions because he is a great man, and because they are his. Second, to form your own opinions carefully and modestly; and when you have them formed, to remember that though you are bound to defend while you hold them, they are not infallible; it is simply the act of a savage to be angry with others because they won't share them, and you may be called on to scatter them to the winds to-morrow if your edifice is overthrown by better reason, and if you don't want to hand your mind over to the servitude of prejudice.

There is one branch of literature, which, from its scientific character, or to speak truly, from the necessity of giving its cultivation a scientific character, deserves peculiar consideration—I mean history. What I mean by the necessity of making the cultivation of history scientific is this: Every history—at least I know no exception—is written to sustain the opinions of the writer and of those who agree with him. But these opinions may be, and sometimes are, wholly wrong; they are rarely, I think we may say never, wholly right. Here, then, we have men writing history under the influence of false and wrong ideas, and drawing false and dangerous inferences. Sometimes the false inferences are less numerous than the true ones, sometimes more numerous. Even the true inferences are, to a degree corresponding to the extent of the false, marred and made unsafe of application by the latter. Further, we know from the ordinary experience of conversation the most truthful men unconsciously distort facts to suit their conclusions. How often do we hear excellent persons making statements which are lies in all but the deliberate intention to deceive! In fact, the more earnest a man is in promoting his conclusions, the greater the chance that his statements are untrue, and the more he requires to be watched. Well, of course, if a man's conclusions touch affairs of historical importance and are meant to uphold what the writer considers the interests of justice or civilisation, the magnitude of his aims increases the danger of misstatement and distortion. Thus we have in history elements that in the natural course of things must produce falsehood. I say nothing of deliberate falsehood, except this, that I do not believe it to be as common as

the opponents of historians sometimes assert. Prejudice, ignorance, benevolence, or fury, is enough to account for an apparent lie of the first magnitude, and this, I think, is borne out by our social, even our domestic experience. But this being so, the science is, to try and learn to distinguish between truth and falsehood, to hear all the writer has to say, to examine the views taken of alleged facts by historians and philosophers who wrote for purposes having no direct bearing on the object or topic of your author, to trace his inferences and see if, being followed out practically, they bear the strain of common sense and experience; and finally, to try and apply our conclusions to the necessities and vicissitudes of our own surroundings and to futurity.

This is what I venture to call reading history in the scientific spirit. I am not quite sure the phrase is accurate, but at least it is highly unscientific to do otherwise. It is highly unscientific to start with a prejudice rooted in your mind, to read all the books that can minister to your obstinacy, to turn every fact and opinion to its support, and either to refuse to open a hostile historian, or to read him merely for the purpose of flying into a passion and calling him a liar. Of course, it is quite right, when you speak of him to others, to denounce his falsehoods, and charge him with deliberate deception or prejudice, as your judgment directs you, using such language for the purpose as suits your taste or the state of your digestion. But when you are in the act of reading a book for your own enlightenment, you should have no such bitterness of soul. You are either right or wrong in your opinions. If you are right, then why lose control over your mind, because the author is wrong? If you are wrong, you have no business to get angry. A man should enter on historical inquiry with the spirit of a judge. He should hear both sides, because there are exaggeration and misstatement on both sides, and the fact that he takes one strongly should make him anxious for the safety of his judgment to discover his weak points from an opponent, and to cut them out, retaining unadulterated and secure the truth contained in his own opinions. What would be your opinion of a lawyer who would persistently close his eyes to the case of his adversary, and in forming an opinion on his client's position pay no attention to anything but his brief?

Apply this to the study of Irish history, the knowledge of which is absolutely necessary for anyone that pretends to a responsible opinion on Irish affairs. Many of us have never read even a friendly history of Ireland. Of those who have, not one in ten has read a hostile author. Take the case of Mr. Froude. How many of us—even men who have abundance of leisure—have read his book, or know anything of it, except from Father Burke's lectures and the hostile criticism which the writer met from all quarters? Would it do you any harm to read "*The English in Ireland*?" It is a book written in a spirit at variance with toleration, pronounced by critics to be full of exaggeration and misrepresentations; it preaches inferences which are directly opposed to those to which its allegations of fact, if true, would lead, and as a matter of fact, do lead ordinary minds, English

and Irish. But it is an unvarnished statement of the anti-Irish case, in its strongest aspect, by a master hand. It breathes a defiance of compromise and toleration so candid, so outspoken, so alarming, as to impress the reader with the belief that its wildest distortions are unintentional deceits, the product of the author's excited prejudices. It is the strongest argument against the policy it suggests that could be penned. On certain points it is just and even generous. While in one page it laments that Cromwell's policy was not carried out to the bitter end, in the next it assails English misrule with a vigour and ability that contrast pleasantly with much of the vague denunciation we hear and read at home. An honest anti-Irish reader cannot peruse it without being shocked by the conclusions to which his principles, applied in his own way, must lead. An Irish reader of the convictions that prevail in this audience would lay down the third volume, with his convictions strengthened, and with the certainty that they must triumph against the revolting conclusions of intolerance and extermination into which Mr. Froude's terror of Irish papists has frightened him. Therefore, let every man that has read John Mitchell's admirable *History of Ireland*—and I hope you have all done so, for it is unique in Irish historical literature for terseness, vigour, and the absence of empty declamation—let everyone who has read John Mitchel read Anthony Froude too. Within the last week one of our Irish members, a man of high culture, and of opinions so advanced that they would astonish some of my hearers, told me that he had never read a book that threw so much light on Irish history as "*The English in Ireland*."

There is a danger to which an Irishman in search of culture, particularly if he is looking for it without the aid of teachers, is exposed. We have no adequate educational literature at home, nor do we contribute to the educational machinery of England sufficiently to deprive it of a purely British character. Now Englishmen and Irishmen are very unlike each other intellectually, and there can be no doubt that if there were much intellectual activity among us, we should have books representing and suiting adequately a cultivated phase of the Irish mind. The danger is, that an Irishman, getting under the complete influence of English literature, may run off the track of development suited to his mind, get on the track which leads the English towards culture, and arrest his natural growth. In order to explain what I mean, let us take the case of style in writing and oratory. The Irish style, as exemplified in Burke and Grattan, our greatest writer and orator, is much more luxuriant than the language of our neighbours. The fault of our style is an excess of the poetic and luxuriant; its excellence is the presence of these qualities in fair proportions; and every one who reads an Irish book or hears an Irish speech, sees that the natural risk of error lies in that direction. But if an Irishman begins by discarding his natural tendencies and adopting the precise and level tone of the English mind, in nine cases out of ten he will come to nothing. His mind and powers of expression were built, so to speak, for another



trade. His nature is to be warm, redundant, sometimes explosive. If he wants to succeed, he must accept his nature, exercise his tendencies, manage them, tone them down. Thus he will preserve and improve—so far as his capacity for improvement and self-correction goes—his natural powers, while if, consciously or unconsciously, he tries to be English in tone, he will be nothing. To say this is not to claim any intrinsic superiority for our tone of mind and character, but to assert that it is distinct from the English, and that it is best for us to develop our capacities, as for the English to develop theirs. The example of style in writing and speaking is one of many. The same difference pursues us in every intellectual enterprise, just as we differ from our neighbours physically and morally. I have not meant any allusion to the cases where men set themselves deliberately to imitate the mental tone of Englishmen. It is not very long ago since it was a favourite ambition of persons who, indeed, had very little intellect to distort in any direction, to distort themselves as much as possible to some fantastic English ideal which they had conceived for themselves. This disposition arose from an idea that nothing good could come out of Nazareth. As might be expected, the ideal Englishman was in accordance with the powers of the beings that could form such a project. He had no positive qualities. He affected a calm serenity and indifference which were meant for intellectual elevation, but which everyone that knows the depth and earnestness of the English mind, knows to be utterly foreign to it. His strongest point was a determination to be as un-Irish as possible. The attempt was always a failure, and generally brought ridicule on the offender, especially from Englishmen. People complain bitterly of the fun Thackeray poked at Irishmen. I may say *en passant* that they never seem to remember that he has been as hard on his own countrymen as on us. But what is more to the point is this, that the hardest things he has said of us are the sarcasms directed against the Irishman aping the English spirit. The attempt to assimilate ourselves to other races is historically an absurdity. We are not capable of assimilation. On the contrary, our destiny has always been to assimilate other races to ourselves. Look at the hundreds of thousands of English and Scotch who come here and become Irish, socially and intellectually, although not politically or religiously (and this makes the social and intellectual assimilation the more remarkable) in a few generations. Look at the Cromwellian gentry of Tipperary. In everything but religion and politics they are as Irish as the peasantry. This is an interesting instance, because there are extant poems and letters in which the English settlers describe the process of assimilation in progress, and lament and complain that they can't resist it. Look again at France. The French Celts lost their language, they were overrun and conquered by German tribes, they lost all ostensible power. But there they remained, unconscious of their origin, the hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Franks, and they managed to impress on the Franks and other invaders all the vices and virtues that Cæsar described in their ancestors. This is the extraordinary fascination

of the Celtic race, its power of drawing everything to itself, and until Irishmen learn to be satisfied with a nature to which this power is attached, they will be intellectually abortions. Of course, we have no right, on the other hand, to consider ourselves perfect. This mistake is as ridiculous and productive of greater mischief to the moral character than the subserviency I have described. The true course is to accept our destiny, of which we have no reason to be ashamed, to examine our powers and defects, to try to develop the former and remedy the latter, and above all to listen patiently to all critics, friendly or hostile, who dissect us.

I have mentioned many subjects of study. Try and suit your tastes and capacities. But the main thing is to make your mind active, to keep yourself intellectually alive. The Almighty has given us many beautiful things; the most beautiful of all natural gifts is our reason. He gave nothing without design, and the design of this gift of reason is that we should cultivate it. To our reason we have to appeal in our relations with our consciences, with our fellow-men, with our country. If we neglect it, we throw away the helm that Providence has given us. By cultivating it, we not only reap the harvest of pleasure that grows from an educated mind, but we carry out the designs of our Maker, and we become more useful citizens and better men.

## STOIC OR CHRISTIAN ?

BY J. C. EARLE.

“ **O**F all things most ignoble is complaint;  
 The querulous are stricken by disease;  
 A healthy soul submits to rude restraint,  
 And part of discipline is loss of ease:  
 Life's voyage is not made on summer seas;  
 Strong hearts, though agonised, disdain to faint;  
 The well-bred man is easiest to please;  
 Prosperity has ne'er produced a saint.”

Against a pillar of the porch he leaned—  
 His arms crossed on his breast—while thus he spake.  
 Who was he, like a stoic thus demeaned,  
 And from whose lips these stern reflections brake?  
 Had Zeno or the Christ his spirit weaned  
 From living but for self-indulgence sake?

## RELICS OF RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS—

PART IV. (*Conclusion*)

WHEN Williams, as we have seen, was declared by a jury of his peers not guilty of treason-felony, and when he accordingly emerged from Newgate Prison, his troubles were by no means over. A change for the worse had taken place in his circumstances, not over flourishing at the best of times; and his high spirit hindered him from letting even his most intimate friends know his condition. Gerald Griffin, with loving brothers and friends to call upon, chose to starve in London rather than complain; and Williams' friends, who would gladly have relieved his wants if he had made them known, must not blame themselves if any of them should chance to read this page, which ventures to record a quaint avowed wrung from him at this time by one who has repeated it to me. Bread-and-water, he said, was not so bad a thing if one could but get enough of it. Even if he had been a full-fledged doctor, that would have been no guarantee for professional practice, and practice is, alas! not always a guarantee for a sufficient supply of fees. But politics, and perhaps poetry, had interfered with his medical studies, and "Dr. Williams" was as yet such only by courtesy. He had temporary employment in the Museum of Irish Industry, St. Stephen's Green,\* before taking out his medical degree in Edinburgh, to both of which circumstances he refers in a note to Mr. D. F. MacCarthy, dated "Wednesday, July 25, 1849." "Your note (he writes) reached me at the Museum of Irish Industry yesterday, but too late to send you an answer, as I had to go over to SS. Michael and John's, where N—— and I dined with Father Meehan. This evening I dine with ——, and afterwards go to an æsthetic tea-party; but to-morrow I hope to see you at the hour you name. I have many things to say to you, and only a little time to say them, as I go to Scotland on Tuesday next. I shall be a better neighbour in the better times which the song says are coming."

After his return from Edinburgh, duly licensed to kill and cure, he got employment for some time in Steven's Hospital. But his literary tastes were still a distraction, as we may conjecture from the following letter:—

"4 HAMILTON-ROW†

"November 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1849.

"MY DEAR MACCARTHY,—You were elected unanimously last Saturday as a member of the society (as yet unnamed), who meet weekly in connection with or in contemplation of a new journal of Science and Literature.

"The next meeting is to take place at S——'s house, on Saturday evening, at eight o'clock. I have been commissioned to apprise you of the fact, and invite your

\* I notice among the papers which Mrs. Williams has sent me a testimonial from Dr. W. K. Sullivan (now President of Queen's College at Cork), dated May 19<sup>th</sup>, 1851, and bearing witness to Mr. W.'s "knowledge of general chemistry, and to his care and conscientious exactitude in analytic work."

presence. You will meet D——, O——, M. L., and other traitors, felons, and pick-pockets. You will find a very jolly set of fellows, the incarnation of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,

‘ Les gueux, les gueux  
Sont les gens heureux :  
Ils s’aiment entre eux.  
Vivent les gueux !’

“I am in poor Kevin O’Dogherty’s lodgings, the room in which he was arrested. The invisible greens, however, may not meet here for some weeks ; therefore, I hope you will join us next Saturday. We have statesmen, barristers, chemists, architects, artists, orators, doctors, editors, and nondescripts—but no poet. For D—— and O—— consider it *infra dig.*, and, notwithstanding the enormous esteem I have for myself, I am too well aware that in me the fire of song is extinct for ever, and has left me only very bitter ashes. I am, my dear MacCarthy, faithfully yours,

“R. D. WILLIAMS.”

No doubt he had bitterness enough in sooth, though the fire of song was *not* extinct ; and, when in the bitterness of his soul he resolved to sing in sad earnest that “Adieu to Inisfail” which his boyish Muse had devised in sport, he chanted his purpose in sonorous stanzas which Duffy (so soon himself to flee to a southern world) published, with an eloquent protest, pitting against them those lines of Maginn :—

“‘Let us leave the fallen city!’ So, when Rome in ruins lay,  
Counselled to the assembled chiefs some paltry Tribune of the day;  
But anon a captain entered, and addressed his soldiers thus :  
‘Standard-bearer, plant thy standard! *Hic optime manebimus.*  
Plant it where it long has flourished, where your father’s honoured blood  
Made it float in lordly triumph, waving over land and flood—  
Flag of freedom, truth, and honour! worthy both of heaven and us—  
Standard-bearer, plant thy standard! *Hic optime manebimus.*’”

Before we accompany the Exile of Erin over the Atlantic, it may be well to dispose here of sundry supplementary “relics” which have just come to me across that ocean. Williams was evidently not one of those who delight in cleansing periodically the Augean stable of their literary workshop, and for whom it is a luxury to make a clean riddance of as much rubbish as possible, tearing up remorselessly all the old papers and letters which can never again through any conceivable combination of circumstances be of any use. Even among the selected *disjecta membra poetæ* which have risked an ocean voyage, there are many about which one wonders how they have managed to survive so long. I find here the original copies of schoolboy exercises, dated 1837, and even earlier. One of these dates—September 2nd, 1825—startled me, as it upset the received chronology of the poet’s life ; till I perceived the note appended to it “copied from a memorandum in my mother’s handwriting.” Sacred as it is, I venture to copy it again :—“This day I was enrolled as a member of the confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at George’s Hill Convent {Dublin}. May the Almighty God grant me grace to fulfil the obligations I am under to my blessed Jesus in this life ; and

after death may the Sacred Heart of Jesus conduct me through my awful passage from time to eternity. May Christ Jesus appear to me with a mild and cheerful countenance, and place me with his blessed elect at the right hand of his eternal Father. Amen, amen ! sweet Jesus, amen !”

From a pencilled note of meditations, made during a Retreat at Clongowes, in October, 1847, let me rashly divulge a few thoughts of this pious soul, which were only meant for that adorable Heart to which we have just overheard his mother consecrating herself specially for ever:—“ And my every sin, from the least to the greatest, is magnified tenfold by the many graces which I have had, and which would probably make anyone else a saint—namely, good education, good example, the constant sight of sickness and death, and also of the Sisters of Charity—the scenes I witness as a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—a natural taste for the purest pleasures, literature, music, &c., and the acquaintance and friendship of many men of high moral worth. O God ! if I am so evil with all these helps to virtue, what should I be without them !”

I have not the slightest doubt that among the “ men of high moral worth” whose friendship Dalton Williams very wisely reckons among the special graces for which his heart thanks God during the silence of retreat, one of the first to come up before his mind in thinking of the subject was the writer of the first letter which reached him from the old country when he landed on the American shore. As I suppress the signature and sundry personal matters, may I not quote a few of its kindly sentences as an indication of what manner of man Williams was ? It is dated, “ Sunday, 15th June, 1851,” and after the address is written in parenthesis “ the old den.”

“ MY DEAR RICHARD,—I hope, when you open this, you will have arrived in New York in all health and safety. And *imprimis*, pardon me for not having gone on board to see you off as I promised. Both day and evening my time was so taken up that I couldn't get away.

“ I enclose you two letters of introduction from my friend, the Rev. — ; one particular, to Archbishop Hughes, which you should not fail to deliver, the other general, ‘ to all to whom these presents may come.’

“ I have nothing on earth to tell you, except that we are progressing with your poems [not yet published, twenty-six years after—rapid progress!], and we hope on present estimates and outlooks to realise some fifty pounds for you. *Au reste*, while you, of course, have been going through adventures without number, and have thought that an age has elapsed since you left Ireland, I have to announce that all matters here are *in statu*, and unless you care to hear of a discussion whether the non-joinder of a co-executor should be pleaded in abatement (the latest matter of interest to me) or else of the wettest of picnics among the Dublin mountains on Sunday last, I know not what to tell you. Duffy had an article about you in yesterday's *Nation*, which, I think, was kind and friendly in its tone, and was certainly meant to do you service where you are.

“ Now I want you to write to me *at great length*, and tell me your history, past, present, and future, and how it is possible for any friends here to do you service. Tell me of your voyage, and how you got on with the poor emigrants and with your German captain. You have a certain air of sedate good nature and good humour, with fun below the surface, which are just the qualities to make a man popular. So I trust you will make friends by the score ; but even so you will have none truer than—Your affectionate, ————

"Do not be angry with me for breaking your commandment, and sending you such a short\* and empty note. I will be more full and particular in future."

By a choice natural to a poet, our emigrant shunned New York and the hardy New England States, and he sought for a home, as he said,

"—— nearer to the tropic glow,  
Its gorgeous plumes and vast banana,  
Its teeming vales and waters rife,  
Rich foliage, shining fruits abundant,  
Superfluous springs of fiery life,  
From nature's burning heart redundant."

This does he sing in March, 1851, to some probably imaginary "dear girl," who, if not imaginary, did not accept his invitation to come with him to his new home

"Beside the thunder-toned Missouri,  
Ten thousand herds approach her rills—  
A thousand verdurous valleys feed them—  
Her torrents from a thousand rills  
Rush in delirious joy of freedom.  
Around our forest cottage-door  
The grape entwined shall fondly cluster  
And fling at eve, thy bosom o'er,  
A sunset flush of wine-rich lustre."

It will not be uninteresting to contrast with this glowing poetry of anticipation the actual prose of his American life, as described in a letter to the priest who had, at his trial, borne testimony to his piety and benevolence—

"SPRING HILL COLLEGE, MOBILE, ALABAMA,  
"December 11th, 1853.

"REVEREND DEAR SIR,—Since I had the pleasure of receiving your long-expected letter, the yellow fever, the scourge of the South, has come and gone. For a long time we resisted all his efforts, perched as we are on a hill some two hundred feet above the level of the sea; but at length, our castle was taken by escalade, and one of the boys was stricken down in a few days. The College was broken up next day, and it is only since the 1st instant that we have reassembled. It was my intention to spend this year in a College of the Order at Havanna, but as yet it is not open; and so, after spending a fortnight in New Orleans, here I am again for another year. I have become fond of College life, and, as I know the manners and customs of the natives better than formerly, we are beginning to like each other more than I at first thought likely. I have this year the first class in Greek, Latin, and English. As to our method of teaching, I am not aware that it differs from that pursued by the Society in Ireland, except in the absence of corporal punishment. When I was at Tullabeg, I was sufficiently acquainted with the ferula of the then prefect, Mr. Meagher, uncle of T. F. M. Here there is no such discipline; and of course it is not so easy to preserve order, particularly in the junior classes. But we have many means to excite emulation, as weekly notes, monthly cards, camps in class, half-yearly examinations, Thespian and Philomatic Societies, privileges conceded to successful students, and everything else as you have it in the Protrepticon of Padre Sacchius. We have for the idle additional tasks during recreation, a prison for graver breaches of discipline, and finally for the incorrigible expulsion. Our pupils

\* The transcriber has made it shorter by omitting everything sprightly or personal: for indiscretion has its limits.

are eight-tenths creoles of Spanish, French, and Mexican descent. But I will send you a prospectus which will show you more at a glance than I could write in several letters.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Of personal gossip you gave me but the scantiest inklings; and the promised letter from Miss —— never arrived. I know not whether she never wrote it or whether it was wrongly directed. There is another Spring Hill in this State, and without adding '*Mobile Ala.*' many a letter and paper goes to the wrong box. With regard to —— I am much surprised. I wrote a long letter from New York which arrived safe but was never answered. If there is neglect or forgetfulness, therefore, it is not on my side. If it is expected that I am to do all the writing, and they only the reading, I respectfully decline to carry on a correspondence upon such conditions.

"We have a very full college already; and, as far as I am concerned, I hope for a year of great utility, improvement, and happiness. In the fierce heat of summer it is trying, no doubt; but when I contrast my past in Ireland—so darkened by disappointments, harassed by constant anxieties, and not seldom embittered by humiliations—with my present life, so free from all care except to fulfil my pleasing daily duties, affording me the peace and pleasure of a literary life without its ambition, penury, temptations, rivalries, meannesses, and despair, I bless our Lord with overflowing heart, and I wonder at my ingratitude that sometimes murmurs at the little trials that necessarily wait on man.

[A few of the preceding lines are in the autograph written with thicker and blunter point. This is explained by the next lines.]

"The diamond nib having fallen from my gold pen, I ought to consider it as an omen that it is time to cease; but a scribbler is not so easily deterred.

"May I hope that your next letter will not be two or three years coming like the last? I am doubly delighted to hear that ——'s last moments were such as to console you for all your anxieties. I know it was the most earnest wish of your heart. If I contributed anything to so happy an issue, it was quite unconsciously. Yet, perhaps Providence did use me, as Samson used the jawbone of an ass, to scatter his enemies. God grant it!

"If you ever meet Dr. Taylor [late P. P. of Maryborough] remember me affectionately to him. The little he could succeed in teaching so erratic a pupil has enabled me to hold my present professorship (for Tullabeg was only preparatory in my time), and has left open to me at all times many sources of pleasure and solace for which I can never be too grateful.

"The College of Grand Coteau, in this province, has been closed for want of hands to work it. I wish you could send us an Irish father, a scholastic, or even a novice. If he have an eye for *colour*, scarlet fever, yellow ditto, black vomit, and blue cholera, afford a striking variety which can be admired at leisure in these diggings. The curious in ophiology can also make a brilliant and entirely unlimited collection. 'Here's a fine opening for a young man,' as Ourtius said to the chasm in the Forum. Hoping to hear from you before the Repeal of the Union,—I am ever, rev. dear sir, yours gratefully,

"R. D. WILLIAMS."

And so "Shamrock" had himself become one of those whom he he had waggishly celebrated in his "Misadventures of a Medical Student" as

"The spectacl'd pontiffs of latin and science,  
Who have thundering names for all possible herbs,  
And can wriggle like eels through irregular verbs."

In an earlier part of this article—which, having very soon abandoned all pretensions to its original form of a lecture, has extended too far, and must now be brought to a close within as few pages as possible, without using half the unpublished materials that have been laid at my disposal—I referred beforehand to a passage

in this letter for the purpose of claiming for St. Stanislaus' College, Tullabeg, and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, some share in the early education of a poet. I will seize the opportunity of putting forward a similar claim to a painter, of whom I have just been reminded in *Belgravia* for May, where Mr. T. H. S. Escott, describing the somewhat Bohemian company that used to gather on Saturday nights at the house of Tom Hood the Younger (18, South-street, Brompton) recalls affectionately how "upon the beautifully mobile face of Paul Gray, as he listened to all that passed, was an expression now of Irish fun, now of thoughtful intelligence." And Hood himself, in his verses upon "Copy" [the manuscript furnished to fill the insatiable maw of the printing press], thinks first of his young Irish friend:—

"Yon picture, Paul, your pencil drew;  
That poem, Jeff, you penned it.  
Is there much 'copy' more to do?  
A man so longs to end it!  
Is there a world beyond—the pun,  
And free from verses sloppy?  
Because, if so, I own, for one,  
I'm getting tired of 'copy.'"

But I am going too far out of my way in my desire to preserve, here at least, the name of Paul Gray who, at the outset of an artistic career of great promise, was carried off by consumption, which, as the other "Tullabeg boy" told us, "has no pity on blue eyes or golden hair," and is just as relentless towards Genius as towards Beauty.

In one of his visits to New Orleans, Dr. Williams made the acquaintance of Mrs. Connolly, a lady of Irish birth, I think, and certainly connected with Irish families of Brooke, Cuthbert, and O'Hara. More important in the present context than any amount of ancestors, Mrs. Connolly had a daughter, to whom one day came from Spring-Hill College these lines addressed to her under the Spanish form of her name, Elizabeth. Like a good many of our very abundant samples, these verses "To Isabel" are printed now for the first time:—

"Fear not! if aught except the throne of heaven's thrice holy Sire,  
Shall last for aye, 'tis Love alone, whose all-producing fire  
Lit up of yore the morning's springs, and bade the stars to roll,  
Who thrills the angel's iris-wings, and vivifies the soul.  
He moulds thy lovely form and face, thy gentle bosom's swell,  
Thine ev'ry gesture's artless grace with more than mortal spell:  
And, nobler far, true woman's heart to solace and to save;  
And pitying tears—I saw them start, and knew myself thy slave—  
A tender, playful, spotless mind, so wise, although so young;  
A heart where ev'ry virtue's shrin'd, a guileless, tuneful tongue,  
A radiant crown of raven hair, bright Aphrodite's form,  
With all of Erin purely fair, with all of Cyprus warm.  
All these he gave thee; doubt him not. His fullest pow'r and will  
Have bless'd so long thy favoured lot He must protect thee still.  
'Twere false to brand the god untrue: while fickle Fancy flies,  
Love takes the soul's immortal hue, and with her only dies!



His pure shrine braves the stormy birth of whirlwind, hail and levin—  
Its pillars rest on mother-earth, but the dome is high in heaven!  
Though Eros' temple-basis lies on passion's lava-rock,  
The heav'nward summits pierce the skies above the thunder-shock!  
I would our kindred hearts had met in less of clouds and gloom—  
Our hands are clasped, our cheeks are wet above a recent tomb.  
Yet love that springs from woe, 'tis said, like woe is deep and true:  
The tears that wept the early dead may rise in flow'rs anew.  
As nature's most ambrosial bow'rs above destruction wave,\*  
Not seldom rose and orange flowers have blossom'd o'er the grave.  
Yet me, it seems, a phantom waits the 'silent land' before,  
And who so pass those gloomy gates, they shall return no more.  
The rosy crown shall ne'er be mine—I bear the cypress bough,  
A colder, whiter hand than thine is press'd upon my brow.  
But if in other worlds the souls may meet that lov'd in this,  
Ours shall embrace, beyond the poles, in unity of bliss—  
As wave with wave commingling rolls, our blending spirits kiss."

Isabel and her poet were married at New Orleans on the 8th September, 1856. As I have passed over his trip to Havana before his marriage, I will not chronicle here his changes of residence from New Orleans to Baton Rouge, and thence to Thibodeaux, in which town he died. He had previously had a desperate fight with that yellow fever, to which he refers with ghastly humour in his letter to Father Farrell. And to his own sickness he refers in a letter to one of his wife's young sisters, to whom, in her happy exile at school, he had sent the richest rosary of pearls he could find.

"You know (he says) that I have been so near death since I wrote to you last that no one expected my recovery. If, indeed, the Angel of the Tomb is always such as I beheld him, he is a most gentle and benignant spirit. I felt no pain, I knew no terror. I was not insensible, but completely indifferent and impassive. I had but two ideas—everlasting repose and illimitable space. Death, my dear Alice, to the Christian is not a grim horror fed on worms and corruption, but a radiant cherub guarding the threshold of the skies. Mysterious gates!—without, all cold and wan, with sculptured marble and funeral urns, but within—'Well, go on, what's within?' My pretty little sister, I have not yet had the honour of an introduction, and can guess but very vaguely indeed at what is within. But as soon as ever I get admittance, I will send you all the news, provided that there are sufficient telegraphic or postal arrangements to accommodate your 'own correspondent.'"

To the same Alice and her sister Minnie (who, I think, is the Minnie that died soon after) he writes to express his joy at hearing that they had made their First Communion, and this under circumstances (to quote again the words of this amiable and edifying man) "which promise that through every vicissitude which may await you in after-life the repetition of this sublimest act that man can perform will be ever your greatest joy and consolation. With that unspeakable honour and happiness there is nothing whatever on this earth to be compared; and, if you are truly wise, you will enjoy it as often as your superiors and confessor permit, while yet you are free from the countless obstacles which the outer world opposes to every holy action, but to none more than to this, the crown and climax of them all."

\* Does this refer to the fertility of the soil that covers extinct volcanoes?

Another of the letters which have been entrusted to my discretion, and which, if they could be published, would give the reader the highest idea of our poet's affectionate, unselfish nature, is annotated by the kind hand that sent them to me with the explanatory remark: "The 'mother' spoken of here is *my* mother." A necessary warning, for no one would imagine that there was question here of a mere mother-in-law. The writer certainly betrays none of the conventional antipathy that mothers-in-law are supposed to inspire. He would have sympathised with Edgar Poe, in his touching sonnet to the mother of his poor Virginia Clemm, rather than with the gentleman who, according to the author of "Songs of Singularity"—

"— stood on his head by the wild sea-shore,  
And joy was the cause of the act,  
And he felt as he never had felt before—  
Insanely glad, in fact.  
And why? In yon vessel which left the bay  
His mother-in-law set sail  
For a tropical region far away,  
Where tigers and snakes prevail."

From his tenderness towards those who were linked to him by ties less close and less sacred, we may conjecture how affectionate he was as a father. Besides two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, now finishing their education in a convent of the Sacred Heart, and a son, who bears the name of Richard Dalton Williams, and who received the habit as a Jesuit novice at Grand Coteau, Louisiana, at Midnight Mass, Christmas, 1875; there was a little Katie, on whose death her father wrote:—

"Dear baby-daughter! in the light divine  
No angel waves a purer wing than thine.  
Soon may my sorrows, like thy days, be o'er—  
Soon may I see, love, wonder and adore,  
Gazing on God with thee for evermore!"

Perhaps this prayer, which was soon granted, was the last rhyme ever written by "Shamrock." He little thought that it would be so: for I have here before me a letter begun in pencil, but never sent to the lady whom he had addressed as "Hester of the Sacred Heart." Here are the words with which he breaks off suddenly:—"In a book recently published at London they have ranked me with the Catholic poets. I have no higher ambition than to deserve the title, for which as yet I have, alas! done little or nothing. But if heaven spare and bless me, and the duties of my state in life permit it, I hope to do something to consecrate the harp to the same holy purpose as those of 'the victors who stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God' (Apoc. xii.)"

Here again, as in so many instances, God took the will for the deed. The pious and affectionate soul of the exiled poet was not any more on earth to overflow into such musical and sacred strains as

that which he had published some years earlier in the *Charleston Miscellany* under the title of "Contrition and Adoration" :—

"Oh ! not to me the lyre of a spirit singing nigh Thee,  
Where the myriad starry swarms of the clustered suns rush by Thee ;  
(Alas ! my fallen soul !) I have dared so oft defy Thee,  
Though grief would draw me near, my guiltiness must fly Thee.

"If they, the vilest, may adore—even Lucifer address Thee—  
Let a child of clay and sin from his deep prostration bless Thee.  
May the purest of all creatures, who as Mother here caressed Thee,  
With restless intercession for my forfeit glory press Thee,  
And through tears my life shall love, and through blood my death confess Thee.

"Restore the child-like innocence, faith, terror, joy, and wonder,  
That saw Thee in the holy stars—that heard Thee in the thunder—  
That blessed Thee in all lovely things above the clouds and under,  
Ere sin had rent the mystic robe, that made me thine, asunder ;

"Before I knew, with impious pride, to question and to doubt Thee,  
Or heard, with learned blasphemies, the sneering sceptic flout Thee.  
O God ! withdraw the awful gloom my folly hung about Thee ;  
The sun is dark—my soul is dead—and heaven is hell without Thee !

"Sweet Jesus ! aid my feebleness, assist my weak endeavour,  
The fetters of my slavery at length through Thee to sever.  
Shall souls which die to please Thy heart, yet living please Thee never,  
And, loving Thee far more than life, be still Thy foes for ever !

"Oh, place me in some distant orb that scarcely gleams before Thee,  
Upon creation's twilight verge, in silence to adore Thee ;  
I may not with sublimer souls approach the brightness o'er Thee—  
Be mine the dust, the gloom, the tears—contrition, I implore Thee !

"And the Crucified appeared that hour, all pallid, faint, and gory,  
And the bitter crown of woe upon His wounded temples wore He ;  
He heard from heaven's highest throne the contrite sinner's story,  
And flew to make that heart the home of all His love and glory !

"Agios ! Athanatos ! Holiest ! Divinest !  
Thou through the vale of the firmament Who shinest,  
Thou on the wings of the Cherubim reclinest !  
Agios ! Athanatos ! Holiest ! Divinest !

"Soul of the Universe ! Father of the Ages !  
Whose name is of stars on the Heaven's azure pages !  
Raise all to Thee through still ascending stages,  
Soul of the Universe ! Father of the Ages !"

In spite of failing health, Williams toiled on bravely for the sake of the dear ones, of whom he had written :—"She is happy in the children, and I in her and them." But he gave way at last, and on the 5th of July, 1862, at Thibodeaux, an attack of hemorrhage brought to a close his blameless and not fruitless life. On the following 8th of October he would have completed his fortieth year. And so, as he had sadly prophesied at the outset of his career, he

indeed "slumbers in a foreign tomb," yet not a nameless one; for, a few months later, an Irish regiment of the Northern Army knelt at his grave, and, seeing in him not a political opponent but a fellow exile, not an ardent Confederate but an Irish patriot and poet, they placed a slab of Carrara marble with a graceful inscription over the last resting place of his mortal remains. But if the shamrock whose name he borrowed will never spring from the dust into which his bones have crumbled, his soul—as we can pray with a cheerful hope, remembering his own Christian hope and all his faith and charity and suffering—his soul is with God. Would to God that many a brilliant poet had left in dying—for poets, too, must die—as happy an assurance on this score to the admirers of his genius. Such consolation poor "Shamrock" has bequeathed to those who love him. This is better and truer comfort than even the thought that among the names of her gifted sons Ireland will cherish fondly the gentle memory of Richard Dalton Williams.

M. R.

## A DAY AT THE ODILIENKLOSTER IN ALSACE.

A LITTLE outside the beaten track of Rhine tourists, just fifteen miles south of Strasburg, stands the Odilienkloster, or Convent of Sainte Odille, perched at the height of 2,500 feet above sea level on the summit of the Odilienberg, a pine-clad spur of the Vosges mountains. Tradition assigns the foundation of the convent to Odille or Otilie, the patron saint of Alsace, about the year 720 A.D. Among the abbesses who succeeded the foundress, the most celebrated was Herrad von Landsperg, the authoress and scribe of that exquisitely illuminated work, the *Hortus Deliciarum*,\* which was so long the pride of the Strasburg library. The convent was twice destroyed by fire—the first time in 1546, and then again during the Thirty Years' War. For many years the pile lay in ruins, until it was restored by the Bishop of Strasburg in 1853. At present the convent, an unpretending quadrangle of solid masonry, with three small chapels, is occupied by fourteen sisters, ever ready to receive strangers and pilgrims with a cheery welcome.

Passing through Strasburg, *en route* from Heidelberg to Metz, in the August of last year, I found that I had a couple of days to spare

\* The "*Hortus Deliciarum*," composed in the twelfth century, was a manual for the education of nuns, adorned by the hands of the abbess Herrad with beautiful miniatures and illuminated work. It was destroyed at the burning of the Strasbourg library during the German bombardment of 1870.

after exploring the Alsatian capital; and having received glowing accounts of the beauty of the Odilienkloster from mine host of the Wiener Hof, I resolved to spend at least one night among the Vosges Mountains beneath the shelter of the hospitable convent roof. At nine o'clock, then, on the morning of Tuesday, the 8th of August, I started from Strasbourg by rail for Ober-Ehnheim, a quaint old town, about six miles distant from the convent. Here the train set me down shortly after ten o'clock, and just in time to catch a sort of post omnibus plying between Ehnheim and Otrott, a little village lying at the foot of the Vosges, at an hour's distance from the convent. The two miserable horses yoked to the omnibus drew us—that is to say, the writer, occupying the box seat beside the driver, and two German priests seated in the interior—to Otrott in about three quarters of an hour, the road passing the whole way through luxuriant vineyards. Alighting at Otrott, I parted from the omnibus and its occupants and pushed on *solus* up the long, narrow street of the village. Otrott seemed quite familiar to me as I passed through. Everything was just as I had expected to find it from reading the graphic peasant tales of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, with the strikingly faithful illustrations of Schuler, himself a born and bred Alsatian. The old houses, with their steep-pitched roofs, the wooden beams built into the walls, their flights of stairs on the outside with heavy oak balustrades, and the venerable vine clambering up the gable ends; the village fountain, surmounted with a tall stone crucifix, and surrounded by gossips drawing water and washing clothes; the strapping peasant girls, with black eyes, rich brown complexion, and head-dress of broad, black ribbons, striding down from the mountains; and the inns with their quaint signs all seemed like old friends to me, although this was my first visit to an Alsatian village. One venerable-looking old house struck me particularly as I passed along. Its windows were framed with quaint old carvings in oak of scroll-work supported by obese cherubs, and on the gable end, in crabbed Gothic characters, stood the pious legend:—

“Dieses Haus steht in Gottes Hand  
Gott behut es vor Feir und Brand.”

Signs of the hated German occupation were not wanting in this quiet little hamlet, though, of course, the inevitable spiked helmet of the Prussian infantry, with which the streets of Strasbourg and Metz are positively bristling, was in Otrott conspicuous by its absence. Over the door of the modest Post-office that singularly unamiable-looking bird, the Imperial Eagle of Germany, was displayed, with fierce beak and ragged, out-stretched wings, surrounded with the legend—“*Reichs Post Arstalt*”—Post-office of the Empire.

At a short distance beyond this interesting old village I struck into the mountain path for Sainte Odille. This path leads up a gentle ascent through a thick plantation of stately pines, passing at intervals by rude stone crosses or crucifixes, erected by pious hands to

mark the scene of some murder or fatal accident. On one of these crosses I read the following inscription :—

"Monument de Piété  
érigé à la mémoire  
de la malheureuse  
Catherine Schott  
Lâchement assassinée à cet endroit  
le 2 Aout, 1840.  
à l'âge de 20 ans.  
(Un *De Profundis*.)"

It was only when returning past this simple monument on the evening of the next day that I heard the touching story of the unfortunate Catherine Schott, struck down in her twentieth year by a murderer's hand on this very spot, under the solemn shade of the pines, beside the unfrequented mountain path. I will reserve the story for that part of my pilgrimage.

About a mile beyond the cross the character of the wood began to change. The pines grew thinner and thinner; and, at last, as the skirts of the plantation were approached, they gave way to a fresh young coppice of beech and oak, completely over-arching the path and making a green vista in front. Five minutes more, and even the coppice disappeared, and the path led out on a spur of the mountain, where a lovely scene opened before me. Looking backwards, the eye passed over the fertile plain lying between the Vosges and the Rhine, yellow with ripe corn, and dotted over with red-tiled villages, the shadowy blue outline of the Schwarzwald faintly visible on the horizon. Facing right round and looking westward, a deep valley lay before me, shaped like a basin, with sides formed of pine-clad mountains, and traversed by a well-defined road, bordered with a narrow strip of bright emerald herbage; while, on the left hand, right overhead, perched on the very summit of the Odilienberg, rose the simple gray pinnacle of the convent.

It was now past mid-day, and I hastened onwards, descended into the valley, crossed the road at the bottom, and entering the pine woods once more, commenced the toilsome ascent of the Odilienberg. I soon made the unpleasant discovery that I had lost the path; but with the convent right above my head, as I knew, although out of sight just now, I thought it would be more convenient to push straight up the mountain than to follow the pathway, even if I had been able to find it. The heat even under the gloomy shade of the pines was oppressive, and I was delighted to find the mountain-side covered with "fraughan" bushes laden with ripe berries, evoking pleasant recollections of many a mountain ramble at home in "Old Ireland." Refreshed with a few handfuls of these berries, washed down by a draught of cool water from a little rill which tinkled by, half-hidden under over-arching groves of lady-fern, a banquet of arcadian simplicity, the *menu* exactly that prescribed by Parnell for his hermit :—

"His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well—"

I pushed on again, and after ten minutes' steep ascent emerged from the shade of the wood on to the bare mountain side under the fierce glare of the noon-day sun. The rugged track I was now following, evidently an old disused Schlittenweg, or sledge-road, for the conveyance of timber, would have been a true paradise for the butterfly collector. Butterflies of a dozen different hues and sizes, from the tiny azure variety up through sober brown and gray to the large gaudy "peacocks," lay basking with outstretched wings on the hot stones, or went vacillating up and down the old sledge-road. Not more than a mile now separated me from the convent; but this single mile of mountain ascent, without a vestige of shelter, and with the sun at, say,  $85^{\circ}$  in the shade, I would have willingly exchanged for five miles on level ground. At length, however, the friendly shelter of the woods immediately encircling the convent was gained, and in five minutes more I passed beneath its hospitable portal into the courtyard with its umbrageous lime-trees. Here I was received by one of the sisters in her spotless linen coiffure and black robes, who, when she heard that I was anxious to spend the night at Sainte Odille, lost no time in presenting me to the Lady Superior, or Frau Mutter, as she is called at the convent, in more homely style. A bright, cheery, smiling, old lady was the Frau Mutter. Judging from her appearance, she could not have been a day younger than eighty; and yet her step was just as elastic, her eyes as bright, and her laugh as gladsome as if she had been in the pride of life. Her first question as she received me in the cool corridor of the convent was: "Do you want something to eat?" There was only one answer to be made to such a question after a five hours' fast (I had breakfasted in Strasbourg at eight o'clock in the morning) and an hour of mountain climbing, and so she led me off to the dining-room, chattering as she went along, now in French and now in German, for every Alsatian of any culture speaks both languages with equal facility.

"Monsieur est anglais, n'est ce pas?" said she drawing her conclusion, doubtless, from my exotic German pronunciation. I rebutted the charge, proclaiming myself an Irishman, and this disclosure of my nationality seemed, if possible, to increase her eager friendliness. When we reached the dining-room—deserted then, as the dinner-hour was past—she caught me by both arms, seated me by main force on a rush-bottomed chair at a clean-scoured deal table; and trotted off to see my dinner prepared for me, still laughing to herself over the unexpected advent of an Irishman at her mountain convent.

The dining-room, a long, lofty, vaulted apartment, with bare, boarded floor, whitewashed walls, and plain, deal furniture, had that air of massive austerity, combined with scrupulous cleanliness, which generally characterises conventual buildings. At dinner I was waited on by no less than five of the sisters in succession, who, under the general supervision of the Frau Mutter, kept fluctuating between the dining-room and the kitchen with the different items of my dinner, which was most appropriately wound up by a dessert consisting of red currants from the convent garden, *heidelbeeren* (fraughans) from

the mountain-side, and excellent confectionery made by the skilful hands of the sisters themselves. With a bottle of good red wine, the *vin du pays* produced by the vineyards of Otrott which I had passed through in the morning, I made one of the heartiest meals I ever enjoyed, and so I told the Frau Mutter to her immense gratification.

In the cool of the evening, after the seven o'clock supper was over, I sallied out from the convent walls for a long, solitary ramble across the mountains through the woods. There is an indefinable, weird charm, in these dense, gloomy pine woods of the Vosges. Our steps, as we enter their solemn depths, fall with muffled sounds on the deep loam, the accumulated deposit of generations of dead pine needles; the air is filled with a penetrating, resinous odour, exhaling from the tree-trunks; the almost death-like silence is broken only at rare intervals by the plaintive cooing of the wood-quest, or the distant thud of the woodman's axe. There is no greenery to refresh the eye; for no herbage can live in these sunless shades. The pine reigns here supreme, to the exclusion of all humbler vegetation, sending out far and wide his gnarled, tortuous, coppery roots, like the sinews of a giant hand convulsively clutching the rocky subsoil in its powerful grasp. And when the gloaming settles down on the mountains, and the shade deepens in these silent woods, the imagination begins to grow unpleasantly active. The mind summons up old, half-forgotten tales of diablerie and enchantment, with such vividness, that one starts nervously at the slightest sound—the fall of a cone, or the rustling of a bird in the tree-tops.

"A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into the memory,  
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues that syllable man's names."

At eight o'clock next morning I was seated in the convent refectory once more at breakfast, before a large steaming bowl of *café au lait*, with dry bread *ad libitum*; for such seems to be the primitive breakfast provided at St. Odille. My next-door neighbour at breakfast—a Protestant pasteur from Strasbourg as I afterwards discovered—soon fell into conversation with me, and learning that I was a stranger at the convent, offered to guide me over the mountains and show me the famous Heidenmauer, or Pagan's Wall. This Heidenmauer is a massive stone rampart, partly natural and partly artificial, encircling the summit of the Odilienberg so as to enclose the convent within its circuit, which has a length of almost thirty miles. The rampart is said to have been built as a fortification by the Kelts, and was afterwards strengthened by the Romans, and used by them as a bulwark against the Germanic tribes. The pasteur and I spent two pleasant hours in following the sinuosities of this remarkable old dyke, whose origin and purpose still, in great measure, remain riddles for the archæologist. My companion pointed out to me many a broad table of red sandstone on which, according to tradition, the Druid priests had been wont to offer up human sacrifice, and winding its way through the dense forest beneath, showed me a rough



track known as the Römerweg, or Roman's Way, a relic of the Roman occupation. This Römerweg, it appears, is more commonly known among the Alsatian peasantry by the name of the Teufelsweg, or Devil's Way, Romans and devils having been, perhaps, convertible terms with the early Christians of the district. Having fully explored the Heidenmauer, and paid a visit to the miraculous Odilienbrunnen, or Sainte Odille's Spring, we turned our faces for the convent, chatting *de omnibus rebus*, as we went, the pasteur curious to know all about the Island of Saints, displaying an intimate knowledge of O'Connell's history, and plaintively lamenting his ignorance of the English language; I endeavouring with all possible tenderness to elicit his sentiments on that delicate subject for an Alsatian—the German occupation. He made but a feeble attempt to conceal his bitterness against the iron-handed conquerors, and expressed a lively hope of seeing his beloved Alsace once more united to France. We reached the convent just in time for the *mittagsessen*, at half-past twelve, having arranged to set out for Strasbourg together in the cool of the evening. We found the whole of the guests, numbering about forty in all, more than half of them children and ladies from Strasbourg, stopping at the convent for the benefit of the mountain air, assembled in the dining-room round a regular *table d'hôte*. During dinner there were no appeals to "Garçon!" or "Kellner!" of course; nothing was heard on all sides but cries of "Ma Sœur!" and "Schwester!" while the black-robed, white-coifed sisters bustled round the table, pressing the viands on their guests in a way that would have thoroughly roused the scorn of a professional waiter.

The greater part of the afternoon I spent in visiting the convent library, and chapels. The library is a small, low chamber, supported on heavy Norman pillars, with groined roof and partly stained windows looking out over the mountains. In the centre was an oaken writing-desk, with a heavy, antique, carved arm-chair in front, and round the walls were the glazed cases containing the books, including many old vellum-bound editions of the classics and standard works of theology and history. This massive little library, cool, silent, and secluded, breathing an air of holy calm, was just the place where one might expect to find a pious scribe seated, laboriously illuminating the *majuscles* of some manuscript missal.

There are three small chapels within the convent walls. One of these, that known as the Wappenkapelle, a perfect miniature, not capable apparently of holding more than thirty worshippers, has its walls adorned with really handsome frescos by Sorg, illustrating the miraculous history of the foundress.

As the time for my departure from the hospitable walls of Ste. Odille was now drawing nigh, I hastened to the Frau Mutter's room to pay my reckoning. The pasteur was already there with the same object in view; and I found him seated at the table beside the cheery old lady, who was a pleasant sight to see, with her hooked nose and apple cheeks, as she laughingly plunged into complicated problems with a lump of chalk and a large slate, reducing francs and centimes into marks and pfennige; for, like a true patriot, she persisted,

with immense inconvenience to herself, in calculating her charges in French money, though the actual currency was almost entirely composed of the hated German Reichsmünze. And now, our reckoning paid, and a very moderate reckoning it was, with much handshaking, and laughing, and interchange of compliments, we bade farewell to the cheery Frau Mutter and her hospitable convent; and preceded by a bloused peasant, bearing my companion's *impedimenta*, we sallied forth from the gate of Ste. Odille, and struck into the forest path for Otrott.

An hour's steady tramp down hill, along the Römerweg, brought us to that point in the path where stood the simple monument to the memory of Catherine Schott which I had passed by the day before. In answer to the pastor's questions, our porter and guide, a stolid, parched-up looking peasant of fifty years or thereabouts, related the whole story of the poor girl, but with a very thick utterance in the provincial German of Alsace, so that the narration was only partly intelligible for my ears. My companion, however, translated the whole story for me into French as soon as our guide had finished his recital. It was a strange, touching story of love and murder.

Catherine Schott, the handsome daughter of a well-to-do farmer, holding the farm of St. Gorgon, in the vicinity of Otrott, was sought in marriage by a young peasant of the neighbourhood. Catherine gave no encouragement to her suitor, however, and repeatedly rejected his offers of marriage; but he continued, nevertheless, to urge his suit. One Sunday morning, the 2nd of August, 1840, he came, as usual, to pay a visit to the farm of St. Gorgon. He found Catherine alone in the house, dressed, and ready to set out to hear early Mass in Otrott, whither the rest of the family had just preceded her. He renewed his offer of marriage to the young girl, and was again rejected. They parted, after some angry words had passed between them, Catherine setting off in all haste along the forest path for Otrott, he remaining behind at the farm. When she had been gone a few minutes, the maddened wretch left the house, and making a detour through the woods, concealed himself among some brushwood, on a slight eminence overlooking the path by which Catherine was to pass. Here, on the very spot now marked by the stone cross, on that quiet Sunday morning, while the tinkling bell of the little village chapel in the valley below was calling the mountaineers to prayer, he murdered the poor girl, crushing in her head with a large stone thrown from his post above the path. Catherine was found lying, as if dead, in a pool of blood a few hours afterwards, and was carried home to the farm, where she recovered sufficiently the same evening to tell her story. She then relapsed into unconsciousness, and in a few days breathed her last at the age of twenty years. Impelled by remorse, doubtless, and yearning, perhaps, to find that he had only half done the deed of blood, the wretched murderer crept back to the spot on the evening of that same Sunday, and was arrested there by some of Catherine's kinsfolk. He was tried, and found guilty of the crime; but as the victim had not been killed on the spot, that is, had not died immediately of the injuries inflicted on her, he was, in conformity

with the French law, condemned, not to death, but to twenty years *travaux forcés*. After the expiration of his sentence, he was seen one evening by some of the peasantry hanging about the woods in the neighbourhood of the little cross erected to the memory of his victim. He disappeared the following day, and was never after seen or heard of.

N. C.

## NEW BOOKS.

**I. *Lectures on Poetry*.** Delivered at Oxford by SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, Bart., Professor of Poetry in the University. Second Series. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 15 Waterloo-place. 1877.)

THIS volume is a valuable and very interesting addition to the higher literature of criticism. The various topics connected with the poetic art which come under discussion are treated with a freshness, originality, and absence of affectation, that make these pages delightful reading.

Sir Francis Doyle is not only a lecturer on poetry, but a poet. He practises what he preaches. To show that he possesses what an honourable member is said to have called a *stocus landi* in such a discussion, we will not refer to the poems which fill the closing leaves of the present volume, but will rather recall the most spirited piece in an earlier one—a piece which has a special appositeness in this racing season, with the echoes of Punchestown and Baldoyle almost ringing round us still. As this description of the Doncaster St. Leger is long, we can only give a few lines here and there. The interest of the race lies between a certain Derby winner and a certain Northern mare; and the uncertainty is skilfully maintained from the time when, at the “gravel road,” the Southern horse begins to steal from the rear:—

“Still far ahead the glittering throng  
Dashes the eager mare along;  
And round the turn and pass the hill  
Slides up the Derby winner still.  
\* \* \*

“Look to yon turn! Already there  
Gleams the pink and black of the fiery mare;  
And through that which was but now a gap,  
Creeps on the terrible white cap.  
Half strangled in each throat, a shout,  
Wrung from their fevered spirits out,  
Booms through the crowd like muffled drums,  
‘His jockey moves on him. He comes!’  
Then momentarily, like gusts, you heard  
‘He’s sixth—he’s fifth—he’s fourth—he’s third!’  
And oh, like some glancing meteor flame,  
The stride of the Derby winner came.”

But is the Derby winner to be the winner also north of the Trent? That is now the question. The race resolves itself into a match between the mare and the horse. The second horse is passed, and the rider of the mare is nursing her for the final rush :—

“ One other bound—one more—’tis done,  
Right up to her the horse has run ;  
And head to head, and stride for stride,  
Newmarket’s hope and Yorkshire’s pride,  
Like horses harnessed side by side,  
Are struggling to the goal.

We must shorten the struggle, and end the reader’s suspense by announcing that the Derby winner lost the Doncaster St. Leger ; for at the last the Yorkshire mare—

“ With birdlike dash shoots clear away,  
And by half a length has gained the day.”

The hats of the exultant crowd darken the air, and—

“ At once from thirty thousand throats  
Rushes the Yorkshire roar,  
And the name of their Northern winner floats  
A league from the course, and more.”

The lecturer who can write such lines as these is not likely to lull his hearers to sleep, especially when he sets out with a strong conviction that his chief obligation is to keep them awake. Sir Francis Doyle, in his pleasant preface, maintains that for addresses like the present “*tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux* ;” and on this point his practice corresponds with his theory. He does not bore.

The volume before us contains nine lectures, equally divided among Wordsworth, Scott, and Shakspeare. The impartiality of the writer’s mind, the breadth of his literary views, and that freedom from affectation with which we have before credited him, are at the very outset exemplified in his being able to appreciate two schools of poetry so opposed as those of Wordsworth and Scott. In his appreciations he has plenty of enthusiasm, and he is never deserted by good sense.\* The first three of these lectures will reveal Wordsworth’s true greatness to many, all the more surely because the lecturer confesses frankly that he does not “belong to the highest order of Wordsworthians.” “I am an admirer, but not a worshipper. There are some men who cling to him with a sort of Tichborne faith ; who think there is no poem of his, no stanza, no line almost, but what is ‘discreetest, wisest, virtuouslest, best.’ To this faith I have no great objection, so far as it honours Wordsworth ; but I do object to it, when it tends, as it does tend, to the depreciation of others—the poets

\* We know of no safer and truer judgments on the poetry of Cowper, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and the rest, than those contained in the brief notices prefixed to each extract in Mr. Aubrey de Vere’s “*Selections from the Poets*.”

of passion, and, if I may venture upon the expression, of pace—the poets whose chariot wheels get hot with driving, like Byron, and Campbell, and Scott.”

What we have ourselves done we advise our readers to do—to make the acquaintance of the earlier lectures, of which the present is the second series. The inaugural lecture is very pleasant to read and must have been pleasant to listen to, though the worthy baronet mentions apologetically on the threshold that for five-and-twenty years and more he had done nothing as an orator, except to mumble a few words against his will at a wedding breakfast. The subject of the second lecture—Provincial Poetry—has more novelty than the others. But very many will be drawn with the keenest interest to the closing lecture of the first series, which is devoted to a very careful and deeply appreciative criticism of Dr. Newman's great poem, “The Dream of Gerontius.” We thank Sir Francis Doyle for making this exquisite religious drama better known than it would otherwise be likely to be known, especially to those who are deterred rather than attracted by its theme—those who exclude from their death-beds most of the prayers and sacred rites, the hopes and beliefs, that sustain the soul of Gerontius in its going forth.

In this lecture there is an omission of which we think it a duty to complain. In the preface to his second series Sir Francis Doyle speaks of his obligations to previous writers, and says that he has endeavoured to acknowledge honestly such debts. Now in contrasting the “Dream of Gerontius” with the *Autos Sacramentales* of Calderon, he refers to a translation of the “Divine Philothea” which he read eagerly to some one who exclaimed: “Why, in the original this must be as grand as Dante.” He quotes also from a German commentator on Calderon, Dr. Lorinzer. It is strange that the Oxford lecturer does not thank, at least in a foot note, the Irish poet to whom he is manifestly indebted for both the Spanish and the German—Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, whose name ought to be as closely linked with Calderon as Cary's with Dante.

As a sample of the skill with which Sir Francis Doyle adds zest to his critical discussions by racy anecdotes, we should wish to give his account of an old Oxford Union debate, which took place in his college days, as to the relative merits of Byron and Shelley, in which a “Mr. Manning of Balliol,” who was destined to be Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, broke a lance for Byron against the present Lord Houghton and the Arthur Hallam of *In Memoriam*. But let us end rather, as Sir Francis himself ends, with the cordial tribute that he pays to the great man whose poem he had just analysed, and who had himself once belonged to the University in which the following words were spoken:—

“I think I have now said all that I had to say about the ‘Dream of Gerontius;’ but I may venture to add, in conclusion, that little as I sympathise with the actual opinions, or even with the methods of reasoning which characterise Dr. Newman, it has, nevertheless, been a real pleasure to me to recall the days of my youth, and to feel that he deserved then, and has ever since continued to deserve, the admiring reverence with which he filled the men of my generation. He has bared his

heart before the crowd, and all who will may see how true, pure, and tender a heart it is.

"There may be others whom we looked up to, likewise, who have surrendered their souls to a bitterer antagonism and a more hostile zeal; who pain us now and then by assuming a somewhat unsympathetic demeanour—by seeming to undervalue the memories that lie behind them, and the ties which they compelled themselves to break. If such there are, it is not for us to blame them; we know too well how keen the edge of these disputes, how envenomed the spirit of these religious differences is, and ever must be. But though we blame nobody, it is still lawful for us to rejoice that one, the most eminent of his class, should not, in spite of unwavering devotion to his new creed, even wish to forget the years when he worked and flourished at Oxford; that by *him*, at any rate, the old influences are yet spoken of with genuine respect, the old friends with undiminished affection; that of *him*, at any rate, we may yet fairly say, in words which are hackneyed, no doubt, but hackneyed only because they cannot be improved upon—*cum talis sis, utinam noster esses!*"

## II. *The Life of Christopher Columbus.* By ARTHUR GEORGE KNIGHT, of the Society of Jesus. (London: Burns & Oates. 1877.)

WHAT Washington Irving and Sir Arthur Helps have done well might seem hardly worth doing over again. But graceful in style and generous in spirit as are those lives of Columbus, they pass over many a fact on which readers of the same faith as Columbus himself would wish to dwell; and they treat many others from their own Protestant point of view. It was especially necessary that this marvellous life should be rewritten in English by a Catholic, since Count Roselly de Lorgues began those laborious investigations which he has continued for nearly forty years for the elucidation of the history of Columbus and the vindication of his holy memory. This task has been performed admirably by Father Knight. The last paragraph of his preface points the moral of the story thus:—

"No Catholic who reads attentively the true story of the life of Columbus can fail to recognise in the work he did something of a Divine Commission, and in his mode of doing it many marks of supernatural grace. Like his namesake, in the beautiful legend, he was a giant, and he carried Christ across the water. The study of his life reveals, at least, such signs of sanctity as these: very great earnestness of purpose, deep religious convictions, superhuman labours, incredible sufferings, grand achievements, disgrace, and dereliction. His piety was childlike in its simplicity; his devotion to our Lady was earnest and constant. Those among whom his life was spent never dared, in their malice, to cast the slightest imputation on his purity. His force of will and energy in action were only equalled by his forbearance and condescension, and he gave proof of these high qualities in each widely different portion of his wonderful career. Through all the slow martyrdom of long delays and bitter disappointments he never faltered in his lofty purpose; in the hour of triumph he was self-possessed and unassuming; under cruel persecution he was patient and forgiving. For almost unexampled services he certainly received a poor reward on earth."

No wonder that very many are praying for the day when the faithful may be allowed to pray to the discoverer of America as a new St. Christopher.

The Quarterly Series, of which this is the twenty-first volume, has given us nothing more interesting than Father Knight's *Life of Christopher Columbus*.

III. *Lives of the Irish Saints.* With Special Festivals, and the Commemorations of Holy Persons, compiled from Calendars, Martyrologies, and Various Sources, relating to the Ancient Church History of Ireland. By the Rev. JOHN O'HANLON, M. R. I. A. Vol. I. (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.)

AT page 302 of its first volume, the IRISH MONTHLY gave a cordial welcome to the first number of Father O'Hanlon's great work, and declared, that Irish Catholics especially were bound by many urgent motives of patriotism and piety to support our Irish Bollandist in his most laborious undertaking. We accept our own share of the blame which we are inclined to lay upon others, for we have allowed nearly four years to slip away before returning to the subject, as we promised and intended to do immediately. Meanwhile, the separate parts have appeared in sufficient number to form a stately Volume First, and the second volume is also on the eve of completion.

The very elegant tome before us contains the lives of the Irish Saints whose festivals occur in January. The table of contents, stretching over sixteen pages, is so clearly arranged as to serve the purposes of an index; and no one can examine it, even cursorily, and let himself be tempted to refer to the pages of the work which treat of certain names that may catch his eye, without being edified and astonished at the pious industry and perseverance which have amassed such a wealth of materials from quarters so various and almost inaccessible. But such a cursory glance will not enable any but the initiated to guess at the amount of research represented in each page—the weary poring over illegible MSS., of which there may be no other result than one of the notes and references with which the conscientious author enables his contemporaries and his successors to trace his steps, and to pursue his discoveries.

We venture to entreat Father O'Hanlon to remember how many similar undertakings have been found too great for one lifetime, and to hurry forward with all the speed that is possible through such unexplored and pathless tracts. The Irish Catholic who is able and not willing to help forward such a work neglects a plain duty of patriotism and religion, and has little claim to the old heraldic motto: *Pro fide et patriâ.*

WIT.

BY ISAAC TUXTON.

II.

THE earnest pursuit of knowledge is attended by intense, and elevating, and multitudinous pleasures. Such are its attractions, that even to the natural man they may serve as countercharms against the

witchery of the lower passions, against the *fascinatio nugacitatis*. Why? Men reverence knowledge, and so it confers dignity and power. It gratifies the yearning all have for distinction, for pushing to the front in the world's broad field of battle. Knowledge strengthens the will, refines the character, and inspires the mind with lofty views, and the heart with noble aims. It is a chief means of obtaining success in the learned professions. It enables a man to enjoy, in a very high degree, the luxury of doing good. *Omne bonum est diffusivum sui*. The learned and wise man enjoys this immense source of happiness by the experienced encouragement he can give, by his educational power, and by the solution of perplexing doubts by means of direct answers and analogies. Knowledge is a peaceful refuge against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, a sweet, oblivious antidote against a thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, a strong and soothing stay under the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely. It solves for us, more or less satisfactorily, the mysterious problems of human life, and opens out broad views of men and of God's working in his universe; and it is a very great natural support to Faith, Hope, and Charity. This is, in fact, the highest use and the deepest reason for loving knowledge, that it helps us to know and love God. But apart from these and many more advantages, knowledge is a good *in se*, and therefore, independently of utility in every shape, brings delight. Why? Delight, pleasure, happiness, is attached by the Creator to all conscious faculties, sensitive and intellectual. In the due possession of its object each faculty has its natural joy and satisfied quiescence. Food, drink, warmth, sweet odours, music, colours, objects of the affections, the presence and possession of these are replete with joyousness. Now knowledge, *omne scibile*, is the object of intellect, an essential factor in the highest forms of life. Intellect and will are the inseparable powers of the highest beings. It is fitting, then, that this glorious, god-like faculty should have transcendent delight in the possession of its object, in the food of its life. Not in bread alone does man live.

We have seen *why* knowledge brings delight; but another question has to be asked, what causes the delight? A partial answer to this may be extracted from what has been already said; to make that answer fuller we have to inquire into the nature of knowledge.

Whatever is grand, good, beautiful, joy-giving, exists somewhere and somehow. The first source of all being is Himself the Infinite Being, who contains all possibilities in some manner. Hence, being or existence is in itself good and grand, because the Author is so. Existing things without exception are good and grand in themselves, no matter what they are to thoughtless men, and if we did but know the full account, or all the hows and whys of even an atom, we should know "what God and man is." Now knowledge is the double of being. It is, so to speak, being or existence conscious of itself, or, in other words, material and spiritual grandeur, goodness, beauty in a conscious state. The mind is a mirror, a living mirror, which reflects all truths and facts and possibilities; it is a mould such



that it can shape itself to anything and everything : and knowledge is the image in the glass and the form of the mould, the mental conscious double of the universe. No wonder, then, that knowledge is replete with happiness, since it is itself the living likeness of all that can bestow happiness, that is, being. No wonder its primary effect, its first-begotten joy, and prolific parent of joys ; its keenest, purest, most fascinating, pleasure-giving concomitant is surprise, delighted surprise. Law or "Nature is but the name of an effect whose cause is God." But if we were to imagine that those abstractions called necessary laws had a real existence, that blind, unconscious forces ruled all things, and that now they were to become conscious, what do you think would be their first joy and the source of exhaustless pleasure ? Would it not be surprise, thrilling, rapturous surprise, to see themselves face to face, so full of being, so wonder-working and mighty ? If we imagine their self-consciousness to be progressive, their rapturous surprise would widen and deepen in direct ratio with their self-knowledge ; and if their power of ordering things mightily, and reaching from end to end sweetly, were indefinite, would they not in the unfolding of their own powers to their consciousness find superabundant joy, caused by never-ending surprise consequent on fresh revelations ? So it is with us. Laws and facts and all things become conscious in us. Surprise is the first effect of this knowledge, and a chief and primary cause of its numberless joys.

To bring out this more clearly, here are a few illustrations which may help to suggest others. Analyse the pleasure of gratified curiosity, which follows the mastering of some new view of an historical period, and even the satisfaction attending every interesting fact, on which such theory is founded, and surprise will be found to be in great part the cause of that pleasure. The study of anatomy and physiology, of frames fearfully and wonderfully made, of complex separate functions working for one end, of nerves and cellules and corpuscles revealed by the microscope, the continuity of blood and muscle and cartilage and bone, supplies us with sources of keen delight, one chief source of which is surprise. Theories of the universe, how "formed at all and wherefore as it is," its necessary and cosmical laws, astronomical infinities of distances, motions, magnitudes, and numbers, geological records, cycles of practically infinite time, the Creator's ways and thoughts in working so different from ours, causing microscopic insects to construct giant ribs of mother earth, evolving all things by infinitesimal differentiation, because he has no need of hurry—light, heat, electricity, chymistry, mineralogy, all things weighed and measured, together with all sciences that may be wrapped up in sentences of unskilful words, flood us with delighted surprise, profound as is our knowledge. Mathematics, which we may compare to a bunch of keys, in strength and delicacy infinite, unlocking Nature's treasure-houses, and revealing subtle secrets of all magnitudes and every mode of motion, open up to us bewilderingly fascinating surprises in themselves and in their applications. Metaphysics, or the science of first causes,

treating of the absolute and the accidental *de omni scibili*, that is, of God, the material universe and life, surprise us deeply and delightfully with strange revelations, when we have toiled and dug till the golden vein is struck. And, when a man has developed into a thinker—one who can fix his mind in contemplation on any subject, the reasons of which he is anxious to master—resemblances, analogies, developments will reveal themselves to him with reiterated flashes, the most immediate effect of which will always be surprise and consequent delight.

"All things are double," says the preacher, "one against another, and He hath made nothing defective." But are not all things, too, in a sense, infinite, or at least indefinite in their bearings?

Essential or scientific relations between things or between the doubles of things—ideas—are for finite beings inexhaustible; and literary relations, existing as they do for the mind between all things, lifeless and living, are likewise mathematically infinite or incalculable. Hence, the original thinker will ever be rewarded by the discovery of new treasures in every field of thought. All things are related, because they are from One, and their multitudinous unity is a shadow of that unity which has in itself eminently all created entities.

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

And the object the poet's, orator's, wit's eye has in view in thus ranging over *omne scibile*, is to discover links and relations between matter and sense and mind for purposes of delight and utility in various guises.

Knowledge is a likeness, resemblance or double, and is generated by likenesses. How far would this go to explain our mysterious love for likenesses and imitations? Whenever resemblances or relations are established between ideas, knowledge of some kind is communicated. Wit establishes such relations. Knowledge shows us what things are, how they are or might be, how things may be done and ends gained. Wit does the same. Therefore wit is knowledge, and communicates knowledge.

The delighted surprise then following the perception of wit is but a drop from the boundless ocean of knowledge-born happiness, where the student may slake his thirst for ever. Oh! what a pang it must be to the wise children of this world to think of death and its, at the best, awful uncertainties. Whereas, *then* will the children of light be so indeed. Knowledge alone and its inseparable delights make it well worth a man's while to secure the salvation of his soul at any cost. Think what it will be to plunge into the boundless ocean of science, evermore going deeper and deeper into its fathomless depths.

So much as to the nature of the most striking effect of wit, surprise, which explains to us much of the nature of those relations which it is the object of wit to establish.

In this paper I have investigated rather fully the causes of the exquisite joys of knowledge. These are twofold. Firstly, such as proceed from the utility of knowledge ; secondly, those that knowledge has in itself, independent of utility in any shape. These last joys originate firstly, from this, that knowledge is the living conscious double of being, that is, of that which is the source of all goodness and happiness ; and secondly, surprise, the first effect of knowledge, or of being in a perfectly conscious state, is a primary cause of the pure joys of knowledge. In this paper I have not gone further into these causes. Wit is knowledge, and communicates it. The most striking effect of wit, the chief cause of its delightfulness—surprise—is but a drop from the ocean of joyous surprise, whose spring or source is knowledge.

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## SALVE SATURNIA TELLUS.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

I REACHED the Alps ; the soul within me burned,  
    Italia, my Italia, at thy name,  
    And when from out the mountain's heart I came,  
And saw the land for which my life had yearned,  
I laughed as one who some great prize had earned.  
    And musing on the stories of thy fame  
    I watched the day, till marked with wounds of flame  
The turquoise sky to daffodil returned.

The pine-trees waved as waves a woman's hair,  
    And in the orchards every twining spray  
    Was breaking into flakes of blossoming foam :  
    But when I knew that far away at Rome  
    In evil bonds a Second Peter lay,  
I wept to see the land so very fair.

*Genoa, 1877.*

## WINGED WORDS.

## XVIII.

1. God would seem to send us sorrows sometimes in order that in our misery we may turn to Him, and that his great love may come in to comfort and console us; and He would seem to take herein much the same passionate pleasure which comes stinging through a mother's heart when her drooping infant nestles close to her and is dependent on her for everything.—*Mrs. Gaskell.*

2. For want of consideration and meditation we carry a general knowledge of the great mysteries of religion locked up in our hearts, as sealed bags of treasure which we have never opened or counted; and consequently we have neither feeling, sense, nor motion imparted to us thereby: even as a man may carry fire about him in a flintstone without heat, and perfumes in a pomander without smell, except the one be beaten and the other chafed.—*Robert Parsons, S. J.*

3. It is not unfrequently the case that, when the best of friends meet after a long separation, they salute or embrace each other; and then, notwithstanding the weight of matter pressing on the mind of each—sufficient, perhaps, to furnish subjects of conversation for weeks to come—nothing of importance presents itself at once, and a pause ensues, which is finally filled up by some most trivial and unimportant question concerning the journey of the newly-arrived party, or the safety of his baggage.—“*The Lamplighter.*”

4. Nothing of any solid value can be achieved without entire devotion. Even the artist must labour intensely. What is called Inspiration will create no works, but only irradiate works with felicitous flashes; and inspiration itself mostly comes in moments of exaltation produced by incessant work of the mind.—*Harriet Martineau.*

5. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.—*Dr. Johnson.*

6. Work is the substratum or basis of all our daily blessings, upon which lesser joys of divers kinds are built up by the great Architect and Disposer: without which there may be brief spasms and convulsions of excitement, which we may call pleasure, but no continuous happiness or content. Wherefore thank God, praise God, O my friends! ye who are born to work and have work to do.—*Cornhill Magazine, 1860.*

7. There is nothing so ennobling and so exhilarating as labour. It braces a man like cold water; it invigorates him like iron and quinine. What a poor creature he is who has no work to do!—*The Same.*

## THE GRAVES OF A BRETON HOUSEHOLD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS VEUILLLOT.\*

THE old fishwoman walked along with a brisk step, carrying her seventy odd years as gaily as her tall cap of snow-white linen that flapped in the sea-breeze.

"My good woman, you take your years as you take your fish: the more you have of them, the better you are pleased."

"I have borne many years, many fish, many hardships," she said; "but it is only the fish that can be got rid of in the market. The other load has always to be carried—a heavy heart. Yes, God be praised, I am strong; but He has not given me my strength to do nothing with it—I carry eight coffins, a weary burden! And many a time, alone on the shore, I sit down on the sand to wipe away the heart-sweat that oozes out by the eyes. I have had twelve children. I brought them up on their father's wages and my own little earnings. Eight of them are dead, five boys and three girls. My eldest lad, Thomas, enlisted, that the money some rich man gave him to take his place might help us at home; he was killed in the wars. Frank never came back from Algiers, and Catherine died a widow. The loveliest of them all, the loveliest girl in the village and in all the country round, was my Mary. The richest of the neighbours wanted to marry her, but she said to me in secret: 'I have given my heart away; I have pledged myself; I am betrothed.'

"And to whom, Mary?"

"Ah! let my brothers grow up, and little Bessie. When Bessie is a big girl, and I am no longer wanted about the house, then the One that I love will come and take me."

"Where will He come from, Mary?"

"He will come from heaven."

"O Mary, do you then wish to die?"

"I do not ask to die, but I wish to live for Jesus only. To Him I have pledged myself, to Him I am betrothed."

"And so the years crept on, and Bessie grew up tall and strong, and almost as beautiful and sweet as Mary. One day Mary said to me: 'Mother, the time is drawing near—pray, for it will be hard on you. He whom I love so much has not loved me less—He is calling me, He is calling me!'

"I asked her no more about it: I was frightened, and I began to cry. A month after, in the blossom of youth, with a smile on her lips, my darling died. O God of heaven, forgive me if I complain. Bessie, too, began to grow pale, and to waste away, and often she would talk about Mary. The doctor said to me: 'Spend no more money on her sickness, only death can cure her.' And so the poor child grew more and more like to her sister Mary; and,

\* Cf. et Là, vol. ii., p. 187. (Sixth Edition.)

before the year was out, like her, too, she left us. Many a time had she said to me, smiling: 'Heaven is lovelier far than earth.' Ever since then my eyes are red with weeping, and there is less bitterness in the salt sea than there is sometimes in my heart.

"But there was still left with us Willie, our youngest child, a strong, brave boy of sixteen years, the one who was most like to poor Mary and my little Bessie. I saw him drowned in a storm, coming home from fishing. I was on the shore. With my own eyes I saw his boat go down. All was lost, men and all. The sea gave us back not one rope, not one plank, not one corpse. Ah! to be sure the sea feeds us, yet we pay dear for our feeding. But I will force you, said I to the sea, to give me back my child's body. I was bent on this, for I had not embraced him the last time that he left me. I asked this mercy from the good God. The neighbours, who saw me broken down with my trouble, made a novena with me. 'Lord, by the Blessed Virgin's tears, bid your waves have pity on a mother!' He bade them, and, alone out of all the crew, the waves brought me back untouched the body of my Willie, opposite the spot where they had drowned him. I buried him with my own hands, giving thanks to the God of Calvary. If tears could embalm a corpse, that one would never have mouldered in the tomb. He is in our graveyard, at his sisters' side. His father and I shall soon be there, near to them and to him: Willie and Bessie and Mary, Mary! O my God!

"Aye, aye, I am strong, and there is a spring in me. One has need of it to bear such memories. Yet God has treated me mercifully. This year my good man and I keep our golden wedding. We got married out of true love fifty years ago; these fifty years we have lived together in true friendship. Our old age is green and hearty; we are able for our work still. The children that are left to us are good and decent; we are not in want. We have laid by enough to live on. But, for all that, I never notice the sea a little wild, without thinking of Willie; and when I hear a woman calling after her Bessie, my heart pains me; and, if the girl's name is Mary, I hurry on and I feel my eight coffins on my shoulders; and as soon as I am alone at home, I sit down and cry.

"Good-bye, sir, and God bless you. If you have children, may God keep them safe for you! But there I am again!—I have not as much sense as an old woman like me ought to have. I have talked quite too long on such a fine day for cockles."

M. R.

## THE NEW UTOPIA.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## UTOPIA.

It was about the fourth day after our establishment at Glenleven that the postbag brought, among other contents, a packet from Exdale, and a newspaper forwarded by Oswald. Grant tossed me the paper, which I opened; and whilst he was busy with his letters, I had the gratification of reading a lengthy report in the *Exshire Gazette*, of a meeting of the "United Colliers" which had been held at Bradford, to hear the address of the illustrious orators, Messrs. Degg and Red-fever, and pass certain resolutions under their inspiration. The meeting, we were told, had been most enthusiastic, and terminated with a procession through the streets, in the course of which the windows of the Catholic Presbytery were smashed, and an effigy of the Duke, as "the Arch-enemy of Progress," burnt before the Leven Institute.

All this I proceeded to retail to Grant, as he finished his breakfast, nor did it seem in any way to diminish his appetite. "And these are the fellows on whose benefit you have spent the best part of the last ten years," I exclaimed. "No wonder Oswald has marked the column with such a note of indignation!"

"I am afraid, Jack, that the result shows there is work enough left for ten years more."

"That is your way of taking it, is it?" I replied. "But now tell me, Grant, do you never feel discouraged?"

"Discouraged? of course; it's the commonest and the stupidest of temptations—something shows you how little you have succeeded in doing, and, therefore, you resolve to mend it by doing less, instead of trying to do more."

I remained silent.

"Now look here, Jack, you are thinking of those colliers, and their public demonstration against me in the streets of Bradford. But what is the truth of the matter? Degg and the Free Thought Committee distributed the drink, and furnished the inflammatory speeches and the effigy, and the poor fellows enjoyed the excitement of burning it exactly as they would have enjoyed a dog-fight. If you say that they are deplorably brutalized, I agree; and it does but show the burden that lies on those who have property, means, influence, and education—everything, in short, which those poor outcasts have not."

"And what is to be the end of it?" I said; "because, as things stand here," and I held up the paper, "I hold that they are discouraging."

"The end of it, Jack, is neither in your power nor in mine to foresee," said Grant. "I think we may safely affirm that the wolf will

not lie down with the lamb in our day, nor at our bidding; but that is no reason why we should not do what comes to hand in that direction."

"Ten years ago you thought very differently about some of these questions," I said, as I recalled the flashing eyes and fervid speech of the Grant of former years, and involuntarily compared them with the tones and looks of to-day, which spoke truly of a patience rooted in deepest resignation.

"I daresay I did," he replied. "At twenty-five it seems an easy thing to keep the commandments, and make all the world do so, too; but, bless your heart, Jack, a little experience makes a man take a very different view of the meaning of the word *success*."

"And what do you mean by success, then?" I asked.

"Ah, that is a question," he replied, leaning back in his chair, and looking into space, as though considering. "There's nothing I love like a definition when one can get at it; success is—the *power of persevering at a noble aim*. That is about the thing, as I take it."

"What, no results!" I exclaimed, "positively *none*?"

"Who said so?" he replied. "Who could suppose such a case as unflagging perseverance at a noble end that was not crowned? But how, or with what, is quite another question. In certain cases probably with martyrdom: that might not be *success* in the world's estimation, but it would certainly be a crown."

"You are taking a very high flight, my dear Grant," I said, "and I will admit all its incontestability; but now to descend a mile or two, and to get on a lower level, are we to look for no results in the commonplace sense of the word?"

"I do not say so," he replied. "All I mean is that you must not look for what is startling and pictorial. You must not look for larger success than the Gospel."

"I imagined that the success of the Gospel had been exactly of the character you describe," I said.

"Really? Do you mean to say that the impression left on your mind after laying down one of those villainous newspapers is that the whole world is going the way of the Gospel—of the beatitudes? All I can say is it is not my idea of the Gospel."

"I wish," I said, "you would clear up your idea a little; at present I can only catch half a view of it."

"Well," he replied, "the case seems a simple one enough. There is a sense in which the success of the Gospel always disappoints us: that is, when we expect it to regenerate the world; meaning by the world that evil thing which is the enemy of God, and never will be regenerated. The world reigns supreme in newspapers, parliaments, ministries, fashionable society, and the like, and in all of them the Gospel is suffering a daily and hourly defeat. But take into account, on the other side, the number of graces which it is bringing all the while to millions of souls living and dying in every quarter of the globe; and, as a matter of course its victories far outweigh its defeats, only for the *report* of them, I believe, we shall have to wait until the day of judgment."



"That is a very solemn view of the matter," I replied; "and it seems to require in any one who would labour for the good of his kind, an almost sublime degree of self-suppression and purity of intention."

"Just so, Jack; and as very few of such poor creatures as we are have anything sublime about us, you perceive how it is we are so tempted to talk of discouragement, if the naughty world does not at once turn its swords into ploughshares at the voice of our eloquence. But now, see here, I have a drop of comfort for you, which should atone for many an effigy-burning; read that:" and he handed me a note sheet, which I guessed, as I glanced at the large childish text-hand, to be from little Edward. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR COUSIN LEVEN,—Since you left us, I have had some famous rides; Oswald took me to show him Baker's Bit, and he has had posts and chains put up. I think Florry must have told him. She hears me my Latin grammar every day, and my catechism. Two of the puppies are drowned. The other has got his eyes open; we mean to call him Toby.—Your affectionate cousin,

"EDWARD."

"P. S.—She has asked me to write out those prayers, and I think she says them."

"Pretty well, is it not?" said Grant. "I suspect Toby is not the only individual at Exdale who is getting his eyes open. But really is it not a fine thing to see the apologist of Degg and Free Thought surrendering to Edward and the 'Penny Catechism?'"

"Just what I should have expected," I said. "If an archbishop in full pontificals had tried to convert her, Florry would have shown fight."

"Well," said Grant, "this is just a case in point. There is a row in the streets of Bradford, and all the county newspapers will be full of it, and a great many excellent persons will condole with me on the disappointment. But a poor soul is rescued from a far worse abyss than Baker's Bit, and no one will offer their congratulations, because no one will know of it; though the victory is out of all proportion greater than the defeat."

"Thank you," I said, "I feel very much in Toby's case myself; I can only say, with Florry, I shan't forget my lesson."

I shall not attempt to give my reader a journal of our week at Glenleven; though the week, indeed, stretched to a fortnight, the happiest of my life. Oswald's description of the place had been something of an exaggeration; nevertheless, there was enough of truth in his outline to make it very unlike any phase of the world with which I had hitherto been familiar. Under the shadow of the great monastery a small population had gathered, which found occupation on the land, and in the various branches of industry which had been opened by the monks. Hither Leven had transferred individuals, and occasionally families, whose suitability for the purpose he had in view, he felt reason to trust; and though he neither hoped for, nor attempted the Utopian dream with which Oswald had credited him, yet he had taken advantage of the circumstances under which the little settlement had sprung up, to establish regulations which might restrain some, at least, of the worst social abuses, under whose influences the moral

atmosphere of so many an English village becomes infected. His success, partial as it was, was sufficient to impart to Glenleven what, by contrast, struck a stranger as a distinctly Christian character. The early week-day mass was heard by many on their way to work; the streets were not filled with ragged children, nor were the houses dens of filth and disorder; the attractions of the ale-house were restricted, and recreations of an innocent kind provided at suitable times. It was a costly experiment, as Leven owned, but the results were sufficient to satisfy his heart, and he did not look for more.

In company with Werner, we inspected the schools and workshops of various kinds established by the monks, including carving in wood and stone, and in these artistic pursuits Werner had gathered together some able pupils. The completion of the church and monastery, according to the perfect plan, gave ample scope for the employment of artistic genius.

"All this is education," said Leven, "and it gives the opportunity of education. Werner, here, holds that a man must know something about an angel before he can carve one, and that before he can paint the legend of a saint he must have studied it, and prayed over it. I believe he gave a course of lectures to his pupils on the nature of angels before he let them touch so much as the robe of one of those you saw in the church."

"Quite true," said Werner, "and only common sense: a statue is a word, and, like a word, the image of a thought. Unless a man possesses the thought, he cannot express it by the image."

"Well, some of these lads whom you see at work here," continued Leven, "were orphans brought up in various houses and refuges up and down the country. They may or may not succeed in becoming artists; but can it be other than a benefit to them to learn, in a practical way, with the help of their chisels, that there is a world of spirit as well as a world of matter?"

"Yes," I said, "I can comprehend easily enough the possibility of these more cultivated pursuits expanding the intellect and admitting spiritual ideas; but it is more perplexing with the clodhoppers."

"Taking it for granted that by clodhoppers you intend to signify the race of ploughmen and carters," said Leven, "I admit the fact as regards the intellect, and totally deny it as regards the heart."

"Be so good, then," I retorted, "as to explain your machinery."

"It is very simple," said Leven, "and consists of two parts, one positive, and the other negative: the positive is supplying them with clean, attractive, humanised homes; and the negative is the cutting off of the ale-house. Now, it must be frankly admitted, that the first of these desirable things can only be attained through the instrumentality of a wife; and, accordingly, I grant that to effect anything practical for the amendment of your clodhoppers, it is essential to keep up a supply of tidy wives. I assure you the subject has greatly exercised me; I believe that feminine slatterns have much to answer for in the sum total of social degradation. No man will spiritualise in a pigstye, and if no provision is made in the building of cottage residences for giving a labouring man any corner to live in which is not

either a pigstye or a wash-house, he must perforce take refuge in the public-house."

"You have got him on his speciality now," said Werner. "What I propose to do by my lectures to my artists, he would effect among his ploughmen by model cottages and model wives."

"But how procure the latter commodity?" I inquired, with no little curiosity.

"Peace, man," said Leven. "I do not admit all to my secrets; I have correspondents among half the Rev. Mothers in England, and you have not yet seen the Glenleven schools. How long it will last it is hard to say; but as yet neither School Board nor Inspectors have shown their faces at Glenleven, and we train up our boys and girls to become very tolerable Christians."

"Well," I said, "I really wonder at you. After all your fine talking about the supernatural, you profess to regenerate society, or at any rate, the clodhopping portion of it, by no higher machinery than well-ventilated cottages and smart womankind."

"I beg your pardon," he replied, "but for a lawyer you are sadly inaccurate in stating a case. Here are a set of men and women who know their religion and their duties. I simply (acting as what you once called 'the secular arm') come in to supply humanising, and cut off brutalizing, influences. Then we expose them to the action of all that can be done in the way of instruction, encouragement, personal kindness, and assistance in time of difficulty, and leave it to the grace of God to do the rest."

By this time we had left the workshops, and found our way into the garden, where the abbot joined us. For the first time I was able to take in a general view of the pile of monastic buildings, as yet unfinished, but in course of completion, which extended before me.

"Remember," said Leven, "that they had just raised in the home they left a pile as extensive, and created a work even more fruitful."

"Yes," said the abbot, "such would seem to be the law of monastic life. What one age creates, another overthrows, and so the seed is broadcast; and we emerge from our ruins to commence all over again. It is a perpetual exercise of the virtue of Hope."

"Well," I said, "we owe something to Bismarck; but for his Falck Laws we should never have listened on English soil to the chant as I listened to it yesterday."

"You must know," said Leven, "that you have made a convert of Mr. Aubrey; he came, an unbeliever in plain chant, and departs under the spell."

The abbot smiled. "I believe it possible that we shall make as many converts by singing as by preaching," he said. "Your friend Mr. Knowles for one."

"What! does he come here to gather ideas?"

"I don't know about that," said Werner. "The first time he came it was to disseminate some of his own. He was greatly distressed at the warming apparatus in the choir, and complained of our having no carvings of fox and geese under the Miserere seats, as in old cathedrals. The abbot explained that the said carvings were not

always of the most edifying description, but he said the mediæval idea suffered by their omission."

We all laughed heartily.

"Poor Knowles!" said Leven; "he must suffer before he can be real. At present he plays with the truth as children do with pretty pebbles, which they like because they shine and please the eye. The day will come when he will need a rock to stand on."

"Yes," said the abbot, "he must suffer; or," he added, in a low tone, which struck to my heart, "some one else must suffer for him; it is the only way:" and his glance rested, as he spoke, on Werner. My eye followed his, but the countenance of the young monk evinced no particular response to his words; whilst on Leven's cheek I detected a faint flush; and as I beheld it, I asked myself what it might indicate. By one of those interior instincts which go beyond the knowledge we acquire by the senses, I seemed to understand that these three men knew more one of another than appeared on the surface, and I wondered that I had never wondered before, who Werner was, and what had been the history of that strong tie which had linked him with my friend, before he entered the cloister. I resolved to penetrate this mystery; and as Leven and I took leave of our hosts, and bent our steps homeward, my thoughts were busy how best to approach the subject. My readers will probably ere this have discovered that I am a poor diplomatist. I have always acted on the mathematical principle that the shortest line between two given points is a right line; nor has my ingenuity ever hit on any method of attack superior to a straightforward question. So, as we sat together in the summer twilight, the hour when it becomes so easy to ask and answer questions from which we should shrink under the sun of noonday, I opened the trenches with the sudden question: "Who is Werner, Grant, and how did you first know him?"

Grant, for so I like to call him, appeared to brace himself to sustain the cross-examination with severe indifference.

"Werner is a German; his mother is Baroness Werner, a Bavarian; I made his acquaintance when I went out there for a month or two, the year after you left England. We got to be great friends; he is an excellent fellow."

"I wonder what the abbot *meant* by what he said."

"About plain chant, you mean?"

"No, I don't mean. I mean about Knowles and the suffering."

"Well, I suppose a fellow must suffer before he takes to things in earnest."

"Yes, but about others suffering for him."

"Well?"

"Well, what did he mean?"

"How can I say? I suppose he considered Anglicanism a kind of demon that could be cast out only by prayer and fasting."

A pause.

"Has Werner ever had such a demon?" I asked. It was a bow drawn at a venture, but it hit the mark. It was impossible for Grant to conceal the deep emotion which my words called forth, and I felt

there was nothing left for it but to apologise for unintentionally touching on a tender chord, which I did as awkwardly as possible. At last he said :

"I know, Jack, you have often been puzzled at me, and, perhaps, in your heart have thought many thoughts."

"What thoughts?"

"Well, that I exaggerate, that I am taking a wrong bent about it all, following a whimsical fancy; and perhaps it has come to you to conceive the possibility of there being a something to explain it all. Well, there is, or was—in short, Werner's history is a chapter in my own."

"My dear Grant, I have no right to ask you, but can you tell it me?"

He smiled; and, after a minute or two, settling himself so that as he spoke his eyes could rest on the hills and the evening sky, and not on my countenance, he began.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### WERNER'S STORY.

"I WENT abroad the year after you left England. You know pretty well what I thought about things at that time. I *had* thought a good deal about money and society, and one's duty about such things, and how one could obey the Gospel, obey it to the letter I mean; but Jack, I had thought of these things as a poor man, and not as a rich man. When the wealth came, it was enormous. I felt the weight and the responsibility, and I tried to fix my principles, and be true to them; and the shape they took was something in this way: alms-deeds, encouragement of all undertakings to improve the labouring classes, founding of religious works, creation of a great circle of usefulness and edification, *and myself in the centre of it*. Pictures even of that family life we once talked of, sometimes looked in. I had thought for myself all you have thought for me, that to have weight, influence, character, a man must be at the head of a grand Christian household. Political greatness, too, came in, and a dozen other fancies—you couldn't believe how many. Occasionally, whilst all these things were singing in my ears, a voice would whisper for a moment, that there was another way, a better way. Father Henry's words about riches, and giving one's life for the brethren—I can't describe it exactly, but it seemed like two things struggling in my heart—*Usefulness and a great career, without much sacrifice*, and the passing call (temptation, as I tried to think it) to forsake and abandon everything.

"I went abroad with the express purpose of seeing for myself what Catholic life in Catholic countries was, to study the reality of a Catholic nobleman's household, in the country where something of the great baronial influence still lingers—the Catholic States of Germany. Of course I had introductions and all that sort of thing, and

it was so I first made acquaintance with Werner's family. His father holds half a dozen forests and provinces—it was just what I wanted to see; his mother, the Baroness Werner, was a real old Christian—a sort of St. Elizabeth of Hungary—a famous woman. Just what your mother would be, Jack, if she was a Catholic and a German baroness. Franz Werner was her youngest son. A woman's youngest son is pretty sure to be her idol, and if he is her idol, he is her cross. She loved him as only mothers love their sons, and how could she help it? He was so gay, so gallant, aye, you may smile, but ten years ago that pale shaven monk was the handsomest fellow in all Bavaria. So clever, too, an artist by intuition, only he never cared to touch a brush save for half an hour's idleness, and with a voice like an angel singing his own songs to his own improvised music, and a poet—(I'm a practical man myself, but I know what a charm it is to feel that gift in others)—and a rattling, merry, bewitching companion, too; spoilt, of course, and equally, of course, with more than a dash of selfishness; but I could not help it, nor you couldn't, nor any body—it was impossible not to love him.

“He was the idol of his mother, and—her cross. He had the faith, oh! dear yes. Why, he volunteered into the Zouaves, and fought like a hero at Castelfidardo; was wounded there, and wrote to his mother in raptures at the privilege of shedding his blood for the good cause; aye, and he meant it, too; but you know faith without works is dead, and in some respects Franz was very much of a Lutheran. I need not tell you what sort of scrapes his were; rather sad ones, some of them; but, then, he was so winning in his repentance, she always forgave him; and you could not but feel that had he been less charming, less engaging than he was, it would have been a happier thing for the poor boy.

“It was about a year after I had returned to England that I received a letter from the baroness, written in great grief. Franz was at Florence, had been there for months; he was well received at court, in all the gay circles of the gayest of capitals, and though often recalled by his father, he continued to linger and defer his return, and make excuses; in short they felt there was something wrong. Then she had privately inquired; and the long and short of it was, he was taken in a crafty snare. In certain circles abroad, just now, men fish for one another's souls to give them to the enemy. They use all baits, and not a few are caught and delivered over to perdition. The Marchese Zingari was just then a leading man among the Italian Liberals. It was a great object with his party to win over German proselytes, and so swell their German connection. Werner was worth the trouble of entrapping, and they played the game with cunning skill. The Marchesa was a bewitching woman, ten years his senior, and, on that very account, more dangerous. It was all so safe, what could the world find to say against it? There was art and music, and flattery and beauty. An atmosphere, too, such as even to us, dull Anglo-Saxons, is a kind of new existence, but which, to a poet like him, is inspiration, intoxication. They took him on his weak side, fired his imagination, and quietly sapped his moral strength. A little

more, and only a little more, would be wanted to plunge him into some fatal step which would for ever destroy his self-respect, and sense of honour, and which would deliver him up bound and captive into the hands of those political Beelzebubs."

"Strong language, Grant."

"Not a bit too strong; why, I'm diluting the horrible story down to the strength which Christian ears can bear to listen to; but the thing goes on every day, in hundreds and thousands. The mother wrote all this; she had found it out; she hesitated to tell her husband, lest he should be betrayed into some violent, indiscreet act, which would for ever cut off the hope of reclaiming the boy. So she wrote to me, to me '*who loved him so,*' those were her words: 'would I not pity him, and if possible, try to save him?' I read the words, and they burnt deep into my heart. Did I *not* love him! Yes, indeed; I did not stop to ask why he was (and is) so dear to me; but it was a love 'passing the love of woman.' I did not stop to think what I should do, or could do to save him, but the next day I started for Florence."

"It is a good thing to find one's self a duke sometimes, Jack; makes it wonderfully easy to get into places where one has a mind to go. As Duke of Leven, I had no difficulty in entering the charmed circle of Florence society. People were glad to invite, and make much of the rich Inglese, and Werner and I soon met face to face. Oh! how his face was changed! What a stamp of evil was there? Not evil perfected, consummated past the hope of recall; but I thought I saw the claw of the enemy on him—loss of grace, loss of peace, of innocence. Yet I loved him as I ever did; one cannot, somehow, change. Of course he welcomed me; but he was always too busy to find time to give me a morning to myself. When we met, it was always in the company of others, the most charming people in the world, no doubt: but what did I care for charming people, when what I wanted was *his soul*?"

"At last, one evening—it was in the gallery of the Pitti Palace—I seized on him, and held him fast. 'Werner,' I said, 'what are you about? Where are you going? Who are all these people among whom I find you?'

"'People? What people?'

"'Why, these Zingari?'

"'Who are they? Why, my friends. Is not that enough for you?' he said fiercely.

"'Friends!' I said, bitterly. 'I thought *I* was your friend?'

"'Well, and what of that? I really don't understand you, Leven; don't keep me here; I must be going.'

"'You shall not go,' I said. 'You are deceived, bewitched, ensnared; that Zingari is a scoundrel; and as to the Marchesa——'

"'Say one word more, and you will repent it,' he answered. 'I can forgive you your folly as regards myself, but I will hear nothing that can touch the honour of a lady.'

"I cannot repeat it all—my passionate appeals, his fierce rejection. At last he tore himself away from me in anger, and with a sick heart I left the gallery, and the palace, and hardly knowing what I did, I

found myself in the street, and walked on awhile, not caring whither I went, my brain and heart in a fever. Yes, he was under a charm, a spell; I could not reach him, I could not save him. What misery! I saw an open door before me, and entered; it was the Church of Sta. Maria Novella; such a change from the busy streets to find one's self in the dark, quiet church, only lighted by the lamps which hung before every altar, and were reflected on the marble floor as though in water. I knelt before the first altar I came to; and resting my fevered forehead on the marble balustrade, I shed bitter tears. Why did I love him so, and what was it I loved? *His soul!* that soul, the innate beauty of which had been revealed to me at our first meeting. Clouded over, and bespotted with many a stain, there it still was, a beautiful, a glorious soul, most dear to God, most dear to my heart, and, as I felt too surely, in the grasp of the Enemy.

"What could I do? With that one thought in my mind I raised my eyes, and they fell on a figure. If you know Italian churches, you must remember a certain image, not uncommon in some of them, representing our Lord crowned with thorns, and with his hands bound, as Pilate presented Him to the people. It is generally called *Gesù Nazareno*. Some of those figures are marvellously devotional, with soft, weary eyes that look kindly and pitifully on the worshipper. Such was the one on which I gazed. I met those Eyes, and they seemed to fix on mine. I repeated my words, speaking now as if in prayer: 'O Lord, what *can* I do?' Now, Aubrey, I don't mean to say that I heard or saw anything—don't think it; but *in my heart* I did hear a word, and in that Face I saw the thing it meant: '*Sacrifice.*'

"Sacrifice?—What?—'All.'—What *all*?—How? Then I began to think, and, as it were, to listen. I listened to the voice within me, and this was what it said: 'You are not true to yourself. You have been seeking to strike a clever balance between God and the world—to satisfy your conscience and your high aspirations by doing good works, and to please yourself by doing them in a way that should cost you as little as possible. Hypocrite! choose between God and mammon. Let it be all God, or all mammon. You want to make a great name, to lead the Catholic body, to lead the country, to restore the prestige of your family, to be the Great Duke as well as the New Duke. You think you are indifferent to things like these, and you are *not* indifferent. You think the world has no hold on you, and its hold is tightening day by day. There is but one remedy—*Sacrifice*. And if you would save this soul, it is by *Sacrifice* you must save it. Give all for all, 'Sell all, and give to the poor,' give *ALL*. Wealth, reputation, ease, time, pleasure, freedom, lay them all down, renounce them, abjure them, and for ever!'

"I hardly knew what it was I felt myself so powerfully urged to do, save that it was an absolute surrender of everything to which I could cling on the side of nature—if by such an act I could win the soul that was hanging in such terrible peril. Nor could I hesitate, my heart answered for me: it accepted all, it sacrificed all; and taking out the little brass crucifix, which my father had held on his death-bed,



and which has never left me, I promised, with all the earnestness of my soul, to *give it all*. Then there came a moment of profound interior stillness; I felt my offering had been accepted.

"I can tell you but little of the next two days. I saw and heard nothing of Werner; but on the evening of the second day I went to a reception at the English Embassy—it could not be helped. Every English visitor of distinction was there, and a good many foreigners. There was a great crowd; and as I was making my way among the uniforms and ladies' trains, thinking in my soul what disgusting trash it all was, I saw coming to meet me some familiar faces. There are some people, Jack, whom you are sure to meet everywhere. On the top of the Righi, at an English archery meeting, at the upper cataracts of the Nile, there they are, as sure as life, and to this class belong the Exboroughs. There she was, 'Lady Ex,' on the arm of Count Gallipot, the Hungarian Chargé d'Affaires, and Lady Florinda, under escort of Mr. Eustace de Something or other, a young diplomat of 'rising expectations.'"

"I say, Grant, you're getting rather fierce—are you sure of the names?"

"Well, if it wasn't Gallipot, it was something like it; you know what I mean. No help for it. We met, and then followed recognitions, and exclamations of surprise, and delight, and regret that we hadn't met before, only the Exes had been to the Baths of Carrara, for the last fortnight, and were only just back, and hadn't heard of my arrival. 'And had I heard Beppo, the new tenor? Then I positively must, there was nothing like him. And oh! how shockingly dreadful about poor Mr. Werner, wasn't it? Such a delightful person. Really, I'm immensely sorry.' 'What about Werner?' I said, choking. 'Haven't you heard? He's dead of the black fever; so very sudden, too.' 'Dead!' 'Yes; didn't we hear Mr. Werner was dead, mamma?' said Lady Florinda. 'No, my dear, but I think he was dying; such a great favourite of mine, you know; quite a loss he'll be at Florence,' and on they swept, trains, Gallipot, and all.

"*Werner dead or dying!* Perhaps that was the answer to my prayer. Perhaps death would save him. But his *soul*? How was it with him? I could not bear the suspense; but getting free as soon as I could from the crowd, I left the house and drove straight to Werner's lodgings.

"It was all true. The very evening we had parted he had sickened of the terrible fever; far worse than typhus, a deadly thing; every one had fled the house in terror, except his faithful German servant, who had got a couple of Sisters of Charity to nurse him; and so I found him senseless, delirious, and as they told me, without hope of recovery. Had he seen a priest? Oh, yes, the parish priest had seen him, and anointed him; that was all that could be done; not a moment of reason for confession, and the end close at hand.

"I stayed by him that night; his incoherent words went to my heart; I gathered little comfort from them, it was all such wild talk, as though coming from a heart and brain that were ill at ease. And then even those words ceased, and there was stupor, unconsciousness

They told me this was the last stage, and he would never rouse again. But he did. On the fourth day, he opened his eyes, and murmured something; I thought he knew me, but could not be sure; but anyhow, the crisis was past, and he was alive—weak and shattered to pieces, but *alive*, and, as I thought, with reason unimpaired. That was all I could guess.

"Gradually he gained strength enough for me to move him out to Piesole. I took him to a villa there, hoping that the sweet, fresh air and quiet would restore him. And it did. He gained strength, and was himself, and yet not like his former self—so still and silent. As soon as he could speak coherently, he asked for a priest, and saw him several times. I knew no more, of course, except that afterwards, as I sat beside him, he stretched out his hand and took mine, and squeezed it silently. At last one day he said: 'I wish I could see my mother!' Then I knew it was all right with him, and I telegraphed for the baroness.

"And the Zingaris, what of them?"

"Oh! the black fever kept *them* off," said Grant, rather grimly. "The baroness came, and Werner and she were like a mother and her baby. I *knew* nothing of what had passed in his soul, but I felt it was all right: he was safe. My sacrifice had been accepted.

"What was best to be done? He longed to get away from the place, to forget all that had beset him there. I proposed to take him with me to England, and his mother eagerly accepted the proposal, for she felt she could trust him in my hands. So, by slow stages, we travelled home to Oakham, and there he stayed. By degrees he regained health and vigour; not the old vigour or the old spirit; something had gone out of him—a good deal of the animal, I think—but it had left behind all his gifts of heart and mind, and imagination, deepened and vivified with a new life and sense. I knew not (and only imperfectly, and by degrees, did he let me know) all that had passed in his soul during those seemingly unconscious hours. Once he said: 'It is an awful thing to hang over an abyss, suspended by a single thread!'

"'You were very near the end,' I said.

"'The end! I was not thinking of that; there was another abyss before that.'

"I saw what he was thinking of; some tremendous false step to which he was hastening, when that blow from God struck him down and saved him. And in his long stupor he had seen and understood it all.

"So Werner and I were domesticated together at Oakham. It was then I began to discover the true worth of the soul I had saved—a soul, Jack, as far above my own in worth and beauty as those heavens are above the tree-tops. Most dear to God—no wonder! And now that it had waked to its true life, what floods of tenderness, what flights of lofty beauty—what a power, a strength, a keenness of spiritual insight! It was a happy month or two. It was then that he painted St. Alexis, and that we smashed the heathen deities.

"But there was a question for me to decide, and I could not delay

it. *I had promised*: how was I to fulfil? I did not see my way. The idea that oftenest came before me was to make over my whole possessions to charitable and religious purposes, at a dash, retaining £5,000, and with that, return to Australia, and begin life over again as William Grant. The monks had come to England about a year before, and had begun their settlement at Glenleven. Werner took a deep interest in it all, and his art was always at their service; and I liked the abbot, who is a fine fellow, Jack, and I determined to put the whole case before him. He asked for time; nine days, during which they had a novena of Masses; at its close he sent for me, and I prepared to hear his decision as to my fate.

"No, what I had thought of would not do; there were other and better ways than that of 'selling all.' He drew a plan, and showed me how I might retain the stewardship of this enormous property, and administer it as a trust, retaining all the burden, the work and the responsibility, doing the best for the souls and bodies of others; giving not my money alone, but my *life*. 'You vowed away not merely *possessions*,' he said, 'but life, freedom, time, ease, reputation. In Australia you will simply have shifted the heavy weight from your shoulders once for all. What God designs for you is a more complete sacrifice, and one which the world will never guess, leaving you externally as you are, but demanding every moment and every faculty of your entire being!'

"There is no need, my dear Aubrey, to say more about it, than that I comprehended it all, and saw what was asked of me. So it was settled."

I took his hand. "I see all about it, Grant; I understand."

"Ah! but you haven't seen it all just yet," he said. "*That* cost me nothing. It has cost plenty to do it, because, you see, such a life grinds a fellow to powder. But it was not *the* sacrifice."

"What was, then?"

"Well, I'll tell you. We set to work, Werner and I. He helped me in everything; he knew nothing of my secret reasons, or my vow, or what had moved me to it; but he understood that I wanted to realise that word in the Gospel, and he entered into the thought, and determined to help me in it. So, for a year we worked together: he was my second self; so full of thoughts, better, truer, more practical thoughts than my own; so full of ardour and unction, lifting up my heavy English lumpishness, and keeping it at the mark. Well, Jack, the day came when he told me he had something to say to me. I had seen a something—not a *cloud*, but a something on his brow. You can guess what it was. His call had come, and he must leave me. I had nothing to say, for had I not promised *ALL*? What right had I to say to God, '*not this*,' 'everything but *this*!' You know I could not say that; and I thank God I did not. I gave him up, and he went away to Glenleven: but *that* was the real sacrifice."

The simplicity of the words touched me, and I think there was little more spoken between us that evening. I saw it all now clearly; the grandeur of my friend's character, the completeness of his sacrifice: it was not the result of whim or theory, but the outcome of

*one act*, an act by which he had voluntarily given *all* to save a soul ; and God had accepted the gift. What more was yet to come ? what would be the end of a life so true to the word which had given it the first impulse ? That yet remained for me to see.

*(To be concluded in the next Number.)*

### SEASIDE NURSERY SONG.

LITTLE waves, happy waves,  
Dance while summer winds are sleeping ;  
Sing your merry music, leaping  
Round the ocean-caves,  
Holiday in sunshine keeping,  
Little waves !

Little stream, happy stream,  
Greet the sea with joyous singing,  
O'er the black cliff gaily flinging  
One transparent gleam ;  
Through the calm air swiftly winging,  
Little stream !

Little breeze, happy breeze,  
Over waves of heather straying,  
Come and join the billows playing—  
Leave the sighing trees !  
Come, the ocean's call obeying,  
Little breeze !

Little flower, happy flower,  
Sea-pink on the cold rock growing,  
Sit and watch the fall and flowing  
Of the white sea-shower :  
Tender light and scent bestowing,  
Little flower !

Little child, happy child,  
Sleep while lower life is waking,  
Sleep while sleepless waves are making  
Music sweet and wild :  
Sleep, of God's own peace partaking,  
Little child !

M. La T

## A PILGRIMAGE TO INNISMURRY.

THE tourist who has ever travelled the highly picturesque road from Sligo to Bundoran, which runs between Benbulbin Mountains and the sea, cannot fail to have noticed the island of Innismurry. Long and low-lying, it looks in the distance like a huge raft at anchor in the broad waters of the noble bay of Donegal. Being very difficult of access, it is seldom visited by strangers, and yet few ancient sanctuaries ought to be more interesting to the churchman and antiquarian. It is undoubtedly one of the very earliest of the Irish monastic retreats. Here the great Columba spent his youth before he went to found the more famed Iona; here was a School of Saints before St. Kyran laid the first stone of Clonmacnoise in the green meadows by the Shannon side. More than thirteen hundred years have passed since St. Molaise first built his church and cell in this desolate island; time and the spoiler's hand have not spared these venerable ruins, but the shadow of its ancient holiness is around the island still. The lowly cells, built of dry stones, the broken cross, the small stone-roofed churches, the ancient Irish inscriptions on the tombs, bring back the mind to the very infancy of the Irish Church and the dawn of her ecclesiastical architecture. And it is purely Catholic still. No Protestant lives there or is buried there, no church of the new worship desecrates the resting-place of these early Irish saints.

The writer, with a few friends, paid a visit to Innismurry on the 21st of last September. A brief account of what they saw may not be uninteresting.

The morning selected for our expedition was dry and cloudy, with a rather stiff breeze coming down from the Leitrim Mountains on the south-east. "Fine day, sir," said an old sailor, "for going to the island; but you will want to be waterproof if you expect to come home dry." Some old salts even hinted it would be more prudent to defer our visit; but the ladies—at least the younger ones—were courageous, and how could the gentlemen show the white feather?

The bay of Donegal is fickle and dangerous, owing chiefly to the high mountains and deep valleys that surround it. We started from Mullaghmore, the most beautiful watering-place on the western coast. The lodges are few, but the accommodation is excellent, so that all who spend one season in Mullaghmore are anxious to come again. Besides its great natural beauties it has the advantage of an excellent harbour and breakwater, constructed by the late Lord Palmerston for the benefit of the fishermen at a cost of some £30,000 from his private resources. He was a truly excellent landlord; he established and endowed national schools, built a glebehouse, and gave a free farm to the parish priest; and even when guiding the diplomacy of Europe (not always in the right direction), the meanest of his tenantry, if he had just cause of complaint, was certain to receive prompt and speedy justice by the autograph orders of the

her royal cousins, has had to endure considerable diminution of her prerogatives. She considers the presence of the police as a gross infringement of her sovereign rights; and she would dismiss them "bag and baggage" as peremptorily as Mr. Gladstone would the Turks, if she only had the power. The present Prince Consort is her majesty's second husband, and in the good old times no one could distil so potent and well-flavoured a "cast" as his royal highness. But Othello's occupation's gone; his right hand has lost its cunning for want of practice, and the Jameson of Innismurphy is renowned no more. We had the honour of being presented to the queen, who received us with dignity and graciousness, not unmixed with sadness. "She was now old," she said, "and of late years her authority was set at nought by her subjects":—

"Old times were changed, old manners gone,  
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne."

Not that the poor queen quoted Scott, but the lines accurately express the burden of her complaint.

They have no opportunity of hearing Mass on Sundays; but they never fail to say the rosary, either in their own houses, or, when the weather is fine, in the little chapel of St. Molaise, the patron of the island. They invariably call him "Father Molosh." Though dead, his spirit rules them; he is revered and spoken of as if still living amongst them, like a parish priest, able to hear their complaints and redress their grievances.

No person has been known to die without the rites of the Church, although the island is so far from the mainland and so difficult of access in severe weather. Either the priest "overtakes them," or they come ashore before they grow dangerously ill, in order that they may, in case of need, receive the Sacraments. Almost all the children, too, are brought to the mainland to be baptised in the Church, and generally within ten or fifteen days after their birth; nor does the voyage seem to injure in the least either the child or mother who generally accompanies it.

A national school was opened a few years ago. Most of the children can now read and write, and are well instructed in the Christian doctrine. A short time ago Irish was exclusively the language of the people, but English is now commonly spoken. The schoolhouse at present is a cold and dreary timber-roofed shed, with only too much ventilation, and an earthen floor, where the poorly clad children put in a shivering and reluctant attendance in winter. The annual visit to this school for results examination is a source of terror to most of the Board's Inspectors.

But it is its ancient ruins which make this desolate island so interesting. These ruins are bounded by a huge circular wall, ten or twelve feet thick, and originally about fifteen feet high. This immense wall encloses an area of nearly half an acre, and was built of large, flat stones without cement or mortar of any kind, but closely and accurately fitted together. There does not appear to be any external opening, except one small subterranean passage. No doubt

this was intended as a precaution against external foes, especially the Danes, who, in the 8th and 9th centuries, ravaged all the coasts and harbours of Ireland, and more than once burnt all they could burn of this very monastery. The cells were constructed in this wall; seven of them yet remain. They are very small, of bee-hive shape, with low doors on the inside. "Yet there, on the wet soil, with that dripping roof above them, was the chosen home of these poor men. Through winter frost, through rain and storm, through summer sunshine, generation after generation of them lived and prayed, and at last lay down and died."\* And here, beneath our feet, they sleep in peace; you can read their names on those ancient grave-stones.

There are four churches remaining within the sacred enclosure, small in size, and of a rude and primitive construction. The principle of the arch appears to be unknown; all the doors and windows are covered with flat lintels, except in one solitary instance in which the altar window was arched—the arch having been hewn out of the stone. No cement or grouting of any kind was used in their construction. The smallest, and apparently the most ancient of these buildings, is called "Father Molaise's Chapel." It is about ten feet in height, with a stone roof and a low doorway. It is twelve feet long, and about eight in breadth. At the east end, facing the doorway, there is a rude altar, built of loose stones; the altar stone has been broken by some rude hand; the fragments contain part of an inscription in Latin written in Irish characters, commencing with the words: "Hic dormit Diarmid . . ." The remainder was partially defaced, so that I was unable to decipher it. Near the doorway the earth is stained with a dark, reddish colour: the islanders say it is the blood of St. Molaise which marks the spot where he lies buried. On the epistle corner of the altar there is a quaintly-carved oaken statue of the saint, evidently of great antiquity. The same rude hands that broke the altar stone defaced this venerable relic of ancient art, and cast it into the sea. It was done by some Orangement† from the mainland, whose names have acquired an infamous immortality, and who justified the conduct by pretending that it was the figure-head of a ship belonging to the Spanish Armada which was wrecked in the bay. The statue, however, though thrown into the sea, with the receding wind and tide, was found on shore next morning; and the islanders stoutly assert that if "Father Molosh" was thrown out in mid ocean he would return, in spite of wind and tide, to the island which he loved so well. Here are also to be seen scattered around numerous grave-stones with inscriptions in the earliest Irish characters which I was unable to decipher, and all commencing with the words, "or do," "pray for."

Our guide specially called our attention to the "Cursing Stones"—some sixty round sea-stones irregularly arranged on a kind of rude

\* Froude's "Short Studies," vol. ii., p. 216.

† Sir John Lubbock, M. P., gives a somewhat different account of this act of vandalism in his paper "On the Preservation of our ancient national monuments," in *The Nineteenth Century*, No. 2, April, 1877.

platform. It is said no one could ever find exactly the same number on a second enumeration—an assertion which we vainly endeavoured to disprove. The islanders assert that if these stones are “turned against anyone,” that is, with evil intent, some signal chastisement or untimely death will overtake that person within twelve months, if he deserves it; otherwise, the penalty will fall on the head of him who unjustly invoked the divine wrath. It is notorious in the neighbourhood that a certain lady, whose name was mentioned, in mockery of the superstition, turned the stones against herself, and died within the twelve months.

Another stone was pointed out within one of the unroofed chapels, on which fuel will kindle spontaneously if the fires on the island should all happen to be extinguished. They told us of a miscreant who defiled this sacred spot in wanton profanity, and immediately died a miserable death. A huge cairn of stones close by marks his dishonoured grave, to which we did not scruple to add another stone in reprobation of the deed.\*

Many of the headstones are marked with crosses of great variety in design and beauty of execution. One, in particular, is an object of special veneration. Any childless matron, praying at this headstone, will receive the blessing of Anna, and become a fruitful mother. The well-trodden sod and the finger-holes, worn in the stone, attest the people's faith in this tradition. The island has a famous station: seven resting-places, *stationes*, for fixed prayers, four within and three without the sacred enclosure; and it is a common practice for people to come to the island from the mainland to perform this station *ex voto*, or to obtain some special favour from God through the intercession of St. Molaise.

The monastery was founded early in the sixth century by St. Molaise and St. Columbkille, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. St. Molaise died here, it is said, in the year 564. Some difference of opinion arose between the two saints, and Columba left the island to the exclusive charge of St. Molaise, who appears to have been the older of the two. The “Four Masters” speak of the monastery as being governed by St. Dicholla, son of Meinida, who died in the year 747. According to the same authority, it was burned by the Danes in 807. It was finally abandoned by the religious many centuries ago. There is no trace of any modern buildings, at least of a date later than the eleventh century. There is a chapel, called by the people “Tempol Muire”—Mary's Chapel—of about that period, but outside the walled enclosure. In 1666 the island was granted by Charles II. to Thomas Strafford and Thomas Retcliffe. It was a part

- \* “They loosed their curse against the king;  
They cursed him in his flesh and bones;  
And daily in their mystic ring  
They turned the maledictive stones.”

So sings Samuel Ferguson of the priests of Crom, in his *Burial of King Cormac*. In a note he speaks of it as “a pagan practice in use among the Lusitanian, as well as the Insular Celts, and of which Dr. Donovan records an instance among the latter, as late as the year 1836, in the island of Inishmurry, off the coast of Sligo.”



of the property of the late Lord Palmerston, and now belongs to his nephew, the Rev. Mr. Sullivan. Ecclesiastically, the island belongs to the parish of Ahamlish and the diocese of Elphin.

As far as the land is concerned, the whole island is not of much value. The people are poor, the soil is barren, the climate in winter very severe. The monks of old, in their choice of a home, sought not fertility of soil or sylvan beauty, but a secure asylum for prayer and penance. And in their eyes, though so bare and desolate, the place had a suitability and beauty of its own. They were effectually cut off from the world and its contagious influences. The waves murmured in unison with their morning and evening hymns of praise. The frequent storms, the changeful ocean, the distant mountains, reminded them of God. The wild grandeur and stern loneliness of the scenery were well suited to foster grave and sober thoughts. And even still, a visit to this holy island cannot fail to elevate the mind and purify the heart. Its hoary ruins are eloquent memorials to the virtues of the saints who sleep within its mossy, mouldering walls. In the presence of so much that bears witness to their penance and self-denial, we feel all our own littleness and worldliness. Around us are the undesecrated graves of Ireland's holiest and earliest saints. There are the cells where they slept on the bare ground, the churches where they united in prayer, the well whose waters were their only drink.

We wandered long through this sacred enclosure, and left it reluctantly to prepare for our return journey. But the ladies lingered behind us and in that spirit of hereditary faith which kept the barons of her ancient house faithful to the Church during the stormiest centuries of England's history, the countess knelt to say a parting prayer over the graves of those forgotten Irish saints. We were soon again afloat, and, after a stormy and tedious voyage, arrived at Mullaghmore about eight o'clock, fatigued and thoroughly drenched. But we had seen where dwelt the saints of old, where they spent their lives, where their relics rest in peace; and we felt that our day was not uselessly employed, for we ventured to hope that our pilgrimage had secured for us new intercessors in heaven.

J. H.

## SAINT BARBARA.

O PURE white Barbara, O cruel fate!  
 In a high and narrow tower  
 They have made for thy youth a strange and lonely bower,  
 So dread by night, and so forlorn by day:  
 From the warm world of love too far away,  
 Thou weep'st in lofty state!

Sadly thy gentle spirit hath obeyed  
 A father unforgiven  
 Who hid thy face among the clouds of heaven :  
 Yet with the lore and wisdom of the sages  
 Thy beauty shines to us across the ages,  
 A bloom Time cannot fade.

Girl, they have cut from 'neath thy dancing feet  
 Earth with her rose and lily,  
 Her violet and her light-winged daffodilly—  
 Stole from thine ear the sound of children singing ;  
 The low of kine and pleasant sheep-bells ringing  
 Are silent to thee, sweet !

No tender human fingers touch thine own ;  
 The cold winds round thy bed  
 Caress thy motherless, young golden head.  
 The silence widens not when thou art sleeping,  
 Save by the absence of thy hopeless weeping,  
 Echoed by walls of stone.

Yet thou hast company the clouds among,  
 The birds' loud songs surround thee,  
 The legions of the storm whirl round and round thee ;  
 The tranquil saints, from their eternal places,  
 Look out and show thee their enraptured faces—  
 The stars shine clear and long.

To such high company thy soul doth leap,  
 The lark's high hymn repeating,  
 Flinging the tempest thine impassioned greeting,  
 Watching the stars until thine eyes become  
 A-fire amidst them in their midnight gloom,  
 No longer doomed to weep.

The rifts in heaven grow wider day by day,  
 And the tender eyes in glory  
 Look down in thine and tell thee a heavenly story ;  
 The years go, and the light and darkness flitting,  
 They are not known to thee where thou art sitting  
 Dreaming thy life away.

A band of fair young angels comes to thee,  
Down to thy narrow chamber,  
With lutes in their hands and trailing wings of amber;  
And I try to see thee there amid their splendour,  
But my eyes fail me with a swift surrender  
To daisies under me.

The daisies are for me, and the young grass,  
And the birds in the low hedges,  
Yet whenever I see the clouds with their golden edges  
I think of thee in thy tower among the angels  
Drinking the comfort of their pure evangels,  
Sweetest of Barbaras!

R. M.

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## WILLIE'S REVENGE.

BY KATHARINE ROCHE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHTHOUSE AT INCHMORK."

### I.

"**I** HATE him, and I will be revenged upon him, so I will."  
The speaker was a boy of nine or ten years of age; a pretty little fellow, with fair curly hair, and bright blue eyes, just then full of tears. He was sitting upon a large block of stone, near the entrance of an unfinished railway cutting, holding closely in his arms the body of a dog, a little, rough Scotch terrier, which had apparently just been killed by the blow of a sharp stone, for its wiry hair was all dabbled with blood, flowing from a large jagged gash just below the ear. Round about stood a group of railway navvies, the expression of their rough faces varying between pity for the child and his dead favourite, and contemptuous dislike towards the author of the mischief, a big, ill-looking fellow, who sat at some little distance gnawing a large hunch of bread, and laughing in an insulting manner at the distress he had caused.

"I hate him, and I will be revenged."

"You mustn't say that, Willie," said one of the navvies, a middle-aged man with a dark, intelligent face. "'Twas a sin and a shame for Micky Casey to treat the poor dog like that; and it's he that'll come in for his punishment sooner or later, please God, for that and for many another thing; but it's wrong to talk of revenge, and so Father O'Connor would tell you, or your grandmother, either. For the matter of that, a boy like you, that's been going so long to the monks' school, ought to know it himself without any telling."

"True for you, Forde," said another man; "'tis always better to leave them sort of people to God; sure he's quite equal to them without any help from the likes of us. Micky Casey 'll get his deserts yet, Willie, never fear, without your giving 'em to him. Bad luck to him for a scheming vagabond."

A murmur ran through the little group, more in sympathy with the concluding malediction, than with the edifying remarks which preceded it, while poor Willie sobbed on, regardless of the well-meant attempts at consolation. At length a bright idea struck one of the men, a tall young fellow, with a good-natured countenance.

"Come, Willie," said he, "leave off crying, an' bring poor Dandie up to the top of the bank, an' you and me will dig a nice grave for him, an' bury him as careful as if he was a Christian. That'll be better than crying."

This proposal seemed to please Willie; for he made an effort to check his tears, and holding the little dog still clasped in his arms, followed his good-natured friend to the top of the grassy bank, where a little grave was soon dug, and poor Dandie carefully deposited therein, wrapped in Patsey's red pocket-handkerchief.

"There, Willie," said the latter, as he smoothed with the flat of his spade the little mound he had just finished. "Dandie will be quite comfortable there, with the sun shining down on his grave, an' all the primroses growing around him. An' I tell you what, Willie, I've got a bit of board at home that'll just do to make a headstone for him. We'll cut his name on it, and make it for all the world like the headstones in Kilduff churchyard."

Thanking Patsey, and promising to return next day to superintend the erection of the headstone, Willie took his way slowly home to his grandmother's cabin. When he reached it, the old woman was not there, and he sat down on a little stool in front of the dying turf fire, taking no notice of his dinner, which had been put beside it to keep hot. There his grandmother found him when she came back some time later.

"Why then, Willie," said she, "what's come to you that you don't eat your dinner? I do believe it's keeping it for that nasty dog you are. I wish I could see young Mr. Fitzgerald, an' 'tis I that would soon give it back again to him. It's not worth its keep. I wonder how he thought it was to be fed when he gave it to you. It's hard enough on a poor widow woman to have to keep a child, let-alone a dog."

"Oh, granny! Dandie will never want dinner any more. Micky Casey threw a stone at him, an'— he's in his grave," sobbed poor Willie, to whom the little dog had been like a human friend.

"Micky Casey. 'Tisn't the first piece of mischief he has done, an' it won't be the last, I'm thinking, bad luck to him! 'Twas a bad day for the place when he come into it."

And the old woman, who had never ceased grumbling at Willie's pet during its life, now went about her work, muttering curses on Micky Casey, in a manner more consoling than edifying to her little grandson.

## II.

Willie had lived for more of his short life than he could remember with his grandmother in the little cabin on the hill side. His mother had been Widow Moran's only daughter; she had gone to service in a garrison-town some miles off; and, much against her mother's wishes, had married a soldier, and gone away to Dublin with him. She wrote often, being, as her mother said, "a good scholar," and seemed well and happy; but at the end of two years she came unexpectedly home. Her husband's regiment had been ordered abroad; and as he had married without leave, there was no passage for poor Mary in the transport, which conveyed the men, and those privileged women who were "on the strength of the regiment," to Canada. She had expended what little money she had in going to Queenstown to see him off, and had then made her way on foot to her mother's cabin in Tipperary, carrying Willie, then about a year old, in her arms the entire way. The fatigue and exposure she had undergone were too much for a girl of two-and-twenty, never very robust; she had fallen into rapid consumption, and died two months after her return, leaving her child to the care of its grandmother.

It was a hard thing for a poor widow who had nothing to depend on but her own industry, to have the trouble and expense of a child put upon her, and so she and all her neighbours said: but when, at the end of a few years, Willie's father returned and offered to relieve her of the charge, she was furious. "Did he think she was going to give up poor Mary's child to the likes of him, who had maybe caused her death by his ill treatment?"

And the smart English soldier, who was married again, and had other children (and probably another mother-in-law), did not press his claim, but left Willie to be at once the delight of his grandmother's heart, and the object on which to vent her ill humour.

Willie did not mind this much, being a bright, merry little fellow; he had a free, happy life of it, running wild upon the Tipperary hills. When he was seven years old, his grandmother, who had a great respect for "*learning*," sent him to the Christian Brothers' Schools in the neighbouring town. Thither he used to go every day, walking three miles and back, carrying his books and dinner in a bag. He was quick and clever, and soon became a favourite with the monks, as indeed he was with everyone; for no one was better liked in all the country round than little Willie Moran as he was called, his Saxon patronymic being usually ignored. The making of the new line of railway had been a source of much amusement to him; and he used to spend his spare time in following the surveyors about, making himself very useful by carrying their instruments or going with messages, and occasionally tormenting them with his incessant, and often very intelligent questions. One of these gentlemen, perceiving that Willie had a taste for such things, used good-naturedly to try and make him understand something of the uses of the instruments employed, and in this way an odd sort of friendship grew up between the curly-headed, barefooted little boy, and the young engineer;

Dandie, who was at that time Mr. Fitzgerald's property, making a third in the group.

### III.

One day, while following his master up a steep mountain path, poor Dandie slipped over the edge of an unused quarry, and fell, breaking one of his legs in so doing. Mr. Fitzgerald and Willie having with some difficulty set and bandaged the leg, the boy carried the little dog home to his grandmother's cabin, which was not far distant, promising to keep him and take the greatest care of him until he got well. The sight of the money which Mr. Fitzgerald had given Willie, as part payment of Dandie's expenses, silenced Widow Moran's complaints about the new inmate, and Dandie was left in undisturbed possession of the little basket in the chimney corner in which he had been installed. At the end of a few weeks the broken limb was completely cured, and Willie then devoted himself to the education of his visitor, who proved a docile pupil, learning readily to go through many little performances, such as begging, fetching, and carrying. He and Willie soon grew so fond of one another, that the latter began to look forward with dread to the time when Dandie would be claimed by his rightful owner.

At length, one evening, as the two were having a game of play in front of the cabin, Mr. Fitzgerald was seen coming up the hill, and Willie's heart sank as he guessed the object of the visit.

"Well, Willie," said the young gentleman, as he approached, "how is Dandie? Well enough, I hope, to come home with me this evening."

"His leg is quite well now, sir," said Willie, slowly; "but don't you think it would be good for his health to stay a little longer in the mountain air?"

"It would, I am sure, be the best thing for him," said Mr. Fitzgerald, smiling; "but unfortunately I cannot allow him to take the benefit of it any longer; I am going away to-morrow myself."

"Going away, sir," repeated Willie, in dismay. "Is it for long?"

"For good, I am afraid," answered Mr. Fitzgerald. "I am going to help in the making of a new railway in Spain, and by the time I come home this line will be finished. I wish you were coming with me as my assistant, Willie."

"I could not leave grannie, sir," said Willie, as gravely as if the post had in reality been offered to him. "Dandie will be ready to go with you in a minute." And he went into the cabin for Dandie's collar, which he had taken off, considering it too fine for every day wear in its owner's present circumstances. As he knelt down to buckle it on, Mr. Fitzgerald saw his tears falling thick and fast over the little dog's gray coat.

"Would you like to keep Dandie, Willie?" he asked.

He spoke from a sudden impulse of good nature, not, perhaps, remembering that his gift might be less appreciated by Widow Moran than by her grandson. Willie looked up, his face flushed, his tearful eyes round with delight.

"Do you mean always—for my own?" he asked.

"Always, for your own," answered Mr. Fitzgerald. "I had intended to leave him with my sisters while I was abroad, but if you like to have him you are welcome; I know you will be kind to him. I must go now. Good-bye, Willie," shaking hands with him kindly. "Some day I will come back, on purpose to see you and Dandie."

Willie was too much overwhelmed with joy to speak; but when Mr. Fitzgerald had gone about half way down the hill, he turned, and saw Willie standing on the rocky platform in front of the cabin, watching him. He was holding Dandie high in his arms, as if to enable him also to watch the retreating figure. As the young gentleman turned, Willie took off his cap, waving it high in the air, as a parting salute, and that was the last Mr. Fitzgerald saw of his two little friends.

From that moment, Willie and Dandie were inseparable. The little dog used every day to accompany his master to school, waiting patiently in the playground until Willie came out and divided his own dinner with him. Dandie was soon as well known in the school as Willie himself, and in playtime took an active part in many of the games. When school was over, they spent the evening roaming about the hills and fields together, or Dandie lay curled up in the chimney corner while Willie learned his lessons. So the two friends were merry and happy together, until that unlucky half holiday when Dandie was discovered in the act of running away with a portion of Micky Casey's dinner, and received that cruel blow of a sharp flint which put an end to his harmless little life.

#### IV.

For many days after Dandie's death Willie went about in an agony of grief and anger, his thoughts concentrated on plans of revenge. The idea of killing Micky Casey, which was the first that occurred to him, was quickly dismissed, simply because he did not consider it a sufficient punishment. "Sure," said the child to himself, "I'd much rather he'd have killed me than Dandie." As Micky Casey was not known to care for any living thing, it was impossible to make him experience suffering similar to that which he had inflicted; so Willie could only wait, hoping that chance would throw in his way some means of revenge worthy of his wrong.

In this frame of mind, he went, as usual to serve Mass, in the little thatched chapel of the village. This chapel was one of three, in a large and straggling parish, and the priest lived nearly four miles off, riding over every Sunday to say Mass for the people of this outlying mountain district. Father O'Connor usually breakfasted in the sacristy after Mass, and it was one of Willie's greatest privileges to help in the preparation of his breakfast, and to sit by whilst he ate it, talking to him. Dandie, too, had been in the habit of accompanying him, waiting in the chapel-yard during Mass, and afterwards coming up to the sacristy door, outside which he used to sit, wagging his tail in delighted expectation of the fragments which usually fell to his

share. This particular Sunday morning, as Willie looked through the open door at the bright Spring sunshine beyond, and remembered that he would never again see the familiar little figure quivering with delight at his approach, he felt more miserable than ever, and his eyes filled with blinding tears, to the detriment of Father O'Connor's piece of toast which he was making.

"Take care, Willie," said the priest, who came in at that moment, "you are letting the toast burn."

Hastily dashing away his tears, Willie looked at the toast, and saw that its surface was, indeed, a cinder.

"Never mind, my boy," said Father O'Connor, kindly; "the fire is good, and we shan't be long making another piece. I daresay Dandie won't let this one go to waste."

The allusion to Dandie was too much for poor Willie, and he sobbed out:

"Oh! don't, Father O'Connor; Dandie's dead and gone, and you never'll see him again!" And hiding his face in the cushion of a chair which stood near he sobbed as if his heart would break.

Startled and grieved by this outburst, the priest sat down beside Willie, and regardless of his own untasted breakfast, although it was past one o'clock, he tried to comfort the little boy, and to draw from him the story of his trouble. This, as soon as he could speak, Willie told, mingling wild threats of vengeance with the outpouring of his grief for Dandie; and the revelation thus made of the darker side of a nature which he had always regarded as peculiarly bright and sunny, shocked the good priest much. He sympathised very sincerely with Willie's grief for the death of Dandie, who had, in fact, been an intimate acquaintance of his own; but his efforts to make the child see in its true light the nature of his feelings towards Micky Casey were for a long time fruitless.

"I can't forgive him, sir," said Willie. "I wouldn't have minded if he hurt myself; but to kill little Dandie! He deserves to be punished, an' so he shall."

"It is not your business to punish him," said Father O'Connor, gravely. "The right of inflicting punishment belongs only to God, and to those to whom he has entrusted some of his own authority. You are not one of those persons, Willie."

"Forde said to leave him to God, an' that he'd know how to deal with him," said Willie; "but then, maybe God didn't care as much for Dandie as I did. Do you think that God will punish him, sir?" he asked eagerly.

"I know that God will punish him for any wrong he has done, if it be not repented of; just as God will punish you and me, and all the rest of the world. Do you know, Willie, that you are in all probability offending God more at this moment, by indulging your revengeful thoughts, than Micky Casey was when he killed Dandie?"

"But wasn't it wrong of him to kill Dandie?" said Willie.

"Very wrong, indeed; cruel to the little dog himself, and unjust towards you to whom he belonged—if the act was intentional. He may not have meant to kill Dandie, but merely to hurt him slightly,



so as to teach him not to meddle with people's dinner another time."

"He *did* mean to kill him," said Willie, setting his teeth. "He laughed and said he was glad of it, and that it was a good-riddance. Oh!" said the child, as the remembrance of his enemy's taunts came back upon him, "I don't care what becomes of me after, if once I have my revenge."

"This will not do, Willie," said the priest, gravely. "Do you know that if you persist in giving way to such feelings, I cannot allow you to go on serving Mass."

"I can't help it, sir," said Willie, somewhat abashed. "Where would be the use in my *saying* I forgave him just to please you, when I did not do it in earnest?"

"Well," said Father O'Connor, after a few moments' consideration, "you are right in thinking that it would be of no use to *say* that you forgave him without doing so in your heart. You must promise me, that if between this and next Sunday if it comes in your way to do Micky Casey any little service, you will not let the opportunity slip. In this way you can prove both to me and to yourself that you have really forgiven him."

"But I have not, sir," said Willie. "I don't want to forgive him."

"You must forgive him," said the priest. "You have no choice about it; and the more unruly your feelings, the more determined you must be to conquer them by actions. I am going to my breakfast now, and I hope by the time I have finished that you will be ready to give me the promise I require."

Father O'Connor sat down to his cold tea and over-boiled eggs, leaving Willie to think over his words. As the child sat there, a feeling of remorse for having been the cause of this comfortless breakfast came over him, and he felt half inclined to make some amends by giving the required promise. After all he might not be called on to keep it; Father O'Connor had only said: "If it comes in your way to do Micky Casey a service;" and most likely it would not come in his way. And even if it did, keeping the promise, need not, poor Willie thought, interfere with any future scheme of vengeance. By the time Father O'Connor was putting on his hat and coat to go away, Willie had made up his mind, and when the priest paused at the door, saying: "Well, Willie, do you promise?" he answered at once, "I do, sir."

"That is right," said Father O'Connor. "I hope to hear next Sunday that the promise has been kept." And he went away, little thinking in what manner he was next to hear of Willie and his enemy.

## V.

THE burden of his promise was a heavy addition to poor Willie's misery, and for many days he carefully avoided the railway cutting where the men were at work, hoping thereby to escape the exaction of its fulfilment. Towards the end of the week, however, his grandmother sent him on an errand which obliged him to take a path

running along the top of the cutting. Looking down its steep, rocky sides, he saw a little group of men, their tools in their hands, come quickly from behind a projecting mass of rock. "They are blasting," thought Willie, and he waited to hear the report. A moment more, and it came, louder than thunder, preceded by a puff of smoke, and followed by a shriek of terror and agony. The men turned and ran to the spot whence the cry proceeded, while Willie, scrambling hastily down the steep bank, joined them as they reached it. The sight which met their eyes blanched older faces than Willie's. On the ground lay Micky Casey, his eyes closed, his face deadly white, a huge mass of rock detached by the blasting, resting upon his chest. He had fallen asleep under the shelter of the rocks, unknown to the other men, who believed him to be working elsewhere. It seemed to Willie as if his wild wishes and hopes of revenge had brought about their own fulfilment, and that he was, in some manner, the cause of what had happened.

With some difficulty the horror-stricken men removed the mass of rock which had fallen upon their comrade, thereby revealing the terrible nature of the injuries he had sustained. They brought water, and dashed it upon his face, and one of them, who had a little bottle of whiskey in his pocket, poured some down his throat.

"Some of you had better run for the doctor," said Forde. "Not that it'll be of any use; he's a'most gone."

The apparently insensible man opened his eyes. "Not a doctor," he gasped. "A priest, for the love of God, a priest!"

The men looked at one another.

"There wouldn't be time," said one.

"I saw Father O'Connor riding along the road while ago," said another. "I wonder would it be possible to overtake him."

"The road winds so much that if a person was to take a short cut across the fields, it might be done," said Patsey. He climbed up the bank as he spoke, and looked down on the white winding road below. "I see him still; no, it can't be done," he said, as he measured with his eye the curve of the road, and the straight line through the fields which would intersect it. "If I hadn't hurt my foot this morning with the pick I'd have a try at it, but not one of the rest of you would have a chance."

"Will no one bring me a priest?" said the dying man again. "As you hope for mercy on your own souls, isn't there one of you that'll do that much for me?"

Willie had been standing by, almost stupefied, feeling as if he would give all he possessed in the world to bring his enemy back to the condition of brute strength in which he had been half an hour before. The words, "*Isn't there one of you that'll do that much for me,*" brought to his mind his own promise, given so short a time since, and now claiming its fulfilment. Here was plainly before his eyes the service which he was to render to Micky Casey. "I'll try an' overtake Father O'Connor," he said, scrambling up the side of the cutting, until he stood next to Patsey on the top.

"You couldn't do it, Willie," said the latter, as the child paused

a moment to decide on the best course to take. "There's no use thinking of it."

"I'll try," said Willie, and a moment later he was running swiftly along the stony mountain field. He was a good runner for his age, and at first he went on easily enough, but presently the pace began to tell, and he felt his breath coming thick and short, and his limbs beginning to fail. For a moment he slackened his pace, intending to give up the attempt, but the dying man's cry, "*For the love of God, a priest,*" seemed to ring in his ears, and he pressed on again. As he descended the hill he lost sight of horse and rider, but he fancied that he could hear the hoofs ringing upon the hard road quicker and quicker each moment. The blood seemed to rush wildly through his head, confusing sight and hearing; his heart beat as though it were bursting, and he felt as if made of lead. A false step, and he was lying on the ground bruised and shaken; but he was up again in a moment, still pressing onwards. He was close to the road now, divided from it only by a bramble-grown ditch. Scrambling over this, tearing his face and hands in so doing, he let himself drop down into the road. There, not twenty yards in advance, was the priest, trotting quietly homewards, unconscious of the wild cry for aid which Willie was trying in vain to utter. Oh! for the power of raising one shout, such as he was wont to wake the mountain echoes with; but the sound died on his parched lips, and his despairing gesture was of course unseen. The winding road doubled back yet once more, affording another chance of intercepting the rider, by crossing a bit of waste ground, and Willie made one last attempt. By this time he was scarcely conscious of anything beyond physical agony, and he felt as if he could no longer stop himself, but must go on running until he dropped dead. At length the road was reached, and falling, rather than jumping down the rocky bank that bounded it, Willie lay, panting and all but senseless, on the road just at the priest's feet.

## VI.

MEANTIME the men, gathered round their dying comrade in the cutting, had given up all hope of aid. The watcher on the bank had, owing to the nature of the ground, after a little time lost sight both of the priest and his pursuer, and had rejoined his companions as they stood in an awe-struck group below.

"He'll never be able to do it," said one.

"To think of his trying it at all," said another, "after what Micky done to him only last week."

"I wish'd we knew what to do," said Forde, after a while. "I think we ought to try an' say a prayer or something. Patsey, you're a scholar and ought to know."

"Whisht," said Patsey, "don't you hear the noise of hoofs?"

A moment later, and Father O'Connor was seen galloping up the rough track which led into the cutting, holding something carefully across the front of his saddle. A deep "Thank God" burst from the lips of the men as they saw him, and some of them went over and

busied themselves about the dying man, pouring more whiskey down his throat to revive him, and telling him to cheer up now: he was all right, for the priest was come.

As the priest came nearer, they saw that the burden across his saddle was little Willie, quite insensible, and ghastly as the dying man himself. Flinging himself off his horse, and transferring Willie with some hurried directions to Patsey's care, the priest went over to his penitent, and dismissing by a gesture the lookers-on, knelt down by his side.

When after the lapse of ten minutes, barely sufficient for his purpose, he quitted the lifeless body, he found the men still engaged in fruitless efforts to restore Willie to consciousness.

"What were you about that you allowed the child to run himself to death in that manner?" were the priest's first words.

"We couldn't stop him, your reverence" said Forde. "We told him 'twas no use to try, but he wouldn't be said by us."

"And if he had been said by you, I'd like to know what would have become of that poor creature there," said the priest. "Was there no one to do it but poor little Willie? A run would have done strong men like you no harm."

"We'd have done it if we thought 'twould have been of any use, your reverence," said another of the men.

"Next time you are wanted to bring a priest to a dying person, don't stop to think if it is possible, but *do it*," said Father O'Connor. "Here, Patsey, do you take my horse, and go off as fast as you can for the doctor, and let some of the rest of you help me to carry the child to his grandmother's. 'Twas a sad day's work for her, poor woman."

## VII.

WHEN Willie came to himself, he was lying on his grandmother's bed in the corner of the cabin; the old woman was sitting before the fire, her apron over her head, rocking herself to and fro in a paroxysm of grief, the outcry of which was restrained, in deference to the presence of the priest, who stood at the half-door of the cabin, trying to catch the fading light on the book from which he was reading his office. Perceiving that Willie was awake, he came over to him.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Willie. "What makes me be here?"

"You made yourself ill by running too fast; don't you remember?" said Father O'Connor.

"Oh, yes," said the child, slowly. "Did I overtake you, sir? I forget."

"You did, my boy."

"And were you in time?"

"Just in time and no more. But for you Micky Casey would have died without a priest."

"I kept my promise," said Willie.

"You did, my child; and dearly as the keeping of it has cost you, I cannot regret having obliged you to make it. I did not think, then,

that you would have it in your power to render such an important service to your enemy, Willie."

"Father O'Connor," said the child, after a pause, "do you think that I had anything to do with killing Micky Casey? I hated him so; I wished, and I think prayed, that something dreadful might happen to him. Do you think *that* could have done it?"

"My child," said the priest, "God is too merciful to grant our wicked prayers and wishes in that manner. On the contrary, he brought you to the spot in order to give you the opportunity of making some reparation for your hatred and anger."

"Am I dying too, sir?"

"I cannot tell, my child; you are very ill."

"If I am," said Willie, "I am glad that Dandie is dead too, for there would have been no one to take care of him when I am gone."

The beams of the rising sun, as they poured into Widow Moran's little cabin, found Willie still alive, although sinking fast; a succession of severe fainting fits, each longer and more death-like than the one before, having completely exhausted his never-superabundant stock of strength. His simple preparation for death was over, and he lay quietly on his bed; so still, that Father O'Connor, who had remained with him through the night, began to think that he was gone. Presently, however, he opened his eyes.

"Father O'Connor, who will you get to serve Mass when I am dead?"

Something rising in Father O'Connor's throat prevented his answering, and Willie went on:

"Patsey's little brother, Tim, knows the Latin well enough, for I taught it to him; but I'm afraid he wouldn't be able to get your breakfast right."

"Don't fret about that, my child, my breakfast can easily be managed."

"I wouldn't like to think that you hadn't it comfortable, sir." A moment or two after he said: "Will you give my knife—the one that you gave me at Christmas you know, sir—to Patsey, and ask him to take care of Dandie's grave."

\* \* \* \* \*

"He's dead," said Patsey, half an hour later, as he rejoined the little group of men who had paused on the way to their work, and sent him for news of Willie. "To think that this was to be the end of all his talk of revenge!"

## ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

## I.

O JOHN, thy Master's dearest earthly friend,  
 How wise wert thou to raise thy heart on high,  
 To let all fleeting, human love go by,  
 And make thine own what ne'er could change or end !  
 Ah ! scarcely can thy pitying glance descend  
 Where our poor hopes and cherished fancies die,  
 Ne'er didst thou see thy trust in ruins lie,  
 Nor cruel Truth thy fair delusions rend.  
 No cloud of doubt thy loving eyes could dim,  
 No fear thy love was burdensome to Him ;  
 See, with what trust thou leanest on his breast ;  
 No thought—"Perchance He wishes me away."  
 No fear—"And am I worthy here to stay ?"  
 No doubt—He loved thee more than all the rest.

## II.

But He, thy Master, was He not in this,  
 As in all else, more like to us, and near ?  
 How oft his loved ones, even those most dear,  
 Pained his kind heart, and took his love amiss.  
 Was not the traitor's chosen sign a kiss ?  
 And in the garden's lonely vigil drear  
 Did He not ask his dearest friends for cheer,  
 And found them slumbering, careless, and remiss ?  
 Misunderstandings, disappointments chill,  
 Coldness, unkindness, He has felt them all :—  
 Who knows their bitter pains so well as He ?  
 Oh ! then his Heart must be our refuge still,  
 On Him for pity more secure we call,  
 Dear Saint of Charity, than even on thee !

S. M. S.

## THE STATE TRIALS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.\*

BY JOHN O'HAGAN, Q. C.

THE compilation known as the English State Trials is one which in its own way possesses an interest, so far as I know, unrivalled. The famous French collection of *causes célèbres* cannot, in point of human interest, be named in comparison. No doubt the *causes célèbres* teem with incidents the most strange, romantic, and startling, enough to furnish forth a library of romance. For fiction—it is a trite saying, yet so true as to bear repeating once more—fiction utterly halts behind the marvels which the unimagined play of circumstance and human passion produces on the actual stage of human life. In our own country and our own memory—say within the last score of years—one could point to trials in our courts unfolding revelations to which all fanciful inventions of the brain seem pale and dwarfed. I do not dispute—no one can dispute the curious and often fearful interest embodied in the judicial annals of a nation such as France—but the point in which they yield to the corresponding English publication is the mould in which they are given to the world. They are presented in a narrative form, the narrative being the composition of the editors or compilers; and they are enveloped, for the most part, in an atmosphere or haze of sentiment, reflection, praise, oburgation, which hides from the reader the actual facts and proofs which he yearns to grasp. The English State Trials, at least those of the last two centuries and upwards, are bald, but perfect transcripts of what occurred in court. The barbarous Latin of the indictment, the arraignment, the ineffectual struggles of the accused against overwhelming odds, the bullying of the multiplied counsel for the king, the worse and more truculent bullying of the judges—the evidence, the charge so often horribly unjust, the verdict of the jury, the instantaneous delivery of the culprit to the custody of the executioner, and then, the details of the execution itself—all are given with an exactness and completeness such as even our perfect system of reporting at the present day could hardly surpass. It is this fidelity to fact which constitutes the extraordinary value of the State Trials. And being, for the most part, as their name imports, conversant with alleged crimes against the State, that is to say, trials for treason and sedition, they give an insight into the realities of English history which is to be found nowhere else.

The latest edition of the State Trials is that which bears the names of Cobbett and Howel as editors. It is an edition of thirty-four octavo volumes, and the extent of its range is from the trial of St. Thomas of Canterbury, in 1163, to the trial of Thistlewood and his accomplices, in 1820. This edition is, however, only a continuation

\* A Lecture, delivered in the Rotunda, Dublin, to St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Union of Ireland.

of the earlier work published in four folio volumes in 1719, and edited anew with an admirable preface by Mr. Emlyn, in 1730; a preface animated by instincts the most just and humane, full of suggestions for the improvement of our criminal law—suggestions which, for the most part, have been at length, but far too tardily, realised. It is singular that Mr. Emlyn, even while indicating the defects of the criminal law, claims for it a striking superiority over that of other nations. If it were so, God help the accused in other nations, for anything more iniquitous than the criminal procedure of England the imagination cannot conceive. In saying so, you understand that I refer, not to times present in which our criminal law is just of the justest, and fair of the fairest, erring rather in affording loopholes for the guilty than in spreading snares for the innocent; but to times past, the *times* with which this lecture is conversant. Let me mention to you a few of these special excellences of the old criminal law.

In the first place, the prisoner was not allowed counsel to defend him in any case of treason or felony. In the pettiest civil action, or in an indictment for misdemeanour, a defendant had at his command the resources of the ablest advocacy; yet, when his life and the existence of his family were at stake—for by attainder his blood was corrupted, and all his honours and possessions forfeited to the crown—he was left naked and helpless to contend with an array of learned, experienced, and too often unsparing and unscrupulous antagonists, bent on using all the resources of their powers and attainments for his destruction. It is true that if the ignorant prisoner could himself start any point of pure law, such as a defect in the indictment, he was allowed counsel to argue the point. In order to exercise this very poor prerogative you will imagine that he was allowed to have a copy of the indictment. It would have raised the very hair upon the wig of one of the old judges to fancy the prisoner calling for a copy of the charge against him. He was entitled to have it read out to him, but that did not avail him much, for it was in Latin, and Latin of the most barbarous description.

If the junior members of my audience feel astonishment at the surprising unfairness of denying counsel to prisoners, they will, perhaps, be still more disposed to raise their hands in wonder when they hear that it was not completely removed until the year before her present Majesty's accession. Not until the year 1836 was a man on trial for his life, for murder or other felony, permitted to present his case to the jury through the mouth of his advocate. In treason, it is true, this natural privilege has existed since the Revolution of 1688.

Secondly, what will seem still more startling, no witnesses for the prisoner were permitted to be sworn. They were allowed to give testimony, indeed, but not upon oath; and the Crown counsel in their addresses to the jury, rarely failed to descant upon the superior credibility of the Crown witnesses (though the most infamous of mankind) over the witnesses for the defence, because the former were on oath, and the latter were not. The force of injustice, you may fancy, could not further go. And yet, such as it was, it was an improvement upon the practice of earlier times. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and



before that reign, incredible as it may appear, no witness for the accused was heard at all, either on oath or without oath, and, to complete the picture, the witnesses for the prosecution were then, in many cases, not put upon the table face to face with the prisoner. The depositions of the witnesses were taken behind his back, and upon the trial were simply read to the jury, whose pre-arranged verdict of *Guilty* was delivered as simply a thing of course.

Thirdly, and most vital of all, was the composition of the jury itself. The panel was selected by the sheriff. The sheriff in counties at large was the nominee and creature of the Crown. In cities, such as London, and other great corporate towns the appointment of the sheriffs lay with the corporations. Thence came a striking diversity which is notably traceable, especially in all the state trials of the seventeenth century. Where the sheriff was appointed by the king, there in all state prosecutions the crown had the ball at its own foot; where the sheriff was the servant of the corporation, there the politics and prejudices which swayed the corporation had their way, for the crown or against the crown, according to the passions of the hour. In either case the jury was, to use the familiar phrase, a packed jury.

As to the state trials of former times nothing that I can say can go beyond the pithy expression of Lord Macaulay, that an English State Trial in those days was simply a murder preceded by certain hummeries.

These specialities of the old criminal law are admirably summed up in some humorous lines by an Irishman, who was the first English lawyer of his day, the lamented John William Smith:—

“For justice in the olden time sped onward at a rate  
Which in these days of law’s delays we cannot emulate,  
Because, for fear the prisoner false evidence should bring,  
His witnesses were not allowed to swear to anything :  
And, lest his wily advocate the Court should overreach,  
His advocate was not allowed the privilege of speech.  
Yet such was the humanity and justice of the law  
That if in the indictment there chanced to be a flaw,  
They then allowed him counsel to argue on the doubt,  
Provided he himself had first contrived to find it out.  
But, lest that weighty privilege should be by him abused,  
To show him the indictment they most steadily refused.  
’Twas thus the law kept knaves in awe, gave honest men protection,  
And, widely famed, was justly named of reason the perfection.”

Now, how shall I proceed to present these matters to you with something of that vividness which details alone can bestow? If I took the three-and-thirty volumes and gave an extract here, and an extract there, now from the furious railing of Sir Edward Coke against Sir Walter Raleigh, in the reign of King James, now from the eloquent pleadings of Erskine for Hardy and Horne Tooke in the reign of King George III.; from the trial of Lord Ferrers for the murder of his steward, or of Lord Byron for killing his friend in a duel; I might, indeed, cull much that would be curious, but I should

run the risk of creating that weariness which a distraction of the attention among many unconnected subjects often engenders. I would wish, as far as possible, to give something like unity to my address; and such unity, it struck me, might be found in taking some limited area of history and selecting some trials arising out of the same events, and possessing common features of interest. For this we need only turn to the factious and profligate reign of King Charles the Second, and to the period of that reign which ranges from the year 1678 to the year 1682, now close on a couple of centuries gone. These years embrace the extraordinary series of trials of the Catholics on account of the Titus Oates plot, or, as it was then termed, the Popish plot; and again, in the backward swing of the pendulum, the trials not much less iniquitous of the popular Protestant leaders.

Of the Titus Oates plot, an account characterised, in my opinion, by great fairness, and adorned by the charm of a sweet, graceful, and easy style, is to be found in Hume. It is pleasant to read it in contrast to the exaggerated and sensational fashion of writing history aped in the present day. A more compressed narrative, yet more accurate in detail, is given by one who is now universally recognised as the most truthful, and most discerning of English historians, Dr. Lingard. The original materials are to be found in Bishop Burnet's *Memoirs of his own Time*, in Roger North's *Life of his brother, Lordkeeper Guilford*, in the scattered publications of the time, but above all, in the *State Trials* themselves. The main thread of the story must be familiar to most of you; yet, by way of preface to the sanguinary tragedies enacted in Westminster Hall, I may be permitted briefly to refer to it.

Titus Oates, who has left a name of infamy almost unparalleled in human annals, is one of those characters of extraordinary and incomprehensible wickedness which it baffles the mind to fathom. Charles Dickens says somewhere, I think in the novel of "*Our Mutual Friend*," that the workings of what he calls the criminal intellect are a mystery beyond the comprehension of ordinary men. From the earliest known period of his career Oates was a confirmed scoundrel. He was the son of an Anabaptist minister, and he had taken orders in the Church of England. He had been indicted for perjury. He had been known to talk indecently and blasphemously of the mysteries of the Christian religion. He was appointed to a chaplaincy on board one of the king's ships, but was dismissed on an accusation unfit to be named before you. He then succeeded in becoming chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk, at that day a Protestant, but with many Catholic relatives and connections. He there became acquainted with Catholic priests, and in his unscrupulous hypocrisy thought it might serve his ends to pretend to be a convert to the Catholic Church. It has been ever, if I may be permitted to say so, a characteristic of the clergy of the Catholic Church to be overcredulous of good, the very opposite of what their enemies charge upon them:—

"For oft while wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems."

He was received into the Church by Father Hutchinson, a Jesuit. He professed himself a candidate for Holy Orders, and was sent abroad to St. Omer's, and from that to Valladolid, in Spain, and then back again to St. Omer's. But his true character could not lie concealed from his superiors. He was dismissed, and he returned to England, burning with hatred against the Jesuits, and the whole Catholic Church. Bishop Burnet, himself one of the bitterest of anti-Catholics, but in this matter an honest witness, tells us that, afterwards in the days of Oates' glory, when he was popularly termed "the saviour of the people of England," he had a conversation with him. "He broke out," says Dr. Burnet, "into great fury against the Jesuits, and swore he would have their blood. But I, to divert him from that strain, asked him what were the arguments that prevailed on him to change his religion and go over to the Church of Rome. He, upon that, stood up and laid his hands on his heart, and said: God and his holy angels knew he had never changed, but that he had gone among them on purpose to betray them. This," adds the Bishop, "gave me such a character of him that I could have no regard to anything he either said or swore after that."

This miscreant, whose ignorance and stupidity were so gross that he could not even frame a story with the least approach to consistency or coherency, conceived in the depths of his lying imagination, the idea of concocting and giving to the world a narrative of what he termed a great Popish Conspiracy to assassinate the king, to overthrow the government by armed force, to extirpate the Protestant religion, and establish the Church of Rome upon its ruins. This narrative he succeeded in having laid before the Privy Council in the month of August, 1678. The whole narrative is given in full at page 1430 of the sixth volume of the State Trials. It is from beginning to end a mass of clotted lies so monstrous and prodigious that to read it now gives one the sensation of a nightmare. It begins by attributing to the Catholics, and in especial to the Jesuits the Puritan Civil War, and the putting to death of King Charles I., on whose side the Catholics had, in fact, been the most devoted, the most persecuted, and the most ungratefully treated of all loyal adherents. Oates added with ludicrous impudence that Milton—the illustrious John Milton—had been a known frequenter of a Popish club; that the Catholics had been the most forward to set the crown upon the head of Cromwell, and that Lambert, the regicide, had been a known papist for above thirty years. He then goes on to formulate no less than seventy-one articles of charge extending over forty closely printed pages—all the most utter fabrications, without even one particle of foundation in fact. The substance is, that there was a diabolical plot of the Jesuits and the Catholics within seas, and over seas, in England, Ireland, France, Spain, and Germany. The king was to be assassinated by four Irish ruffians. The king was to be stabbed. The king was to be poisoned by Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's Physician, who was to receive £15,000 for the job. The king, again, was to be shot by English Catholic assassins with silver bullets. A Catholic army of 20,000 pilgrims was to assemble at St. Jago, in

Spain, and from thence invade England. The general of the Jesuits had made out commissions appointing leading Catholics to all the high, civil, and military posts. Lord Arundel, of Wardour, was to be Lord Chancellor; Lord Powis, Lord High Treasurer; Lord Stafford, poor man, a principal Secretary of State; Lord Bellasis, General, Lord Lieutenant-General; Coleman (Secretary to the Duchess of York), a Secretary of State; Langhorn, the great Catholic lawyer, Advocate-General, and so forth. Père La Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV., was an active agent in the plot, and paid £10,000 to further it; so was Don John of Austria, brother to the King of Spain. And, as the general outcome and climax, the throats of all the Protestants were to be cut. The Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, the only brother of the king, was then an avowed Catholic. The Queen, Catherine of Braganza, a Portuguese princess, was also, of course, a Catholic. These were too high game for Oates to fly at in the outset. He, however, as we shall see, grew bolder by-and-by. But, in the beginning, so far from implicating the Duke of York, Oates declared that, by the plot, the royal family of the Stuarts were condemned to be cut off root and branch, namely, the king, Duke of York and Prince of Orange; and as he elegantly expressed it in another place: "If James did not comply with their designs, to pot James must go."

This was the precious narrative put before the Privy Council in August. After having lain over for six weeks, Oates was called before the King and Privy Council on Michaelmas Eve, 1678.

Now, you may ask whether any human being pretending to a gleam of rationality could believe such insensate balderdash. Certain it is that neither the King nor Council believed a word of it. The King put to Oates a few questions. He asked him what sort of man Don John, the brother of the King of Spain, was. Oates answered in his swaggering way (giving his answer according to the vulgar English notion of a Spaniard) that he was a tall, dark, spare man. The King knew Don John well, and knew that he was short, fat, and fair. Again Charles asked him where he had seen the money paid by Père La Chaise. He said, in the Jesuit's house close by the Louvre. "Man, man," said the King, "the Jesuits have not a house within a mile of the Louvre." The truth is, the whole thing would have been exploded at the beginning, and the author probably have lost his ears for his perjuries, but for an extraordinary fatality which soon after took place, and which remains to this hour one of the unsolved riddles of the world.

Oates' original narrative had been sent to the Privy Council, as I said, in the month of August. He was not called before the Council until the 28th of September. But in the meantime, discerning in the depths of his cunning mind the possibility of his fictions being discredited in high quarters, he had taken a step which would, at all events, secure a hearing with the public and act upon the blind religious prejudices of the English people. He had, on the 6th of September, gone before a Justice of the Peace in London, Sir Edmond Godfrey, and made a deposition, in the ordinary form,

detailing the whole fiction. Sir Edmondbury Godfrey was an active but, at the same time, kindly magistrate. He was far from unfriendly to the Catholics, and was therefore somewhat of a favourite with them. He was personally intimate with Edward Coleman, secretary to the Duchess of York, not only a Catholic but a convert, and one of those accused by name in the narrative of Oates. Godfrey took the deposition of Oates in the ordinary course of his duty. He gave warning, however, to his friend Coleman, in order that the latter, if he had any papers containing secrets which he would not wish disclosed, might remove or destroy them. Coleman was a busy, zealous, sanguine, restless man, with far more activity than judgment, and, above all, with a fatal propensity for constant letter-writing. He was, moreover, an embarrassed man, whose expenses outran his means. He had carried on an immense correspondence relating to religious affairs. He had persuaded himself that if once the Catholic religion was barely tolerated in England, its intrinsic truth, the example of the Duke of York, and the well-known secret inclinations of the King, would cause it to make rapid way towards universal acceptance—a very idle speculation in the case of a people whose prejudices were so deep-seated and intense as those of the people of England.

Coleman's drawers were full of papers—letters from abroad and copies of his own. He acted upon the advice of his friend, Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, and applied himself to their removal. But unluckily he overlooked one drawer, containing the papers of the year 1675, three years before. So, when his house was searched for papers, this correspondence was found. Among a quantity of perfectly innocent matter, there were a couple of passages which were eagerly seized on by the enemies of the Catholics. One was a request to Père La Chaise to be furnished with a sum of £20,000 for purposes equally conducive to the interests of France and of the Catholic Church; and in another place, a bombastic prediction that their success would give the greatest blow to the Protestant religion that it had sustained since its birth. These expressions, which were nothing more than the zealous anticipations of a member of a persecuted body, and had no more relation to the monstrosities of Oates than to the invasion of the Tartars, were yet, in the inflamed and excited state of the English populace, seized on as yielding plain corroboration of the impostor. If these things are found in the papers which by accident were overlooked, what must there not have been in those which were destroyed? The low mutterings and growlings of the popular tempest were beginning to be heard; a brooding suspicion had taken possession of the minds of men. These dark humours were artfully fostered by interested statesmen. All kinds of wild reports and lies were wafted to and fro when the mysterious incident occurred to which I alluded above. It was this.

Just a fortnight after the examination of Oates before the Privy Council, Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, the magistrate who had taken Titus Oates' deposition, left his house near Charing Cross in the morning, and never returned. A report was immediately spread

abroad that he had been murdered by the Papists in revenge. Five days passed in utter uncertainty as to his fate; but on the 17th of October his body was found lying in a dry ditch at Primrose Hill. He was found with his own sword run quite through him from breast to back through the heart. His cane was stuck upright on the bank, and his gloves were lying beside it. His money, both gold and silver, was in his pockets, his rings were on his fingers. Murder by robbers for sake of plunder was, therefore, out of the question. There have been three theories to account for his death. The first, and on the whole the most probable, is suicide. He was constitutionally melancholy, and his father had died by his own hands. Arguments were adduced against this hypothesis from the position in which the body was found, and from certain marks about the neck, leading to the inference that he had died by strangulation. The second is that he was murdered for the very purpose of throwing the odium upon the Catholics; and certainly, if the old principle of *cui bono*, namely, who was it reaped the benefit of the crime, were to be applied, it must be applied in favour of this supposition. I nevertheless reject it as too fanciful and far-fetched. The third is that he was actually murdered by Catholics. This theory is the most absolutely incredible of all. The Catholics were a mere handful in London, a cowed and dispirited people. There never seems to have been among them as much as a dream of any act of violence. Godfrey had been always kind to them rather than the contrary; and any such desperate act was certain to bring down vengeance a hundredfold upon their heads. But at the time all these arguments were swept down in the torrent of popular prejudice. It was assumed as absolutely infallible that Godfrey had been murdered by the Papists. Black suspicion was turned into infuriate certainty. The guards were doubled; the gates of London were watched as if a foreign enemy were dreaded; and all this against the poor Catholics who did not number one to a hundred. All Papists were, by proclamation, banished from London—all, that is to say, who were not flung into prison: which latter class included everyone, noblemen and gentlemen, named in Titus Oates' narrative, and every priest who could be laid hold of. Oates was at once proclaimed the saviour of the nation, and, as a worthy city magistrate declared: "If it were not for him, we might all rise in the morning with our throats cut."

In what was all this to end? Was it in a mere ebullition of popular frenzy? No. In those days, as in all days, there were selfish and daring schemers, who saw in the excited movement of the people nothing but a motive-power which they might guide towards their own ends. Foremost amongst those was a politician of consummate ability, Antony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury—a man for whose wickedness few parallels are to be found in history. He had been everything by turns, according as the gales of interest and ambition blew. At the outbreak of the Civil War against Charles I., a devoted loyalist; then, upon a quarrel with the king, a Parliamentary and republican; then, a devoted adherent, and afterwards as desperate an enemy of Cromwell, and an active agent in the restoration of

Charles II., by whom he was made a peer and an earl. At first he was absolutely devoted to the court, and was the leader of the notorious *Cabal* which designed to abolish parliaments in England, and establish the arbitrary power of the king. From that he had swung round once more to be an ultra-popular and ultra-Protestant leader, and, in the words of Dryden, "assumed a patriot's all-atoning name." He marked the violent current of opinion which was setting in, and determined to make use of it. What his ends were who can say? He certainly aimed at excluding the Duke of York from succession to the throne. He meant either to compel Charles II. to divorce his Catholic wife, who had borne him no children, or else to legitimize his natural son, the Duke of Monmouth. In either case Shaftesbury looked to be the virtual ruler of the state. Who can tell what the ultimate views were of a character so desperate and unprincipled?

As some relief to these dry, historical details, let me give you a description of this statesman from Dryden's famous poem of *Absolom and Achitophel*, in which, under a scriptural allegory, he paints the politics of his time. Absolom, the son of King David, was the Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of King Charles the Second. Achitophel, the false and wicked counsellor, was the Earl of Shaftesbury:—

"Of these the false Achitophel was first,  
A name to all succeeding ages curs'd;  
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,  
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;  
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,  
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:  
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.  
A daring pilot in extremity,  
Pleased with the danger, when the waves were high,  
He sought the storms, but for a calm unfit,  
He steered too near the sands, to show his wit—  
In friendship false, implacable in hate,  
Resolved to ruin or to rule the State."

In religion Shaftesbury was a perfect infidel. In the fictions of Titus Oates he had just as much belief as Charles II. himself. Yet he declared to Bishop Burnet, in the midst of the judicial murders which followed, that, whether the plot was true or false, it must, for political reasons, be treated as true—a declaration which sets him upon a pinnacle of infamy beyond Titus Oates himself. There was no artifice by which the public mind could be inflamed to madness that he did not unscrupulously use—incendiary publications, processions, burning in effigy of Pope and priests, and monks, and nuns—the very funeral of Sir Edmond Godfrey, in which the clergyman who preached the funeral was ostentatiously guarded by two able-bodied men, in the garb of divines, to protect him from being murdered in the very pulpit by the Papists, the poor Papists, who were the merest handful in London, and who could have shown themselves only to be torn in pieces by the mob.

# HYMN OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT.

FROM THE IRISH.

(*See the IRISH MONTHLY, June, 1877.*)

**N**OT more numerous are the angels in the King's own heavenly  
land,  
Not more numerous the saints who around his footstool stand,  
Not more numerous are the creatures who have come from God's right  
hand,  
Than the praises  
Each tongue raises  
For the Sacrament Divine.

Not more numerous are the drops in the mighty tidal sea,  
Not more numerous are the fishes in its bosom floating free,  
Not more numerous are the grasses or the sands upon the lee,  
Than the praises  
Each tongue raises  
For the Sacrament Divine.

Not more numerous are the cycles of the King's perpetual years,  
Not more numerous are the raptures that Christ's love reserves for  
tears,  
Not more numerous are the splendours of the Paradisal spheres,  
Than the praises  
Each tongue raises  
For the Sacrament Divine.

Not more numerous are the stars that irradiate the night,  
Not more numerous are the lauds that his priests to Christ recite,  
Not more numerous are the streams in the great sea that unite,  
Than the praises  
Each tongue raises  
For the Sacrament Divine.

Not more numerous are the letters that the Book of Life doth show,  
Not more numerous are the leaves that in God's green forest grow,  
Not more numerous the sweet voices that heaven's choirs shall ever  
know,  
Than the praises  
Each tongue raises  
For the Sacrament Divine.

D. F. M. C.

1st June, 1877.



## LECTURES BY A CERTAIN PROFESSOR.

## XX.—ABOUT YOUTH.

I HAVE lately been reading over Cicero's treatise "on old age." It was written when he was about sixty-three, just probably when he began to be dimly conscious—*dimly* as is the fashion with ageing men—that he himself might possibly have some personal concern in the subject which he undertook to treat. In his treatise there are, as a matter of course, many wise things, but in nothing is it wiser than in the illustration it affords of an art that has a great deal to do with the happy conduct of life; I mean the art of making the best of what one happens to have, and of being just a little blind to the advantages of things which we can have no longer. It is an art not so closely cultivated as it deserves. If there be a class of people whose "geese are all swans," the class is far more numerous whose very swans are geese. There is no lot so bitter as not to have its alleviations, nor any stage of existence that has not pleasures and advantages peculiarly its own; and I think it was eminently wise for a gentleman of sixty-three to turn his attention to the discovery and the setting forth of the delights of old age.

It is a treatise, too, which, for the very reasons that made it wise to write it, might very properly form part of the reading of men who find themselves—as men do almost to their dismay—in the neighbourhood of sixty. To be sure, Cicero, or Cato for him, overdoes the matter somewhat. To judge by the fine things that are said about it, a man ought not only be resigned to the coming of old age, but ought to welcome it with acclamation as the only really dignified stage of human existence. But men will still be found who will ardently wish to live to be old, and who, attaining their wish, will feel somewhat sadly, that old age is not *in esse* as *in velle*, the thing most of all to be desired. It is too near death for that, and the modern mind has rather a dread of death. Cicero settled that matter very easily. With him either an immortal soul survived, or all ended with death. If the latter, one could not be miserable; if the former, one could not but be happy. It never seems to have occurred to him that was a very unpleasant *tertium quid* to be disposed of that has always haunted the human mind and been a peculiar source of the bitterness of death, namely, that it is quite possible that an immortal soul may survive the dissolution of its partnership with the body, and yet find itself not quite so comfortable as might be desired in that land beyond the grave.

However, I repeat, it was a wise thing to pass in review the best things that could be said of old age, especially when it was approaching, just as it would be wise to dilate rather on the virtues than the faults of a person with whom circumstances were about to compel us to live. The writer takes care to remark that not every old age is the object of his praise, but only the old age that is, as it were, built upon

the lines of youth; that is, the old age that is the natural growth and outcome of a life well spent. It occurs to me now to examine some of those "*fundamenta adolescentiæ*," and if my examination seem to take the form of a sort of indictment against youth in general, let it be remembered that such an extreme view is not likely to be harmful in the face of the time-honoured conventionality that takes it for granted that youth is the happiest season of human life.

I do not think so myself; I even think that there is somewhat of an incompatibility between happiness and youth. For a man of whom it is demanded "which season of human life he found the happiest?" the wisest answer would be "that in which I am at present." But abstracting from a man's own self, the answer in nine cases out of ten would resolve itself into a question of taste.

"*De gustibus non est disputandum*"—that there is no disputing about tastes is itself an indisputable maxim. But when people go farther, as they sometimes do, and declare that "there is no accounting for tastes," they lay down a very questionable proposition. "No accounting for tastes"—never was an assertion less philosophical or less true. For, is there any taste without an antecedent history quite sufficient to account for it with scientific accuracy? To be sure I cannot account for your taste—but that is only saying that I do not know as much about you as you know or ought to know about yourself. But in truth, men, even those who are brought closest and oftenest together, do not amass much knowledge about each other. Our judgments of men are mostly made up of impressions the origin of which we have quite forgotten. We make vague pictures of each other, and plume ourselves on being judges of character. But our best known neighbours may any day surprise us by exhibiting mental or moral symptoms for which our cleverest diagnosis had nowise prepared us. We often judge of a man by his theories and his opinions, and forget to take any account of the little tastes that seem the merest fringes of character, but that are the chief part of most characters. A man's theories often hide even more than they reveal him; his opinions may be rather of the nature of artificial flowers than natural growths from his real character; but, in spite of himself, his tastes betray him. It is true that a man's present tastes may not have been congenital—they may have been, and often are, acquired by long compression and repression of tastes more native and original; but the acquisition once made is the history of the man who made it.

I say all this about tastes, because, if I could get from a perfectly dispassionate man—from a man able thoroughly to abstract from his own personal experience—from a man who could look on human life as impartially as if he were his own disembodied spirit—could I get from such a man a candid statement of his preference for any particular stage of human existence, I think I would have gone far in possessing myself of material sufficient to construct a water-tight theory as to what manner of man he was.

Not having ever been able to find such a man as I have been hinting at, I often amuse myself by asking persons what season of the year they most affect. The answers, with reasons appended, give

surprising revelations of tastes, and consequently of selves. Each season has many things that may be pleaded in its behalf, and it is not wonderful that each should find enthusiastic admirers who cannot account for the depravity of taste that refuses to agree with them.

Let us by way of a diversion—which, however, like most diversions, may be made to bear back upon the main subject—let us select four typical advocates to plead in behalf of the four seasons. Let them be the four well-known members of the great human race. Puer, Adolescens, Vir, Senex.

First begins thus, PUER: "Some day, it may be in March or April, I feel as if the world were beginning over again. There is a new ground-tone in nature's music, a breath in the air that was not in it yesterday; a suggestion of something everywhere that stirs the blood. I say to myself, 'spring has come.' To you, my dear Senex, who have forgotten more than I have yet learned, I could not hope to convey, by any words, the feeling of positive exultation that the sight of the first primrose awakens within me. I never tire of watching the daily deepening blue in the heavens, and the daily deepening richness of the grass upon the face of the earth. What is going to happen that nature is in such a flutter of expectation? The hedge-rows seem in a very tumult of life. The rookery grows even hoarser, chanting the future of its race. Can anything be more amusing than the ceaseless fuss with which the birds set about establishing themselves in life. It is the time of hope, and has any fulfilment ever known on earth brought the same satisfaction as was born of the hope of it. Infinite possibilities seem to arise within us; as nature grows we grow. There is nothing we cannot do, we seem to be so helped by the forces that are at work around us. To be sure, it will not last. But that is true of most things, and must be borne with. When all is over, out of all this magnificent expenditure of force, I may have got only one or two fields well sown, and the sowing subject to a hundred vicissitudes. But it *has been*—this gracious spring-time—come what may, nothing can rob me of the memory of it. Surely spring-time is the happiest time of all the year."

ADOLESCENS: "Well, I am no longer a boy, and I have ceased, I should hope, to feel as a boy. Spring was an uncertain time. It had its clouds and its tears. Besides, everything, and every body, were too busy for my taste. I am glad the tumult is all over. Now, it is full summer, and we may trust the sun to hold its heat, and the air to spare us any touch of caprice. The fields are sown, we have but to sit in the shade and plan the future. The flowers are rich and gay. The light waves of shadow chase each other across the freshly springing corn, and the ripening meadows. The birds are hushed in the noontide, but their silence tells of happiness as loudly as their sweetest songs. Or, is it that they have deputed the lark to carry up their joy to heaven, and shower it down in a rain of music upon all the fields. Nothing is busy save the bee, and after a time its hum grows drowsy, and so attunes itself to the mid-day silence that one is saved, by a second thought, from calling it an impertinence. There is a

solemn hush over everything. Surely something great is preparing—wait, wait.”

VIR: “Something great was preparing, and, behold autumn has brought it. It was well worth even the aimless excitement of spring-time and the futile day-dreaming of summer. At last nature is ripe, and in full earnest. The fields are brown and golden, and the world will have no lack of food. Pleasant it is, no doubt, to watch the cloud-shadows, but pleasanter still to know that these clouds bring the fertilizing rain. Flowers are good and gay, but men need fruit far more. Hitherto there were only hopes that might be wrecked, here is the rich fulfilment. Or, if you will talk of beauty, what beauty can compare with the mature beauty of the autumn? Have you ever listened to the rustle of ripened corn, and made a song of it in your heart, and was ever song so rich in music? The leaves, as they grow sere sing more pathetic songs. Later on, the corn falls in golden waves before the reaper, and is stored away, and men feel that they have earned the harvest-home. The crimson streaks grow more frequent in the sunset, and the sunrise. The distant bank of foliage displays a wealth of colouring—russet, umber, crimson, which no painter would be bold enough to copy as it stands. Besides, one feels that this is just the right time to enjoy the beauty that nature spreads before us. Hitherto, one snatched a joy from the very jaws of work; now work is over, or nearly over, and joy grows more legitimate, and is enjoyed more leisurely.”

SENEX: “You have given me the very word I want. In winter life goes on more leisurely. Gone, the fuss and the excitement of the spring-time; gone, the dreamy indolence of summer, that relaxed the physical and mental fibre; gone, the touch of sadness that autumn beauty never fails to bring. Now we have time to sit down and enjoy the blessings we have prepared. Do you think that winter has no beauty of its own? Nay, but it is the very time of real beauty. You think of beauty, perhaps, as always sensuous. You must have drapery and colouring. Wait till you have risen from the beauty of colour to the nobler beauty of form. As the taste for colour grows less keen, the discernment of form is much keener. Do you see no beauty, weird, but still beauty, in the tree that flings its naked branches in the wind? I think it is beautiful with nobler beauty than ever was in tender leaflet, or in rich green leaf. See what the frost can do. How deft its fingers are in tracery upon the window-pane, and how grand a painter it is of the evening sky. It is well that the world should rest; well that the restless stream should be lulled into a sleep of ice to dream of richer music for next year; well that the forces of nature should have surcease of labour, and recruit themselves for other flowers, and other fruit. But, best is it that men should rest, and think over the year that is about to die, and gather into sheaves the experience that each season has brought. Or, how pleasant to draw the curtains close, shut out the bluster of the wind, sit awhile in the artificial twilight before the lamp is lighted, and see pictures in the fire, and then take down the favourite book, the thought of which has been pleasantly sounding like a scarce-heard ground-tone in your mind

all day; and refresh your spirit with noble thoughts clothed in language that fully fits them."

If, however, passing from what is meant to be mere allegory, to what is real, I were to ask what season of human life is happiest, I suppose the answers would be just as various as the temperaments of those that answered. That is, would be as various if temperaments were allowed honestly to express themselves. But they rarely are. In most matters appertaining to taste we are under dominion of the conventional, and seldom dare rise in rebellion against the laws, which not we have made for ourselves, but which others have made for us. There are certain questions that invariably almost get the self-same stereotyped answers from all answerers. Ask, in the most mixed company—"Do you, or you, or you, like music?" How many do you think will have the courage to answer "No," although it is certain that there are people who are so deficient in "ear," as not to be able to distinguish between the Dead March in Saul, and the last new Polka. How much of this is due to Shakspeare it would not be easy to say. When he wrote: "The man who has no music in himself," &c., he made it very difficult for any one to confess an honest dislike for music. When, however, I talk of what is due to Shakspeare, I mean rather what is due to Shakspeare wrongly interpreted. There is no one that ever wrote so much whose personal opinions, and personal tastes, are less easy to discover. He was not the man to put wisdom in the mouth of a fool. He let men give their half views, and their no views, according to their calibre; but it does not seem as if he meant any one of his characters to utter the whole Shakspeare, or the whole order of things.

It is taken for granted very often, that youth is *par excellence* the season of happiness. Most people who have been young, and who are so no longer, will readily hark in with the cry of the poet: "Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning." But, I think, there is in this view of the matter much that is merely conventional, and something that does not accurately represent the real facts as they occur in life. I have no doubt of the honesty and the sincerity of the persons who speak largely and loudly about the freshness of life's early morning; but I think they labour under the delusion of confounding youth as it really was, and youth as it appears through the mystifying medium of a certain considerable number of years. Youth is not the only thing that looks best at a distance.

Youth may be regarded as an apprenticeship to the great art of living. But in life, as in other trades, the raw apprentices are sad bunglers, and often it is only when they are upon the very verge of being "out of their time," that they acquire sufficient skill in the doing of their work to make the doing of it a real pleasure. Youth is consequently a time of great unreadiness, and great resulting cringing to circumstances. It is worried by self-consciousness. Give a child some part to play before a large audience, and the child will play its part without a flutter of anxiety. The child has not yet learned to be nervous, because he is not yet sufficiently self-conscious. But in a few years nervousness comes and takes either the sheepish

of which only now does he begin to see the substantial worth, were as delusive and as unreal as the tremulous shadow in the gliding stream. And the worst of it is that all substantial things are liable to cast a shadow. It is curious, too, that there is about the shadow a glamour, a softness, a vagueness, a charm, that may make it, for the time being, seem more beautiful than the reality of which it is the shadow. Have you never seen it? There are few things more substantial or more valuable than the sacred affections of a young man's home. But soon they begin to cast a large and luminous shadow of themselves into the great world-lake outside, and then the foolish youth begins to dream of other affections truer and more lasting than these which he knew were true, and which have lasted, at all events, as long as his own life. And often for the shadow they let the substance go, and the father's hair may whiten and the mother's heart may break, but the son of their hope is away hunting after shadows up and down the world's weary ways.

Everything has its shadow. A young man has achieved some humble success that ought to satisfy him for the present. But at once it begins to cast its shadow into the distance, and with desire of that shadow the fool worries himself into unfitness even for the little success that was the natural growth of his character and his surroundings.

To sum up briefly, these disadvantages of youth or these drawbacks to the happiness of being young—youth has not made up its mind, nor found its place. It is standing idle in the market-place, or rather running restlessly through the streets, not having as yet found any master worthy to hire it. Youth expects too much from others, and thinks that others expect more from it than others usually do. The world is moderate enough in its demands on any of us. If we only avoid abnormal eccentricity, it will tolerate us. If we display even average intelligence, it is quite satisfied. In fact, youth is lovable for little more than its wealth of undeveloped possibilities, and it is itself the greatest obstacle to their proper development.

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#### FROM THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.

**W**INTER is over. The winds have ceased to howl around the once formidable fortress of Mirambel. The gentle showers of spring-time are falling hourly, and the snows upon the lofty Pyrenees are beginning to descend in cascades down the mountain slopes, filling the swift and picturesquely meandering Gave almost to its highest banks. Once again the valleys are covered with verdure, and the

nightingale from his leafy covert sings at early dawn and dewy eve for the delight of the pilgrim stranger.

Fierce as the winter was in this mountainous region, the clients of our Lady of Lourdes found their way, nevertheless, in tens and hundreds, to her shrine, seeking for health and every other blessing. The month of January and the first half of February saw brides and bridegrooms kneeling side by side before her altar, asking her benediction upon their union, and hanging up the nuptial wreath as a votive offering. Nor were such bridal parties confined to France alone: they came from Belgium, England, Germany, Holland, and our own Ireland.

When Lent put a stop to this class of visitors, others took their place. On the 24th of February, Dr. MacIntyre, Bishop of Charlotte-town, in Canada, reached Lourdes on his homeward journey from Rome. The awakening of the religious spirit throughout France struck him forcibly. His visit chanced to fall on a cold, dreary day, and yet he found the Grotto anything but empty; the waxen tapers of Mary's clients as numerous, and burning even more brightly than they are to-day beneath the genial influences of May weather. Another American bishop came to us on the 6th of March—Dr. Corrigan, Bishop of Newark, in the United States, whose brother had been one of the American pilgrimage that bore to Lourdes some years back the flag of the great Republic. During the two days that his Lordship spent at Lourdes, the snow fell so heavily and so perseveringly that it was with difficulty he found his way to the humble dwelling of the sister and brother of Bernadette, and paid his respects to the venerable pastor, Père Peyramale. Not only the North, but South America also, sent representatives to these favoured rocks of Massabielle, such as Don José Luis Carcanio y Rodriguez, Bishop of San Salvador, the capital of the Republic of that name, who presided at our usual Saturday and Sunday afternoon devotions on the 10th and 11th of March.

The Missionary Fathers of the Grotto had the honour of welcoming to Lourdes Dr. Catani, Archbishop of Palmyra, the newly-appointed Nuncio at the Court of Madrid, who came hither before entering on his arduous duties; and, about the same time, two apostolic ablegates passed through, sent by the Holy Father with the cardinal's hat to two archbishops of Spain, who had just been raised to the Roman purple.

But now the season of pilgrimages has set in. Pilgrims from Canada, Brazil, Belgium, Portugal, and other countries, proceeding to Rome to congratulate the Holy Father on the occasion of his golden jubilee, have signified their intention of halting at Lourdes on either journey. In Rome these pilgrims will see the illustrious Pontiff who defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; whilst at Lourdes, by the banks of the Gave, over a cave in the rocks of Massabielle, they will behold the crevice wherein, on the morning of the 25th of March, 1858, that Immaculate Virgin revealed herself to the little shepherdess of the Vale of Bartres.

The church of Notre Dame is about an English mile from the town,

and is a very imposing edifice. Banners of every colour and form are hung round on all sides as souvenirs of various pilgrim-bands. Anything more beautiful cannot be imagined than the grotto itself and the scene it looks upon, especially when the moonlight falls upon the running waters, and gleams through the overhanging branches, and the two hundred waxen tapers shine upon the upturned faces of the pious pilgrims from many different lands as they gaze up to where, twenty feet above, stands the white marble statue of the Immaculate Mother of God.

The old fortress, to which we have before referred, commands a fine view over the seven valleys of the Lavedan, of which Pierrefitte is, perhaps, the most beautiful. It is hemmed in on all sides by high mountains, and its soil is wonderfully fertile, watered by the Gave, which widens here and there into little lakes studded with islands; whilst at the foot of each mountain peak is seen a neat and populous village, with its whitewashed cottages glittering in the warm southern sun. The fortress itself dates back to the eighth century; Moors, Englishmen, and Spaniards, have at various periods been the owners of it. Charlemagne attacked it in vain; in the reign of Edward III. the English defended it with great loss of blood; nearer to our own day, Wellington halted here on his way from the Peninsula to Waterloo.

Last February we accompanied a Protestant gentleman over the Valley of the Bagnères de Bigorre, which rivals that of Pau to the westward for the beauty of its mountain scenery. Our companion at length exclaimed: "Well, I tell you, father, the holy Virgin knew what fine scenery was when she visited this place; I must confess I admire her taste."

Many complaints have been made about the hotel accommodation that Lourdes affords; but it is right to bear in mind that the Lourdes of to-day is not the Lourdes of five years ago. The Hotels Pyrénées, de France, de la Poste, Belle Vue, de Paris, de la Grotte, and others, have, meanwhile, sprung into existence; and the Hotel d'Angleterre will soon be opened in the Rue de la Grotte under very efficient management.

Every alternate Thursday is market-day at Lourdes, which on these occasions presents as lively and interesting a scene as can well be conceived. Some ten thousand people wend their way into the town from sunrise to noon, from the hills and the plains; the young on foot, the less active in carts drawn, for the most part, by oxen. The whole scene, with its hastily-improvised encampment of tents exhibiting merchandise of every description, brings to one's mind what fairs were in country towns in the days before steam was invented. The stranger cannot but be struck with the beauty of the young mountaineers with their large, dark, Spanish eyes. Most of these, before setting their faces homewards, visit the Grotto, and renew their supply of water from the miraculous fountain, joining in the prayers which so many hearts, farther away from the scene of the apparition, are offering up day by day to Our Lady of Lourdes.

C. C.

*Lourdes, May 21, 1877.*



## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Memoirs and Letters of Rev. James Maher, P.P., D.D.* By RIGHT REV. DR. MORAN, Lord Bishop of Ossory. (To be had from the Sisters of Mercy, at Carlow.)

THE sketch which Dr. Moran gives his readers of Father Maher, makes one greatly regret that he did not enter into more minute detail about so remarkable a life. This, however, did not come within his purpose, which was principally directed to editing the valuable letters that make up by far the larger part of this interesting volume.

Born in 1793, Father Maher died in 1874, and by a glance at these dates it will be seen how eventful a portion of Irish Catholic history is contemporaneous with his life; moreover, he was a man who had no inconsiderable share in giving that history the direction that led it triumphantly from the emancipation of Catholics to the disestablishment of Irish Protestantism. There was in those eventful years no subject connected with Irish Catholic interests that did not deeply engage the attention of a man to whom religion and country were, from first to last, the mainsprings of action. Amongst those whom God raised up to rescue Irish Catholics from the iniquitous legislation of three hundred years, few figures tower more prominently than that of the parish priest of Graigue—few tongues more eloquent for his country, few pens more powerful against his country's enemies.

Father Maher came of a family which, like most Irish Catholic families of past times, had been largely endowed with the martyr-spirit that sustained them under persecution more bitter and more, relentless than had ever been inflicted upon a Christian people. In the Church's history the confessors succeed the martyrs, and Father Maher, by tongue and pen, and more than all, by life-long devotion to God and to Ireland proved himself no unworthy successor of sires who had confessed Christ in blood. He heard around his cradle the clanking of the chains that penal laws hung upon the limbs of his countrymen and co-religionists; and it was his happy lot to live into the freedom and toleration of our own time, and to see the Church of his persecuted fathers enjoying under a Protestant government a larger and securer share of freedom than is allowed her in any country in Europe. The letters which Dr. Moran has selected for publication, though written as occasion demanded, have in them the permanent interest that both the nature of their subject-matter and the admirable treatment it received at Father Maher's hands, were calculated to secure. Three subjects stand out prominently—the Poor Laws, the Education question, and the Protestant Church. Though the lines of battle in some of these subjects may have shifted somewhat since the time when these letters were written, nevertheless it would not be easy to find in so small a compass so much just reasoning, and so

much vigorous expression as may be found in these letters. And just reasoning and vigorous expression never become obsolete.

We will not allow ourselves to be tempted into quotation, especially as we hope that readers of this notice will take an opportunity of judging for themselves. Perhaps some of the most beautiful letters in the book are those written without a thought of publicity to members of his own family, while he was yet little more than a student. They show how mature and well-considered, even in those early days, were the views of the writer, and they show, too, how deeply laid were the foundations of that solid piety for which his after-life was remarkable.

We cannot help alluding to another feature in those early letters. It is their literary maturity. They are written with as much freedom and vigour as anything that came from his pen after fifty years' experience. We are reminded of the saying of Cicero: "*Ut enim adolescentem in quo senile aliquid, sic senem in quo est aliquid adolescentis, probo.*" These early letters show how soon Father Maher grew old in wisdom; and those who had the privilege of knowing him in his latter days will bear testimony, that under the mask of years, he carried those best of things, whether in youth or age, a cheerful, tolerant nature, and a spirit as playful as the spirit of a child.

II. *Handbook of Essentials in History and Literature, Ancient and Modern*, for the use of Junior Pupils. By the Rev. D. GALLERY, S. J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1877.)

IN one hundred and thirty well-printed and well-arranged pages, we have here a very complete little manual of history and literature, the essence of a good many books which cannot easily be referred to. Tables of the chief events in the history of each of the principal nations are compressed into thirty pages, while half a dozen pages give us a good summary of Sir Edward Creasy's work on the Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World. Advantage is taken of every portion of space to afford some information useful for schoolboys, and others beside schoolboys. The account of modern literature, especially of those who have written in English, is very full and clear, considering the narrow limits of a shilling handbook. It is an excellent shillings-worth.

III. *Life-Sketch of Sister Clare Boylan*, Superioress of the Sisters of Charity in Drogheda. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper Sackville-street. 1877.)

WE are told at the beginning of this edifying sketch that Sister Clare belonged to a family, many of whose members gave themselves to God in the religious life, her uncle being one of the little flock that was chosen to introduce the Congregation of the Mission into Ireland. The name of this relative seems to be almost studiously suppressed by the writer; but we may engage the interest of many readers by mentioning what transpires in the course of the narrative, that the Vincentian Father referred to is the Rev. Thomas MacNamara, C.M., so well known as Superior of St. Peter's Church, Phibsborough, and

later as Superior of the Irish College in Paris. Father MacNamara's niece joined the Sisters of Charity at a time when, the French Congregation having no house in Ireland, such a choice was equivalent to an edict of banishment from her native land. From her "postulancy," or term of first probation in the Hospital of Incurables at Amiens, Miss Boylan passed on to the novitiate at Paris. After her profession she was sent to Smyrna, where she taught English in the School, and assisted in the orphanage. Many interesting anecdotes are told of her life in the East. She was recalled to work among the poor of London, her own countrymen; and then, after a short time, at Little Crosby, near Liverpool. She was finally, in 1872, placed as Superior over the Convent of her Order in Drogheda, where she ended a holy and devoted life by a holy death in July, 1876.

Exactly half of the same volume before us is devoted to the separate consideration of the virtues exemplified in the life of Sister Clare Boylan. These details are useful for the pious reader in every state of life; but their full meaning will be felt only by her own Sisterhood, the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

VI. *The Advantages of Glengarriff as a Winter Resort.* Second Edition. (London: R. J. Bush, Charing Cross. 1877.)

THE first page of this handsome volume will surprise every inhabitant of Cork under whose eye it chances to come. It gives from Symon's valuable report for 1874 the statistics of rainfall at various health resorts in the United Kingdom, beginning with thirty inches at Cork (under which seem to be included the Killarney districts), and ending with seventy-seven inches in the Lake district of England. If this means that the Lake district is more than twice as rainy as Cork, the Lakers would require to be well supplied with umbrellas, waterproof coats, and patience.

Though this present volume does not pretend to be anything more than an assortment of extracts from the testimonials of eminent physicians and authors, as to the mild and equable climate of Glengarriff, and the beauty of its scenery; nevertheless, as the physicians and authors quoted are able, for the most part, to write very well, this *nubes testium* is very agreeable reading, seeing that the quotations range from Thackeray and Sir John Forbes to Dr. O'Leary, M.P. and Mr. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts" in *Punch*.

The last-mentioned writer in *Punch* for November 18th, 1876, recommends the following as a more judicious *Itinerarium* than the usual one which takes Killarney before Glengarriff, "Go from Dublin to Cork, from Cork to Dunmanway, from Dunmanway by car to Glengarriff; stay at Glengarriff, and then on to Killarney, taking the Torc and Mucross by the way."

V. *Behold thy Mother; or, the Motives of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.* From the German of the Rev. P. ROH, S.J. (Notre Dame, Indiana: Ave Maria Press, 1877.)

THE Catholics of America have the happiness of possessing, for several years, a weekly journal of piety, devoted especially to the

honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for which the very beautiful name of *The Ave Maria* has been chosen, and which, very appropriately, is published at the town of Notre Dame, in Indiana. In its pages appeared recently an admirable little tract translated from the German of Father Roh, whose fame as a popular preacher has passed beyond the limits of the Vaterland. The Bishop of Fort Wayne has done well in urging its re-publication in the present convenient form. God help the so-called Christian who could read it through and demur to a single word of the praise bestowed on her who prophesied of herself that all generations should call her blessed.

VI. *Easy Lessons; or, Self-Instruction in Irish.* By the Rev. ULICK J. CANON BOURKE, M. R. I. A., President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1877. Seventh Edition.

AN impetus has been given to the study of Irish by the recent establishment of a Society for the preservation of our ancient language. This circumstance has probably suggested the republication, in the form of a sixpenny handbook, of the first part of the well-known "Easy Lessons in Irish" by the President of St. Jarlath's. The name of the Author, and the fact that the work has already run through seven editions, show that this little book is precisely what is wanted by the student of Irish at the beginning of his journey.

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## THE TOMB OF KEATS.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

AS one enters Rome from the Via Ostiensis by the Porta San Paolo, the first object that meets the eye is a marble pyramid which stands close at hand on the left.

There are many Egyptian obelisks in Rome, tall, snake-like spires of red sandstone, mottled with strange writings, which remind us of the pillars of flame which led the children of Israel through the desert away from the land of the Pharaohs; but more wonderful than these to look upon is this gaunt, wedge-shaped pyramid standing here in this Italian city, unshattered amid the ruins and wrecks of time, looking older than the Eternal City itself, like terrible impassiveness turned to stone. And so in the middle ages men supposed this to be the sepulchre of Remus, who was slain by his own brother at the founding of the city, so ancient and mysterious it appears; but we have now, perhaps unfortunately, more accurate information about it, and know that it is the tomb of one Caius Cestius, a Roman gentleman of small note, who died about 30, B. C.

Yet though we cannot care much for the dead man who lies in lonely state beneath it, and who is only known to the world through his sepulchre, still this pyramid will be ever dear to the eyes of all English-speaking people, because at evening its shadow falls on the

tomb of one who walks with Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Byron, and Shelley, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in the great procession of the sweet singers of England.

For at its foot there is a green sunny slope, known as the Old Protestant cemetery, and on this a common-looking grave, which bears the following inscription:—

“This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart, desired these words to be engraven on his tomb-stone: ‘Here lies one whose name was writ in water.’ February 24, 1821.”

And the name of the young English poet is John Keats.

Lord Houghton calls this cemetery “one of the most beautiful spots on which the eye and heart of man can rest,” and Shelley speaks of it as “making one in love with death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place;” and indeed when I saw the violets, and the daisies, and the poppies that overgrow the tomb, I remembered how the dead poet had once told his friend that he thought the “intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers,” and how another time, after lying a while quite still, he murmured in some strange prescience of early death, “I feel the flowers growing over me.” ●

But this time-worn stone and these wild flowers are but poor memorials\* of one so great as Keats; most of all, too, in this city of Rome, which pays such honour to her dead; where popes, and emperors, and saints, and cardinals, lie hidden in “porphyry wombs,” or couched in baths of jasper and chalcedony, and malachite, ablaze with precious stones and metals, and tended with continual service. For very noble is the site, and worthy of a noble monument; behind looms the gray pyramid, symbol of the world’s age, and filled with memories of the sphinx, and the lotus leaf, and the glories of old Nile; in front is the Monte Testaccio, built, it is said, with the broken fragments of the vessels in which all the nations of the East and the West brought their tribute to Rome; and a little distance off, along the slope of the hill under the Aurelian wall, some tall gaunt cypresses rise, like burnt-out funeral torches, to mark the spot where Shelley’s heart (that “heart of hearts!”) lies in the earth; and above all, the soil on which we tread is very Rome!

As I stood beside the mean grave of this divine boy, I thought of him as of a Priest of Beauty slain before his time; and the vision of

\* Recently some well-meaning persons have placed a marble slab on the wall of the cemetery with a medallion-profile of Keats on it, and some mediocre lines of poetry. The face is ugly, and rather hatchet-shaped, with thick, sensual lips, and is utterly unlike the poet himself, who was very beautiful to look upon. “His countenance,” says a lady, who saw him at one of Hazlitt’s lectures, “lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had the expression as if he had been looking on some glorious sight.” And this is the idea which Severn’s picture of him gives. Even Haydon’s rough pen and ink sketch of him is better than this “marble libel,” which I hope will soon be taken down. I think the best representation of the poet would be a coloured bust, like that of the young Rajah of Koolapoor at Florence, which is a lovely and life-like work of art.

Guido's St. Sebastian came before my eyes as I saw him at Genoa, a lovely brown boy, with crisp, clustering hair and red lips, bound by his evil enemies to a tree, and, though pierced by arrows, raising his eyes with divine, impassioned gaze towards the Eternal Beauty of the opening heavens. And thus my thoughts shaped themselves to rhyme:—

HEU MISERANDE PUER.

Rid of the world's injustice and its pain,  
He rests at last beneath God's veil of blue;  
Taken from life while life and love were new  
The youngest of the martyrs here is lain,  
Fair as Sebastian and as foully slain.  
No cypress shades his grave, nor funeral yew,  
But red-lipped daisies, violets drenched with dew,  
And sleepy poppies, catch the evening rain.

O proudest heart that broke for misery!  
O saddest poet that the world hath seen!  
O sweetest singer of the English land!  
Thy name was writ in water on the sand,  
But our tears shall keep thy memory green,  
And make it flourish like a Basil-tree.

*Rome, 1877.*

## THE NEW UTOPIA.

## CHAPTER XV.

## DUC IN ALTUM.

THE day was drawing near for us to leave Glenleven, and I beheld its approach with real regret. There was a charm of beauty, material and spiritual, which hung about the place, increased to my heart by the deeper knowledge and appreciation which I had gained there of the real character of my friend. His simplicity, and his off-hand schoolboy talk had veiled the sublimity of what lay beneath; and though I always felt that he was a noble soul, unsoiled by the touch and breath of the world, I had accustomed myself to regard what I did not understand as a sort of regrettable eccentricity. I knew better now; and alone among the hills, or by the rocks by the river side, or sitting at the window of his little study looking out into his simple garden, that great loving soul revealed itself to me in truth; always true to its one idea of serving God and man in the spirit of self-sacrifice, yet always seeking to conceal itself, and to do its greatest deeds in the simplest fashion, and clothe its noblest sentiments in the plainest words.

The last day came, and the last Mass, and the last Vespers under that noble roof; and the last grand tones of the chant, carrying the words of Holy Writ home to the centre of my heart. It was Sunday, the Fourth Sunday after Pentecost (forgive my dwelling on these little details, dear reader, they are so graven on my memory), and the Sunday Gospel was that which relates the story of the miraculous draught of fishes on the Tiberian Lake. "*Duc in altum!*"—"Launch into the deep." Who has ever heard those words without their waking a sense of dread, of hope, or of aspiration within his soul?

When it was time to leave the church, Grant still lingered. I waited and watched, but I did not seek to hurry him. He knelt before the high altar long and wistfully; then paid a visit to the shrine of the Martyr; and last of all, entered the chapel in the opposite transept, and prayed beside the tombs. At last he rose and came away, and we left the church.

"*Duc in altum!* What words!" he said. "They knew not why or where—to launch into the *deep*—such a bold, fearless word it sounds! Such a call to trust in the dark!"

"Now, Grant, what are you thinking of?"

"I don't know; only it seems to me as if every to-morrow was a great mystery, and every morning we have need of courage to launch into its depths."

"I know the to-morrow that is waiting for me is a very disagreeable mystery; to exchange Glenleven for the express train for London is enough to gain the merit of martyrdom."

"Well, why do you go?"

"Because I must; the inevitable, Grant, is a mighty master."

"Anyhow, we shall travel together as far as Bradford, and you shall spend one day with me there."

"To Bradford!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to say you are going back to that place?"

"Ah! you're thinking of the effigy; why, that was a fortnight ago, and they've forgotten all about it by this time; and if they had not, it would only be a better reason for my showing myself. I presume you would not wish me to leave the field to Degg? But the fact is, I have business there which presses. I am to meet one of your London scientific friends, Professor Drybones. He is coming down about the ventilation affair, and I have to see if our plans on that matter can be perfected."

"He said some very civil things about your notions on that head when I saw him at Edwards'."

"Well, you shall judge for yourself; mine-ventilation was always a hobby of my own, and there is fine scope for indulging it at Bradford."

The early train on Monday morning bore me away from the hills and valleys of Glenleven, from the gray minster, and the clear river babbling among its rocks, and the granite peaks and quiet woods among which I had spent a fortnight so rich in bright and ennobling thoughts that it seemed to me as if I had been out of the busy world for a twelvemonth. An hour or two brought us to the smoke and ash-pits of Bradford; and the spell was rudely broken. Grant twitted me a little on my pensive mood, and my reluctance to return to common life, and took me to the house of his engineer, telling me it was an excellent school for curing a man of day-dreams. He was soon busy with plans and sections, and I could not but marvel at the versatility of his mind, which could so easily turn from subjects of profoundest interior interest to the practical details of machinery and ventilation. He spoke like a man who understood what he was talking about, and evidently enjoyed the endless explanation of doors, and double shafts, and weight of atmosphere that sounded in my ears like a Shibboleth.

"Drybones will be here to-morrow," said Grant, at last; "and before he comes I shall have an examination of the Hen and Chickens myself."

"The Hen and Chickens!"

"Yes, my dear sir, we *name* our mines hereabouts, and this particular mine rejoices in that name, owing to the multitude of cuttings proceeding from the main shaft. It was once considered the most dangerous mine of the district, but we have tried this plan of double shaft ventilation, and have redeemed its reputation. I think we shall teach Drybones a thing or two."

"How far is it from here?"

"About two miles, and the horses are at the door; so before returning to civilised life come and take your first lesson in mine engineering."

We mounted, and rode off, and on the road he explained to me



the system of ventilation which had been introduced into this particular mine, of which I retain only the general recollection that the air was admitted by one shaft and forced through the mine, leaving it by another; that these two shafts were at a considerable distance one from the other, and that the workings in the mine were, furthermore, divided into different compartments, or "panels," as they were called, isolated one from another by certain strong doors, the object being, in case of an accident occurring in one of them, to prevent its extending to the others. But the most important system of doors was at what he called the "Little Shaft," in a part of the mine which, for one cause or another, most often generated the bad air. It was the business of one gang of men to open these doors at certain hours and close them at others, according to the part of the mine in which the workings happened to be going on; and by a careful attention to the system and regulations he had devised, all accidents had now, for a considerable time, been prevented.

"The shaft we are going to inspect first of all," he continued, "is the great shaft; the little one is a mile and a half away on the other side of the hill; but Dymock, the engineer, tells me that the men are in work on this side, and I am anxious to ascertain if the whole thing is in order before Drybones begins his visitation to-morrow."

We reached what Grant had called "the Great Shaft." I am not a professor, dear reader, and can only explain this much, that when a mine is ventilated by two shafts, one shaft is necessarily longer and deeper than the other, and the weight of the air column, therefore, heavier than at the shorter shaft. This causes the air to be forced in at the long shaft and out at the short one; and entering pure and wholesome, the air travels through the mine, issuing forth at the further end clogged with noxious gases. The "Great Shaft," then, was the spot where the air was forced in. Grant inspected the machinery, received a number of details from the overseer in attendance, and was informed that 180 men were actually at work on the northern side of the mine. The "Little Shaft" was on the southern side, and no miners were at work on that side; but a certain number of men were on duty there attending to the doors, for the purpose of ventilation.

Grant proposed a walk to the Little Shaft, leaving our horses under the care of the overseer; and we set out, climbing the hill (very different in its aspect from the heathy moors of Glenleven), and descending on the other side to a spot where a few sheds, some machinery, and a signal house, with a telegraph communicating with the works at the other side, indicated the locality we were in quest of.

But where were the men? Not one was visible. "In the shaft, I suppose," said Grant, a supposition quickly dispelled on approaching the mouth of the aperture, which displayed the necessary arrangements for descending it, prepared and ready for use; no one, it was evident, had as yet gone down. Grant looked thoughtful, not to say perplexed. Presently he caught sight of a shock of hair and a ragged jacket in one of the sheds, and advancing to the spot, laid hands on a wild looking boy, who seemed to shun observation.

"Hallo! whom have we here? Who are you, my lad?"

No answer.

"Where are the men on duty?"

"I doant know."

"Are they in the shaft?"

"Doant know, tell 'ee."

"Now, my lad, see here," said Grant. "The overseer will be here in an hour, and if he finds no one here but you, and you refuse to answer his questions, it will be the worse for you. Come, none of that," as the creature tried to free itself from the strong grasp; "you'll stay where you are; and if you don't want all the bones in your body broken when the overseer comes, think better of it, and tell me where Jones and the other fellow are at this moment."

The boy scratched his head, and fidgetted about in sore distress for a minute or so, and then came out the reply: "Well, I guess they're at the 'Feathers.'"

"The Feathers!"

"Aye, the public. Jones is father to I, and he bid me wait. I be Tim Jones."

Grant gave a groan. The little public-house on the road to Bradford, rejoicing in the sign of the Prince of Wales' Feathers, had proved too strong in its attractions for the guardians of the Little Shaft. After a moment's silence he resumed his interrogatory. "See here," he said, "you'll just run off to the Feathers, and tell your father the Duke of Leven is waiting for him here. Now be sharp."

And leaving hold of his collar, Jim darted off down the hill, and disappeared in the road.

"Isn't it enough to break a man's heart?" said Grant. "Turn where you will, do what you will, always confronted with the country's evil genius, the curse of drink." And he paced to and fro with an air of deep pre-occupation. In a few minutes Jim returned in company with a big man who, judging by his appearance, was not the *better* for his sojourn at the Feathers. He surveyed the Duke with an air of stupid amazement, and in reply to his questions gave an incoherent answer which too plainly betrayed the fact that the visit to the ale-house had not been a brief or passing one. Grant turned to the boy. "Is this your father?"

"Noa."

"Then where is he, and why didn't you bring him?"

Then came the fatal reply: "Father's drunk." Yes, it was so; Jones, the responsible guardian and doorkeeper was drunk, his companion little better; and the small amount of sense retained by the latter was of little purpose, for he was not the responsible man in charge of the shaft; and by himself, even had he been sober, could not have been trusted to do the necessary duty. After painful questioning we at last gathered the alarming fact, that the shaft had not been entered nor the ventilation doors attended to that morning; that Jones, the only man of the two who understood the business, was past all efforts to recall him to consciousness, and that his comrade was capable only of working the machinery by which the bucket was

lowered into, and raised out of the shaft. Of the doors and their management he knew nothing.

The situation was serious; Grant looked at his watch. "How long were we coming from the Great Shaft?"

"Three quarters of an hour or thereabouts."

"And this fellow would get over the ground in half an hour. Well, we must try what can be done." He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote the following words: "The two men drunk; doors unopened. Signal all the men out of the mine. Send us a gang at once to see to things here."—LEVEN.

Folding it up, and directing it to the overseer, he gave it to the boy, with half-a-crown, and bade him run for his life with it to the Great Shaft. "If you are quick and faithful, you shall have the same sum when you return; now lose no time, but be off." The boy grinned at sight of the silver, and set off at a round pace.

I only imperfectly apprehended the state of things, but I saw that Grant kept an anxious look-out on the road to detect the first appearance of the relief party. But half an hour passed, and no one appeared.

"The boy is frightened," he said, "and has made off. Well, there is only one other chance. Here, you fellow," addressing the man, who by this time was partially sobered, "can you trust yourself to handle the winch, and lower the bucket?"

"Aye, sure, but who'll be going down?"

"I shall," said the Duke, firmly; and in another moment he had entered the bucket; and seizing the chain, gave the signal to lower away.

"Grant!" I exclaimed, "don't be so mad; why the fellows will be here in a moment; what can you do?"

"Leave go, Jack, it's all right; I must see to those doors."

"Is there danger, then?"

"To the hundred and eighty men on the other side of the pit there is, if they are not out of the mine."

"Let *me* go."

"Stuff! What could you do? You don't know a door from a donkey."

"But you?"

"I could find my way blindfolded. Why, Jack, I have planned the whole business; I've been in and out here a dozen times at least."

I implored, but all in vain; he gave the signal, and the man lowered the winch: Grant nodded to me with his bright, frank, fearless look, "All right, Jack; say a Hail Mary," and he was out of sight.

I tried to still my fears—fears of what? After all, I knew not. I paced up and down, whether for hours or minutes I could not tell. At last, looking towards the hill, I caught the welcome sight of a dozen men descending the road towards the shaft. I waved my hat to urge them quicker, and in my impatience set out to meet them. We were nearing together when there was a low sound, as it were, far beneath my feet, a slight trembling of the earth, and a cry from the men. I sprang forward, crying, "The Duke! the Duke!"

"Where?" said the overseer, who led the party.

"In the shaft—alone."

"Then God rest his soul!" he exclaimed, "that was an explosion."

\* \* \* \* \*

We hastened to the shaft, and whilst some telegraphed for more aid, others prepared to clear the shaft and descend without loss of time. Before long the whole gang were on the spot; for Leven's message to signal the men out of the mine had cleared the workings and saved the men from the danger. They were all there, the hundred and eighty men he had so nobly saved; many of whom a short week before had been burning him in effigy. And as the rumour of the accident spread, and women and children came hurrying in dismay to the pit's mouth, loud were the expressions of joy and thankfulness to find fathers, sons, husbands, all safe and sound. But how was it with Leven?

An hour or two of work sufficed to answer that question. The shaft was cleared, and when the working party who had volunteered to explore came to the surface, they bore him with them, and laid him on the grass, and in another moment I was kneeling beside him.

Yes, he was dead. Not a mark of exterior injury. The breath of the fire had not touched him. A sweet smile on his face, a smile of inexpressible peace, but life had been extinct at least an hour. The cause of his death was not the actual combustion, but what miners call the "after-damp," that is, the mixture of bad gases caused by the explosion, and resulting in suffocation.

They laid him in one of the sheds, and we telegraphed to Glenleven and Oakham.

I do not stop here to speak of my own feelings, or those of the men around me. Some sensations are not keenly felt from their very intensity. This blow had come with a shock which, for the time, stunned me. I could act, and speak, and move, and give orders, but at first I could not think. Only gradually did the truth, the whole truth, break on me, and deluge me with its anguish; and I understood that a noble life had been consummated by a death of sacrifice, and that in very deed and truth he had given his life for his brethren.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE END.

WE carried him to Oakham. He was so completely the last of his family that we should have been perplexed as to whom to commit the direction of affairs had it not been for his secretary, Mr. Dymock, who placed in my hands a sealed packet which had been given into his keeping by the Duke the evening before he had last left Oakham. It was directed to myself. I opened it, and found his will, drawn up and signed with the usual formalities, and a brief document declaring

Sir John Ripley, myself, and Oswald, his trustees and executors, and myself sole guardian of Edward Wigram, his heir.

This sufficed to enable us to act ; and as we knew that he had already fixed on Glenleven as the place of his interment, intelligence of what had happened had already been sent to the monastery ; and on our arrival at Oakham we found the abbot, Werner, and some others of the monks waiting to receive us.

Werner and the other brethren gently and reverently prepared him for his last rest, and then it was we came to know that not care nor toils alone had done the work of age, but that he, who had sacrificed his life to charity, had also been used to offer his body to God by the longer and more lingering sacrifice of penance. There were the rough hair shirt, and the iron chain, and the sharp crucifix. I beheld it all, and then, when I recalled the frank, joyous voice, and inartificial manner, I marvelled at the power of self-repression, the exquisite ingenuity with which he had hidden from curious eyes every one of his higher gifts of sanctity.

Until all was ready for his removal to Glenleven, we laid him in the little chapel, before the golden tabernacle, and there, hour after hour, we watched beside him whilst there crowded in from all the county round all whom he had served, and helped, and ministered to, young and old, Catholics and Protestants, gentle and simple, to look on him, and pray beside him, and take their last farewell.

But there was one who came and would not go away ; he knelt there like one who had been smitten to the heart with something more than sorrow. It was Wilfrid Knowles, who, in the closing scene of that beautiful life, received the light of faith into his soul, and awoke to *reality*. The abbot's words regarding him had been an unconscious prophecy ; he had been won by the suffering, not of himself, but of another.

I shall only touch on the last scene of all : the gorgeous ceremonial which bore to his resting-place the last Duke of Leven, followed by half the country, by all his tenantry, and by the colliers whom he had died to save, and who walked in the long procession, praying for and blessing their benefactor. I will say nothing of all that, and of the bitter tears we shed, as we laid him at the feet of his father, and felt that one had gone out from among us who belonged to a higher sphere than men of common mould.

We read his will ; and all were startled and amazed to find that there was little left to dispose of. Oakham Park, and a modest estate attached to it, were devised to Edward Wigram ; certain other lands and properties were left to be administered in trust for the maintenance of hospitals, schools, and other charitable institutions he had founded ; but the vast wealth he had once possessed had all but disappeared, and of his Australian millions there remained not a farthing.

The news spread about, and gradually the truth came to be understood. The Duke, the greatest millionaire of England, had died worth comparatively nothing, because he had been steadily carrying out the purpose of his life to obey the precept of the Gospel : "to sell all, and give to the poor, and follow Christ." The truth, when known,

produced a powerful impression, especially among his own young men at Oakham, many of whom followed the example of Knowles, and embraced the faith. The little domestic chapel soon became insufficient for the wants of the Oakham congregation; and gladly recognising the opportunity thus given me of carrying out one of Leven's dearest wishes, I resolved to dedicate a portion of my own wealth to the erection of a church.

I chose a spot close to that part of the plantations where, years before, he had held me over the precipice and saved my life. There the new parish church of Oakham has arisen, dedicated to St. Alexis, and designed by Werner, who watched over every detail with loving eyes. It is my monument to the memory of my friend, and a thank-offering for that friendship which I number among the choicest graces of a not unhappy life.

In the completion of this undertaking I have been not a little assisted by the ardour of one whose story I have as yet left incomplete. The Duke's death hastened the work which the influence of his words and character had commenced in the heart of Florence Oswald. She was received into the Church within the same year, and my readers will not probably be greatly astonished to hear that two years later she became my wife. She shares with me the care of my little ward, to whom, as she often says, she owes, in no small degree, the gift of faith. And I think, if there be a desire in both our hearts, it is so to train him that in after years he may worthily fulfil the trust committed to him, and realise our dear Grant's ideal of "the Christian family."

THE END.

## PROBATICA.

THE summer sun falls softly on the sea,  
 The Syrian palms are drooping 'neath his breath;  
 The flowers half close their fragrant chalice,  
 Beyond the city's sounds deep stillness reigns,  
 And noontide rests upon the eastern world.

Bethsaida's pool lies beautiful and pure,  
 Clasped like a jewel to the earth's green breast,  
 And round its sacred marge a piteous group  
 Of blind and lame, and loathsomely diseased  
 Watch with sad eyes until the happy hour  
 When from the gates of his celestial home  
 An angel comes on softly cleaving wing,  
 To thrill the bosom of the mystic wave,  
 And give it power to heal.

One blind goes in, and lo! on coming forth  
 What splendour pours into his darkened life!  
 A world divinely lighted springs from out  
 The imageless abyss in which he lay:  
 The radiant azure of the bending skies,  
 The golden glory of an orient sun,  
 The varied colours of a thousand flowers,  
 The verdant mantle of the smiling plains  
 Rise on his dazzled eyes—and fairer far  
 The joyful faces of the friends he loves,  
 That with a life-long passionate desire  
 He prayed that he might see.

One deaf goes in, and, when he reascends,  
 What music rushes on his ravished ear!  
 Tumultuous surging of harmonious sounds,  
 A pæan wild from Nature's orchestra,  
 Breaks on the shores of his bewildered soul  
 And sweeps the awful silence from his life:  
 The soft, low rustling of the restless leaves,  
 The silver singing of the rushing brooks,  
 The low of cattle and the song of birds,  
 The solemn anthem of the distant seas—  
 And intermingled with the wondrous wave  
 Is strange sweet music from the lips he loves.

Day after day for many a weary year,  
 A cripple waited by that holy pool,  
 One infinite desire within his heart,  
 One hope imperishable guiding him  
 Upon the current of his wasted life.  
 Unfathomably mournful his meek words:  
 "Sir, there was no man that would put me in."

Day after day—and slowly passed the years  
 Since first he came, a timid, dark-eyed boy,  
 Who gently sought some charitable hand  
 To aid him when the waters would be moved.  
 Hopeful he came, and many a youthful dream,  
 As shade and sunshine cross a desert plain,  
 Checkered the unseen kingdom of his soul,  
 Brightening the low, gray level of his life.  
 But Spring buds opened into Summer leaves,  
 And "there was no man who would put him in."

Day after day—and he became a man,  
 And with his manhood grew increased desires  
 For home, and love, and happy helpful days  
 When he would feel the nervine current press  
 The deadly languor from his withered limbs,

And he would stand erect before bright heaven,  
 And run the cheerful round of human ways.  
 But 'mong the summer leaves hung autumn fruit,  
 And "there was no man who would put him in."

Years crept away, and early manhood stole,  
 Back through the arches of the haunted past,  
 But he went on with the unebbing tide  
 Of time, that brought him to a calmer age.  
 He sought no longer for the helping hand,  
 That never tenderly had clasped his own,  
 But half from habit, and the one desire  
 That never slumbered in his stricken heart,  
 He still lay patient by the mystic pool.  
 A world of pathos in the wistful eyes,  
 Watching the transports of the healed,—

Gone was the touching confidence of youth  
 That runs to drink the mirage it creates:  
 That weaves the future in a magic loom,  
 Whose sunbright tapestry is half designed  
 To throw its own bold spirit in relief.

Gone were the fervent fancies of the man,  
 That erewhile tenanted his empty days,  
 And did but show what unilluminated deeps  
 Of desolation might one soul contain.  
 The world lies smiling in the face of God,  
 The Jewish festival is all prepared,  
 And Jesus of Nazareth beside him stands.  
 Unutterably sweet that sacred face,  
 That trembling angels love to look upon;  
 Of wondrous harmony the gentle tones,  
 And low inquiries of the lame man's life.  
 But when he uttered the pathetic words:  
 "Sir, there was no man who would put me in,"  
 Christ with divine compassion in his eyes,  
 And the exhaustless tenderness of love,  
 Pronounced the healing words, "Arise and walk."

How many linger by the springs of life  
 Unconscious, waiting for the helping hand  
 To lead their spirit as the crystal wave  
 Of purer thoughts, and better, holier days,  
 Some blindly wandering on the barren paths,  
 Outside the vineyard where is fruit divine,  
 Some deaf and dull to silver-voiced truth,  
 Whose tones are sweet above the hurrying world;  
 And some there are, who higher levels climb,  
 Whose faltering feet would slip upon the mount,  
 Were there not near some sweet, sustaining power,  
 To energeise anew the failing heart,  
 And wake the sources of diviner strength.



So should we all, as far as pow'r is given,  
Make sweet the bitters of another's fate  
By word, and deed, and sympathetic touch  
On chords vibrating in the human soul,  
Awake the harmony that in them lies,  
And take a little sadness from their strain.  
Be it not said by one who walked with us  
Within the limits of our common lot,  
"I watched, O Lord, Probatika's bright thrill,  
And there was no one who would put me in."

A. O'B.

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THE SUGAN EARL OF DESMOND—(*conclusion.*)

SELDOM or never since the English first set foot in Ireland had the "Irish rebels" such a fair prospect of success as in the early part of the year 1601. The continued triumphs of O'Neill in the North and of Desmond in the South roused even the most cowardly to action, and united all parties in the common cause. "It preyed on the hearts of the Queen and Privy Council like a consumption, that many of their people had been lost, and so much of their money and wealth consumed in carrying on the Irish war. The rebellion had almost reached that sum at which Her Majesty estimated the worth of Ireland." Yet she determined to make one venture more and to stake her power in Ireland on the cast. A new Lord Deputy was needed; her choice fell on Sir Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, "a worthy and noble gentleman, endued with excellent parts as well of body as of mind."\* He had little knowledge of warfare; he was a "bookish" man, who loved to discuss abstruse points of theology. Tyrone, thinking he had little to fear from such an adversary, exulted at the choice of a commander "who would lose the season of action while his breakfast was prepared."† The Queen herself seems to have felt some diffidence in entrusting him with so important a charge, for the Earl of Ormond still continued to have the supreme military command. Her chief reliance seems to have been placed on Sir George Carew. The President of Munster had been slain in an encounter with Thomas Burke. Sir George Carew, brother to "that kingly undertaker who claimed the moiety of Desmond and met his death at Glenmalure," was appointed in his place. Having served for some time in Ireland, first as Governor of Askeaton, and later as Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, he was supposed to be experienced in the manner of

\* "Pac. Hib.," p. 2.

† Moryson, p. 180.

war practised by the Irish. Some years before he had murdered Owen O'Nasse, one of the "mere Irish," in the streets of Dublin, in broad daylight. Two English friends of his stood by while the murder was done, and some of his servants finished the affair with pistols and bullets. The murderers fled in all haste, no one knew whither. A jury had pronounced a verdict of wilful murder against him and his companions;\* but none the less, sixteen years after, the murderer returned to Ireland, high in favour with the Queen, the special friend of Sir Robert Cecil, and Lord President of Munster. On the 23rd of February they embarked at Beaumaris; two days after they made their entry into Dublin. Alarming news awaited them on their arrival; they found "a miserable torn State, utterly ruined by the war; the rebels swollen with pride by the manifest victories which almost in all encounters they had lately obtained."†

Carew's patent was duly made out on the 6th of March. "The tumultuous state of the province of Munster required the government of a person of judgment and experience; therefore the Queen made choice of her trusty and well-beloved servant, Sir George Carew, Knight, Lieutenant of the Ordnance in the realm of England, in whose wisdom, valour, fidelity, and circumspection she reposed trust, to be Lord Governor and President of the said province. His wages and entertainments would be £133 6s. 8d. sterling, yearly; a guard and retinue of thirty horse and twenty foot should attend him. Special powers were given him to prosecute and oppress any rebels with sword and fire; and for the doing of the same, to levy as many of the Queen's subjects as should seem to him convenient." He should keep watch carefully over "popish ecclesiastics;" for he was told that they laboured everywhere to pervert the ignorant from their loyalty, and where the terror of their spiritual censures was not sufficient to drive the people into actual rebellion, it yet restrained them from giving any assistance to the royalists.‡ On the 7th of April he set out from Dublin, attended by 700 foot and 100 horse; on the 16th he reached Waterford; there he was met by the Earl of Thomond,§ Lords Audley and Prior, and the Lord of Desies. On the 24th he reached Cork. Desiring to be "certified" of the state of the province which he was set over, he was told by Sir Henry Power that "Munster was never more distempered, all the inhabitants of the country, except some few of the better sort, being in rebellion. On the rebels' side there were at least 5,000 Connaught bonaghts enlisted; the people were all bewitched with friars and Jesuits; even the cities could not be relied on; most of the strongholds were in the possession of the Earl of Desmond." A week later, from his own observation, he reported that of the rebels there

\* "Life of Florence M'Carthy Mor," p. 251. † "Pac. Hib.," p. 3. ‡ Ibid., p. 7.

§ This was Donough, fourth Earl of Thomond; he was a Protestant, having been brought up at the English Court. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James he rendered great services to the Crown. A monument in the Cathedral of Limerick commemorates "his courage and loyalty," for which "he was rewarded by the high and mighty monarchs, Queen Elizabeth and King James, above the nobility of his time." See Lenihan, "History of Limerick," p. 595.

|| "Pac. Hib.," p. 57.

were 7,000 able, weaponed men; while the forces put at his disposal by the government amounted to no more than 3,000 foot and 250 horse, of which number he could count in reality only on 1,740 to come into the field; at least 1,500 of her Majesty's forces would be needed to keep Florence M'Carthy and his friends in check.\* Nothing was left him but to remain shut up in Cork, protected by its strong walls.

What Carew could not effect by open force he determined to bring about by wile: he would try the uttermost of his wit and cunning, without committing the matter to the hazard of fortune. "Discerning the war in Munster to be like a monster with many heads, he did think thus: if the heads themselves might be at variance they would prove the most fit instruments to ruin one another."† The history of his administration, civil and military, has come down to us written by himself, and edited by his secretary, Thomas Stafford; it is given in full detail—a boasting record of shameless treachery and deceit.

He first turned his attention to Florence M'Carthy, that being under no fear of an attack from him, he might be able to employ all his forces against Desmond. By threats and entreaties, he obtained from Florence a vague promise of neutrality; he would never bear arms against her Majesty's forces "except his own territory was assaulted; his followers, also, would abstain from actual rebellion." This was all Carew required for the present; "when Desmond was slain or banished, it would be an easy matter to teach M'Carthy to speak in more submissive language."‡ Feeling sure of Florence's neutrality, he determined to remain no longer shut up within the walls of Cork. He spread a report abroad that he purposed to set out for Limerick early in May; he would, on his way, lay waste the possessions of every one whom he should find in arms. Desmond prepared to give him a meeting: he mustered 1,600 of his own followers, and was joined by O'Connor with his bonaghts; they encamped at Kilmore, between Mallow and Kilmallock. But the President thought it safer to remain in Cork. Desmond waited his coming for ten days, and then, for want of provisions, was obliged to disperse his forces. The governor of Kinsale led out a troop of horse and slew some of the wanderers; he would have slain many more, had not Florence M'Carthy given them timely warning of his approach. As the road to Limerick lay open, the President left Cork on the 21st of May, and advanced by slow marches towards Limerick. Pierce de Lacy, who held the Castle of Bruff, hearing of his approach, had set it on fire and fled. On the 25th he encamped near the Castle of Lough Gur; owing to its strength—it was built on an island surrounded by a deep lough—and the determination of its numerous garrison under the command of Desmond's brother to defend it to the last, he thought it more prudent to pass it by and proceed on his way to Limerick. Owen Grome, "a stranger from the North," betrayed

\* "Life of Florence M'Carthy," p. 263.

† "Pac. Hib.," p. 36.

‡ Ibid.

one of the gates, and admitted the enemy: £60 was paid to him by the President's order, and pardon granted him for his past offence. In the city the Earl of Thomond's authority being paramount to resistance, therefore, was offered to the entrance of his friends and allies.

He next strove to win over Dermot O'Connor Don. He had been left behind by O'Neill in Munster, in command of 1400 bonaghts mercenary troops, Northerns and Connaught men. By his prudence and valour he had won the esteem of his countrymen. He was a trusted friend of O'Neill. Though of humble birth, he had obtained in marriage the Lady Margaret, the daughter of Earl Gerald and son of the Tower Earl. She had been brought up for some time among the English, and "stood reasonably well affected towards the government." It was only natural that she should hate the man who had seized on her brother's dignity and estates, that she should wish to see them restored to him whom she considered their rightful owner. O'Connor was a mercenary; he would be ready to serve whoever paid him best; he might be induced by the offer of a large sum of money to do the Queen a service." The Queen's favour, freedom for her brother's restoration to his honours—this was the bait held out to her. A trusted messenger was readily found to convey to her the tempting proposal; he found her "fit to be wrought upon." The terms were agreed on. As soon as Desmond was seized and delivered into the President's hands, the captor should receive £1000 and a high commission in the Queen's service, "with other conditions of satisfaction to his wife and her brother." O'Connor distrusted mere promises; "the President was unknown to him;" he would have some more tangible pledge for the punctual payment than the word of an English official, whose trade was treachery. "The Queen's Archbishop of Cashel," Miler Magrath, the apostate, came forward most opportunely. His spiritual duties were not extensive enough to engage all his activity; he was ever on the watch to promote the temporal interests of the Crown and of his own family. To save appearances, Magrath agreed that two of his sons should fall into an ambuscade prepared by O'Connor; these were the sureties given for the payment. A fictitious letter was then written by the President to Desmond, in which he pretended to treat about the betrayal of O'Connor. This, in due course, was placed in O'Connor's hands; he should pretend that he had intercepted it, and so was forced, in self-defence, to seize on his betrayer, unless he would suffer himself, wittingly and willingly, to be betrayed.

When the plot was ready, O'Connor sent word to Desmond that he wished to confer with him about certain matters concerning the war. Some vague reports of the intended treachery had reached the ears of Desmond; he therefore brought with him to the parley two hundred of his foot soldiers. O'Connor was accompanied by one hundred and fifty bonaghts. A dispute arose among the men; this Desmond quelled by sending away his own followers to some distance. Suddenly he was seized by O'Connor, put on horseback, and conveyed

to the strong fortress of Castleishen.\* There he was handed over to the Lady Margaret, to be delivered up in due time to the President. O'Connor, consulting for his own safety, left Castleishen, and shut himself up in Ballyallen; from his place of refuge he wrote to the President, asking him to send for the prisoner, and hand over the sum of £1,000, as agreed on; his wife would go to Kilmallock and receive the money. She met the President, and told him that Castleishen was besieged by the rebels. Carew determined to make an attempt to raise the siege; but before his army had moved a mile, news came that the Earl had been rescued that morning. The report of his capture had spread rapidly. His brother John, Pierce de Lacy, the Knight of Kerry, the White Knight, and Mac Maurice of Kerry assembled their followers to the number of 4,000. "They were not long in consultation when they came to the resolution to divide themselves in four divisions for the four quarters of the Castle. They felt not the opposition they received, and they made little account of the numbers of their men who were killed, until at last they took the Castle from the wardens, and rescued the Earl in despite of them, without paying the price of his ransom, he himself without being wounded or losing a drop of blood. They extended mercy and protection to the wardens."† As the prisoner was not forthcoming, the President refused to pay the appointed sum. But O'Connor asserted that he had done his part, and would not give up the hostages. Magrath was forced to release his sons at his own cost. He complained bitterly to Cecil that "he had been compelled to pay £300 for their ransom, a sum that he was reduced to borrow, and to pay £30 for the loan of it."‡

"The capture of the Earl soon spread abroad to the dishonour of Dermot O'Connor; and when the Earl came among his people, he gave warning to Dermot and to every Connaught man that was with him to quit the country. They set out for the West by the permission and protection of the President, carrying away with them from the country of the Geraldines much wealth, movable property, and cattle."§ Coming to O'Shaughnessy's country, they were attacked by Theobald Burke, who had the command of one hundred men in the Queen's pay. O'Connor sought refuge in a church; this was burned over his head. He was taken prisoner, and the next morning executed, "to the great dishonour of her Majesty. The Lord President was exceedingly angry."||

Failure did not deter Carew from prosecuting his cunning schemes. "There was no man of account in all Munster whom the President had not oftentimes laboured about the taking of the reputed Earl, promising very bountiful and liberal rewards to all and any such as would draw a draught, whereby he might be got dead or alive. One

\* Castleishen, i. e. the Oastle of the Little Fort; its remains are still visible in the townland of the same name, in the parish of Knocktemple, Co. Cork, not far from the borders of Limerick.

† "Four Masters," III., 2175.

‡ "Life of Florence M'Carthy Mor," p. 297.

§ "Four Masters," III., 2175.

|| "Life of Florence M'Carthy Mor," p. 298.

Nugent, who had been in the employment of Norris, the late President of Munster, "had passed over to the rebels and become a most malicious and bloody traitor. Having spent his venom, he came to the President, and asked pardon for his former crimes. He was told that, inasmuch as his crimes had been extraordinary, he could not hope for pardon unless he sought to deserve it by extraordinary service. He promised not to be wanting in any one thing it lay in the power of one man to accomplish. In private he made offer, if he might be well recompensed, to ruin, in a short time, either the Sугan Earl or his brother. He was ordered to undertake the Earl's brother, John, and for this purpose he was imprested with a horse, a pistol, some munition, and ten pounds in money." He carefully watched his opportunity. As John FitzThomas was riding out from Loughgur to Aherlow, attended by only a few of his followers, among them one John Coppinger, Nugent fell behind. He presented his pistol at FitzThomas, well charged for the purpose with two bullets. Coppinger snatched the weapon from his hand, and cried out: "Treason!" Nugent set spurs to his horse in the hope of making his escape; the horse, however, stumbled, and he was taken. "On examination he confessed his whole intent, which was, to have despatched John FitzThomas, and then to have posted to the Earl in secret to relate the particulars of his brother's murder, and to execute as much upon him also; he acknowledged, too, that he did acquaint Carew with his enterprise." He met with the same well-deserved fate as O'Connor. His employer felt little sorrow at his untimely end. "Of his death," he says, "there was no great loss, for he was a protected traitor." Though the plot did not meet with the desired success, yet it was not quite in vain; "for it did strike such fearful terror into the Sугan Earl and his brother, that the former acknowledged afterwards to the President, that they never durst lodge together in one place or even serve at the head of their troops, for fear to be shot by some of their own men."\*

Redmund Burke, too, was "trafficked with." Hopes were held out to him of obtaining the barony of Leitrim, of which he had been deprived by his uncle, the Earl of Clanrickarde. He withdrew the forces under his command from Connelloe to the eastern part of the county Limerick. Desmond besought him in vain to return, offering him an increase of pay. Tyrrell, suspecting that treachery was at work, retreated towards Ormond.

The speedy delivery of Desmond necessitated the active renewal of the war. In July, the President and the Earl of Thomond proceeded along the north shore of the Shannon through Clare with a large body of troops. They crossed the river, and having obtained heavy ordnance from Limerick, took the Castle of Glin after two days' siege. The capture of this place was followed by the most important results. O'Connor Kerry at once tendered his submission; the whole population of his territory were seized with such a panic, that they deserted their houses and fled southwards towards the river Mang.†

\* "Pac. Hib.," p. 83.

† "Historical Memoirs of the O'Briens," p. 241.

The President also took the strong castles of Askeaton, Licadoun, Tralee, and Ardfert. In these garrisons were placed, which at times sallied out and ravaged the surrounding country without mercy. Thus the garrison of Limerick "burned and spoiled the O'Mulryan's territory, all the inhabitants thereof being notorious traitors."

A proclamation was issued, granting pardon to any of the southern rebels recommended by Carew to the Lord Deputy; James FitzThomas and his brother, Pierce de Lacy, and a few others were excepted. No less than four thousand persons availed themselves of this act of grace. The White Knight had already submitted. Another of the Desmond clan, the Knight of Kerry, came to the President, "protesting his future loyalty with many vows." The chiefs of Duhallow, M'Auliffe and O'Keeffe, "made humble suit to be received into her Majesty's gracious protection." So, one by one, Desmond's friends fell away, and "the faggot began to unloose which combined the rebellion in Munster." O'Neill, hard pressed by Mountjoy in the North, was forced to recall all the forces he had left behind in Munster. The Earl's army, that a short time before amounted to eight thousand fighting men, had now dwindled down to some six hundred. With these he retired to the mountain fastnesses of Kerry; he was pursued by Sir Charles Wilmot, and obliged to retreat through Connelloe towards Aherlow. The governor of Kilmallock got word of his approach, and ordered Captain Graeme, "the best captain of horse in the kingdom," to lead out his soldiers and pursue the fugitives; the foot would follow after. The sudden charge created a panic among the Earl's followers; their stores, ammunition, and guns were captured; about two hundred were slain; the survivors fled in all directions. Desmond, with his brother, Pierce de Lacy, and a few others, sought refuge in Ormond. There he lurked, with Dermot Magrath, "the Pope's Bishop of Cork," in the woods and caves, sometimes in Aherlow, sometimes in Drumfinnan.

Carew's success seemed all but complete. James FitzThomas, "the greatest pillar the Pope ever had in Ireland, Tyrone excepted," was almost in his grasp. Yet, at the very moment when his labours appeared to have reached their end, he wrote in great alarm to Cecil: "Even if this traitor were taken or slain, yet the rebellion is not ended; for these Munster rebels will establish another Robin Hood in his room, and so in sequence as long as there is a Geraldine in Ireland. Whoever knoweth this kingdom and people must confess that to conquer the same and them by the sword is impossible. And I do verily believe that all the treasure of England will be consumed in that work, except other additions of help be ministered unto it. The fair way that I am in towards the finishing of the heavy task will receive some speedy and rough impediment, unless my advice in sending the young Earl of Desmond hither may be followed."\* The Queen hated the whole Geraldine race; she was afraid, too, that "Tyrone might laugh at her double, as he had done already at the going over of Sir Arthur O'Neill, whom he called 'Queen Elizabeth's

\* *Dublin Review*, 1861, p. 516.

Earl, that cannot command a hundred kerne." After delay and doubt, "being most hard to be drawn into it," she consented to try this strange experiment: In October, she wrote to the President that at last she had determined to send over James FitzThomas into Munster. "He should come as a free man, without any mark of a prisoner. His good nature and disposition to gratefulness, together with the orderly course to be observed in the raising and disposing of his fortune, would secure his allegiance. Yet true and wise ways should be taken that he might not escape." "Blame," wrote Cecil to Carew, "shall never betyde you for any cautions, how curious soever, in the managing of this *puer male cinctus*. Whatever you shall do to abridge him, which you shall say to be done out of prudence, shall never be imputed to you as a fault, but exceedingly commended by the Queen. You may either apostate somebody to seek to withdraw him, who may betray him to you, or some may be found to accuse him, and it may be sufficient reason for you to remand him or to restrain him."\* The letters patent were made out, raising him to the title and dignity of Earl of Desmond, "though his blood was attainted by his father's unutterable treason."

The Tower Earl—for by this name he is known in Irish history—was thirty years of age when he was allowed to leave his prison. Of that time he had spent far the greater part—more than twenty years—in the Tower of London. "Young in years, yet old in misery, since his infancy he had never breathed the free air of heaven, his sole crime being that he was the unfortunate son of a faulty father."† He was confided to the tender care of Captain Price, "an honest, discreet gentleman," of Miler Magrath, and of Patrick Crosby. About the middle of October, he set sail from Bristol; he landed at Youghal, and from thence proceeded to Cork. "At his entry into the town there was great and wonderful alacrity, rejoicing of the people, both men, women, and children, and so mighty crying and pressing about him, that a great number was overrun in the streets, striving who should first come near him." The account of his "progress" through the Desmond territory is best given in Carew's own words:—

"It was thought by all men that the coming of this young lord into Ireland would have bred an absolute revolt of all the followers of the house of Desmond from James FitzThomas, but it proved of no such consequence. For the President, to make trial of the young Earl's kindred and followers, consented that he should make a journey from Mallow into the county of Limerick, accompanied by the Archbishop of Cashel,‡ and Master Boyle, clerk of the Council.§ They came to Kilmallock on a Saturday, in the evening; and by the way and at their entry into the town there was a concurrence of people, insomuch as all the streets, doors, and windows, yea, the very gutters and tops of the houses were so filled with them as if they came to see him whom God had sent to be that comfort and delight to their hearts and souls most desired; and they welcomed him with all the expressions of joy, every one throwing upon him wheat and salt, an ancient ceremony used in that province upon the election of their new officers as a prediction of future peace and plenty. That night the Earl was invited to supper at Sir George Thornton's, who then kept his house at Kilmallock,

\* *Dublin Review*, 1861, p. 526. † James FitzThomas to Cecil, *ibid.*, 515.

‡ Miler Magrath; he was reconciled to the Church shortly before he died.

§ Afterwards Earl of Cork.



and although the Earl had a guard of soldiers, which made a lane from his lodgings to Sir George Thornton's house, yet the confluence of people that flocked thither to see him was so great, as in half an hour he could not make his passage through the crowd; and after supper he had the like encounters at his return to his lodgings. The next day being Sunday, the Earl went to the (Protestant) Church to hear divine service, and all the way his country people used loud and rude dehortations to keep him from church, to which he lent a deaf ear; but after service and the sermon were ended, coming forth from the church, he was railed at and spat upon by those that before his going to church were so desirous to see and salute him;\* insomuch that after the public expression of his religion, the town was cleared of that multitude of strangers, and the Earl from thenceforward might walk as quietly and freely in the town, as little followed or regarded as any other gentleman. This true relation I make, that all may observe how hateful our religion and the professors thereof are to the ruder sort of people in that kingdom; for, from thenceforth, none of his father's followers, except some few of the meaner sort of freeholders, resorted unto him. The truth is, his religion, being Protestant, was the only cause that bred this coyness in them all; for if he had been a Romish Catholic, the hearts and knees of all degrees in the province would have bowed unto him."†

Little good came of the journey. "Though no man living had a more willing desire to serve her Majesty," yet in the time of his being in Ireland, not one rebel did for his sake submit himself to her Majesty. Castlemaine was surrendered, "not through love of the comer, but for a solid bribe." This was all the service he did or could do during his abode in Ireland. He wrote to Cecil, asking to be allowed to return to England: "I find I can do nothing; I am contemptible to the country." At the end of March, he set sail, and landed at Minarde, in Somersetshire. He made his way to London; there he pined away in poverty, "not knowing whither to turn in his necessities, an humble suitor for money, for lands, for anything, declaring that in no one could her Highness's charity shine more perfectly."‡ Early in the following year he died.

Meantime, James, the Sutan Earl, wandered from place to place, "not daring to trust himself again to the haunts of men." His brother and Pierce de Lacy had gone to Ulster to sue for aid from O'Neill; of his followers there remained to him no one save a poor harper, Dermot O'Dugan. The President had word each day where he lodged the night before, "but never till he had departed and left the place;" for such was the general affection for him that no one of his people could be found to betray him. Lord Barry was in the Queen's service; he kept about a hundred men in pay, and employed them as the President directed. Knowing that O'Dugan visited the Earl at times in his place of concealment, he ordered a watch to be set on his movements. The soldiers tracked him to the spot; Desmond, hearing their shouts, started up and fled. His affectionate follower, at the hazard of his life, left the wood, "with the lapwing's policy," and favoured his master's escape. A cloak that he had left behind, proved that he was not far off; the soldiers continued the pursuit, perhaps with no real desire to apprehend him; for they suffered him to take shelter in the lands of the White Knight. Barry was much grieved

\* Cox Days, "they cursed him and spat upon him."

† "Fac. Hib.," p. 163.

‡ James FitzThomas to Cecil in *Dublin Review*, 1862, p. 20.

that the precious prize had escaped his hands. Glad of an occasion of complaint against one whom he hated, he hastened to the President, and charged the White Knight and his people with treachery. The White Knight, who had already submitted, received a summons to attend the President without delay; he was sharply rebuked for his negligence, and told that he stood engaged for his followers, and his life and fortune should answer for their default. Alarmed at the threat, he besought the President to suspend judgment for a few days, "vowing on his soul that if the said Desmond were in the country, he would give the President a good account of him alive or dead; otherwise he was contented that both his lands and his goods should remain at the Queen's mercy."\* As soon as he had returned home, he promised to give him who would bring him word where James FitzThomas was, fifty pounds in money, and a ploughland to him and his heirs for ever. So eager was he in the pursuit that he wrote to Carew, "he would take no rest, for he thought if any other should take him, his heart would break."† One of his followers, who loved him dearly, compassionating the perplexity he was in, said: "Follow me, and I will take you to where he is." Unwilling to lose the opportunity, and "seeing it pleased God to send him such good news," he repaired to a cave in the mountain of Slieve Gort, with a very few companions. "Being outside the cave, he sent down three or four men, who, finding there James FitzThomas, he came forth and put him in mind of his kindred, and prayed him not to remember any harm done him before, and promised to make great amends, with many other unreasonable offers." He was told he was her Majesty's prisoner; he was then seized and conducted to the Castle of Kilvenny. News was sent to the governor of Kilmallock of the capture; he despatched Captain Slingsby with a company of soldiers, to escort the prisoner to Cork. "The President having thus gotten his long-desired prey, not adventuring to have him kept in the town, appointed him lodging and a keeper within Shandon Castle," where he was kept in irons, "out of which he could not be trusted to be kept, being a man the most generally loved of all sorts, as well in the town as in the country."‡

"'Twas the White Knight that sold him—his flesh and his blood!  
A FitzGerald betrayed the FitzGerald."§

He had been promised £400 as the reward of his treachery; he received £1,000 for the service.¶ "There is no anger but abates," exclaims an Irish bard, "except the anger of God against the Clan Fitzgibbon!"¶¶

\* "Pac. Hib.," p. 239. † "Life of Florence M'Carthy Mor," p. 321.

‡ Carew to the Privy Council in "The Life of Florence M'Carthy Mor," p. 322.

§ "Inisfall," by Aubrey de Vere. ¶ "Pac. Hib.," p. 242.

¶ John of Callan, so called because he was slain there in 1261, was the common ancestor of the Earls of Desmond, and of the White Knight. In return for betraying Desmond, he was allowed to transmit his property to his only daughter and heiress, contrary to the usual descent of Knights' Fees in Ireland. She married the celebrated Irish Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, from which marriage the Earl of Kingston descends. When George IV. visited Ireland in 1821, the Earl of Kingston

While he was a prisoner at Shandon, he was frequently brought before the President and Council, and there examined "upon such particulars as they thought most material for the advancement of the present service; and among the rest " they questioned him concerning the principal motives that induced the late rebellion in Munster. He answered that the foundation was principally religion, the encroaching of the undertakers, the general fears conceived of the safety of their lives." He had "the favour" to have pen and ink allowed him in his prison. What he said or what he wrote has come down to us through those whose interest it was to blacken his character to the utmost; we will, then, pass it over in silence.

Carew at first wished to send "the arch-traitor to England; he held it to be very dangerous to continue him long in Ireland, being so exceedingly beloved. But upon better consideration, he stayed for a time, in order to avoid all inconveniences that might happen. If he died before the trial, the Queen could not be interested in his lands, and his brother John was not debarred by law from the title to the Earldom of Desmond." For these reasons he determined to have him arraigned and judged, and then sent to England; and as a man condemned in Ireland could not, by the ordinary course of law, upon the same indictment, be executed in England, he purposed to send with him two or three indictments, ready drawn with sufficient matter, by which he might there be at all times arraigned.\* In due time he was tried at an assizes held at Cork for that purpose, convicted and adjudged to be executed "as a notorious traitor." In August, he was sent to London, in company with Florence M'Carthy. Cecil's "fingers tickled to hang him,"† but Carew recommended patience as the wiser course. "His brother was in the province, not followed by many, which grows out of a respect which the followers have in harming him in the Tower; but when the rebellion in Munster was extinguished, to make him a fair example there were no error." The two prisoners, by order of the Privy Council, were shown the Tower "as their house of eating and sleeping from that forward to the time of their death." How long Desmond languished there we don't know; whether for seven years, as O'Daly says,‡ or eight or twelve, as others assert. The only record of his existence, from that moment, is found in the "Account of Sir John Peyton, Lieutenant of her Majesty's Tower, for one quarter, from St. Michael's Day, 1602, till the feast of the Birth of our Lord, next:—

"For James Mac Thomas,

"Said time at £3 per week, physic, surgeon, and watcher with him in his lunacy."§

claimed to be allowed a place on public occasions as "the White Knight," in company with the Knight of Kerry. His claim was successfully opposed by W. Vesey Fitzgerald, who was afterwards created Baron Fitzgerald of Desmond and of Olan-gibbon. See the "Ulster Journal of Archaeology," vol. vi.

\* "Pac. Hib.," p. 245.

† Carew to Cecil, in "Life of Florence M'Carthy Mor," p. 335.

‡ "History of the Geraldines," p. 116.

§ "Life of Florence M'Carthy Mor," p. 344.

His brother John fled into Spain, and lived there for some years, but in a fashion ill-suited to his noble birth. He died, leaving a son, Gerald, who, at the instance of Dominick O'Daly, was promoted to the rank of count. The scanty pension allowed him was not equal to the dignity which belonged to the heir of Desmond. Choosing rather to trust to fortune, he left Spain abruptly, and taking service in the army of the Emperor of Germany, he served bravely and well for three years. The town which he commanded was besieged; he was called on to surrender; this he refused to do, choosing rather to die of starvation than betray his trust.\* With him ended "a noble race, an ancient family, descended out of the loins of princes."

In 1619, the title was revived by James I., and conferred on his favourite, Sir George Preston, whose wife, the Lady Elizabeth Butler, was thought to be, in right of her grandmother, heir-general of the Desmonds. Preston left an only daughter. The King determined that she should marry Sir George Fielding, second son of the Earl of Denbigh, and in view of the marriage, created him Earl of Desmond; but the lady's choice fell on Lord Thurles, afterwards Duke of Ormond.† Hence, the title is now held by one who is in no way related to the Desmonds.

D. M.

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### GONE FROM EARTH.

STARS are shining over the sea—  
Where is she? oh! where is she?  
Swept away on the winter wind,  
Leaving the rain and the mist behind.

Hyacinths white were by her head,  
She lay so still on the ghostly bed—  
Ghostly bed with its pillars grim,  
Cover of snow and hangings dim.

Stars are shining over the sea,  
Where is she? oh! where is she?  
Hurried away on the winter's breath—  
The world is blank and full of death.

Where is she, with her spirit-eyes?  
The lamps are lit in the dusky skies:  
I see them glimmer afar, afar—  
I journey toward the evening star.  
Beautiful gate of a distant heaven!  
Ever towards thee my soul is driven.  
Voices are crying, "Come, oh! come!"  
I struggle to reach the spirit-home.

A. D.

\* O'Daly, "History of the Geraldines," p. 116.

† Harl. MSS., 1373, quoted in "The History of Kerry," by Miss Cusack, p. 228.

## THOUGHTS ON THE ASSUMPTION.

## I

THE great outlines of the devotion to the Mother of God are clearly traced in the early monuments of Christian tradition. Almost at the start of Christianity we find, to borrow Dr. Newman's words, the ever-blessed immaculate Mother of God exercising her office as advocate of sinners, standing by the sacrifice as she stood by the cross, and offering up and applying its infinite merits and incommunicable virtue in union with priest and people. Moreover, the sweet image of Mary clasping her Child to her bosom cheered our first fathers in the faith within those dark retreats to which the malice of a world, rendered savage by corruption, had driven them for refuge. Virgin-Mother and Child-God have ever been, and shall ever be, together enshrined in the hearts of the faithful, just as they have been from the beginning together assailed by the mocking blasphemies of the pagan, and the subtle malice of the heretic.

The doctrine concerning Mary's privileges forms, in a true sense, the rampart of the mystery of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. She defends in the Church militant the dogma of her Son's two Natures united in one Divine Person, as of old she protected Him in his infancy from the rage of the tyrant Herod. The Council of Ephesus vindicates the mystery of the Incarnation by declaring Mary *Theotokos*. She conceived the Son of God; she brought forth the Son of God; she is God's own true Mother. The simplest child can see that the only Son of God's Mother must needs be God. We might pursue the same train of thought with respect to her virginal Maternity. Her perpetual Virginité which the Holy Ghost miraculously crowned with the honours of motherhood, removes all notion of mere human origin from the Blessed Fruit of her womb. Thus her virginal and divine maternity illustrates and manifests the Godhead and Manhood of Jesus Christ. And hence that gentle form, crowned with the mystic lily and the red rose, and folding the little Babe with loving arms, draws us nigher to the Word Incarnate by filling our hearts with the freshness, the beauty, the sinlessness, the unspeakable dignity of his Maiden Mother.

To the Divine Motherhood the other privileges of Mary may, in some sort, be referred, since they either prepare the way for that sublime office or flow from it almost as natural consequences. The great fact that Mary conceived the Son of God, that the Eternal Word did not shrink from the Virgin's womb, is the mystery of mysteries, the crown and sum of all the great things which He who is mighty hath wrought in her behalf.

As the perception of this grand truth, and of the simple ideas which group themselves around it, grew in depth and keenness, the other privileges of her who is full of grace come out before the mind in bolder relief. Jesus shed his light around his Blessed Mother, and the faithful followed its course, now to the wondrous message of Gabriel by which she became the Mother of God, now to the foot of the cross where she became the Mother of men. But more slowly did they trace that divine light as it shone on the beginning and on the end of Mary's mortal course. It shone of old as it shines now—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—but the Holy Ghost turned the eyes of the faithful to Jesus and Mary united, before He led them to gaze on the solitary figure of Mary, as she came forth from the hands of the Most High, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, gleaming with innocence and grace; or, again, as she went back to the Maker's hands who made her so peerless, with the soul which knew not sin, and the virginal body which defied corruption.

Our hearts swell with joy as we ponder on the grand hymn of praise in which Pius IX. proclaimed our Lady's exemption from the sad heritage of Adam's children. By a miracle of redeeming mercy she is sanctified before sin had time to enter her soul. She rises in brightness and beauty, so that we naturally expect her setting to be even as her rising, and that clouds and darkness shall never settle permanently around aught so radiant and so fair.

That the Mother of God is in heaven both in body and in soul, is a truth so dear to every Catholic heart that few would have the hardihood to call it in question. It is not what sometimes is by courtesy called a pious belief, that is to say, a mere opinion which might, perhaps, edify the simple, but which has no foundation in sound doctrine.\* On the contrary, the belief in the anticipated resurrection of our Lady is spread so far and wide among pastors and people, and is so closely bound up with the other truths which faith teaches concerning her privileges, that any denial of it would imply that the gainsayer heeded not the practical teaching of the Church, and had yet great way to make in the knowledge and love of the Mother of God.

The scope of this paper does not permit us to do more than point out the theological foundations on which this doctrine is based. They are the following. The Feast of the Assumption has been kept in both the Eastern and Western Churches for more than a thousand years, as the liturgies, calendars, and several martyrologies testify. From the eighth century we have the homilies and panegyrics of many of the greatest saints in the East and in the West explaining this doctrine of the Assumption of our Lady in body and soul into heaven. We then find it pass from the Fathers to the Scholastics, by whom it was generally received. Suarez could say, in his day, that it was so widely spread through the Church that no pious Catholic could call it in question; and that, though it was not of faith, yet it had the same degree of certainty as the doctrine (since defined) of the Immaculate Conception. Benedict XIV. roundly asserts that all theologians hold

\* A pious belief usually, indeed, means more than this.

it. The definition of the Immaculate Conception has given new force to the arguments in its favour. Hence, theologians generally brand the opposite opinion with the censure of temerity or error. All these arguments show what is the universal and ordinary practical teaching of the Church on the matter. If this ordinary *magisterium* had proposed it as having been divinely revealed, it would, then, be of divine and Catholic faith according to the definition of the Vatican Council. It has not done so. However, when the ordinary and universal *magisterium* of the Church proposes something, not precisely as having been formally revealed, but yet as belonging to the order of religious truth, there is then, according to the Catholic Doctors, a sure guarantee against error.

These principles furnish a reply to the difficulties against the Assumption which were urged by Tillemont, Launoy, and those who in the last century followed the same dangerous line. They tried to make out that the doctrine was founded merely on those spiritual romances known by the name of apocrypha, and that, as these documents are spurious, the doctrine must fall to the ground. We admit that a historian, if he confine himself within the limits of his own science, would find it no easy matter to draw out a convincing proof for the Assumption. But the same fact may fall within the domain of history and of theology. Now, as theology has means of attaining truth distinct from those of history, it reaches to facts to which history cannot come, almost in the same way as one sense detects what another cannot. It is not upon the apocrypha that the doctrine of the Assumption is grounded, but upon the general sentiment of the Church, manifested by the several documents I mentioned already. Nor does this general belief touch the circumstances narrated in the apocrypha. It is disputed where the Blessed Virgin died, whether at Ephesus or Jerusalem; what was the year of her death; how long she remained in the tomb; who were the witnesses of her resurrection, and what circumstances attended it. But the universal sentiment is, that she rose from death to live in glory; and that general sentiment of the Church is never deceived in the matter of religious truth. Hence, it came to pass that the arguments urged by the opponents of this doctrine made a momentary splash, like a stone cast into a tranquil stream, but yet a little while, and all was as bright and calm as if they had never been known.

In order to show that this doctrine belongs to the order of religious truth, we shall now bring together some of the theological reasons with which it has been proposed in the course of Catholic tradition. These reasons have considerable force if they be well pondered. It is not required, however, for the argument that they prove the necessity of the Assumption by themselves. If they closely link the Assumption with other religious truths, and exhibit it as their fitting counterpart and evolution, it is clear that those who proposed the Assumption with such reasons regarded it as being in the same order as the reasons themselves. These will throw some light, too, on the bearing of the Assumption on the other privileges of Mary, and perhaps make us better disposed to follow the sweet admonition which the Poet of the

Schools represents himself as receiving in Paradise from the lips of St. Bernard (Parad., xxxv., 85):—

“Riguarda ormai nella faccia ch' a Cristo  
Più s'assomiglia, chè la sua chiarezza  
Sola ti può disporre a vedder Cristo.”\*

One of the great traditional ideas concerning Mary is, that she is the New Eve sharing in the privileges of the New Adam, as our first mother shared in the privileges of our first father. The first Eve, virgin and innocent, shared in the immortality proper to the first Adam. According to St. Augustine, this gift consisted in *posse non mori*, that is, in the power of warding off death as long as innocence was preserved. Another immortality belonged to the New Adam. He was not to keep Death for ever at arm's length, but rather, whilst yielding to his power, to rob him of his victory. But in what consists this victory if not in making the human frame pass through corruption to its primitive dust? It is only when that dust shall have been re-assumed, when what is mortal shall have put on immortality, and what is corruptible shall have put on glory and incorruption, that shall come to pass the saying that is written: “Death, where is thy victory?” Now, through the merits of Christ, even we are to share in this victory at the end of the world, as by the sin of Adam we have all been brought under the yoke of death. Moreover, the extent to which we are to share in the triumph over death is measured according to the closeness of our union with Jesus Christ. Christ is the first fruits of the resurrection, and then every one in his order. The New Eve is united to the New Adam, not according to the order of our fallen race, but according to an order that is proper to herself alone. She is joined to Him in the closest bands of kindred, in the closest bands of charity. Nature and grace combined to render the order of her union with Him such as can never be equalled in kind or degree; and both claim a singular and exceptional participation in the privilege of his immortality.

## II.

The holiness of Mary's virginal body seems, also, to claim at the hands of her Divine Son that special honour and reverence implied in the Assumption. As she was destined to give of her substance a human frame to the Eternal Word, her pure flesh was sanctified and dedicated to God by a most special consecration. The holiness of the Sacred Body of Jesus Christ was, according to the holy Fathers, sufficient to ward off decay, and to claim a glorious resurrection from the Almighty. It is true that the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ is anointed with the holiness of the Godhead, to which it was inseparably

\* “Look now into the face that unto Christ  
Hath most resemblance, for its brightness only  
Is able to prepare thee to see Christ.”  
(Longfellow's Translation.)



united in the Incarnation, and that, on this account, the sanctity of Mary must, of necessity, be infinitely less; yet it is, nevertheless, so perfect and so peerless as to guard her sacred flesh from the ravage of the tomb.

The holy Fathers speak of her as the living temple of the Most High, the holy tabernacle of the Most Blessed Trinity, the living ark of the Covenant, fashioned of incorruptible wood, and overlaid with the purest gold. They also apply to her those passages of the Old Testament, which describe the glories of the Eternal Word and his procession from the bosom of the Eternal Father. St. Ephrem resumes the Catholic doctrine when he cries out in one of his beautiful poems: "Thou (Christ) and thy Mother are indeed passing fair, for in Thee, Lord, there is no spot, nor any stain in thy Mother!" This freedom from all stain, beginning in her Immaculate Conception, and persevering through her whole life in the perfect obedience of sense to reason, and reason to grace, though it does not keep away death, to which even her Son submitted, preserves her from death's dreadful sequel. Corruption is, in the moral order, the fit penalty of concupiscence, the medicinal humiliation of all proud and rebellious flesh. Hence, the all-pure and sacred body of Mary was exempted from that law under which all mere earthly beauty fades and withers into dust.

Our next argument is taken from analogy. About this species of argument St. Francis de Sales has a pretty story. A Calvinist preacher was working hard, and not unsuccessfully, to keep back those who at Thonon were seriously minded to return to the Church of their fathers. According to him, analogy was altogether on the Protestant side, and he defied any Catholic to meet him on that ground. St. Francis wrote a little work on the Creed to show that this fearful-looking weapon was, in the minister's hands, a mere sword of wood; or, to drop metaphor, that the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist did not "destroy the symbol and the analogy of faith." "For," adds the saint, "the minister affected to use the word analogy, not understood by his hearers, in order to appear mighty learned."

As we have other intentions, we will try to give some illustrations of what is meant by this analogy or proportion. Poets sometimes take an unfair advantage of our simplicity. They begin a beautiful description, moving onward with harmony and grace towards the complete portaiture of some grand idea, but when our fancy is warmed, and expectation is at its height, they let us down to something very commonplace indeed. They may smile at us when we cry out with Desdemona, "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" but we cannot help feeling, all the same, that we have been hardly dealt with. They succeed in entrapping us, because we love proportion between part and part, and appreciate whatever is rendered perfect by symmetrical evolution according to a uniform type. We require, then, in true and serious art, harmony and proportion between the colours, lights, shades, and forms, which make up a picture, whether painted with pen or pencil. If we turn from art, which Dante quaintly calls, "God's

grandchild," to Nature, which is his child, we can trace similar laws of proportion in the works of Him who, in the old Christian language, is styled the Great Artist. Every one of his works is perfectly disposed, after its kind, according to number, weight, and measure. In the higher forms of life, the different parts which go to make up an organised being are so manifestly in accordance with each other, and conspire so harmoniously to the perfection of the whole, that those who have studied the laws of the Divine Art in the works of Nature can, from a few chance fragments, delineate the complete type of a species hitherto unknown.

The world of Grace, which pre-supposes Nature, is ordered according to the laws of a more perfect harmony. Faith opens to our mental eye regions of wondrous beauty and variety, wherein the Divine Wisdom disporting Itself, reacheth, in a more excellent way, from end to end mightily, and disposeth all things sweetly. In this fair world Mary is the masterpiece of the divine hand. If, then, we can discern some of the rich tints which glow in that gracious figure, and trace, through part of their course, the lines which portray the Mother of God, as they move on in perfect grace, beauty, and loveliness, we can well perceive what would be out of harmony with the perfection which they inclose, though our mind faints in the effort to conceive the hidden splendour which they promise. If we examine the grand outlines of Mary's excellence, we find that they proceed in such sort as to include whatever is perfect in nature and grace, and to avoid even the shadow of whatever is harsh and unseemly. She springs in the natural course from Adam, yet she is no child of wrath. She possesses our nature in its fulness, yet never felt our nature's wounds. Whilst others grope in ignorance, faint in well-doing, turn shuddering from the right path on encountering obstacles, in order to follow, at least for some moments, the slippery road which winds down to the abyss, Mary progresses always by the narrow way, her mind ever basking in the light of God, her heart filled with love, with modesty, purity, and peace continually guiding her heavenward steps. She joins the marriage bond to the sacred vow of virginity, and maternal fruitfulness to the flower of maiden integrity. She is the handmaid of the Lord, his creature, and yet his mother. Must we not add that, though yielding to death, she conquers him in the tomb, by rising in renewed youth to soar like the eagle above the clouds to the blissful kingdom where her Son reigns in glory? No other end is worthy of her Maker. No other end is worthy of her whom the Church represents as the living image of Eternal Wisdom—"I am the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope. In me is all the grace of the way and of the truth, in me is all hope of life and of virtue. Come over to me all ye that desire me and be filled with my fruits. For my spirit is sweet above honey, and my inheritance above honey and the honeycomb. My memory is unto everlasting generations."\*

\* Ecclesiasticus, xxiv.

## III.

Along with the arguments already given, we might bring forward several others from the inexhaustible sources of Christian tradition concerning Mary's privileges. In order, however, not to pursue the matter too far, we shall touch on only two more. Mary, by reason of her stainless origin, was exempt from the other penalties of original sin, or shared in them only after the fashion in which they were assumed by her Divine Son. Hence, we cannot admit without clear proof, and proof there is none, that she fell under that part of the primal curse: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

Finally, Mary's plenitude of grace and mercy requires as its meet recompense the plenitude of glory. And glory cannot be complete in all its perfection if body and soul are not knit together in the same life of happiness. A little reflection will enable us to take in the force of this argument. Our Divine Lord represents the pursuit of eternal life as a species of traffic, and bids men trade till He come. The capital with which we are furnished is his grace, and our business, if we may so speak, prospers in proportion to the extent of our capital, and the amount of vigorous, persevering labour we employ in turning it to advantage. Consequently, our great affair progresses in the compound ratio of God's graces and our own efforts. Let us examine each of these elements as they are found in ever-blessed Mary.

In comparison with her, even the greatest saints have been slack in their work. Some of them have been for years held back by a hankering after the folly of the world; in all, the sluggishness of the body weighed down the soul, and clogged its heavenly aspirings; none, so far as we know, were always so perfectly on their guard as for a lifetime to resist the bent of nature towards sin. According to the Council of Trent, it is Mary's special privilege never to have given the slightest offence to her Maker; and nowhere is it authentically recorded that any of the saints have been similarly favoured. Mary knew no sin, and lost no time. Nature in her perfectly recovered the strength for doing good with which it was originally endowed. Moreover, she was endowed with the plenitude of grace in order to make her worthy, as far as a creature can be, of an office whose sublime grandeur fills heaven and earth with wonder. All these stupendous gifts she turned to the best account, so that her soul, without ceasing, magnified the Lord, until her sweetness and purity and gentle lovingness drew Him down from the seat of his glory to nestle as a little Child in her bosom. It is no wonder, then, that she began far beyond where other creatures end; that the treasure of her merit transcends the united hoardings of men and angels; that her worth outprices the whole universe of creatures; that she is addressed by the Spouse as his beautiful one, his only love, and foreshadowed by the mystic city, whose foundations are in the holy mountains, and whose gates the Lord loveth above all the tabernacles of Jacob.

And doth He hunger to crown her with the crown of immortality? "Arise," He saith, "make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. The winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come."

the voice of the turtle is heard in our land: the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs: the vines in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come. My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall, show me thy face, let thy voice sound in my ears, for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely" (*Cant. ii.*)

So are they joined in glory, the Man and the Woman, the Virgin and her Seed; the Man who ransomed us with his own dear blood, the Woman who, for our sake, consented to the payment of that dread price: Jesus, who won the daily bread by the labours of his Passion; Mary, whose motherly hands break it to the children.

They are the last of three groups that shall be the eternal wonder of the human race. The first is a human pair standing in a bright garden beside a noble tree crowded with pleasant fruit. The woman, with clouded look and eager voice, offers to the man some of the fruit which she has plucked from that fair tree. He knows the awful doom; he eats, and all is lost.

The next pair are upon a hill around which darkness settles at noon. On its top there is a tree to which the Man is nailed by the hands and feet. The Woman stands before the tree, and on her face is traced a tablet of unutterable woe. The Man, bowing down his thorn-crowned head, gives up the ghost, and all is saved.

The third group is the same that was upon the mountain, but how changed is the scene! The Man now sits at the right hand of God the Father, in glory and in joy, with no trace of suffering save the five resplendent wounds whence flowed our redemption. Millions and millions of bright intelligences, whose glory passes the utmost stretch of reason to conceive, bow down before Him in prostrate adoration. But far above this princely throng of worshippers, close to the Man, on whom she bends her meek eyes in loving awe and wonder, is the Woman, in whom is shrined whatever there can be in maid and mother that is lovely and pure and tender, crowned with the fulness of grace, and transfigured with the fulness of glory:—

"Vergine Madre, figlia del tuo Figlio,  
Umile ed alta più che creatura,  
Termine fisso d'eterno consiglio:  
Tu se' colei che l'umana natura  
Nobilitasti sì che 'l suo Fattore  
Non disdegnò di farsi sua fattura.  
In te misericordia, in te pietate,  
In te magnificenza, in te s'aduna  
Quantunque in creatura è di bontate."

"Thou Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,  
Humble and high beyond all other creature,  
The limit fixed of the eternal counsel.  
Thou art the one who such nobility  
To human nature gave, that its Creator  
Did not disdain to make Himself its creature  
In thee compassion is, in thee is pity,  
In thee magnificence; in thee unites  
What e'er of goodness is in any creature."  
(Dante, *Paradiso*, xxxiii., Longfellow's translation.)

## IV.

Thus far, in honour of the gay festival of Lady Day in Harvest-time, have we pressed into the service one who, even from the remote exile of his Australian apostleship, will, we trust, send voluntarily the tribute upon which Maga has always counted as among her available resources. It may not conduce to the fulfilment of this wish if we venture to link with these prose thoughts of his some thoughts in verse on the same theme which he contributed several years earlier to one of the first volumes of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." In order that the initials appended to it may come last and claim as their own the entire paper, let us place before it a richer homage to *Maria Assumpta*—one of the most exquisite pages that even Dr. Newman has ever written. It is from one of the last of his "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," and, of course, it finds a place among the "Characteristics from the Writings of John Henry Newman," to which we may take occasion to refer in another page of this number, as the issue of a new edition brings it sufficiently into the category of "New Books":—

"It was surely fitting, it was becoming, that she should be taken up into heaven and not lie in the grave till Christ's second coming, who had passed a life of sanctity and of miracles such as hers. All the works of God are in a beautiful harmony; they are carried on to the end as they begin. This is the difficulty which men of the world find in believing miracles at all; they think these break the order and consistency of God's visible world, not knowing that they do but subserve to a higher order of things, and introduce a supernatural perfection. But at least, when one miracle is wrought, it may be expected to draw others after it for the completion of what is begun. Miracles must be wrought for some great end; and if the course of things fell back again into a natural order before its termination, how could we but feel a disappointment? and if we were told that this certainly was to be, how could we but judge the information improbable and difficult to believe? Now this applies to the history of our Lady. I say, it would be a greater miracle, if, her life being what it was, her death was like that of other men, than if it were such as to correspond to her life. Who can conceive that God should so repay the debt which He condescended to owe to his Mother, for the elements of his human Body, as to allow the flesh and blood from which it was taken to moulder in the grave? Do the sons of men thus deal with their mothers? do they not nourish and sustain them in their feebleness, and keep them in life while they are able? Or who can conceive that that virginal frame, which never sinned, was to undergo the death of a sinner? Why should she share in the curse of Adam, who had no share in his fall? 'Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return,' was the sentence upon sin; she, then, who was not a sinner, fitly never saw corruption. She died, then, because even our Lord and Saviour died; she died as she suffered, because she was in this world, because she was in a state of things in which suffering and death are the rule. She lived under their external sway; and, as she obeyed Cæsar by coming for enrolment to Bethlehem, so did she, when God willed it, yield to the tyranny of death, and was dissolved into soul and body, as well as others. But though she died as well as others, she died not as others die; for, through the merits of her Son, by whom she was what she was, by the grace of Christ which in her had anticipated sin, which had filled her with light, which had purified her flesh from all defilement, she had been saved from disease and malady, and all that weakens and decays the bodily frame. Original sin had not been found in her, by the wear of her senses, and the waste of her frame, and the decrepitude of years, propagating death. She died, but her death was a mere fact, not an effect; and, when it was over, it ceased to be. She died that she might live; she died as a matter of form or (as I may call it) a ceremony, in order to fulfil what is called the debt of nature—not primarily of herself, or because of sin,

but to submit herself to her condition, to glorify God, to do what her Son did; not however as her Son and Saviour, with any suffering for any special end; not with a martyr's death, for her martyrdom had been in living; not as an atonement, for man could not make it, and One had made it and made it for all; but in order to finish her course, and to receive her crown.

And therefore she died in private. It became Him who died for the world, to die in the world's sight; it became the Great Sacrifice to be lifted up on high, as a light that could not be hid. But she, the lily of Eden, who had always dwelt out of the sight of man, fittingly did she die in the garden's shade, and amid the sweet flowers in which she had lived. Her departure made no noise in the world. The Church went about her common duties, preaching, converting, suffering; there were persecutions, there was fleeing from place to place, there were martyrs, there were triumphs; at length the rumour spread abroad that the Mother of God was no longer upon earth. Pilgrims went to and fro; they sought for her relics, but they found them not; did she die at Ephesus? or did she die at Jerusalem? reports varied; but her tomb could not be pointed out, or if it was found, it was open; and instead of her pure and fragrant body, there was a growth of lilies from the earth which she had touched. So, enquirers went home marvelling, and waiting for further light. And then it was said how that when her dissolution was at hand, and her soul was to pass in triumph before the judgment-seat of her Son, the Apostles were suddenly gathered together in one place, even in the Holy City, to bear part in the joyful ceremonial; how that they buried her with fitting rites; how that the third day, when they came to the tomb, they found it empty, and angelic choirs, with their glad voices, were heard singing day and night the glories of their risen Queen. But, however we feel towards the details of this history (nor is there anything in it which will be unwelcome or difficult to piety), so much cannot be doubted, from the consent of the whole Catholic world and the revelations made to holy souls, that, as is befitting, she is, soul and body, with her Son and God in heaven, and that we are enabled to celebrate, not only her death, but her Assumption."

And now, for the reasons given before, we end with this poetical version of these mid-August Thoughts, which we print just as we find it, though the writer's riper judgment might wish to alter much, or rather to suppress it altogether:—

"Now they gaze on her in wonder as her parting spirit flies  
From this dreary world of sadness to her home beyond the skies—  
Wonder that she seems so lovely, lovely after death's last strife,  
That the sweetly smiling features seem to mock the hues of life.  
Gloomy Death! thou canst not change her, for her Son has conquered thee!  
Thou may'st lord it over others, from thy sway is Mary free.  
She may yield thee due obedience, as her Son has done before;  
But like Him to break thy power and burst through thy prison door.  
So the Apostles gently laid her in the wonted resting-place,  
Casting looks of lingering fondness on the radiance of her face.  
And they bore her, gently sighing, to the lone sepulchral cave,  
Where they left their precious burden to the silence of the grave.  
Soon again they came to honour her last relics, who had been  
Unto them a loving Mother, unto them a kindly Queen.  
Ah! the shrine is burst asunder, and the holy relics gone;  
Gone! but where? and whither wafted? what rude hands the deed have done?  
Who has madly dared to rifle dust so sacred from its urn?  
Say, ye Angels sent to guard it, where to seek it must we turn?  
Then consoling comes the answer from the joyful realms of light,  
From the Angels, who, all trembling, veil their eyes from God's dread sight.  
'Think ye, mortals, could your Saviour e'er permit to be effaced  
From the sinless flesh of Mary his own image, in it traced?  
No; her soul, on flashing pinions, down the star-paved heaven we bore  
To that shrine of crystal pureness, in whose depths it dwelt before;

Now to grace it far more brightly, for the soul its bliss imparts ;  
 And the body, like a spirit, with it lightly heavenward darts.  
 Through the stars our course we wended, which before her lustre paled ;  
 Through the spheres we shaped our pathway, through the azure deep we sailed—  
 Crossing many a glaring comet, on the shoreless ocean tost ;  
 Like a doomed ship on-rushing, helm, and chart, and compass lost.  
 Soon the sunlit towers of heaven rise to greet our longing view,  
 With its golden gates flung open to accord her welcome due.  
 Cherubim and lofty powers throng the portals wide, to gaze  
 On the Mother of their Maker, and her loveliness to praise.  
 From his throne the Lord alighting unto his dear Mother came,  
 That she now might share his honour, since on earth she bore his shame.  
 Trailing radiant clouds of glory through the bright angelic host,  
 Leaning on his arm she rises to a throne in brightness lost—  
 Lost amid the blinding splendour girding round God's awful throne,  
 To whose dizzy height no seraph on strong pinions e'er had flown,  
 Then a crown of bliss unfading round her honoured brows He bound,  
 Whilst the exulting songs of angels made the vales of heaven resound ;  
 And her silver-voicèd anthem peals above the angelic choirs,  
 Grandly swells in rapturous sweetness, and in softest falls expires.  
 When the angels ceased, the apostles cry to heaven in earnest prayer :  
 'Mother, Queen of men and angels, show to us a Mother's care ;  
 Nerve our hearts to dare and conquer those who fight against thy Son ;  
 Hold thy guardian shield above us till the battle has been won ;  
 Till the Christian faith we've planted o'er the nation's wide domains ;  
 Till the Cross ascends triumphant, and thy Jesus from it reigns.  
 Call us *then* from toilsome warfare homeward to the bliss above,  
 To enjoy surcease of labour in the Saviour's endless love.' "

W. H.

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## AN AUSTRALIAN SKETCH.

IN THE COUNTRY "ON A SUNSHINE HOLIDAY."

BY MELBOURNENSIS.

"Ego laudo ruris amœni  
 Rivos et musco circumlita saxa nemusque."

HORACE, *Epis. Lib. I.*, 10.

**W**HILE staying for a few days in the country last midsummer, I was invited by some friends to join them in a visit which they were about to pay to a neighbouring mountain. I had just finished a year of hard work in college, and, needing a little relaxation, I willingly consented. The mountain in question belongs to the great Dividing Range which runs through the middle of the Colony of Victoria at a distance of from fifty to eighty miles from the southern coast of Australia. The Range derives its name from the fact that it thus divides the Colony into two parts. In it all the Victorian rivers

take their rise, the waters which flow from the south side making their way to the sea, and those from the northern slopes becoming tributaries of the river Murray. The peak we were bent on visiting is called "The Camel's Hump." This appellation is given to it on account of the appearance which its small, round summit presents as it rises above the general level of the Macedon spur of the Dividing Range. It is about 3,400 feet in height, and hence it is loftier than the Wicklow mountains in Ireland, and nearly as high as Macgillicuddy's Reeks.

We set out early in the forenoon. The weather was cooler than usual. Light clouds covered the sky, and lessened the heat and glare of the summer sun without depriving us wholly of sunshine. To ascend more conveniently the uplands and the mountain roads we went on horseback. In setting out we passed by a large area of cultivated land, waving with heavy-eared corn, "white already to harvest," and as we rode on our way we admired the wide, undulating pastureland and the comfortable homesteads, where fruit trees clustered and domestic fowl cackled. A canter through the pretty and flourishing township of Gisborne put barking dogs to flight and brought curious people to the door to look after us. We kept the high road till we reached the Black Forest, an immense wooded tract which, from the point where we entered it, stretches for three or four leagues to the foot of Mount Macedon, and, sweeping round the southern base of the mountain, extends away to the west for miles and miles in the direction of Ballarat city. Dismal tales are narrated of this forest. In former days it was a favourite haunt of highwaymen, or bushrangers, as they are here called. Many a struggle took place between those outlaws and the armed escort which guarded the transfer to Melbourne of the gold collected in the rich Ballarat "diggings." But no desperado startled our party with the formidable cry of "Stand and deliver!" We rode with a keen sense of enjoyment through the forest glades, following here a woodland road, there a mere pathway. The sunshine lighted up the sparse foliage of the gum-trees and glanced brightly from the narrow leaves which hang, not horizontally, as in European woods, but vertically, with their edges turned to the sun. A cool breeze blew, and parrots of brilliant plumage, disturbed by our intrusion, darted from tree to tree. Through this part of the forest flowed a broad but shallow brook that evidently had its birth in the dark mountains to which we were rapidly drawing near. This we crossed, some dashing through the water, others more gravely taking the rustic log bridge that spanned the stream; and soon after we entered on the mountain road which, gradually ascending, advanced a considerable distance up the Range. The higher the ground reached, the more extended became the view. The valleys and lower parts of the mountains were dotted with cottages and villas. Each house had its vineyard, orchard, or garden. The vines, trained on sticks, were marshalled in rows, like lines of soldiers in battle array, and their leaves of bright green contrasted agreeably with the dark mould of the cultivated ground in which they stood. They recalled forcibly to my mind the grape-bearing slopes of the hills which hold in their bosom the majestic



Rhine. Proudly Mount Macedon and its companions of the Range lifted their heads to heaven. Their sides were clad with brushwood and heath, and were, in general, densely timbered to the summit. The forest held sway in every direction except where, by patient industry, man had won himself a home on the heights, or where piles of dark gray rock, flung together in wild confusion, frowned with barren brows upon the beholder. Here we saw—

“Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,  
Stage above stage, high waving o’er the hills.”

Upon those mountains gum trees of various kinds are found, towering several hundred feet in height. Among them is the famous health-giving Eucalyptus, which has been transplanted to America and various countries of Europe. Sometimes those trees reach a great altitude before they throw out a single branch. They are in truth—

“Lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,  
The noble sons of potent heat and floods  
Prone rushing from the clouds.”

Besides the blue gum-tree and the red, honeysuckle and box, iron and stringy bark abound, I have been told, on those mountains. Like nearly all trees indigenous to Australian soil, they are evergreens, and the Eucalyptus sheds its bark, instead of its leaves, every year. In summer, when the heat is great, the Australian forests often ignite, and the “bush-fires,” thus created, sometimes cover a large area. On the side of Mount Macedon I saw immense trees stripped of all foliage, with blackened trunks burnt quite through in various places so as to set in hideous frames delicious bits of the blue sky beyond. They cumbered the ground, monuments to the fury and power of the fiery element. In one or two spots a dull smoke, rising slowly from the ground, told of a “bush fire” which had not yet quite died out.\* Later on in the day, happening to ride to a distance from my companions in search of a cascade on a stream which tumbled noisily down the mountain’s side, I came suddenly upon a large gum-tree just bursting into flame. It was a grand and terrific sight even in the broad light of day. How much more impressive it would have been at night! The bright, quivering tongues of fire darted hither and thither, licking and consuming leaves and branches with

\* Speaking of the Black Forest, the *Victorian Gazetteer* says:—“On the 6th of February, 1851, the celebrated black Thursday when the dry weather had lasted for a long time, and the heat became so intense as to render the grass and timber highly inflammable, this forest, with many others, was ignited (probably through the friction of falling trees, or, as is popularly thought, through pieces of broken bottles acting as lenses and setting the grass beneath them on fire), and burnt with great fury for many days, destroying a very great quantity of valuable timber; the heat from the fire is said to have been so intense as to have been felt in Melbourne, a distance of forty-six miles, and the ashes and burnt leaves borne upon the wind settled in the Melbourne streets.”—*Victorian Gazetteer*, 1865, p. 42.

Walking through Melbourne one evening last summer, I perceived that the air became slightly dark, and my eyes smarted as if from smoke. The wind was just then blowing from the country where “bush-fires” were raging, and carried the smoke into the city. This was the explanation given by the public journals *next* morning.

restless energy, till the doomed tree, filled, as it was, with resinous matter, and still further prepared for burning by the summer heat, fell an unresisting prey to its pitiless enemy, which wrapped it in sheets of flame from root to apex.\*

Passing by a school-house on the left, and further on to the right a number of dwelling-houses, and a comfortable rustic inn which was kept by an Irishman, named O'Grady, we continued to ascend in a roundabout, winding fashion, till we reached the narrow and broken road leading to the foot of the "Hump." Two men, who were engaged in repairing the road, gave us some useful directions, and shortly afterwards we arrived at a broad, cleared space, where we found, to our surprise, an elegant villa and handsomely laid out grounds. We never expected to meet in that elevated spot such evidences of civilisation. The sweet, but irregular tinkling of a bell among the trees fell upon our ears. It was hung from the neck of a sleek cow which we saw quietly browsing near at hand. Our path mounting higher led us to a lane of red turf. The lane was pretty, but so narrow that we were obliged to ride in Indian file. It was formed by musk bushes and flowering wattle trees which filled the air with fragrance. We broke off branches to carry in the hand, or to fasten to the horse's head. When about half way through, we observed a tiny stream which came from the mountain like a thread of silver. At the point where it issued on the path some kind hand had inserted a long, semi-circular piece of gum-tree bark. The limpid water, running along the simple channel, fell brightly into a little pebbly basin, whence it escaped across the pathway. The same hand, probably, had left in the grass hard by a small tin vessel for the convenience of any who might want a drink. We refreshed ourselves with a draught of the deliciously cold water. I remarked many and beautiful fern trees on the mountain; but I saw nothing there to equal the glories of the fern-tree forests of the Dandenong Range, Victoria, or of Mount Wellington, near Hobart Town, the capital of Tasmania. These Australian fern forests are thus described in "*Australia Illustrated*," p. 42: "The fairy loveliness of the fern tree, shooting straight up thirty or forty feet, and then throwing out its wide-spread fronds, giving a welcome shade from the hot Australian sun is indescribable. Only those who have travelled in the country can judge of the beauty of these fern forests. The trees themselves are perfect in their form and outline. Underneath and around them on every side whole families of strange flowers grow, whilst ferns of a more delicate beauty still, carpet the ground with an everlasting green. The beautiful 'maiden-hair' waves its tendrils over forms and colours of beauty only attainable in these sheltered valleys. Flowering creepers climb round every tree, and cover the face of the rocks, whilst sweet-smelling orchids bury themselves in mossy turf or shelter in the weather-worn roots of trees."

On reaching the foot of the "Hump," we saw it rise up almost

\* Not long ago the Archbishop of Melbourne visited the Gisborne district for the purpose of administering the sacrament of Confirmation. Among other questions of the catechism, his Grace asked one of the children, a little boy, "What is hell?" With a bright look, the child replied, unhesitatingly: "Mount Macedon on fire."

perpendicularly before us, a huge mass of tangled brushwood, trees and rocks. It was out of the question to ride to the top, so we descended from the saddle and fastened the horses to some bushes. A ludicrous task our climbing of the "Hump" proved to be. We could not advance two or three yards without slipping frequently, and sometimes our hold on a root, or shrub, or branch giving way, we slid or rolled down a fair distance before we were able to stop our descent. When we had reached a considerable height, we rested for a while, and then resumed our climbing with renewed strength. We had a tough struggle with the mountain, which seemed, from the many obstacles it threw in our way, to be doing its best to prevent our reaching the top. But we beat it in fair, open fight, and on gaining the summit, we leaped in triumph on the highest point to inhale long draughts of the pure air and to enjoy the prospect for which we had fought so hard.

The scene that broke upon our view rewarded our toil. Huge masses of rock covered the summit and were grouped in various fantastic shapes down the northern side. In some places they were almost hidden by the bushes that clustered round them, and by the shrubs that grew in their crevices. In others they rose in stern and lonely grandeur high above the brushwood, and formed dark and dangerous precipices. Upon the slopes of this mountain and the neighbouring ones, and away over the plains to the north, the east, and the west, forest succeeded forest without interruption almost as far as the eye could reach. It was a vast sea of foliage, overhung in various places by clouds of smoke arising from active "bush-fires." On the one hand, the wide plains extended to the banks of the Campaspe, Coliban, and Loddon rivers; and on the other rose up in the distance the lofty peaks of the Mount Alexander Range. Towards the south, the cultivated fields and pasture tracts stretched away in the direction of Gisborne and the metropolis. Seated on a ledge of rock, I gazed in silence at the scenery around and beneath me. It is amidst the solitude of the mountain-top, canopied by the blue heavens and far removed from the busy haunts of men, that the soul feels more nearly the Creator's presence, and is more easily swayed by the awe which it inspires. The Saviour Himself sought the summits of the mountains, and prayed there during the lonely watches of the night with none to witness what He did save the silent stars. It is no wonder that in bygone days hermits often fixed their habitation

"Mid the strong foundations of the earth,  
Where torrents have their birth."

For, to continue the quotation from the "Christian Year,"

"No sounds of worldly strife ascending there,  
Mar the full burst of prayer;  
Lone Nature feels that she may safely breathe,  
And round us and beneath  
Are heard her sacred tones : . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,  
For Thought to do her part."

The long ride homeward, which was before us, did not permit of our delaying more than about twenty minutes upon the "Hump." The descent was much more rapid and agreeable than the ascent. We found our horses grazing quietly where we had left them. During our return I missed from the party young Frank M——, who, mounted on a shaggy and diminutive pony, had kept pretty constantly by my side during the day. Retracing my steps for a short distance, I discovered him in a by-road, trying to get his pony to move on. The latter, tired with so much travelling, thought probably that he had had quite enough of it, and he was not going to stand any more nonsense on the part of his rider. Frank shouted, and kicked, and laid on vigorously with the whip, but in vain—the pony stood as firm as a rock. A woman, attracted by the noise to the door of a neighbouring house, saw the difficulties of the case in an instant, and rushed to the rescue. With a long board in her hand, she belaboured the pony's flank from a respectful distance. But, like Frank, she failed. The Duke of Connaught (such was the pony's name) evidently was not to be persuaded of the necessity of getting into motion. This was the state of affairs when I made my appearance. The moment "Duke" saw my horse, in whose company he had been travelling all day, he shook himself, and of his own accord trotted forward to join us.

It was pretty late in the evening when we reached home. We had ridden about thirty miles since morning, and it will be easily surmised that we were sufficiently hungry and tired to enjoy the evening repast and the night's repose.

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## THE STATE TRIALS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.\*

BY JOHN O'HAGAN, Q. C.

I now come to the trials themselves, from which you may think I have been too long detaining you. Yet, without explaining the surrounding circumstances, how could I show forth the Trials in their real light? Now, before any trial could take place, there was one serious difficulty to be overcome. By the law of England two witnesses were necessary in any case of High Treason, and as yet there was but one. This impediment was soon removed. Great rewards were offered to any informer who would come in and make revelations as to the plot. These proclamations evoked, as it was inevitable that they should, a swarm of perjurers, whose wretched names are gibbeted in history—Bedloe and Carstairs, Dugdale and Dangerfield, and Bolron and Turberville, and others, the refuse of mankind, who, for

the sake of the rewards and of the sustenance afforded to Crown witnesses, were ready to swear to any fiction.

And so it happened that Titus Oates, though first in the field, did not draw the first blood. That distinction fell to Carstairs, a Scotchman, already noted for every species of infamy. The first victim was William Stayley, a Catholic goldsmith or banker (in those days they were synonymous), who was not even named by Titus Oates. The facts were these:

On the 14th November, 1678, a month or so after the death of Godfrey, Mr. Stayley went to his noon-day dinner at a dining-house or cook-shop, as it was then termed, in Covent Garden. His companion was a French gentleman, named Fromante, and after dinner they had some conversation in French. The next morning, Carstairs and a companion of his, named Sutherland, called upon Stayley, and demanded money. Upon his refusal, they threatened to accuse him of High Treason, uttered, they said, in his French conversation of the day before. He was, accordingly, given in charge to a constable, and in five days after brought to his trial for High Treason before the Chief Justice, Sir William Scroggs, and a jury. The two miscreants, Carstairs and Sutherland, swore that they heard Stayley say in French to his companion, 'The king is the greatest rogue and the greatest heretic in the world, and here is the hand that would kill him.' The prisoner, who had all his life been known for the most loyal and innocent demeanour, could only deny the truth of what was stated. The Frenchman, Fromante, who could have testified to the truth, was kept a close prisoner, and Stayley was deliberately deprived of the benefit of his testimony.

When the Chief Justice, who, by law, was presumed to be counsel for the prisoner, came to charge the jury, he did so in the following just and impartial fashion—in a case, recollect, of life and death. After repeating the evidence of the wretched Crown witnesses, he says:—

"There is nothing doubtful in the circumstance or substance of the case; so that you cannot have a plainer proof in the world than there is in this \* \* \*. The offence you have heard is plain enough, unless it is perverted by Jesuitical cunning and equivocation, the best part of their learning and honesty \* \* \*. When a papist hath once made a man a heretic, there is no scruple to murder him. Whoever are not of their persuasion are heretics, and whoever are heretics may be murdered if the Pope commands it; for, while they may become saints in heaven, this is what they have practised. If there had been nothing of this in this kingdom or other parts of the world, it would be a hard thing to impress it upon them, but they ought not to complain when so many instances are against them. Therefore, discharge your consciences as you ought to do. If guilty, let him take the reward of his crime, *and you will do well to begin with this man*, for, perchance, it may be a terror to the rest. Unless they think they may be saved by dying in the Roman faith; though, with such pernicious and traitorous words and designs as those are, let such go to heaven by themselves. I only hope I may never go to that heaven where men are made saints for killing kings."

You may doubt whether it is possible that all this can be truly reported, and whether any judge ever made such a charge in a case where a fellow-creature's life was at stake. I can only say, that t'

bring in popery by destroying the king, for that they would thereby bring such destruction upon themselves as that not a man of them would escape. "Our execution," continues this model judge, "shall be as quick as their gunpowder, but more effectual." When Scroggs had finished, his colleague, Mr. Justice Jones, addressed the jury pithily as follows: "Gentlemen, you must bring in the prisoner guilty, or else find two persons perjured," an obvious enough alternative. After this admonition, the jury were not long in deliberation. They simply retired for a moment, and returned immediately with a verdict of guilty. Coleman was brought up the next morning, and received the usual barbarous sentence of being half hanged, cut down alive, disemboweled, beheaded, and quartered. He was executed in five days after, protesting, as all the victims did, his entire innocence with his dying breath.

These two, Stayley and Coleman, were tried individually, and both were laymen. Next came, however, a batch of five, of whom four were priests. These were Father Whitbread, Provincial of the Jesuits in England, Father Fenwick, Father Ireland, Father Pickering, and one layman, John Grove. Pickering and Grove, you may remember, were the two who, according to Oates, had been told off to shoot the king with silver bullets. Grove, as a sordid layman, had preferred the £1,500 in cash, while F. Pickering religiously selected as *his* reward 30,000 masses. All five were arraigned together on the 17th of December, a fortnight after poor Coleman's execution. They were tried, not at the Bar of the King's Bench, like the others, but at the Commission Court of the Old Bailey; but still by a jury of Middlesex. All the forms were scrupulously observed. They were separately arraigned—then the jury sworn, of whom none were challenged. Each prisoner might by law have challenged 35, that is to say 175 in all; and if they had had only the aid of such counsel as I have seen defending prisoners, they would have used all the resources of the law in the cause of justice against iniquity to a degree that would have cast dismay among the ranks of the prosecutors. But these poor, undefended men were as helpless as babies. To them one Middlesex juror was the same as another, for friends they had none, and could hope to have none. So, the twelve jurymen being sworn, and the substance of the indictment being opened in the ordinary way, they were duly given in charge to the jury.

Then arose the counsel for the Crown. First, Sir Creswell Levinz, King's Counsel, briefly stated the substance of the charge. Then one of the King's Sergeants detailed the case in full, descanting with the usual bombastic epithets on the horrible, and execrable, and detestable Plot, and recalling the gunpowder treason, and all the wickedness of the Jesuits. And when he had done, Mr. Finch, another counsel for the Crown, rose and explained the proposed evidence at length. Then came on the table Titus Oates, in his canonicals, retailing the same wearisome budget of falsehoods: how there was a meeting or consult of Jesuits on the 24th of April, O. S., and it was there agreed that Pickering and Grove were to shoot the king with silver bullets, and, accordingly, went to perpetrate the crime in the

Park; how Grove proposed to champ the bullets with his teeth in order to make them the more deadly, but that Father Pickering's flint got loose, and so the design failed for that time—a piece of negligence for which the Provincial ordered Pickering to undergo twenty strokes of the discipline by way of penance; then it was determined to offer Sir George Wakeman £10,000 to poison the king, which he rejected as too little; that an advance was made of another £5,000, which Sir George accepted; then, that in the following August they once more fell back upon shooting, and four unnamed and undiscoverable Irish ruffians were to get £80 for shooting the king at Windsor. Small pay, certainly, in comparison with the £1,500, the 30,000 masses, and the £15,000 tendered to Wakeman, but considered enough, I suppose, for mere Irish ruffians. Oates swore that he himself had been sent over from St. Omer's in the month of May or June to assassinate, not, indeed, the king, but an obscure Protestant clergyman, named Tongue, who had translated a book called the "Jesuit Morals" into English.

After Oates came Bedloe, and not only one Bedloe, but two—William and John. Yet by one of those curious rifts or gaps which are so likely to occur in every tale of perjury, while they swore home as to Father Ireland, Father Pickering, and Grove, they had nothing to say of their own knowledge as to Father Whitbread or Father Fenwick. Now, as by the Statute Law of England two witnesses were required in cases of High Treason, and in this case there was but one; Whitbread and Fenwick were plainly entitled to their acquittal, and the judges should have so directed the jury. The jury, once charged with the prisoners for life and death, were bound to find their verdict. Yet in flagrant violation of the law, the Chief Justice told the jury that the proof was not, as he said, sufficient in law against these two; and he sent them back to prison to wait until some fresh perjury should fill up the measure of legal evidence.

The trial of the other three proceeded. Father Ireland produced witnesses to prove that he was out of London and in Staffordshire during the month of August when he was said to be plotting to kill the king. He was met by the usual taunt from the bench. "Here," said the Chief Justice, "are three upon oath against three upon bare affirmation."\*

When he came to charge the jury, the Chief Justice was even more furious than on the former trials. But one matter may possibly have occurred to you. Here were three witnesses, infamous by their own admission, actors and accomplices in an infamous scheme of treason and murder, Oates, as he swore, having come over from St. Omer's expressly to murder Dr. Tongue. Is it possible to condemn any person on such testimony without some trustworthy corroboration? All civilised codes of law scout the idea. Scroggs himself discerned this plainly enough, and accordingly he deals with it as follows:—

"It may seem hard, perhaps, to convict men upon the testimony of their fellow-offenders, and if it had been possible to have brought other witnesses, it had been

\* See *antea*, p. 454.

well; but in things of this nature you cannot expect that the witnesses should be absolutely spotless. You must take such evidence as the nature of the thing will afford, or you may have the king destroyed and our religion too. For Jesuits are too subtle to subject themselves to too plain a proof, such as they cannot evade by equivocation or a flat denial."

The rest of his charge consists mainly of his ordinary raving against papists and priests. He sent the jury in with a hint to be quick—a hint they obeyed with great alacrity—and then he addressed them thus: "You have done, gentlemen, like very good subjects and very good Christians, that is, like very good Protestants; *and now much good may their thirty thousand masses do them!*" On the 29th of January they were executed.

The repetition of these shocking and monotonous tragedies would grow at last too irksome. I am glad to be able to relieve this weariness a little, by telling you something of a comedy, if that may be called a comedy, which ends well, but it was tragic enough in the intention. It is a part of the story which more than anything else casts a light upon the unscrupulous practices of the statesmen of the time. You remember what I told you of the death of Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey. Immense rewards were offered for the perpetrators of his murder, for he was assumed to have been murdered. Now what the Earl of Shaftesbury desired of all things was in some way to connect James, Duke of York, with the plot, in order to exclude him from the Crown. The Duke was at the head of the Admiralty, in which department he had shown himself an able and assiduous administrator. The chief clerk in the Admiralty was a man whose name is now very famous, Samuel Pepys, the same Mr. Pepys whose well-known diary is the most graphic and entertaining picture of the manners of the time that we possess. In his office there was a junior clerk of the name of Samuel Atkins, a lad of one-and-twenty, somewhat given to the follies of his years, but otherwise an honest and upright fellow. He was the person pitched upon to be cajoled and terrified, if possible, into giving evidence against his master, so that through Pepys, a stab might be made at the Duke of York. Atkins was suddenly arrested on the 1st of November, and brought before a committee of the lords specially appointed to inquire into the murder. They were the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, the Marquis of Winchester, the Earl of Essex, and the Bishop of London—high and mighty people for this poor young clerk to be confronted with. They set upon him at once, told him that he was accused by a namesake of his, a Captain Charles Atkins, of having spoken to him about an ill-feeling existing between his master, Mr. Pepys and Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey, and that he had asked Charles Atkins to find out a sea-faring man named Child, and if he was a man of courage and resolution, to send him to his master, Mr. Pepys, for a job he wanted of him. In this whole story there was not a syllable of truth, and Charles Atkins was simply another villain whom the promise of reward had seduced. Child, when he was confronted with Samuel Atkins, had to admit he had never seen him in his life.



But the lords, one and all, pressed upon Samuel Atkins to make a full confession as the only course open to him.

"Come, come, Mr. Atkins," said Lord Shaftesbury, "you are a seeming hopeful young man, and, for aught I see, a very ingenious one; Captain Atkins has sworn this positively against you, to whom he bears no prejudice or malice, but has acknowledged several obligations from you; and to tell you truly, I do not think he has wit enough to invent such a lye; be ingenuous prithee, with us, and confess what you said."

And then the Duke of Buckingham assailed him:—

"Well, Mr. Atkins, I never saw you before, that I remember; but I swear you are an ingenious man: I see (putting his finger to his forehead) the great workings of your brain, and would gladly, for your own sake, have you declare to us what you know of this matter."

And to this effect, one after another, the Lords of the Council pressed him; and as the poor young man would not be base enough to yield to their entreaties and falsely accuse his master, he was actually committed to the gaol of Newgate on the charge of concealing the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. After another week he was again brought before the committee, and the same arts were tried upon him, Lord Halifax beginning: "Well, Mr. Atkins, we hope you have considered of this business, and are ready to give us some light upon it." "My lord," said Atkins, "I have well, indeed, considered it." And he detailed all he knew of Charles Atkins, who had, in fact, been an acquaintance of his, but was both a coward and a rascal. So Lord Shaftesbury turned to him and said:—

"Why, you talk, Mr. Atkins, it will be made appear, that you are the greatest favourite he has [*he* meaning Pepys]; you read all his letters, read to him by night; and what say you, if I can prove, from the servants in your own house, that you are reputed a papist? My lord, says I to that, if your lordship can do that, or any man in the world, prove I am in the least wise, or ever was inclined that way, I'll be contented to be hanged, without saying a word more. My lord Shaftesbury goes then on again; Pray, Mr. Atkins, what books did you use to read to Mr. Pepys? My lord, says I, I have not lately read any to him; but formerly I have read the Bible, and other good books; sometimes History, other times Divinity. Never any Popish books? No, never in my life, I assure your lordship, never any; but, as I remember, one book of an English divine's, about their error in their doctrine of transubstantiation, but the book's name I forget."

So he was sent back to prison, with instructions to the jailor to allow Charles Atkins access to him and no one else. This was one of the abominable devices which were current to let informers in upon the accused in prison, who might afterwards swear to what they pleased.

"Friday morning, being the 8th of November, Captain Atkins comes up to my chamber (with Captain Richardson, in whose house I still remained), and finding me in bed, throws open the curtain, and bids me good-morrow; I, seeing who it was, leaped out of the bed, and returning his good-morrow, called to Captain Richardson, who was going down stairs again, and prayed I might speak a word with him; and so taking him into the next room, For God's sake, says I to him, don't leave me alone with this man, who having already sworn falsely against me will, for aught I

know, go back to the lords, and swear anything more he lists; Captain Richardson answered, The lords had directed he must, and he must be alone with you: Oh! pray, says I, suffer it not, for I vow I won't speak one word to him alone. Notwithstanding this, Captain Richardson pulled to the door, and left us both together, promising to return immediately. Pray, Mr. Atkins, says he, consider of it: my uncle, Phil Howard, bid me come to you, to tell you of it, and pray confess, before it is too late, and you repent you did not; there is nothing can hurt you, but your fortune can be made by it; and what need you care for your master? Pray, says I, why don't you as well ask me to forego my salvation? a thousand deaths shall not extort a lye from me; and you know I can say nothing: pray, consider you of it, and repair the injury you have done me, as well as you can."

On the same evening he was put in irons, and brought again before the committee of the lords. He was there confronted with a new witness, William Bedloe, of whom I have already told you, who could not positively identify him, but said that at the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey there was a young man present who said his name was Atkins, a clerk in the Admiralty. The Bishop of London then asked, "Where were you, Mr. Atkins, on the 14th of October last, between nine and ten o'clock at night?" Atkins said he could not well remember; and it was well for him he did not then remember, for the fact of his being afterwards able to show where he had been that evening was the means of saving his life. Then the witnesses withdrawing, Lord Shaftesbury called Atkins over to him in private, and addressed him thus:—

"Mr. Atkins, if you are innocent, you're the most unfortunate wretch living. Pray attend to what I say; I assure you, 'tis good news for you. There remains but one way in the world to save thy life, and that I would have you make use of; and you may do it without injury to yourself, if you will. Confess all you know, and make a discovery of this matter, and your life shall be saved."

And when the poor lad remained still resolute, Lord Shaftesbury finally said:—

"Then I tell you what, Mr. Atkins, and that I ne'er said to you before; since you are so gallant, I assure you, you'll either be hanged or knighted; if the Papists rise and cut our throats, you'll be knighted; if not, you'll be hanged. Here's first what you said to Mr. Atkins, and then this gentleman's oath, which, though not positive, yet with such circumstances against you, as I doubt, whether a jury in this case, won't find you Guilty; besides other collateral circumstances there may be: And another thing there is, that there are several others, well known to this Mr. Bedloe, to have been concerned in it."

Now when we consider that the Earl of Shaftesbury had no more belief in this Plot, nor in all this story about Sir Edmundbury Godfrey than he had in the Christian religion, and that he was thus daily suborning and hounding on perjurers to shed innocent blood, simply for his own private ends, that he might be the ruler of the State, I think I was not wrong in saying that he stands upon a pinnacle of infamy beyond Titus Oates himself. Indeed, I have often thought that if I were asked to name the most wicked man of whom history gives us record, the first name that would occur to me would be Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury. However, as you may be interested in poor young Atkins, I must tell you of his trial and escape. When he was sent

back to Newgate, fresh attempts were made to induce him to confess, as it was called, that is to say, to become the perjured accuser of his master. But all in vain. He persisted in being brought to his trial. Now it so happened that on the very 14th of October, the day when it was alleged that the dead body of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey had been brought into Somerset House, Samuel Atkins had been down the river on board the ship of a friend of his, Captain Vittles, and had enjoyed the captain's hospitality to an extent which disabled him from being a party to a murder for one night at least. This peccadillo was the saving of him, for after Bedloe and Charles Atkins had given their atrocious evidence, Vittles came forward like a bluff seaman, and told the plain truth. So even Scroggs was melted into a grim jocularly, and asked the attorney-general if it was necessary to proceed further. He was acquitted, and Scroggs gave him his parting blessing, saying to Captain Vittles, "Well, well, captain, go you and drink a bottle with him."

Poor Atkins thus escaped the fate of being hanged as the murderer of a man he had never seen, and the worse fate (which was that really designed for him) of being seduced to be the accuser of others. But unfortunately all people were not found so staunch and upright as he was. An unhappy Catholic silversmith, named Praunce, was wrought on by the hope of reward and by the example of the other witnesses whom he saw wallowing in the fruits of their iniquity, to come forward and say he could give evidence as to the murder. What the story was that he told, you shall hear by-and-by. In his prison solitude he repented, and when he was brought before the King and Council flung himself on his knees and declared that what he had stated before was false, and that those whom he had accused were innocent. He was immediately sent back to gaol, flung into a filthy dungeon, and means were brought to bear upon him such as we can well fancy, remembering the case of Atkins. He was wrought up once more to the swearing point, and from thenceforth stuck to his perjuries. Those whom he accused were five: two priests, Father Gerald and Father Kelly, who could not be found; and three men in humble life, Green, Berry, and Hill. Berry was a porter at Somerset House, which was one of the royal palaces, and then in the possession of the Duchess of York. Hill was a servant to Dr. Godfrey, who lived near Somerset House. Green, Berry, and Hill were committed to take their trial for the murder, and their trial took place on the 5th of July, 1679.

The story Praunce told was this: He said that about a fortnight before the disappearance of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey there had been a meeting at an inn called The Plough; that there were present the two priests, Gerald and Kelly, two of the prisoners, namely, Green and Hill, and himself, Praunce; that then it was agreed that Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was to be made away with, the two priests inculcating upon them that so far from being a sin it was an act of charity to cut him off; that this being agreed to, Godfrey was dogged by Green, Hill, and the witness, watching for an opportunity; that on Saturday, the 12th of October, they followed him after he left his home in the morning; that about noon he went into a house near St. Clement's, and remained there till eight o'clock in the

evening—(I pause to observe that what or whose was this house was never attempted to be shown, nor was a single individual called from it to depose that he had been there at all that day)—well, that when he left this unknown house at eight o'clock in the evening, the following plan was laid to entrap him: two of the conspirators pretended to quarrel with one another near the back gate of Somerset House close to the Thames; the third went up to Sir Edmundbury, and called on him as a justice of the peace to interpose; that, upon his coming down, Green at once threw a scarf about his neck and strangled him; that Father Gerald wished to run him through with a sword, but was prevented for fear of their being discovered by the blood; that when he was dead he was carried into Hill's lodgings; that the body remained there from Saturday till Monday; that on Monday it was taken out of Hill's lodgings and brought actually into Somerset House itself, where it remained till Wednesday; that on Wednesday, with the assistance of Berry, the porter at Somerset House, a sedan chair was procured, and the corpse put into it. Praunce and Father Gerald carried the sedan chair as far as Covent Garden. Then Green and Kelly took it up and carried it to Soho. Then Hill met them with a horse. The dead body was put astride upon the horse, and Hill mounted behind it, clasping the corpse round the body to ride with it to Primrose Hill—a ghastly fiction more terrible than Bürger's ballad—

“Hurrah, hurrah, the dead can ride—  
Dost fear to ride with me?”

Praunce said he went no further that night, but that Hill, Kelly, and Gerald told him next day that they had brought the body to Primrose Hill, and after having run it through with Godfrey's own sword, and laid his gloves upon the bank, they left it there.

William Bedloe was called to corroborate Praunce. His evidence was this: That another priest, a Father le Faire, in conjunction with four other Jesuits, had offered him £4,000 to murder a man whom they did not name, this £4,000 to be paid by Mr. Coleman and Lord Bellasis; that he, Bedloe, accepted the job, but was afterwards struck with a particular scruple, and meeting Le Faire said to him—but here are his own words: “I told him I was taken up by other company, and unless they told me who it was I was to kill I would have no hand in it. For I did not know but it might be my own particular friend. And I would not,” adds this scrupulous gentleman, “murder any private person unless I knew who it was and for what reason.” He was then told it was a pity he was so particular, for the job had been done without him, but still if he would help to carry off the body he would have half the reward; and accordingly, on Monday, the 14th of October, he was brought into Somerset House, and there saw the body, with a number of Jesuits standing round it, none of them, however, being any of those with whom he had previously concerted the murder.

No lawyer can read the evidence of these scoundrels on this or any of the other trials, without a desire to cross-examine the witnesses for a little. Half an hour's cross-examination by an experienced prisoner's advocate would have torn them into shreds and tatters, and made it impossible for the most prejudiced jury to act upon their

evidence. The prisoners—poor, uneducated men—could only do what is commonly done under like circumstances—protest their entire innocence, declare that they had never seen the witnesses, and the like: all of which was utterly disregarded. But without any cross-examination at all it was the plain right of the prisoners to be acquitted by the direction of the judge, for the sole evidence against them was that of two avowed accomplices.

Moreover, the prisoners in this case were able to bring evidence, which ought to have been conclusive, of the falsehood of the story against them. It was shown to have been utterly impossible that the body could have been in Hill's room from Saturday till Monday—a little room at the head of a flight of stone steps which lay open all day. It was proved that no such thing as a sedan chair leaving Somerset House on the Wednesday night took place. Unfortunately, the witnesses for the defence were mostly Catholics. When Mary Tilden the niece and housekeeper of Dr. Godwin stated (for she was not permitted to be sworn) that positively Hill was at home all the night of that Saturday when Godfrey was said to be murdered, the Lord Chief Justice said, no doubt, with a significant look at the jury: "You may say anything to a Protestant for a Papist." And in his charge to the jury, after enforcing the story of Praunce and Bedloe with all his might and main, he says: "I would not urge this so, if I was not satisfied in my conscience that the relation is true." I sincerely say and aver that no judge in the present day could hold his seat for a month after making such a speech to a jury in a criminal case. But further, when in the middle of the charge one of the prisoners interposed, and said that Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was a gentleman he had never spoken with in all his life, the judge answered as follows:—

"You must say and believe, as your priests will have you, and in such actions as these as your priests suggest to you, so does the devil to your priests . . . For I will affirm, the greatest mischief the papists have received, come from their priests, who have such unworthy and unmanly ways of setting up their religion. What! Do they think it an act of charity to kill men; or is the Christian Religion or yours, to be promoted by such means as these? . . . For my own part I must put it into my litany, That God would deliver me from the delusion of Popery, and the tyranny of the Pope. For it is a yoke which we, who have known freedom, cannot endure, and a burden which none but that beast who was made for burden, will bear. So I leave it to your consideration upon the whole matter, whether the evidence of the fact does not satisfy your consciences, that these men are Guilty."

And to the prisoners he said, when they were brought up for sentence:—

"Pray let me dehort you from one thing; and that is this, do not be of the opinion of those wicked miscreants, the Jesuits, that have put you upon this matter; for I have so much charity for you as to believe they made it a matter of religion to you, and justifiable upon that account."

Green and Hill were Catholics, Berry was a Protestant. The solemn denial of the fact by the two former at their death was little heeded, for they were supposed to have got absolution beforehand; but the dying protestation of innocence on the part of the Protestant, Berry, was in some degree a puzzle and bewilderment. The popular delusion was, however, too deeply fixed to be as yet shaken.

*(To be concluded in the next Number.)*

## ART: A SONNET.

*From the French of Eugène Lambert.*

BY DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY, M. R. I. A.

FROM out the lifeless marble or the clay,  
 Art gives a glorious shape to airy thought;—  
 What Homer sang or tuneful Virgil wrought  
 The Phidian form gives forth in many a way:  
 The poet-priest unites them in his lay:—  
 There in communion sweet the twain are brought:  
 A feeble pen with deathless fame is fraught:  
 The hand but cyphers what the heart would say.

Like all created things, even man must die:  
 Death takes the half of what within him lies:  
 His soul survives and seeks a sunnier sky—  
 'Tis Art alone death's dismal law defies.  
 The poet's lays sublimely soar on high,  
 And form and thought at once eternalise.

*London. Feast of St. Brendan, 16th May, 1877.*

## MAKE SURE OF PRAYER.

ART thou still young, and dost thou glance along  
 Life's opening pathway with a timid dread?  
*Make sure of prayer*, thence be thy courage fed,  
 And in the midst of strife thou shalt be strong.  
 Or do the cares of middle life-time throng  
 In all-absorbing force round heart and head?  
*Make sure of prayer!* Our Master erstwhile said,  
 "One thing sufficeth, over-care is wrong."  
 Or hast thou reached old age's twilight drear?  
*Make sure of prayer*, the die is not yet cast,  
 In sight of port sank many a vessel fair:  
 If thou dost hope—and hope supposeth fear—  
 If thou dost hope for God and heaven at last,  
 In life, in death, *make sure, make sure of prayer!*

S. M. S.

## COVENTRY PATMORE.

**L**ACORDAIRE says, in one of his letters: "My enthusiasm for seas and mountains was once as keen as yours; but after a certain age one ceases to care much for anything except souls." After a certain age the charm of literature as mere literature wanes for many who were once held willing captives under its spell. Such persons need to have other subsidiary motives to interest them in poetry and art.

The foregoing remark is scarcely needed as an explanation why the poets who have been and who shall be by preference discussed in the pages of this magazine, are those who have special claims on our sympathy as being either children of our beautiful island, or children of the Catholic Church, or both. For such a preference there is, in addition, this chivalrous reason that we are thus more likely to discover neglected merit. Those two circumstances of Irish birth and Catholic faith are by no means letters of recommendation to the critics of the great literary world, who, however impartial they may strive to be, cannot help being repelled by the spirit of an alien faith, and the traditions of, at best, a strange land.

The poet whom we are about to introduce to our readers is not an Irishman, but he is a Catholic. This circumstance, to which he owes the distinction, such as it is, of a pedestal in our Valhalla, is not included among the few particulars which that most useful and interesting work, "Men of the Time," tells us about him. We there learn that Coventry Kearsley Dighton Patmore was born at Woodford, in Essex, on the 2nd of July, 1823, the son of the late P. G. Patmore, author of "Literary Reminiscences;" that, in 1846, he was appointed one of the Assistant Librarians at the British Museum, but ceased to be connected with that institution in 1868; that he made his first appearance as an author with a volume of poems in 1844, and that he has since published "Tamerton Church Tower and other Poems" in 1853, an elaborate domestic poem, "The Angel in the House," in four parts, "the Betrothal," "the Espousals," "Faithful for Ever," and the "Victories of Love," in 1854-62; and that he has contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* and the *North British Review*. As one might guess from the names chosen for him at his birth, Mr. Patmore was not by birth a Catholic, but some twelve years ago it was announced in the public journals that the author of "The Angel in the House" had become a convert. The pure and refined feeling with which, in the series of poems just named, he had sung very sweetly of Love in its social and domestic aspects, made him not unlikely to be the recipient of such a grace. In his latest volume he proclaims his faith very distinctly, though the subjects treated are not distinctively religious, and the influence of Catholic doctrine and feeling is shown only indirectly. To this volume\* we will give most of our attention,

\* "The Unknown Eros, and other Odes." London: George Bell & Sons, 1877.

though it may be an indiscretion to link it thus with the name prefixed to this paper, seeing that no author's name is given on the title-page. But the single line which takes the place of a preface states that "a few of these poems have appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*." Now, in that newspaper they bore the initials "C. P.," which the gossip of the literary journals and the reviewers of this volume—for instance, the *World* of May 30—have interpreted as meaning Mr. Patmore. Indeed, a sufficient proof of identity might be found in the two poems which close the new volume, which are quite unlike the rest of its contents, and on the other hand would feel completely at home with "The Angel in the House." Did the author insert them as an indication of the growth of his poetic stature, as boys notch their height on trees to see how many inches they have gained since some former measurement?

The writer of the notice which we have quoted from "Men of the Time" seems to have given a wrong title to a work of the poet's father. At least he can hardly have written a book of literary reminiscences distinct from the volume which we have sought out in a public library, with the very comprehensive title of "My Friends and Acquaintance: being Memorials, Mind-portraits, and Personal Recollections of deceased Celebrities of the Nineteenth Century, with selections from their unpublished Letters." This title-page furthermore describes the writer as "Author of 'Chatsworth; or, the Romance of a Week,' 'Marriage in May Fair,' &c., &c." But Mr. P. G. Patmore will be less remembered as "the author of 'Chatsworth,'" than as the "dear Patmore" to whom Charles Lamb addressed his glorious letter of nonsense about the dog Dash—and now as father of the poet, Coventry Patmore. This latter claim to distinction he reckoned upon already in that pleasant book of literary gossip to which we have just referred. In his account of Laman Blanchard, he describes amusingly the perplexity of that clever and amiable man when he was asked to look at some verses by his friend's son, then a youth of eighteen, and how, to the critic's great surprise, the verses turned out to be such as to justify him in writing the next morning (Nov. 1, 1842) to the father of the young poet:—

"My strong and clear conviction of the extreme beauty and finish of what I heard last night remains this morning undiminished. They will bear thinking over. Nothing Tennyson has done need be despaired of."

Many of these early verses are included in the volume entitled "Tamerton Church, and other Poems," which anticipates, to a great extent, the themes and the style of treatment adopted in Mr. Patmore's maturer works. The poem which has hitherto been chiefly connected with his name is "The Angel in the House," of which the third edition is dated 1860, a few years after its first publication. We do not know what editions have since been called for, but we believe it is still more popular in America. Perhaps an explanation of this last circumstance may be found in the very contrast between the placid, high-bred tone of this English muse, and the restlessness and vigorous vulgarity of American democracy.



"The Angel in the House"—to which we can only devote a little space in passing on to the latest work of its author—consists of two books—the Betrothal and the Espousals—each comprising several cantos much shorter and lighter than what is usually understood by that term. The story, such as it is, which binds the parts together, is very gracefully woven, and each of its parts is introduced by a set of "Preludes," or separate little poems, not carrying on the action of the story, but bearing more or less directly on its theme. One of the very earliest of these will show how free from all grossness or earthiness, how pure and noble is this poet's ideal of love:—

"How vilely 'twere to misdeserve  
The poet's gift of speech,  
In song to try, with trembling nerve,  
The limits of its utmost reach,  
Only to sound the wretched praise  
Of what to-morrow shall not be,  
So mocking with immortal bays  
The cross-bones of mortality!  
I do not thus. My faith is fast  
That all the loveliness I sing  
Is made to bear the mortal blast,  
And blossom in a better Spring.  
My creed affirms the ceaseless pact  
Of body and spirit, soul and sense;  
Nor can my faith accept the fact,  
And disavow the consequence."

We should like to quote "Common Graces," "The Zest of Life," and many others of these thoughtful and graceful strains. But in a different style, listen to the surly Aunt Maude scolding Honoria for saying Yes too soon:—

"You, with your looks and catching air,  
To think of Vaughan! You fool! You know  
You might, with ordinary care,  
Ev'n yet, be Lady Clitheroe.  
You're sure he'll do great things some day!  
Nonsense, he won't; he's dressed too well.  
Dines with the Sterling Club, they say;  
Not commonly respectable!  
Half Puritan, half Cavalier!  
His curly hair I think's a wig;  
And, for his fortune, why, my dear,  
It's not enough to keep a gig.  
Rich aunts and uncles never die;  
And what you bring won't do for dress;  
And so you'll live on 'By-and-by,'  
With oaten-cake and water-cress!"

This cultivated Muse is not afraid of very homely topics. Here is the starting of a railway train:—

"The bell rang, and with shrieks like death,  
Link catching link, the long array,  
With ponderous pulse and fiery breath,  
Proud of its burthen, swept away."

In another place the poet speaks of something that

"Gave to love's feast its choicest gust,  
A vague, faint augury of despair."

When a true and dutiful love is squandered on one unworthy and insensible, it but rises higher in its dutifulness and truth, in spite of, or on account of, the coldness of its immediate object—

"Through passionate duty loves flames higher  
As grass grows taller round a stone."

Ingenious turns of thought like this meet you at every page. But we cannot loiter with the poet in these pleasant gardens, since now he bids us climb with him the mountain heights. Mr. Patmore's new volume treats of loftier and sterner themes. Yet in some places he returns to the gentler inspirations of his youth.

Many who could keenly appreciate a sweet hymn, a graceful song, a picturesque idyl, or a fine, rolling ballad, may find themselves repelled by their first glance at these Odes. Nor will the ode which has been singled out to be named on the title-page go far to win their sympathies. To any meek complaint that we may make about obscurity the poet may reply, *Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero*; but really the twelfth, for instance, of these sumptuous pages is hardly intelligible even to the most "intelligent outsider." Here, indeed, we have "the poet hidden in the light of thought;" for, beyond all doubt, there is thought, and true and deep thought hidden under this pomp of mystic words. But many readers will say that "Uranian Clearness" has *not* come at the poet's bidding, though he invokes her fervently at the end of his Proem:—

"Therefore no plaint be mine  
Of listeners none,  
No hope of render'd use or proud reward,  
In hasty times and hard;  
But chants as of a lonely thrush's throat  
At latest eve,  
That does in each calm note  
Both joy and grieve;  
Notes few and strong and fine,  
Gilt with sweet day's decline,  
And sad with promise of a different sun.  
'Mid the loud concert harsh  
Of this fog-folded marsh,  
To me, else dumb,  
Uranian Clearness, come!  
Give me to breathe in peace and in surprise  
The light-thrill'd ether of your rarest skies,  
Till inmost absolution start  
The welling in the grateful eyes,  
The heaving in the heart.  
Winnow with sighs  
And wash away  
With tears the dust and stain of clay,  
Till all the Song be Thine, as beautiful as Morn,  
Bedeck'd with shining clouds of scorn;  
And Thou, Inspirer, deign to brood  
O'er the delighted words, and call them Very Good.  
This grant, Clear Spirit, and grant that I remain  
Content to ask unlikely gifts in vain."

This passage furnishes a specimen of the measure that is used throughout these Odes, which are not divided into stanzas, but written in irregular metre varying from very short to very long lines, "the elastic modulations of which are in harmony with thoughts which rise and fall obedient to no external law, and yet, like the cadences of an Æolian harp, follow a law of their own."\*

According to this competent critic, whose description we have just quoted of the form in which the "subtle, expressive, and musical language" of these Odes is cast, their chief characteristics are continuity of meditation and richness of illustrative imagery; and he justly assigns to them, also, passion, not sensuous, but intellectual and imaginative. "The Unknown Eros" does not belong to the Run-and-Read school of song, but aims successfully at a high standard of poetic culture. With all his fine scorn for the commonplace world of tramcars and leading articles, the poet draws some of his most vivid illustrations from the science and politics of the day. The soul, feeling itself drawn away from self by some influence from afar, asks a question which one appreciates better from having some vague notion how Neptune was discovered.

"What in its ruddy orbit lifts the blood,  
Like a perturbed moon of Uranus  
Reaching to some great world in ungauged darkness hid?"

There are many magnificent phrases which cannot fail to haunt the memory. But even in passages that are rich with a compressed eloquence, the most attentive reader will be unable often to follow all the windings of the thought, and will be tempted to say: "All this, no doubt, is true and good, but, as the poet confesses somewhere, 'this truth's a star too deep enskied for all to see.'"

In this volume, though "made of sterner stuff" than its forerunners, there is no lack of "the beloved tautologies of love," to turn another of the author's phrases against himself. The lightest and most terrestrial of these odes is that entitled "The Toys":—

"My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,  
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,  
I struck him, and dismiss'd  
With hard words and unkiss'd,  
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.  
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, within his reach,  
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells

\* *The Spectator*, April 28th, 1877.

And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,  
 To comfort his sad heart.  
 So when that night I pray'd  
 To God, I wept and said:  
 Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,  
 Not vexing Thee in death,  
 And thou rememberest of what toys  
 We made our joys,  
 How weakly understood,  
 Thy great commanded good,  
 Then, fatherly not less  
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,  
 Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,  
 'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

Our author may feel aggrieved at our giving the privilege of quotation to a strain that seems trivial compared with such heroic blasts, as, for instance, "The Standards."\* But he will, we fear, find it still harder to forgive us for being reminded of a curiously "parallel passage" which we must rescue from an advertisement-sheet issued by an enterprising American clothier, which has chanced to cross our path. The little Yankee also proved not quite so inconsolable as the tender-hearted parent feared.

"Johnnie had been naughty. It's astonishing how naughty two-year-old babies can be, when they try; and Johnnie had tried. His blue eyes didn't look as blue as usual, and his hair wasn't as golden, and instead of a bright smile an ugly pout rested on his pretty little mouth. Being naughty is always a sure way of banishing sunshine. There he stood in the middle of the floor, baby fists on baby hips, feet very wide apart, the sweetest—I mean the naughtiest—wee rebel that ever defied mamma. Just think of it, only two years old, and defying mamma!

"Will you be good?" asked mamma, sternly. 'No, ma'am!' replied Johnnie.

"Mamma opened her eyes—they were not as blue as Johnnie's—very wide. 'You won't?' she said. 'No, ma'am,' repeated Johnnie. 'Then,' said she, solemnly, 'you must be punished. Go into the store-room and stay there until you can say "Yes, ma'am."'

"Johnnie went, and mamma closed the door, expecting to hear the wished-for 'Yes' shouted forth instantly. But to her great surprise, she heard not a word or cry. Five minutes passed: utter silence. Ten minutes went by: not the slightest sound; and mamma began to grow impatient—for, after the manner of mammas, she was longing to kiss and forgive her boy. 'Oh! the blessed darling,' she said to herself, as the twelfth minute stole away: 'the punishment is too dreadful for him. How could I have been so hard-hearted? To shut a merry little thing like that in a dark place; a baby, that should never be out of the sunshine, except when he's asleep; it's too bad.' And she flew to open the closet-door.

"John," as his father calls him—I think that's a very big name for a very small child—looked up at her, his whole face sparkling with fun. The blue had come back to his eyes, and the gold to his hair, and the smile to his lips. In his chubby hand he held the last piece of what, just fourteen minutes before, had been a fine, brown, fragrant, fresh-baked cake. Crumbs covered his face from chin to eyes, his cheeks shone, and sundry crisp fragments clung to his neck and bib. 'Good gracious!' said mamma. 'Dood take!' said Johnnie."

\* In this ode, "written in the year 1874, soon after the publication of an incendiary pamphlet against the English Catholics," is there not a misprint in page 66 in the allusion to Dr. Newman? "Edgbaston" is the only final word that has no corresponding rhyme, and this exception is removed by changing "light" to "sun":—

"Sweetly the sun  
 Shines from the solitary peak at Edgbaston."

It seems almost profane to pass abruptly from this clever little *détise* to a poem of so noble and severe an order as the ode which sings the praises of Pain. The full force and meaning of it should not be hard to discover, with a little devout meditation, for those who believe in sin, in the holiness of God, in Calvary, in hell, in the merciful fires of purgatory, and in the keen and perfect joy and sanctity and glory of Heaven :—

“O Pain! Love's mystery,  
Close next of kin  
To joy and heart's delight,  
Low Pleasure's opposite,  
Choice food of sanctity  
And medicine of sin,  
Angel, whom even they that will pursue  
Pleasure with hell's whole gust  
Find that they must  
Perversely woo,  
My lips, thy live coal touching, speak thee true.  
Thou sear'st my flesh, O Pain!  
But brand'st for arduous peace my languid brain,  
And bright'nest my dull view,  
Till I, for blessing, blessing give again,  
And my rous'd spirit is  
Another fire of bliss,  
Wherein I learn  
Feelingly how the pangful purging fire  
Shall furiously burn  
With joy, not only of assured desire,  
But also present joy  
Of seeing the life's corruption, stain by stain,  
Vanish in the clear heat of Love irate,  
And, fume by fume, the sick alloy  
Of luxury, sloth, and hate  
Evaporate;  
Leaving the man, so dark erewhile,  
The mirror merely of God's smile.  
Herein, O Pain! abides the praise  
For which my song I raise;  
But even the bastard good of intermittent ease  
How greatly doth it please!  
With what repose  
The being from its bright exertion glows  
When from thy strenuous storm the senses sweep  
Into a little harbour deep  
Of rest;  
When thou, O Pain!  
Having devour'd the nerves that thee sustain,  
Sleep'st, till thy tender food be somewhat grown again;  
And how the lull  
With tear-blind love is full!  
What mockery of a man am I express'd  
That I should wait for thee  
To woo!  
Nor even dare to love, till thou lov'st me.  
How shameful, too,  
Is this:  
That, when thou lov'st, I am at first afraid  
Of thy fierce kiss,  
Like a young maid;

And only trust thy charms  
 And get my courage in thy throbbing arms.  
 And, when thou partest, what a fickle mind  
 Thou leav'st behind,  
 That, being a little absent from mine eye,  
 It straight forgets thee what thou art,  
 And oftentimes my adulterate heart  
 Dallies with Pleasure, thy pale enemy.  
 Oh! for the learned spirit without attain  
 That does not faint,  
 But knows both how to have thee and to lack,  
 And ventures many a spell,  
 Unlawful but for them that love so well,  
 To call thee back."

We apologised a moment ago for a parallel passage suggested by one of Mr. Patmore's odes; but he will only thank us for setting side by side with his view of "the pangful, purging fire" which consumes the Holy Souls, with the joy not only of assured hope but of present contentment, this closely parallel view of purgatory taken by a poet of kindred genius. The passage must have impressed every attentive reader of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's noble drama, *St. Thomas of Canterbury* :—

THE EMPRESS.

"A place there is which fits us for that heaven  
 Where nothing unclean can live : else were we hopeless.  
 How think you of that region ?

IDONEA.

Madam, thus :

That bourne is peace, since therein every will  
 Is wholly one with his, the Will Supreme ;  
 Is gladness, since deliverance there is sure ;  
 Is sanctity, since punishment alone  
 Of sin remains—sin's least desire extinct—  
 And yet is pain not less.

THE EMPRESS.

There should be pain ;—

Speak on ; speak truth ; I ne'er had gifts of fancy :  
 Truth is our stay in life, and more in death.

IDONEA.

'Tis pain love-born, and healed by love. On earth  
 Best Christian joy is joy in tribulation,  
 The noblest and the best. In that pure realm  
 Our tribulation also is the noblest :  
 'Tis pain of love that grieves to see not God.

THE EMPRESS.

Here, too, sin hides from us God's face. Yet here  
 Feebly we mourn that loss.

IDONEA.

So deeply here  
 Man's spirit is infleshed ! Two moments are there  
 Wherein the soul of man beholds its God ;  
 The first at its creation, and the next  
 The instant after death.

## THE EMPRESS.

It sees its Judge.

## IDONEA.

And, seeing, is self-judged, and sees no longer :—  
Yet rests in perfect peace. As some blind child,  
Stayed in its mother's bosom, feels its safety,  
So in the bosom of the love eterne,  
Secure, though sad, that Vision it awaits  
(The over-bending of that Face divine),  
Which now—now first—it knows to be its heaven,  
That primal thirst of souls at last re-waked,  
The creature's yearning for its great Creator.

## THE EMPRESS.

Pray that these pains may help me toward that Vision !  
Till these my later years I feared not death !  
Death's magnanimity, as death draws nigh,  
Subdues that fear. My hope is in the Cross.  
Whate'er before me lies, the eternal justice  
Will send my pain, the eternal love console,  
And He who made me be at last my peace.  
Farewell ! Return at morn ; your words—your looks  
Have brought me help. Be with me when I die."

The spirit that breathes through this scene, and still more the doctrine of the Ode which has recalled it to our memory, belong to the very essence of Christianity. But many "delicate members of a thorn-crowned head" are too prone to shrink like cowards from the truth as harsh and impolitic exaggeration. "A self-indulgent age like ours," says the thoughtful writer whom we quoted a few pages back, "will be little disposed to such a philosophy. It might, notwithstanding, find its capacities for joy indefinitely increased if it adopted that philosophy, even to the moderate extent of not hunting its pleasures to death and not shrinking from what slight endurance is implied in the most obviously necessary self-sacrifice."

But we have reached within a few paces of our very furthest limit. Like Pascal in his sixth *Provinciale*, we have not had time to be briefer. Among the many pieces on which we should have much to say, we are drawn most of all to the "*Deliciæ Sapientiæ de Amore*," and least of all to the "*Legem Tuam dilexi*." The former interprets St. Paul's counsels concerning Virginity more correctly than many passages of "*The Angel in the House*," and approaches closer to the Eremita Ambrosius than to Dean Churchill's view of the "*Human Affections in the Early Christian Times*."\* The second of the Odes just named is the one, perhaps, most liable to be misunderstood. Here, and in many other places, many readers will feel themselves justified in falling back on the irreverent theory of poetry propounded by one of the characters in a tale that began its course last month in one of the magazines. "It doesn't do to look for too much meaning in poetry, you know. Of course it's all there, and you can feel it, and

\* The reader will thank us for referring him to an exquisite paper on this subject by Mr. Aubrey de Vere in the *IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. i., p. 79.

all that sort of thing ; but there'd be no good in not writing in prose if a thing was meant to be explained. Depend upon it, if you can understand a poem right off, it isn't worth reading. That's what makes the Greeks and Romans—Homer, you know, and Virgil—the greatest poets in the world ; it takes a man a dozen years of his life to make them out at all, and even then they're hard without a translation."

Without committing ourselves to the sentiments of this Rev. Mr. Somebody, we must, with all the respect and gratitude which we feel for the creator of much pure and exquisite poetry, confess that many pages of his latest work seem to us to be "hard without a translation." It is difficult to understand how thoughts, however subtle or profound, might not be more lucidly expressed by so skilful a master of the most delicate and refined poetic idiom.

M. R.

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### NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Homœopathic World* (May, 1877). A Popular Journal of Medical, Social, and Sanitary Science. Edited by E. B. SHULDHAM M.D., M.A., Oxon. (London: The Homœopathic Publishing Company, 2 Finsbury Circus.)

THIS periodical finds itself named in our pages to its own surprise. It is named only for the purpose of citing the testimony borne to some of the virtues of the Irish character shown under the least favourable of all possible circumstances. This testimony is given by the writer of the article on "The Life of the Poor in Great Cities." The writer is, manifestly, an English Protestant. He is describing the sort of houses inhabited by the poor in London, dealing chiefly with two kinds—the single apartment system and the common lodging-houses:—

"You may go a little farther, and get into a nest of houses inhabited wholly by Irish labourers and their families. It may chance that you enter before the little kitchen is quite cleared of its occupants, and the fire is casting a glow upon a group of faces, seared and disfigured with hardship of all kinds, but owning that wrinkled tenderness that makes the Irish, in their family relationship, so lovable. The gaunt, rough hodsman, smeared with mortar of his day's work, and sharing a potato between two wee children on his knees ; the mother sitting by, so old-looking from long privation, that you can scarcely believe she is only the mother of the infant she is rocking to sleep . . . And then, mounting the steep staircase to get a peep at the sleepers, we find rooms, all Irish, as you may know often by the little crucifix, the sacred picture, or still more by the reverent



way in which many are seen rising from their knees as the stranger disturbs them at their devotions. Higher up, you will find a man and his wife, with each corner of the bed occupied by the shaggy head of a little child; and in the same room, though divided partly by a low boarding, will be two young women, who claim to be sisters, or nieces, or cousins of some sort, and so having some kind of right to the protection of the married couple. With this class of persons, which forms so large a portion of the population of most great cities—living a foreign nation amongst us, herding together in certain quarters, physically the dirtiest, morally the purest, setting an example to all classes of the favoured country, by purity of life and religious observance—many of the common lodging-houses are filled."

After describing a class of lodgers, of whom none, perhaps, ever has the same lodging for three nights together—"Close by, you will find another class of lodging-house, whose inhabitants engage their bed, or their half bed, for months together, where no bed is without its furniture, and the down-stairs room is a perfect picture-gallery. This, too, is an Irish house, and the gallery contains none but sacred subjects. You see here the Virgin, with a literal sword piercing her soul. By her side is our Lord, with the sacred heart appearing external to ribs and clothing, and having a bright light in its centre; you have saints in rich profusion, and here and there a print, of no mean pretension, of the Annunciation."

Many parts of the article which we have quoted from the "Homœopathic World" show that it is a Protestant who pays this tribute to the poor Irish of London, and to "the self-denying devotion of the poor Catholic priest." Another testimony of value on the same subject is given by Mr. Henry Mayhew in his famous book on "London Labour and London Poor," from which several most interesting extracts, bearing on the present subject, are given in a long and able article on "the Irish in England," which appeared in the *Dublin Review* for January, 1857. Even in the huge, black English cities, under the most unfavourable circumstances possible, the Catholic faith works wonders among those who, in any degree, submit themselves to its blessed sway.

II. *Disputationum Theologicarum de Justitia et Jure*. Volumen Tertium, complectens universam materiam de juris alieni violatione, et de Restitutione in genere et specie. Auctore GEORGIO CROLLY, in Collegio S. Patricii apud Maynooth Professore. (Dublinii: M. H. Gill et Filius, 1877.)

EVEN in the pages of a journal like ours, which could not dare to criticise such a work, there is no impropriety in merely calling attention to the completion of Dr. Croll's Treatise on Justice, considering the large number of the Irish clergy under whose eye this notice will fall. Every one who has studied the writings of foreign theologians on such subjects is aware how, when the authors come to the practical illustration of their views, using sometimes French or Italian law-terms, the Irish or English student begins to suspect that all this

practical part is in reality quite unpractical and inapplicable to the laws of this country. "I wonder what all this would come to if boiled down to our Common Law!" On such matters the Maynooth Professor gives invaluable assistance which can be found nowhere else. On general grounds, also, it is a great boon to have the views of one of the most eminent theologians that Ireland has produced, in that department precisely in which he is pre-eminent. This and Dr. Murray's splendid treatise *De Ecclesia* are works of which Maynooth and the Irish Church may well be proud.

III. *Characteristics from the Writings of John Henry Newman.* Being Selections personal, historical, philosophical and religious, from his various works. Arranged by WILLIAM SAMUEL LILLY. With the Author's approval. Third edition. (London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.)

IN any library of even a few books, this ought to be one. The form in which Dr. Newman's writings have appeared makes it less easy for many to purchase and to study them in complete editions. But, considering the place that the illustrious Oratorian occupies in the contemporary history and literature of the Catholic Church, we ought at least to make ourselves acquainted with him, as far as we can, through the help of this very skilful and authentic selection of representative specimens of that mind and heart which are acknowledged by all, within and without, to be among the greatest and truest of our time, or of any time.

IV. *The Nature, Excellence, and Advantages of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* A Sermon preached in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Limerick, June 8th, 1877. By the Rev. EDMUND J. O'REILLY, S. J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

THE subject of this sermon, and the name of the preacher, recommend it sufficiently to those who, for their own use, or for the instruction of others, may desire a solid and succinct theological exposition of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We have lately had occasion to examine somewhat carefully the lists of books written in English on subjects connected with the Sacred Heart; and we think that this little sixpenny spiritual treatise—for it is more than a sermon—fills admirably a place vacant hitherto in the literature of this devotion.

IV. *Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation.* By D. OWEN MADDEN, Esq. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1877.)

THE times to which these lively sketches refer are now one generation further back in the past than when the book was originally published. How utterly forgotten is that whilome ornament of the Munster Bar, "Waggett, who in eloquence equalled O'Connell!" Such gossiping reminiscences of bygone persons and things are certainly very interesting; but in the interest there is a tinge of melancholy.

## THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.\*

BY THE REV. GERALD MOLLOY, D.D.

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;  
 They crowned him long ago;  
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
 With a diadem of snow.  
 Around his waist are forests braced,  
 The avalanche in his hand;  
 But ere it fall, that thundering ball  
 Must pause for my command.  
 The glacier's cold and restless mass  
 Moves onward day by day;  
 But I am he who bids it pass,  
 Or with its ice delay."—MANFRED.

THE glaciers of the Alps have a wide and many-sided interest. While they are an object of fond devotion to those who dwell habitually among them, they attract from distant countries, with a sort of fascination, men of the most opposite pursuits in life. The poet loves to haunt those lonely solitudes of ice, and there, gazing on the wild and changeful face of Nature, "feed on thoughts that voluntarily move harmonious numbers." The daring mountain climber, lured by the love of adventure, scales their glittering slopes, nor rests till he has reached their highest summits crowned with a canopy of perpetual snow. The philosopher, again, finds in the glaciers of the Alps a key to the past history of our globe, and recognizes, in those ponderous masses of moving ice, a mighty engine by which the rough and furrowed form of many a mountain chain was sculptured out in ages long gone by.

But the interest of the glaciers is not for these alone; favoured children of earth, endowed with rare gifts of mind, or powers of body. The instinctive love of Nature and her works is common to us all: and the crowds of eager tourists who, summer after summer, darken the snow-fields of the Alps, climbing the steep moraine, and peering into the caverns of ice, give proof, if proof were wanted, that this pure and noble instinct is not altogether extinguished by the absorbing ambition or the distracting cares of ordinary life.

I shall not attempt to picture to you, this evening, the singular and attractive beauty of those pathless regions of ice and snow, lifting up their lofty summits against the clear blue sky above, and stretching away to the green meadows and picturesque hamlets of the valleys below. This task more fitly belongs to the artist and the poet. Neither do I mean to entertain you with a story of perilous adventure and hair-breadth escapes. Narratives of this kind, told not unfrequently with graphic power of language, and illustrated with no small artistic skill, may be found, without stint, in the works of the Alpine Club. Mine shall be the humbler task of setting before you some account of the origin and nature of glaciers, and of briefly sketching the functions they fulfil in the physical history of our globe.

\* A Lecture delivered before St. Kevin's Branch of the Catholic Union.

I need hardly tell you that the higher we ascend in mountain regions the colder the air becomes. But this fact, though familiar, is well deserving of careful consideration, for it is closely bound up with some of the most interesting and important principles of physical science. Why is it that the air gets colder the nearer we go to the sun, the great source of heat? There are two principal reasons, and I trust I shall not weary you if I dwell for a few moments upon each.

First, the air is not heated directly by the sun, but by the earth. The bright, luminous rays of the sun pass through our atmosphere without imparting to it any very sensible amount of heat. This you may easily prove for yourselves by a very simple experiment. Stand in the bright sunshine of a clear, cold day, and realise, for a few minutes, the genial heat which the sun's rays are carrying through the air around you. Then step aside into the shade, a few feet off, and you will at once feel convinced how little of that heat has been imparted to the air itself, though it has been streaming through it, perhaps, for hours. The earth, however, like your body, is warmed by these same rays; and when the earth grows warm, it becomes, in its turn, a source of heat, and sends forth rays of its own back into the atmosphere again. Now, these rays that come back from the earth are not luminous like those of the sun; they are dark or obscure rays of heat. And the air, which could imbibe little heat from the bright rays of the sun, imbibes it largely from the dark rays of the earth. Thus it is that while the air is indebted for its warmth to the sun, it receives that warmth not directly from the sun itself, but from the earth, which is heated by the sun.

This is a wise and beneficent provision of Nature. Suppose, for a moment, that the atmosphere were so constituted that it could absorb heat from the luminous rays of the sun. The process would begin when the rays first enter our atmosphere at a height, say, of a hundred miles; it would continue throughout their whole course; and thus the heat of these rays would be almost wholly exhausted before they could reach the surface of the earth. The consequence would be that the whole earth would be far colder than the arctic regions now are, and would be, therefore, utterly unfit for human habitation. But, in the present dispensation of Nature, the atmosphere, in a manner, entraps the sun's heat for our use and benefit, allowing it to pass in freely from without, but not allowing it to pass freely back into space.

Bearing in mind, then, that the air receives its heat directly from the earth, let us consider what is the consequence of this fact on its temperature at high altitudes. In the first place, the radiant heat coming from the earth must, as a rule, pass through the lower strata of the atmosphere before it reaches the higher. As it ascends, it suffers loss, at every moment, by absorption, and, therefore, the higher it rises the feebler it becomes. Further, the air of the higher regions being much more rarified than the air below, its power of absorbing heat is proportionately diminished. Thus you see one clear reason why the upper strata of the atmosphere are colder than

the lower; the radiant heat that reaches them is less, and their power of absorbing that heat is also less.

The second reason will not detain us long. When air expands, heat disappears; when air is compressed, heat is developed. I will ask you to take these statements on trust, for the present; because a discussion of them would lead us too far from the subject in hand. But I will offer, in passing, one brief word of explanation, which may, perhaps, serve to stimulate, though it cannot quite satisfy, intelligent curiosity. When air expands, heat disappears; because, in fact, heat is the agent that produces the effect. It expends its own energy in the act of forcing the particles of air asunder; and the energy so expended ceases to exist as heat. Hence, after expansion has taken place, the total quantity of heat, present in the air, is less than it was before. On the other hand, when air is compressed, some kind of energy, from without, must be expended in compressing it. The energy so expended vanishes, and heat appears in its stead. In other words, the energy expended has been converted into heat. Thus, after compression, the total quantity of heat present is greater than before.

Now, picture to your minds the great chain of the Alps, with an average height, let us say, of 11,000 feet; and, to fix our ideas, let us suppose that the wind is blowing from the south. The air, charged with the moisture of the Mediterranean, strikes against the base of this mountain barrier; it is tilted up, and begins to ascend the slopes; as it rises, it expands; heat is consumed by the fact of expansion; and long before the highest peaks are reached, the warm atmosphere of Italy has, by its own inherent action, been reduced to freezing temperature. Meanwhile, the vapour that it bears along has been condensed into water; and, when the freezing point is reached, each tiny particle of water passes into the solid form of ice. Then begins that wonderful and mysterious process by which the infinitesimally minute molecules of ice are built up into tender crystals of snow; and these crystals, clinging together, form flakes; and the flakes fall thick and heavy, covering the slopes and summits of the mountains with a mantle of dazzling white. And now the air, having swept over the towering crests of the mountain rampart, is borne downwards into the valleys of Switzerland. As it descends, it is gradually condensed by the increasing pressure of the atmosphere above it: condensation develops heat; and by the time it has reached the cities of the plain, it is genial and pleasant once again. Thus we learn how the same current of air which is warm when it leaves the plains of Italy, and warm again when it reaches the valleys of Switzerland, becomes, in the interval, so cold, from the very nature of the journey it makes, as to leave a thick covering of snow on the intervening mountain chain.

We have now, as I hope, mastered one important phenomenon to which the existence of glaciers is due, and we have traced that phenomenon to its cause. The phenomenon is simple and familiar: that the higher we ascend in mountain regions the colder the air becomes. The cause is twofold: First, the air of the higher regions

receives less heat from the earth; and, secondly, the air that comes up from the plains, expands as it rises, and is chilled by the fact of expansion.

But a cold atmosphere, though a necessary condition for the production of glaciers, is not in itself sufficient. There must be also an abundant supply of snow, which we may regard as the raw material of which glaciers are made. When the yearly fall of snow is inconsiderable, it is melted away by the summer's sun, and no permanent glacier can be established. But when the snowfall of the year is great, and the cold of the air intense, then the snow can bid defiance to the powers of the sun. His rays, no doubt, are fierce enough in summer, as we may learn from the sunburnt and blistered faces of Alpine travellers; and the bright colours of the mountain flowers, which bloom in the hidden nooks and fissures of the rocks, bear witness, in a more pleasing way, to his genial warmth. But the sunny days are too few, and the summer too brief, and the piles of winter's snow offer a gentle but indomitable resistance. Hence, in the higher regions of lofty mountain chains the ground is covered with snow the whole year round, except where the projecting crags and peaks are too steep for the snow to lie on them. These are the regions of perpetual snow; and the imaginary line that bounds them is called the limit of perpetual snow, or, more simply, the snowline.

The position of this line, that is to say, its height above the level of the sea, is very different in different countries. It depends, as you will easily understand, not on the temperature only, but also on the quantity of snow that falls. In the Alps the snowfall is great owing to the moisture of the climate. The snowline on the southern side is, speaking roughly, about 9,000 feet, and on the northern side about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. Beyond these limits the snows of winter are piled up from year to year, and constitute, as it were, the vast storehouse of a system of glaciers which, for number and extent, are unequalled by those of any other country in Europe.

Since a new stratum of snow is spread out each winter over the whole surface of the higher Alps, and each succeeding summer melts away but a part of it, you might suppose, perhaps, that the height of the mountains must increase from year to year, and from age to age. But it is not so. As the vast pile grows up, the weight of the mass above presses down, with enormous force, on the strata underneath, which at length are, in a manner, squeezed out from below, and begin to move slowly down, in all directions, over the slopes and valleys of the mountain chain. These moving masses are the glaciers of the Alps. We have sought them out, at their source, in the eternal fields of snow; we have now to follow them in their downward course, and learn something of their history.

As the glacier moves down into the valley it passes from snow into ice by a process not unlike to that by which a schoolboy makes a snowball. He takes a mass of snow and presses it firmly together, while, at the same time, the surface is partially melted by the heat of his hand. In a few moments the mass becomes much harder and more compact than ordinary snow, but is yet far from having the

hardness and density of ice; and with this most schoolboys are content. But, if mischievously inclined, these practical philosophers may be seen taking special means to increase the pressure more and more; and adding fresh snow as the mass is reduced in size, they produce, in time, a ball which differs little in quality from pure ice. Now, the snow of a glacier is subjected, as we have seen, to enormous pressure; and as it moves on, under the influence of this pressure, it is exposed to the heat of the sun which melts it at the surface. Thus we find in the glacier, on a colossal scale, the two conditions of the schoolboy's snowball; and accordingly, in the glacier, as in the snowball, the loose, incoherent snow is gradually converted into dense and massive ice. By means of a tunnel, artificially cut into the glacier, at its lower end, the traveller is able, in some places, to penetrate far into the depths of the ice; and it is interesting to compare its rock-like texture, and beautiful blue tint, with the powdery appearance and dazzling whiteness of the snow from which it is derived.

Hence we are to conceive the snow-fields of the Alps as consisting of two parts, widely different in character. First, there is a vast expanse of snow, which covers the rounded summits and steep slopes of the higher mountains, and fills the great basin-like hollows from which the valleys take their rise. This part of the snow-field is called by the Germans *Firn*, by the French *Névé*: there is no name for it in the English language. The snow that falls here has generally a temperature much below the freezing point of water. It is dry and powdery, like fine dust. Such snow may sometimes be seen in our own country, on a very cold day in winter. You may recognise it at once by the fact that it will not cohere, and you cannot make a snowball of it. The first effect of the summer's sun, in the higher Alps, is to raise the temperature of this snow, and then to melt it at the surface. The water thus produced trickles through the mass, and coming into contact with the colder snow beneath, is soon frozen again; while the film of moisture that covers the surface is also frozen, at night. By these operations the snow, to a certain depth, is partially converted into ice, and is thus brought into a crisp and moderately firm condition. In this state it is easy and pleasant to walk upon. But where the sun's rays are shut out, for the greater part of the day, by a projecting cliff, the snow remains permanently in the state of a loose powder, into which the traveller, at every step, sinks down below his knees. So much for the *Firn* or *Névé*. From this we must distinguish the glaciers proper, which, taking their origin from the *Firn*, pass gradually into dense, transparent ice, and stretch away for miles below the snowline, filling up the valleys to a height of several hundred feet.

A glacier, then, is a massive stream of ice, which is ever moving slowly down, from the snow-fields of the higher Alps, to the warmer atmosphere of the valley, where it gradually melts away and disappears. Like a river it follows the windings and assumes the form of the channel through which it moves, spreading out into an expansive plain in the wider basins of the valley, and crushing itself between the projecting rocks in the narrow passes. This unceasing, onward

motion is one of the most wonderful phenomena in Nature. To the casual observer the glacier not only seems at rest, but it seems as fixed and immovable as the giant mountains by its side. Nevertheless, the poet's words are rigorously true,

The glacier's cold and restless mass  
Moves onward day by day ;"

and the proof of this fact is overwhelming.

In the year 1788, the famous Swiss Naturalist, De Saussure, with a large party of guides, passed a fortnight on a lofty shoulder of the Alps, called the Col du Géant, just below the summit of Mont Blanc. On coming down, they left a ladder, fixed in the glacier, at a well-known point of the descent. Fragments of this ladder were found by Forbes in the year 1832, about three miles further down the valley. Thus it would seem that this part of the glacier had moved three miles in forty-four years, or at the rate of from three to four hundred feet a year. Again, in 1827, Hugi, another Swiss philosopher, erected for himself a hut on the lower Aar Glacier, near the Grimsel. He came back in 1830, and again in 1836, and on each occasion he found that the hut had moved further down the valley. Finally, at the end of fourteen years, in 1841, it was found to have moved altogether about 4,900 feet from its first position. This would represent an average yearly motion of 350 feet.

Still more exact are the observations of Agassiz on the same glacier. In the summer of 1841, having provided himself with iron boring rods, he pierced the ice at six places to a depth of ten feet, in a straight line right across the glacier, and at each boring he drove in a wooden stake. The position of this line of stakes he then determined accurately, in reference to fixed points on the mountains, at either side. When he returned, in the month of July of the following year, he found that the whole line of stakes had moved sensibly down from between the two fixed points. Some had moved more, others less. By careful measurement he ascertained that the greatest advance was 269 feet, the least 125.

But it is to James David Forbes, formerly Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, that we are mainly indebted for the varied and accurate knowledge we now possess regarding the motion of glaciers. He was the first to show, in 1842, that by means of a theodolite, the motion of a glacier may be made sensible to the eye from day to day, and even from hour to hour. The scene which he chose for his labours, and which still continues a favourite spot for the study of glacier phenomena, was the well known Mer de Glace, so called from its resemblance to a frozen sea. This is an enormous glacier, which descends from a noble amphitheatre of mountains belonging to the group of Mont Blanc, and, after a course of many miles, forces its way through a narrow gorge, close to the beautiful village of Chamouni. Here the Professor remained for several weeks, and by accurate measurement determined the exact rate of advance of every part of the glacier, thus placing the question of glacier motion, for the first time, on a sound basis of facts. The



result of his observations I will sketch briefly by-and-by; but I should wish first to give you some idea how the motion of a glacier may be made sensible to the eye in the course of a few hours.

A theodolite, as I daresay you know, is practically a telescope mounted on a stand; and for the purpose of exact observation the eye-piece of the telescope is provided with two fine spider threads, which cross one another at right angles. Planting the instrument on the mountain side, and looking through the telescope, straight across the glacier, it is not difficult to get some well defined peak of ice to coincide with the intersection of these two cross-threads. This done, the instrument may be left fixed in its position for three or four hours. On looking through the telescope, at the end of that time, it will be seen that the peak of ice no longer coincides with the intersection of the threads, but has advanced sensibly across the field of view. From careful observations made in this way, and often repeated, it has been shown that the maximum motion of the Mer de Glace, in passing through the gorge, is about three feet a day in summer, and about half that distance in winter.

The great truth established by Forbes, and confirmed by all subsequent observers, is the close analogy between the motion of a glacier and the motion of a river. Of course the rate of motion is widely different. An advance of three feet a day, or an inch and a half in the hour, is very rapid motion for a glacier; whereas a velocity of two or three miles an hour is not unusual for a river. But passing by this great disparity in the rate of motion, it would seem that a glacier deports itself, in most other respects, exactly like a river. The valley through which it flows may be regarded as the bed of this ice-stream; and, like a river, it everywhere accommodates itself, as we have seen, to the shape and form of its bed. Like a river, too, the ice-stream forces its way rapidly along through the narrow passes, and moves at a sluggish pace where the wide and open valley affords an ample channel.

Again, it is well known that, in a river, the current is more rapid near the centre of the stream than it is near the banks, and more rapid at the surface than at the bottom. The reason of this difference may be easily understood. The friction of the water against the sides and floor of the channel through which it flows, acts as a retarding force; and this retarding force is most effective on those portions of the stream that come nearest to its action. Hence, the edges of the stream are more retarded than the centre, the lower depths more retarded than the surface. Now, let me recall to your minds the experiment of Agassiz. You will remember that, in the summer of 1841, he planted a number of stakes, in a straight line across the glacier of the Aar. In July, 1842, he found that all the stakes had moved a considerable distance down the valley, some more, some less. But I have yet to tell you the appearance they presented when seen from the mountain side. The straight line of stakes was changed into a curve, and the bend of the curve was directed down the valley. It was evident, at a glance, that the stakes near the centre had advanced more during the year than those which were near the mountains on either hand; and conse-

quently, that the centre of the glacier was moving faster than the sides.

This result has been repeatedly confirmed by other observers; more particularly by Forbes and Tyndall, who separately pursued their researches for many years among the glaciers, with unwearied diligence and rare scientific skill. Professor Tyndall succeeded, too, in demonstrating, by actual experiment, that the surface of a glacier, like that of a river, moves more rapidly than its lower strata. But not content with proving what was before known or conjectured, this indefatigable observer has established a new and curious analogy between the motion of a glacier and of a river. When a river flows through a winding channel, the point of most rapid motion is not exactly in the centre of the stream. It shifts, at every bend, from one side of the centre to the other, so as to be always a little on the convex side of the curve. Now, the valley-bed of the Mer de Glace is a winding channel, through which the ice-stream flows. By fixing a line of stakes, at short intervals from one another, across the glacier, Professor Tyndall was able to measure the exact motion of every part. And he found invariably that, at each bend of the valley, the stake which advanced most rapidly was a little distance from the centre, and always on the convex side of the glacier curve.

Though the glaciers of the Alps take their origin from snowfields of dazzling whiteness they do not long preserve unsullied this spotless purity of colour. The forces of Nature are unceasingly at work on the mountains that flank them at either side. Mighty rocks are rent asunder by the frost; lofty cliffs are shattered by the lightning; loose shingle and mud are washed down by the torrent; and all this ruin is heaped up, from day to day, and from year to year, on the surface of the glacier. The lighter materials are scattered about in all directions by the wind, and envelop the glacier in a vesture of dingy brown. But the larger masses of rock remain, for the most part, near the foot of the mountains, and form, at each side of the glacier, a long and lofty pile which is borne slowly down towards the plain below. These ramparts of rock are called Lateral Moraines; and I know hardly any object of more striking interest in the natural history of our globe.

Standing in the lonely recesses of a glacier the traveller hears, at intervals, the rattle of the loose shingle down the mountain side, and he sees the fragments, sometimes one by one, sometimes in a cluster, like a shower of rockets, leap out upon the ice, to begin their long and tedious, but inevitable journey to the valley below. Now and then a massive rock is let loose which, leaping from crag to crag, comes down at length with a crash to take its place among its fellows on the moraine; or perhaps it is caught on a projecting ledge, and its journey delayed for years. Now, we must realise to our minds that this process, which we may witness for half an hour, once and again, is going on, not for hours only, or for days, but for years and for centuries; and thus we shall come to form a picture of what Nature is really about, in the wild solitudes of the glaciers, unseen and unnoticed, except at rare intervals, by human eye. She is hewing her

mountains to pieces, and carrying away the ruins, by a machinery of her own, strange and wonderful, to distant sites, where she is minded, no doubt, to use them for other purposes, which may be to us an object of speculation and wonder, but which we can hardly hope fully to comprehend.

When two glaciers meet, they unite like the tributaries of a river, and move on together down the valley. In such a case it is evident that the two adjacent lateral moraines of the two glaciers will come together, at the point of junction, and thenceforth form one united ridge of rock and rubbish. This ridge is called the Medial, or Middle Moraine. When there are three tributary glaciers there will be, of course, two medial moraines; one formed at the junction of the first and second glaciers, the other at the junction of the second and third. And so, in every case, each new tributary involves the production of a new medial moraine. These medial moraines, which may be readily distinguished when we look up the valley from below, constitute a very characteristic feature of glacier phenomena. They appear as long barriers of rock, roughly parallel to the sides of the valley, and marking out definitely the several tributaries of which a great trunk glacier is composed.

Every glacier wastes away at its lower end, by the melting of the ice; and as it wastes away it deposits, on the floor of the valley, the mass of rock, and shingle, and mud, which it has borne down from the higher mountains. The waste, however, is, for the most part, made good by the advance of the ice from behind; and thus the actual position of the end of the glacier may remain unchanged for many years together. Meanwhile, the portion that disappears each year adds a fresh contribution to the pile of rock and ruin, which thus grows up into a great barrier stretching across the valley. This barrier is called the Terminal Moraine of the glacier.

Sometimes, however, the yearly waste of the glacier is greater than the compensation made by its onward march; and then the glacier diminishes in size and shrinks backward up the valley, leaving its terminal moraine behind. Many such terminal moraines may be seen, at the present day, in Switzerland, covered with vegetation, and separated sometimes by pasture fields, and even by villages, from the glaciers by which they were deposited. On the other hand, when the snowfall for a number of years has been unusually great, and the summers unusually cold, then the compensation exceeds the waste; the glacier moves farther down the valley, carrying before it human dwellings, tearing up forest trees, and even pushing along, with gentle but resistless force, the mountain-like pile of its own terminal moraine.

Another interesting feature of the glacier consists in those deep clefts or fissures by which it is intersected in all directions, and which are generally known by the French name of *Crevasses*. The crevasse first appears as a minute crack in the surface of a glacier, into which you could, with difficulty, introduce the blade of a penknife. In a few days this crack is, perhaps, an inch wide: later on, it is a foot across;

and so it continues to increase until it becomes, at length, a yawning chasm of unknown depth, several feet in width, and, it may be, a hundred yards, or more, in length.

Chasms of this kind constitute one of the difficulties and dangers of glacier excursions. In summer, below the snow line, the surface of the glacier is usually free from snow, and you can see the chasm as you approach. It is then little more than an obstacle in your way and involves no real danger. If it is narrow, you can step across; if too wide for leaping, you will often find a colossal mass of rock caught in the jaws of the crevasse, which affords a convenient bridge over which you may pass in safety. At the worst, you can follow the edge of the chasm, which must come to an end somewhere, and thus get round it, at the loss of a little time and trouble. But in the higher regions, where the glacier is covered with snow, the crevasse is a great source of danger, and has proved the grave of many a bold, perhaps I should say reckless, mountaineer. The whole surface is here an unbroken field of snow; and the treacherous chasm is concealed from the traveller's eye until he steps into it, and is lost. Nevertheless, a remedy has been found for this danger, and we are assured by the most experienced guides that none need suffer except from their own neglect. A single traveller has, indeed, no security. But a party of four or five, with a rope passing from one to the other, firmly secured to each, leaving an interval of ten or twelve feet between, are held to be perfectly safe. One of the party may step into a hidden crevasse, and disappear for a moment, but his companions, who have firm footing on the solid glacier, are at hand to pull him out. No doubt there are many who might not like even this temporary acquaintance with the interior of a crevasse; and I suppose the best security for them is to keep carefully, in their excursions, below the limits of perpetual snow.

You will, perhaps, be interested to hear an authentic story of Alpine adventure, which at once illustrates the danger of crevasses, and brings home to the mind, in a practical way, the reality of glacier motion. In the month of August, 1820, Dr. Hamel, a Russian traveller, with two English companions, and a party of seven guides, attempted the ascent of Mount Blanc. They had reached in safety that magnificent expanse of snow known as the Grand Plateau, not far from the highest summit of the mountain, when they were caught in an avalanche, which swept three of the guides into a yawning crevasse. Forty years passed away and no tidings were ever heard of them: but on the fifteenth of August, 1861, far away in the valley, many miles from the scene of the catastrophe, their remains were given up, by the melting of the ice, at the end of the Glacier des Bossons. Arms, legs, and skulls, were successively brought forth to the light of day, the flesh being still quite white and adhering firmly to the bones. Near them were found fragments of clothes, the straw hat of one of the guides, the gauze veil of Dr. Hamel, a broken Alpen stock, and, perhaps most curious of all, a roast leg of mutton still in a good state of preservation. These and many other similar records of the sad catastrophe, having been gathered together, were carried to

the office of the Mayor of Chamouni, and became the subject of judicial investigation.

The chief witness was Marie Couttet, one of the guides who had escaped, and who was now seventy-two years of age. The old man identified, without difficulty, all the various fragments spread out before him, and was deeply affected as each, in turn, brought vividly to his mind some incident of the perilous expedition. "This is the hat," he said, "of Auguste Tairraz; it was he who carried the pigeons which we were to let fly from the summit; and see, here is the wing of one of them. This stick, shod with iron, is the remnant of my Alpen stock: I made it myself for my excursions on the glaciers. And it saved my life; for when my companions were swallowed up I was supported on my staff, and remained suspended over the crevasse. It broke at last; but I was able to free myself from the snow, and I was saved. What joy to see it again!" "This is the hand of Balmat; I know it well." And kissing it tenderly, he added; "I could not have believed that, before leaving the world, it would have been granted to me to press once again the hand of my brave comrade, my good friend Balmat." Another surviving guide of the expedition, Julien Devouassoux, was also present at this strange scene. But he was upwards of eighty years of age; memory and intelligence were gone; and he looked on at the sad spectacle without emotion or apparent interest.\*

The crevasse owes its origin to a straining of the glacier as it moves along its valley-bed. We have seen that the motion is more rapid near the centre than at the sides. Thus a strain is established between the different parts of the glacier. The hard and brittle ice cannot stretch, so it cracks across; and the cracks widen from day to day. Fissures arising in this way are chiefly confined to the margin of the glacier; but there are others which stretch right across from side to side. Suppose that, at a certain point, the valley makes a sudden dip downwards. The glacier moving over the floor of the valley is, in a manner, strained round the angle so made; just as I might take a straight strip of glass and strain it round the edge of this table. The glass unable to yield by stretching must yield by breaking: so, too, the glacier strained across a projecting angle of its rocky bed, cracks at its surface; and the strain continuing from day to day, the crack soon becomes a fissure, and the fissure a chasm. As each succeeding portion of the glacier passes over the bend it is broken in like manner. Thus a succession of chasms is formed, with a great transverse wall of ice between each two. This transverse wall is often broken up itself, by local strains, into great blocks or crags. And when the dip of the valley amounts to a precipice the whole surface of the glacier, in such a locality, is rent and torn asunder, and assumes fantastic forms of turrets, peaks, and pinnacles, which, glittering in the rays of the mid-day sun, present a scene of wild and indescribable splendour. This phenomenon is very frequent in the

\* See the Procès Verbal of this investigation, given at length in "*Les Fastes du Mont Blanc*," pp. 65-72.

Alps. Seen from a distance it suggests the idea of a foaming cataract suddenly converted into ice. Hence it is called, not unfitly, an ice cascade.

The ice towers of the cascade, known in Switzerland by the name of *Séracs*, are exposed, in a special degree, to the action of the sun's heat, to which, indeed, is chiefly due the singular and fantastic forms they assume. In summer they are often undermined by the melting away of their ice foundations; and then they topple over and come down with a tremendous crash, several hundred tons of ice being sometimes precipitated, with fearful violence, down to the lower glacier. This is called an ice avalanche; a well known source of danger to Alpine travellers. Here is a lively account of one from which Mr. Whymper narrowly escaped a few years ago.

"We got to the rocks in safety; and if they had been doubly as difficult as they were we should still have been well content. We sat down, keeping our eyes fixed on the towering pinnacles of ice under which we had passed; but which, now, were almost beneath us. Without a preliminary warning sound, one of the largest, as high as the monument at London Bridge, fell upon the slope below. The stately mass heeled over as if upon a hinge, holding together until it bent 30° forwards; then it crushed out its base, and, rent into a thousand fragments, plunged vertically down upon the slope that we had crossed. Every atom of our track, that was in its course, was obliterated; all the new snow was swept away, and a broad sheet of smooth, glassy ice, showed the resistless force with which it had fallen."\*

Still more terrible and destructive are the avalanches of snow which descend further down the valleys, and not unfrequently overwhelm whole villages. They are of two kinds: the sliding avalanche, and the rolling avalanche. The sliding avalanche somewhat resembles a landslip. It generally originates from a layer of fresh snow lying on a steep slope of ice. You can easily imagine that, at a certain inclination of the slope, the snow is just balanced between the force which holds it to the ice, and the force which tends to make it slide down. In such circumstances, the slightest disturbance—a peal of thunder, for instance, the light tread of the chamois, even, it is said, the voice of a passing traveller—may be sufficient to dislodge it from its bed. Thus the whole mass begins to slide; and acquiring force as it moves, it sweeps down into the valley, carrying every thing before it. An avalanche of this kind was started by Mr. Whymper and his party, in his descent from the Grandes Jorasses. The incident is thus described in his "*Scrambles amongst the Alps*."

"The slopes were steep, and covered with new-fallen snow, flour-like, and evil to tread upon. On the ascent we had reviled it, and made our staircase with much caution, knowing full well that the disturbance of its base would bring down all that was above. In descending, the bolder spirits counselled trusting to luck and a glissade; the cautious ones advocated avoiding the slopes, and crossing to the rocks on their

\* Whymper's *Scrambles amongst the Alps*, p. 258.

farther side. The advice of the latter prevailed, and we had half traversed the snow, to gain the ridge, when the crust slipped, and we went along with it. 'Halt!' broke from all four unanimously. The axe-heads flew round as we started on this involuntary glissade. It was useless: they slid over the underlying ice fruitlessly. 'Halt!' thundered Croz, as he dashed his weapon in again with superhuman energy. No halt could be made, and we slid down slowly, but with accelerating motion, driving up waves of snow in front, with streams of it hissing all around. Luckily the slope eased off at one place; the leading men cleverly jumped aside out of the moving snow, we others followed, and the young avalanche which we had started, continuing to pour down, fell into a yawning crevasse, and showed us where our grave would have been if we had remained in its company five seconds longer. The whole affair did not occupy half a minute."\*

The rolling avalanche begins with a very small quantity of snow, dislodged from its place on some mountain crest, and sent rolling down the slopes of the snow fields. As it rolls along it gathers, at every turn, fresh snow round itself, and rapidly grows from the size, perhaps, of a pea to the size of a snowball, from the size of a snowball to the size of a cottage, from the size of a cottage to the size of a mountain; and then rushing into the valley with enormous velocity, carries death and destruction in its path. I will give you one or two examples of its power. In the year 1749, the village of Tawich, in the canton of the Grisons, was completely buried under an avalanche of this kind. A hundred persons were afterwards dug out from beneath the snow: but of these only two were alive. In the same canton, an avalanche came down, in the year 1806, and carried a forest from one side of the valley to the other, planting a fir-tree on the roof of the parsonage house. Again, in the year 1820, at Obergesteln, near the glacier of the Rhone, four hundred head of cattle and eighty human beings were overwhelmed in an avalanche of snow.

But it is time to return to the history of the glacier, and follow it out to the end. We have seen that the glacier is fed from the snow-fields, and the snow-fields are the products of the clouds that sweep across the Alps; and the clouds are only the vapour of the atmosphere, first condensed into water, and then crystalized into snow; and the vapour of the atmosphere has been drawn off from the ocean by the action of the sun's heat: and now it remains for me only to tell you how the glacier itself returns again to its parent ocean, and thus completes the cycle of its history. The lower end of every glacier is the source of a river, which rushes out from beneath a massive vault of ice. This river is fed partly by the melting of the ice at the end of the glacier, partly by the melting that goes on over its surface the whole summer through. Every traveller knows that a glacier is traversed in summer with numerous rills which make for themselves little furrows in the ice, often uniting so as to form considerable streams, and flowing down over the surface until they come to the edge of a cre-

\* Whymper's *Scrambles amongst the Alps*, p. 345.

vasse, into which they plunge and disappear. All these rills and streams find their way through the ice to the floor of the valley, and then continuing their course, underneath the glacier, issue at length from the vaulted arch at the end.

The river thus brought into existence is, therefore, nothing less than the glacier itself, under a new form, and entering on a new career. It is saturated with fine mud, produced by the grinding action of the glacier against its valley-bed; and when first we see the turbid, muddy stream into which the exquisite blue ice of the glacier has been converted, we can hardly suppress a feeling of disappointment and regret. But the beauty of the glacier has not been wholly effaced, it has only been veiled for a time. If we follow the stream in its course we shall find that it throws down its muddy garb in the first great lake through which it flows; and we shall recognise, once again, the beautiful tints of the glacier ice in the blue waters of Geneva, Constance, Lucerne, Garda, Maggiore, and Como. After a brief interval of repose in these great basins, the glacier streams set out once more on their long journey, and under the familiar names of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Po, the Adige, the Inn, stretch away in all directions, for hundreds of miles, across the continent of Europe, never halting on the way till they pour back the melted snow-fields of the Alps into the Northern Ocean, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean.

Thus we learn that the glaciers of the Alps represent but one particular stage in a long series of changes, which go on unceasingly from age to age. The glaciers of to-day are the clouds of yesterday, and the rivers of to-morrow. They spring from the ocean, and to the ocean they return again. But during the period of their existence they inscribe a record of themselves on the rocks of the valley over which they pass. This record may be deciphered by a keen eye, and interpreted by a trained intelligence: and perhaps you will kindly bear with me if, before bringing this lecture to a close, I try to give you some idea of the nature of the record and the story it unfolds.

The glacier, in moving down a valley, has a singular power of polishing and scoring its rocky bed. Fragments of rock, angular stones, and fine sand, fall through the crevasses and get firmly imbedded in the under surface of the glacier, sharing its motion, and accordingly, grating, under enormous pressure, against the floor of the valley. Thus the glacier practically becomes a powerful grinding machine, under the action of which the rocks of the valley soon lose their projecting angles, and receive a smooth and polished surface. At the same time, this smooth surface is, here and there, deeply furrowed by angular blocks of some hard mineral, such as quartz, which, like a graver's tool, cuts into the softer material of the rock below. And again, the hard, fine sand, rubbing against the polished surface of the rock, leaves its mark in the form of fine scratches, or striae, as they are called, the direction of which always corresponds to the direction in which the glacier is moving.

These markings are now universally recognised as characteristic of glacier action; they are invariably produced by glaciers, and are



produced by no other known physical agent. They may be studied with special advantage, at the present moment, in Switzerland: for, during the last fifteen years most of the Swiss glaciers have been shrinking backwards up their valleys. Hence, the surface lately covered by these glaciers is now exposed to view, and the impressions they have left behind on the rocks may be easily discerned and observed at leisure. A few days spent near the edge of the Mer de Glace, or of the glacier of the Aar, or, indeed, of almost any Swiss glacier, will be sufficient to train the eye to recognise, at a glance, these characteristic records of glacier action: and then a new world of thought is suddenly opened to the mind.

Taking, for example, the glacier of the Aar, which is, perhaps, the best illustration I can select, we soon find that the characteristic markings I have described are not confined to the immediate neighbourhood of the present glacier, but are plainly visible all the way down to the Grimsel Hospice, a good hour's walk from the nearest ice. Nay, passing the Grimsel Hospice, we can trace them down the valley of Hasli, and even as far as Meyringen and Brienz, twenty miles away. We have here the record of the past and the work of the present, so to say, in one continuous scroll. Standing by the existing glacier, we study carefully and minutely the kind of grinding and carving which it has executed on the surface of the rocks in our own day. All down the valley we find the surface of the rock sculptured in exactly similar fashion. And ascribing the same effect to the same cause, we conclude that an enormous glacier once moved down the valley of Hasli, and left this curious record of its existence inscribed upon the rocks.

In like manner, if we followed the course of the Rhone, from its present source in the Rhone glacier, we could trace out the same characteristic markings on the mountain walls and rocky floor of the valley, until they are lost, at length, in the lake of Geneva; and we could hardly resist the conclusion that the present glacier of the Rhone is but a small fraction of a far mightier glacier that once filled the whole valley to a distance of eighty miles. Or crossing to the southern slopes of the Alps, we could easily discern similar evidence of an ancient glacier in the valley of Aosta, and trace it out from its source in the snow-fields of Mont Blanc, through the vineyards and corn-fields of Piedmont, to the distant town of Ivrea.

Our conclusion does not rest on the evidence of glacier markings alone. In all the cases I have mentioned, and in many others I might adduce, we should find, here and there, long, irregular mounds of earth and stones, sometimes barren and desolate, sometimes covered with vegetation, and studded with human habitations. These mounds, when carefully examined, are found to be the exact counterpart of the moraines, which, as we have seen, are left behind by every glacier, when it shrinks in size, and retreats towards its source. Thus these massive piles become silent monuments, testifying to the existence of ancient glaciers, and confirming the record that has been carved upon the rocks. It would be impossible, in a brief sketch, to give you an adequate conception of the force of this argument when mastered in

all its details. I trust, however, that enough has been said to furnish some idea of the kind of reasoning which brings home to a geologist the conviction that the ancient glaciers of Switzerland far exceeded in extent those of the present day.

But the geologist does not stop here. Having by long and varied practice trained his eye and cultivated his judgment in the country of existing glaciers, he soon discovers that the traces of moving ice are to be found in other lands where glaciers have been unknown within historic times. He finds, in fact, that he has learned a new language in which he can read some curious chapters in the past history of our globe. He tells us, for example, with unhesitating confidence, that the British Islands had their glaciers and their snow-fields in ancient times, just as Switzerland has her glaciers and her snow-fields to-day. And if we ask him for proof of this startling assertion, he takes us to the glaciers of the Alps, and teaches us to read and understand the records they are now leaving impressed in the valleys of Switzerland; and then he shows us these same records in the valleys of the Scottish Highlands, of Cumberland, and of Wales. In Ireland, too, he might take us to the mountains of Kerry, and, by the aid of the same memorials, trace out the course of ancient glaciers amidst the picturesque beauty of Killarney, and the Black Valley, and the Purple Mountain. Or, coming nearer home, he might take us a ramble over that beautiful amphitheatre of hills that encircle our own city, and there point out those rounded domes of granite, those singular furrows and parallel scratches on the rocks, which reveal to his practised eye the existence of glaciers in ages long gone by, as clearly as the scribblings on the walls of Pompeii reveal to the historian the gossip of society in the days of Imperial Rome.

I have now exhausted the limits of my time, and I fear I have exhausted too the limits of your patience; but I am far from having exhausted the limits of my subject. I have sought only, in this hurried sketch, to put before you the leading features of a great natural phenomenon, and to give you some idea of the harmony and beauty of those laws which are concerned in its history. Of the majestic aspect which the glaciers of the Alps present to the eye, and of the glorious scenery that surrounds them, I have attempted no description. For those who have been there description is unnecessary; and I could not help feeling that for those who have not been there all description is miserably inadequate. But I venture to hope that in sketching out the laws to which these stupendous works of Nature owe their existence, their action, and their decay, I have suggested to you some new thoughts, and furnished, perhaps, a new source of enjoyment. For I believe that scenery the most beautiful and sublime receives a new charm when we are able not merely to contemplate the face of Nature, but to reach the intelligence behind; not merely to discern in her works that external beauty which strikes the eye, and kindles the imagination, but to trace out the evidence of wisdom, forethought, power, which leads the mind from the admiration of the material world to the knowledge and worship of Him who is the great Invisible Creator and Ruler of the universe.

## THE ALLO UNVISITED.

[The Allo flows into the Blackwater near Kanturk. As some reader might detect too close a resemblance between these verses and "The Yarra-Yarra Unvisited" (*The Month*, Vol. XVI., p. 425), and in a less degree "Down by the Dodder" (*IRISH MONTHLY*, Vol. III., p. 86), it is best to confess beforehand that all three rhymes have been rhymed by the same rhymester, merely as playful echoes of the first of Wordsworth's exquisite trio of Yarrow poems.]

A N Irishman, I love the fair  
 And fruitful land that bore me.  
 (O'Connell, you're no doubt aware,  
 Made this remark before me.\*)  
 I love dear Erin's vales and hills,  
 Her tillage-land and fallow;  
 I love her rivers and her rills,  
 And thus I love the Allo.

Thus only: for I must avow  
 'Tis but by name I know it.  
 Its name has more than once ere now  
 Slid from the pen of poet.  
 The Laureate of the Fairy Queen  
 Erst tarried near Duhallow,  
 And oft he traced thy margin green,  
 Broadwater, *alias* Allo †

In our own day, or near our day,  
 In Desmond the deep-valleyed,  
 Poor Callanan was wont to stray  
 On summer eves, and dallied  
 Along thy brink with poet-dreams  
 And legends sad that hallow  
 The windings of our Irish streams  
 And "float down echoing Allo."

Simmons of *Blackwood* here was "raised"  
 (*Loquendo yankicé*) at Kilworth,  
 Whose poems, by Kit North o'erpraised,  
 A passing glance are still worth;

\* In beginning his speech in the debate on the Repeal of the Union, in the Dublin Corporation, February, 1843, in which his opponent was Alderman Isaac Butt:—"I am an Irishman, and I am an ardent admirer of the lovely and fruitful land of my birth, my fatherland."

† Spenser mentions it in "Colin Clout's come home again," line 123. I hope there is no need to quote Callanan's "Gougaune Barra" which the next stanza recalls.

And Edward Walsh, not far away,  
 Sang his "Mairgread ni Challa,"  
 But where his rustic schoolhouse lay,  
 In sooth I know not, Allo!

One poet more I'll link with thee.  
 More sweet than lark or mavis,  
 From manly heart sincere and free  
 Forth flowed the song of Davis.  
 Nor all at random do I name  
 The patriot bard of Mallow,\*  
 For in his boyhood oft he came  
 To muse along the Allo.

Thou swellest lovely Avondhu  
 (Now called, alas! Blackwater);  
 Her broader tide takes up anew  
 The chorus thou hast taught her.  
 Belov'd art thou of coot and crane,  
 Of willow and of sallow:  
 (The difference betwixt these twain  
 Is more than I know, Allo!)

But now enough I've named thy name,  
 Enough I've sung my saga;  
 And shrined for ever is thy fame  
 Within the leaves of Maga.  
 Hatched is my tiny brood of rhymes,  
 Which are, I grant, but callow:  
 Perchance their wings will grow betimes  
 And waft me to thee, Allo.

Farewell until we meet. If e'er  
 My pilgrim-steps should ramble  
 To where Kilcolman's crumbling stair†  
 Grows green with weed and bramble,  
 No stranger shall I feel, and thou,  
 Oh, limpid stream and shallow!  
 Wilt greet me as a friend. But now  
 Farewell, my winsome Allo!

M. R.

\* Those for whom a note would be necessary about these Munster poets, Thomas Davis, Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, Edward Walsh, and Bartholomew Simmons (a favoured contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* thirty or forty years ago), are exhorted to consult the fine collection of the "Ballads of Ireland," edited in two volumes by Mr. Edward Hayes. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's admirable "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," which gives specimens of all the poets we have named, may be had in a six-penny edition.

† Edmund Spenser lived at Kilcolman Castle.

## ALINE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN REDBREAST'S VICTORY," "FREDERIC GRANAM," "IZA'S STORY," ETC.

## PART I.

WE were talking about miracles the other evening, and some one remarked that a miracle was like a ghost—everybody knows somebody who has seen one, but nobody ever sees one himself. "I beg your pardon," I said, "I have seen one."

"What! with your own eyes? A real, live miracle! Oh, do tell us about it!"

And I told the story, as I now write it.

God gave me a friend once. She was French. Her name was Aline. She was married at twenty. I did not know her then; but she told me the story of her marriage years after, and used to laugh heartily at my insular wonder at the prosaic manner in which the affair was conducted. She went to spend the evening at the house of a lady where a number of young friends of hers were in the habit of going once a week, taking their work or their music with them, and holding a little *salon* of their own at one end of the room, while their elders conversed, or sat round a card-table at the other. On this particular evening, a gentleman dropped in rather late, and after paying his respects to the lady of the house, and conversing with some of the guests whom he knew, took leave, without having once addressed Aline, or any of her young companions, or, as far as she could see, even cast a glance to that end of the room. She, however, noticed his air of distinction, and wondered who he was; but it was a mere passing curiosity, and she had ceased to think of him before she returned home. Next morning her mother, who was called Madame André, to distinguish her from a sister-in-law, came into her room, and, after embracing her, said, with emotion, "My child, thy grandfather and I have been much pre-occupied of late concerning thy future. He is old, and I am not growing young, and my health is far from robust. All this makes it desirable that thou shouldst find a protector as speedily as possible. M. — whom thou didst see last night has made an offer for thy hand. He is all that we could desire in a son-in-law." And she proceeded to enumerate the advantages which the gentleman presented, and ended by telling Aline to think over all this, as they gave her until the next day to make up her mind.

"I don't want an hour, *ma mère*," said Aline, unhesitatingly. "Since you are satisfied on the essential points, that is enough for me. I noticed M. — last night, and I was greatly struck by his *distinguished* manners and appearance; and if I have had the good fortune to please him, he also pleased me."

And so, without any preliminary romance, the marriage was forthwith arranged. If you are unacquainted with French manners and customs, this matter-of-fact way of proceeding will probably shock you a little; but the system works very well abroad, and, though I am far from advocating its adoption for home use, I must say in fairness, that these cool, business-like unions turn out, as a rule, quite as happy as those contracted under more poetic conditions in our own more romantic land.

Aline's experience certainly tells strongly in favour of the prosaic system. Never was there a happier married life, a union more complete and tender than hers. Her husband was a man of high principle, strong affections, and refined and cultivated tastes. He was magnificent in his liberality, and a prince in his charities; so much so that the poor people nicknamed him "*M. le prince*," and the sobriquet was caught up by his friends, who familiarly called him by it. Aline used to complain that he entered so quickly into her charitable schemes, sometimes even forestalling them, that she never had a chance of showing off her eloquence, and "*carrying a point*," as other wives boasted of doing with reluctant husbands. He, on his side, complained that she never had a fancy for anything, and would look at the prettiest trinkets in a jeweller's shop without longing for one of them. "*Say if I am not to be pitied*," he would say to his mother-in-law, "*to be married to a woman who never has a caprice!*"

There was one fear that hung like a cloud over Aline's happy life, one sorrow that, on her bridal day, she had prayed to be spared above all others. She dreaded being left a widow. The sight of Madame André's agony after her husband's death had made such an impression on Aline as a child, that for years she secretly determined never to marry, and thus avoid the possibility of incurring a like misfortune; and from the moment of her marriage, she prayed every day of her life to be spared it.

For seven years it seemed as if the prayer were to be heard. M——'s health was excellent, and never gave his wife a moment's concern. But suddenly there came a change; alarming symptoms showed themselves, and increased so rapidly, that soon it became plain to every one, except Aline, that the days of her earthly happiness were numbered. She, however, remained blind to the truth. Every thing that science could do was done; watering-places were resorted to, systems were tried, all to no effect. She saw this, and yet she continued blind. The idea that her husband was going to die did not, apparently, present itself to her as a possibility. She either could not, or would not see it. Any other sacrifice she was ready to make—her children, her health, her fortune, one or all of these she was ready to give up without a murmur. But her husband! that was a sacrifice not even to be contemplated. She had somehow, by dint of praying against it, made up her mind that God would never ask it of her, and it now seemed as if no warning, short of death itself, could shake this belief. She besieged heaven, meantime, with prayers for the restoration of his health; she could not go beyond this form

of petition. But if God willed that it should never be restored, and that he should remain an invalid for the rest of his life, she was permissive, perfectly ready to accept the decree.

M. — grew so ill at last, that it became merely a question of time, and the medical men ordered him to remain in Paris for the winter, in order that close attendance and medical skill and care might do what was still possible to prolong life and alleviate his sufferings. Even at this crisis, Aline refused to see the danger. "My last words to her at parting," said her mother, "were, God send you strength to bear whatever He sends, my child!"

"Yes, mother," replied Aline, in her emphatic way, "that is what I ask Him with every breath I draw. But not this—God is merciful. He *knows* this cross would be heavier than I could bear. He won't send it to me."

It was a long illness; ten months, I think. Alice tended her husband through it with a love "passing the love of woman." She never left his bedside day or night, grudging the attendant sisters even those laborious offices that were beyond her own frail strength. When the doctors entreated her to leave the hot, sick room for an hour, and go for a drive or a walk, she replied—and it was true—that she felt no want of rest or of fresh air. When they urged the risk to her own health by this prolonged confinement and fatigue, she smiled in an amused way. What better use could she make of her health than to spend it in her husband's service? They pleaded her children to whom her life was precious; but she could not think of her children, of anyone or anything but the one beloved life that was telling away its treasure, day by day, before her eyes.

The hour of the supreme sacrifice came at last. Her husband died like a Christian. He had loved the poor, and gave up his soul in humble peace to Him who has made our mercy to them the measure of his mercy to us.

Madame André had been with the children in the country all this time. As soon as the end came, she started for Paris.

"I can give you no idea," she said, relating the history of those days to me long afterwards, "of the kind of terror I had of meeting Aline. I could hardly believe that, if I found her alive at all, I should find her in her right senses. I thought of how she used to shudder at the bare mention of the sorrow that had now become a reality; how often I had heard her protest her willingness to accept any other sorrow, to make any other sacrifice, if only this one were spared her; that she *could* not give up her husband! And now that the cry had been answered, as those passionate cries so often are, by the rejection, I shrank from meeting her like the veriest coward."

It was late at night when Madame André reached Paris. She had been travelling since morning, and was exhausted in mind and body when she rang at her daughter's door. It was opened at once, and before the servant could answer her breathless enquiry: "How is your mistress?" Aline herself appeared. They embraced in silence, and neither spoke until they entered the drawing-room, when Aline turned to give some orders to the servant about refreshment. She

spoke with great calmness; there was no tremor in her voice, not a tear, nor the trace of one, in her eyes. When they were alone, Madame André said, looking at her in a kind of awe, "My child, it has not crushed thee!"

"Crushed me! No, mother. How could it when God's arm was between me and the blow?" Then, taking her mother by the hand, she led her into an adjoining room. There he lay, stark and silent. It was consummated, the one sacrifice that her whole life had recoiled from. They knelt down and said the *De Profundis* together. It was all as simple, as calm, as if they were performing some ordinary devotion, solemn and sacred, but devoid of all bitterness or terror. Madame André felt as if she were in a dream; nothing was real but the supernatural, and that was so near, so vivid, that it made the material fact seem dreamlike.

The body was conveyed on the following day to the country, to be interred in the family vault. Throughout the journey, which lasted ten hours, Aline preserved the same extraordinary composure, scarcely shedding a tear, absorbed either in silent prayer, or else reciting aloud the Office of the Dead, the Rosary, or other indulgenced devotions.

Several members of the family were at the station to meet her. She greeted them with a serenity that bewildered, while it moved them to tears.

The coffin lay that night in the village church. Soon after day-break next morning, Madame André went into Aline's room; but there was no one there. Madame André, guessing where she was, hurried out to the church. There she found Aline kneeling beside the coffin, with her cheek resting against it in a half caressing attitude that was indescribably touching. Her tears were flowing unrestrainedly. After returning her mother's embrace, she lifted her head, and looked at her with the strangest expression. "Mother," she said, "I wish I could tell you what I feel. I know that life is over for me; that all my happiness is buried here"—laying her hand softly on the coffin—"and yet—I cannot describe it—but I feel as if my heart were *breaking* with gratitude to God for the way in which He is sustaining me! The sense of his goodness is absolutely joy! While I live I never shall forget the mercies of this hour!"

Nor did she. The pledge thus given while the flood was closing over her was faithfully fulfilled. Gratitude to God and a prevailing sense of his goodness continued an abiding sentiment with her, and thanksgiving was henceforth her favourite devotion.

But the strong hand which upheld her so sensibly in those first days of her bereavement, was gradually and for a season withdrawn, and Aline was left to struggle on through the desolation of Nature unaided, in order to learn that highest lesson of the Cross, entire dependence on God, and utter mistrust of self. But whatever the struggles were that she underwent in the solitude of her heart, they were a secret between herself and God; He was their only witness; it was to Him only that she turned for consolation, in his ear alone that she uttered her complaint. When her heart brimmed over, prayer was the cup that received its overflowing.



Her life, in course of time, resumed outwardly its habitual activity and even brightness; she never, indeed, regained the brilliant, mercurial kind of gaiety which had exercised such a fascination over all who knew her in her happy days, but her spirits were always bright, and lent a wonderful charm to her society.

She prolonged the period of deep widow's mourning as far as was consistent with the limits of custom and the feelings of those around her, and then quitted it for a kind of unostentatious second mourning of violet and gray to which she adhered to the end of her life.

Her three little girls were now her chief interest and occupation, and she devoted herself to training and educating them with characteristic energy, studying their faults and qualities, their tastes and abilities with the utmost care, and bringing all the resources of her rare intelligence to deal with the character of each. For their sake she consented to take proper care of her own health, which hitherto she had systematically neglected, spending herself on every occasion with a sort of prodigal self-devotion. From the moment that she came to realise that her mission henceforth was the forming of these little immortal souls, the terror of dying before the charge was fulfilled, took possession of her, gradually growing into an *idée fixe*, just as the fear of her husband's death had formerly been. Madame André, meantime, watched this symptom with an anxiety that soon took the shape of a presentiment, as in the case of the once-dreaded widowhood. Aline by degrees worked herself into the belief that God had in some way pledged Himself to avert the calamity of her death, and to leave her on earth until her children were safely embarked in life, and no longer in need of her. She began to talk in the old way of her complete submission to the will of God on every point, except this one; she could not die because she had a mission to fulfil, and our Lord, who had given her the mission, knew that, and would leave her until it was accomplished.

Her health, meantime, began to cause considerable uneasiness to those around her; she had never recovered the strain put upon it by her arduous attendance on her husband during his long illness, and she was now paying the penalty of those ten months' fatigue. She suffered from constant and agonising headaches, acute internal pains, and a weakness that amounted almost to the loss of the use of her limbs; she could only walk for a few minutes on perfectly level ground, and had to be carried up and down stairs. These premonitory symptoms did not, however, open her eyes in the least. The medical men talked vaguely about neuralgia, nervous debility, and so forth, and, failing to see any definite or organic cause, treated her for an ordinary case of rheumatism or neuralgia, with exhausted vitality. They sent her about from spa to spa, ordering baths and waters, and trying a variety of experiments, none of which afforded the slightest relief. Two years were spent in this way, and Aline arrived at the condition of a confirmed invalid, still blind to all sense of danger, and confirmed in the belief that she was safe to live until her children no longer needed her.

What she underwent, meantime, with their education, and what

she made others undergo, it would fill a book to tell. They were being educated from morning till night. It was a favourite theory of their mother's that seculars ought to have a sound knowledge of theology, that in these days when infidels are armed *cap-à-pié* with weapons of reason and sophistry, Catholics ought to have adequate scientific knowledge of dogmatic theology to enable them to cope with their enemies, and "render an account of the faith that is in them." "It is not enough to teach children their catechism in days like ours," she was fond of repeating, "they want something more; they ought to be sufficiently grounded in doctrine to give an answer to the whys and the wherefores of unbelievers." Acting on this principle, she invited a devout and learned ecclesiastic to instruct her children in the whole range of Catholic doctrine, and he came to her house twice a week for this purpose.

Then there were the music lessons. Oh! that music, what a purgatory it was to every one concerned! Aline carried her peculiar originality more daringly, perhaps, into this department than any other. When she herself was about twelve years old, she was taken one evening to hear a celebrated violincellist. It was the first time she had ever heard the instrument, and its effect on her was startling; she described it as like the sensation of having some fluid poured through all her veins, and waking a new sense within her. She listened, spell-bound, while the music lasted, and then stole across the room to her mother, and whispered in her ear: "Ma mère, let me learn that; give me a violincello!" The tears were in her eyes, and she was trembling from head to foot. Madame André, who was the most intelligent, as well as the most indulgent of mothers, discerned the revelation of a gift in the child's extraordinary emotion, and promised to think about it. She gave her a violincello, and a very few lessons sufficed to show that she had done wisely. Aline, who had so far displayed but mediocre ability on the piano, soon promised to arrive at excellence on the nobler instrument. She had a beautiful voice, not powerful, but of penetrating sweetness, and her small, exquisite figure suited well the picturesque violincello, on which she always accompanied herself. Her husband, who was very proud of his wife's artistic talent, used to declare she had selected the violincello with an eye to effect, and to the display of her hand and arm, both of which were, indeed, fitted to serve as models for a sculptor.

But whatever little complacency she may have taken in these gifts as a young girl and a wife, it was all over now; everything of the sort was sacrificed the moment she became a widow. She never sang, except to her children in the nursery, and the beloved violincello was laid aside until her eldest daughter was old enough to begin music. Then Aline presented it to her. She could not, however, endow her with the spirit which had inspired the bow in her own hand.

The second sister chose the violin, and the piano fell to the lot of the youngest. What the mother had now to endure under the purgatorial dispensation which she had thus erected about her ears I shall not attempt to describe. The violin and violincello went on for two hours a day each, and the piano for one hour, and as all three

performers were in the most rudimentary stages of their respective instruments, it is easy to imagine the combined effect. It must have been torture to Aline's highly sensitive musical organization, and yet she was never once seen to wince under it, nor to evince anything but delight in the hideous discord. Even when, at last, she was confined to her bed, and suffering intense pain, the strumming and scraping went on just the same on every side of her. What was more surprising still was the indifference with which she inflicted this misery on her mother. Madame André suffered from chronic liver complaint, and was subject to sick headaches that made her morbidly sensitive to noise of any sort; Aline felt acutely the annoyance which the practising caused her mother at these times; but what was to be done? The children must practice. Hers was the tenderest, most unselfish nature I ever knew; but where anything connected with her children was concerned, no tyrant could be more merciless.

The only thing that divided her time and interest with her three little girls was the service of the poor. She had all her life devoted a large portion of her leisure to active labours amongst them, and when ill health made this no longer possible, she organised a system of charity to be carried on by others under her guidance and with her money. She founded an asylum where a certain number of orphans were taught and clothed, and then either started in life as servants, or, as Aline much preferred, when it was possible, as married women in humble homes of their own.

I must mention one characteristic incident connected with this foundation. It was to be conducted by the Sisters of St. Vincent, but on an original plan of Aline's, and she was requested to draw up a little book of rules wherein her views and intentions would be clearly defined. She had a great horror of "drilling" children into piety, and wished that, as much as possible, prayers and outward practices of religion should be the result of their spontaneous devotion, the outcome of their education rather than its form. There was probably a tinge of exaggeration in this as in many of her theories. However, she drew up the rules, setting forth forcibly her opinions on the point and on the system of education generally which she considered best fitted to children of this class. It was a delicate and responsible task, and Aline prayed long and fervently before undertaking it, and once begun, she threw all her spirit into it, and spent considerable time and thought in its accomplishment. She then placed it in the hands of her director, a wise and excellent man, and gave him *carte blanche* to alter, curtail, or add as he thought fit. The abbé perused it carefully, and returned it to her with a few words of discreet, but warm approval. But it so happened that he met Madame André the same day, and to her he spoke out unreservedly: "It is a *chef d'œuvre* of the interior spirit; there are pages here and there that read like extracts from St. Teresa; they are positively inspired!" Madame André, with the innocent indiscretion of maternal pride, went straight with this report to the author. Aline flushed up slightly, and turned off the subject; but her mother was naturally curious to see the work which had called out so magnificent a eulogium from competent authority,

and recurred to it presently. Aline still turned it off, and on one pretext or another delayed giving her the MS. for several days. At last, driven into a corner by Madame André's persistency, she was obliged to confess that she had destroyed it. The abbé's praise had roused a feeling of self-complacency in her, and she resolved on the spot to commit the cause of it to the flames. The eloquent treatise was soon after replaced by a short summary of rules and regulations whose composition offered no scope for literary display.

The history of this little orphanage would furnish in itself an interesting chapter; but I must content myself with merely mentioning its existence as an evidence of Aline's intelligent and practical charity. The digression, however, tempts me to make another. My friend had been about two years a widow when there occurred an episode, which, though she herself played a subordinate part in it, is too striking to be omitted in this brief sketch of her life. She had a friend, a widow like herself, but whose bereavement was stripped of those blessed consolations which sustained Aline in hers.

M. X—— had been nominally a Catholic; but his faith, like that of too many Frenchmen, was purely theoretical; he had given up all practice of religion since his boyhood, and beyond accompanying his wife to Mass on Sunday, he never set foot in a church. Otherwise, he was the most estimable and amiable of men, upright, truthful, charitable, a model husband and father. Madame X——, on the other hand, was looked upon by all who knew her as a kind of saint. This absence of all practical faith on her husband's part was a thorn in her heart, and she never ceased praying and getting others to pray for his conversion. She had great devotion to the Stations of the Cross, and performed them almost daily for this intention. But they had now been married many years, and M. X—— showed no sign of change on the one point where it was needed. His wife, meantime, fell into bad health, and the doctors advised him to take her to a watering-place in the south. They were staying there at a hotel, and one day at the *table d'hôte*—as well as I remember—the conversation turned on religion, and a gentleman present ventured to make some blasphemous remarks on the divinity of our Lord. M. X—— immediately fired up as at a personal insult, and burst out into an eloquent defence of the divine mystery, betraying in his countenance and whole manner a singular warmth of emotion. The bystanders were variously affected by the *sortie*; some were edified and touched, others amused. Soon after this, M. X—— left the room and went to take his bath. While in it, he was seized with a fainting fit, and on the door being unlocked, was found dead in the water. His wife's feelings can be imagined only by those who have had to mourn a loved one under somewhat similar circumstances. It seemed at first as if her reason must give way under the twofold sorrow of the shock, To her it was not merely a temporal but an eternal death. She saw her husband lost for ever, and mourned him as one who refused to be comforted. A person who had been present when M. X—— had defended the mystery of the Incarnation a few hours before, exclaimed, on hearing of her state of mind, "What! Does she not remember how almost with his last

breath her husband defended the divinity of Jesus Christ; and have we not our Lord's own word for it, that those who confess Him before men, He will confess Himself before his Father?"

This was repeated to Madame X——, and brought her a wonderful consolation; the words sounded like a message from the other world. Still, though she never relapsed into the first state of despair, her heart was far from being at rest; it remained a prey to torturing fears, and at times the longing for some sign or word reassuring her about her husband's fate, amounted to agony. She continued to seek comfort in prayer, and was faithful to her habit of performing the Stations of the Cross daily. "Perhaps God will have foreseen my tears and supplications and answered them beforehand," she would say, in moments when the sense of His mercy was lively and present; but the doubts would return, and plunge her once more into anguish.

Aline felt deeply for her friend, and did all that faith and sympathy could suggest to console her at such times, and to raise and strengthen her hopes in the divine goodness. One day seeing her more depressed than usual, she said, "why should you not go and see the Curé d'Ars? He has a wonderful power of consolation, they say, as well as a gift of prophecy. If you like I will go with you."

Madame X—— was overjoyed at the proposal, and the two set off together. Aline had long wished to see the saintly old man, the fame of whose miraculous gifts was drawing pilgrims from all parts of the world to his confessional. She was anxious to have his advice on a point which had been causing her great perplexity, and which she fancied her confessor did not fully understand.

On arriving at Ars, the travellers found the little church crowded to overflowing, and they were told that numbers had been waiting three days and nights for their turn to enter the confessional. Aline and her friend looked at one another in dismay. The spirit was indeed willing, but the flesh was weak, and it would have been a matter of simple impossibility for either of them to perform a similar feat of patience. In their despair, they went to consult with the sacristan. M. le Curé had just left the church for his frugal mid-day meal of herbs and bread and water, and was to return when it was over. Could not the sacristan let them in by a side-door where they might waylay the holy man on his way back? This was, however, it seemed, strictly forbidden. Almost everybody who came had some reason to show why they should be attended to before anybody else, and, except in case of illness, no one was allowed to break through their turn.

"But I will tell you what to do, mesdames," said the sacristan; "stand up somewhere within sight, and if it is really needful for your souls to speak to M. le Curé, and that you cannot wait, the good God will point you out to him, and he will call you up at once."

Following this advice, they elbowed their way through the crowd, and took their stand as near the front as possible, and waited until the sacristy door opened, and M. le Curé's venerable white head appeared. He stood for a moment surveying the crowd of eager, reverent faces, with his mild, child-like gaze, and then fixing it on

only is many a flower born to waste its sweetness on the desert air, but even the flowers of the garden can but waft their odour over a little space; and those of the sweetest and most delicate perfume do not attract our senses from afar, but require to be sought out in their own scanty plot of ground. This beautiful island of ours with "its climate soft as a mother's smile, and its soil fruitful as God's love"—to borrow the exquisite phrase of another Davis—has been styled by yet another of her poets "the garden of Christendom;" and it is like a garden in the one respect that we are dwelling on, namely, that a flower fair enough and sweet enough may have its influence confined to its own tiny nook of the garden and be quite unknown elsewhere. There are few Belfast men who have ever heard of Michael Hogan, the "Bard of Thomond;" and perhaps not much more numerous are the men and women of Limerick who are familiar with the name of Francis Davis, the Belfast Man. This is the more strange, considering the comparatively large measure of recognition that the critics have vouchsafed to the poet of the self-styled Manchester Athens of Ireland. In the prospectus of a work to which we will call attention presently, we find a very striking *catena* of testimony to the genuine merit of Mr. Francis Davis's poetry, borne not only by the journals of Belfast and the northern counties—for he is "a prophet in his own country"—together with some Dublin and Cork newspapers, but by the London *Athenæum*, *Critic*, *Globe*, *Tail's Magazine*, &c.

It is time, however, to let our modest poet's voice be heard for itself; and as we have named his honest handicraft, let our first sample be the "Weaver's Song." The only one of the technical terms that he deigns to explain for us, "outer barbarians," is the word "lay" in the second line; which, it seems, is "that part of a weaver's furniture which contains the reed"—whereas the poet's reed contains many a lay.

"On merrily speeds the shuttle, boys,  
And gaily smacks the lay;  
And, cheerily, as the hour flies,  
Let's sing its weight away:  
No gems we need to deck the brow,  
Nor beads of kingly oil,  
For richer far adorn us now—  
The sweat of honest toil:  
But while ye weave,  
And time the stave,  
See all goes fair and well;  
For what's amiss,  
Depend on this,  
The warehouse day will tell.

"'Tis sweet to see the shuttles play,  
And hear the *flighers* speak,  
On little silvery Saturday,  
When well we've spent the week:  
Aye, that's the day can tell who slept  
With sunlight on his eyes:  
But we have leaped, ere day has swept  
The ravellings from the skies;

Then, as ye weave,  
And time the stave,  
This maxim keep in sight—  
The little done,  
With Monday's sun,  
Is much on Friday night.

"And life is but a gingham chain,  
Why o'er it should we grieve,  
Though strips and cheques of joy and pain  
We now and then must weave?  
'Twill one day end, and this we know—  
The Great Employer's love  
Can every thread that's dark below  
Make rainbow-bright above.  
Then with the threads  
Of darkest shades  
Should this life be perplexed?  
No, onward drive,  
And nobly strive  
For fairer in the next!

"Oh for the day when every cloth  
Shall in the light be tried,  
And justice given alike to both  
Employer and employed!  
Oh for you, then, you drones of trade,  
Who crush the struggling poor,  
For every fraud ye'll well be paid  
With interest full as sure!  
But mind the *scobes*,  
For lady's robes  
Must faultless be as flowers;  
Nor *crack* nor *cloud*  
Can be allowed  
In dainty work like ours!

"And now, when youth and strength are rife  
Let's so each hour employ,  
That ere the Friday eve of life,  
Our "pushing" may be by:  
And so to wait our warehouse fate,  
Without being much afraid  
Of bringing "bail" to shame or hate  
By any work we've made.  
Then, while ye weave,  
And time the stave,  
See all goes fair and well;  
For what's amiss,  
Depend on this,  
That warehouse day will tell!"

No doubt these lines go well to some stirring tune of their own; and so, considering the use that weavers make of their lower extremities, and considering, too, the manly piety that breathes so unaffectedly through this sturdy trade-song, we are glad to be reminded of

those lines from Keble's hymn for St. Matthew's Day, the twenty-first of this month :—

"Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

Here is a fitting place for the avowal that, although this notice would certainly have been written if Francis Davis possessed only one of the two recommendations referred to in the opening of the paper on Mr. Coventry Patmore in our last issue, our interest in him is, of course, increased by the discovery that he *now* possesses both. Born and bred in a very uncatholic form of Protestantism, the Belfast Man only a few years ago embraced the faith that is identified with the very name of his beloved country. As we fancied that we detected in the precatholic writings of the author of the *Unknown Eros* that *anima naturaliter Christiana* which makes his conversion less surprising, so in the much less cultured muse of the Belfast weaver, we are able to prophesy the same after the fact, when we notice that in all his writings as a Protestant there is not a half syllable of bigotry or profanity, or anything bordering ever so delicately on indelicacy. This last circumstance is the more significant as this Weaver has spun his love-songs by the baker's dozen. One of these must be admitted into our harshly uncongenial pages, as a representative of a class which cannot be overlooked in any estimate of a poet, especially of an unscholarly poet like Francis Davis or Robert Burns. "The richest rose of the poet's garden," says one of the Belfast Man's reviewers, "is that sacred to Nannie":—

"Oh for an hour when the day is breaking,  
Down by the shore, when the tide is making!  
Fair as a white cloud, thou, love, near me,  
None but the waves and thyself to hear me :  
Oh, to my breast how these arms would press thee ;  
Wildly my heart in its joy would bless thee ;  
Oh, how the soul thou hast won would woo thee,  
Girl of the snow-neck ! closer to me.

"Oh for an hour as the day advances,  
(Out where the breeze on the broom-bush dances),  
Watching the lark, with the sun-ray o'er us,  
Winging the notes of his heaven-taught chorus !  
Oh, to be there, and my love before me,  
Soft as a moonbeam smiling o'er me ;  
Thou wouldst but love, and I would woo thee :  
Girl of the dark eye ! closer to me.

"Oh for an hour where the sun first found us  
(Watching the eve throw her red robes round us),  
Brushing the dew from the gale's soft winglets,  
Pearly and sweet with thy long dark ringlets :  
Oh, to be there on the sward beside thee,  
Telling my tale, though I know you'd chide me ;  
Sweet were thy voice, though it should undo me—  
Girl of the dark locks ! closer to me!



"Oh for an hour by night or by day, love,  
 Just as the heavens and thou might say, love ;  
 Far from the stare of the cold-eyed many,  
 Bound in the breath of my dove-souled Nanny!  
 Oh for the pure chains that have bound me,  
 Warm from thy red lips circling round me !  
 Oh, in my soul, as the light above me,  
 Queen of the pure heart, do I love thee."

If our space permitted, we should wish to compare with this gushing lyric two pleadings on the other side of the same important subject—"Bryan Ban" and "My Willie"—with their maidenly simplicity and sincerity, and their half-roguish reserve. To some austere critics it may seem that Miss Nannie, or rather her apostrophiser, would be a more effective witness in support of our general thesis that the Belfast Man is, indeed, a poet than when called to prove the special point that is at this moment under our consideration. But whatever proof of his predisposition to the true religion may be found or sought in the purity and manly tenderness of even his most erotic poetry—in his worship of that Eros who is not "unknown," but too well known to the poets—the fact remains that this Irish songster, like his English brother of *The Unknown Eros*, is a recent convert to Catholicity. He is another poet-neophyte. May we dare to say that every true poet is a Catholic at heart—sometimes, alas! without ever suspecting it himself? "Byron, you'll die a Catholic," said Scott one day; and the prophecy might have been fulfilled, if poor Byron, after longer and more bitter experience, had been brought under the influence of Catholic faith and practice by some holy and enlightened man who could pity and love him. Scott himself died with the *Stabat Mater* on his lips; and what is that but a magnificent, pathetic Hail Mary? "There is no sublimity without the Catholic religion," said Canova, the great sculptor, "there is no beauty without the Madonna." So felt in their day Shirley and Crashaw, and so, too, in our day Aubrey de Vere and Coventry Patmore: true poets and fervent converts all, like Francis Davis, the Belfast Man.

There is no doubt that the important event in our poet's career, to which we have just referred, will have quite a contrary effect to that put forward by a preacher at Harrow School, who told his hearers that by a course of industry and uprightness they might rise to positions of considerable emolument, *even in this life*. The Catholics of Ireland, overwhelming majority as by the almighty grace of God they are, have hitherto done less for the encouragement of literature among their own than many a miserable handful of a sect. One little opportunity of making amends is offered to them in the forthcoming edition\* of the poems of the Belfast Man, the success of which will secure comfort and honour in his declining years for a true poet, a warm-hearted Irishman, and a fervent Catholic.

Though they will exclude some of these "Lispings by the Lagan,"

\* For which subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer of the Belfast committee of the poet's friends, Mr. Patrick Mallon, 8 York-street, Belfast. 5s. per copy to Subscribers; by post, 5s. 6d.

which we desired to quote, we cannot refrain from citing two compliments paid to Davis by two brothers of the same jealous craft. The name of one of these is dear to all lovers of Irish genius; but many of our readers will hear now, for the first time, the name of the other, Joseph Brennan. Driven, when a mere boy, from his native country by the "troubles" of '48, he settled at first at New Orleans, as editor of the *Delta*. The following tribute to the Weaver-poet of Belfast is dated from Chicago:—

"With a love for the true and a hate for the wrong,  
With a clasp for the weak and a blow for the strong;  
With the natural strength of a passionate heart,  
Whose beatings and throbbings are timed by no art;  
With an eye never ruled by a treacherous lid—  
With a mind never hampered when pedants have chid,  
With the soul of a loving and chivalrous knight,  
Whose instinct is genius, whose language is light;  
A child of the people has builded a name,  
And the Weaver has woven a garment of fame.

"He gathered his gold, not from deep-lettered fools,  
Not from bookmen or wordmen, or dust of the schools;  
While his shuttle would merrily glance thro' the loom,  
His soul was abroad in the sunshine or gloom;  
And he felt the mute eloquence written on high—  
God's star-spangled banner flung out on the sky—  
And the mystic revealings which came from afar,  
Made each word as a flower, and each thought as a star;  
And he uttered a whisper of God as they came,  
Till the Weaver had woven a garment of fame!

"For he knew that the Poet's heart chimed in accord  
With the musical thoughts of his Maker and Lord,  
He studied the volume of ocean and sod,  
Which beareth upon it the imprint of God;  
And the rhythmus of nature, which never is wrong,  
Was the time of his thought, and the tune of his song:  
For he caught his low notes from the bird on the tree,  
And his loud trumpet-tones from the tramp of the sea,  
Till the child of the people had builded a name,  
And the Weaver had woven a garment of fame!"

The other testimony is contained in a letter from Mr. Florence MacCarthy, to whom a subscription of two pounds, contributed by him towards the erection of a memorial window to Thomas Moore in the Wiltshire church, beside which the author of the "Irish Melodies" is buried, was lately sent back upon the failure of the project. "I do not think (he says) I can make a better use of this sum, thus unhappily returned to me, than by devoting to the sustainment of a living poet what was vainly offered to the memory of one who is dead. You will, therefore, please to add it to the fund now in course of collection for the publication of the poems of Francis Davis, many of which I read with strong and abiding pleasure many years ago."

It would never do to end even so unstudied an *étude* without a word about the most elaborate product of our poet's loom. "The

*Tablet of Shadows* is a "phantasy" in blank verse, and of considerable length, the blankness and the length being relieved by some lyrical snatches and by several sonnets which, to our surprise, are for the most part strictly modelled on the Petrarchan type—a form of composition very uncommon among poets of the people. Here is one of them, of which we hope to see the antepenultimate line changed in the forthcoming final edition:—

"Three spirits infinite before me shone—  
 The three dread mysteries of all time and place:  
 Their names were Power, Eternity, and Space;  
 Each flowed from each, while into one they ran—  
 Or so said Reason, though her lips flashed wan  
 At their own whisper;—then, with earth-low face,  
 'Seek not,' she sighed, 'their dazzling depths to trace—  
 'Tis not for lore, within Time's shifting span,  
 To glass a fixed immeasurable, or mete  
 The Boundless by a line of years. Vain lore  
 Which, grasping suns, at the Eternal's feet,  
 Can but, where depths compare, the shoals explore:  
 An ocean-drop may savour of the sea,  
 But bears no sign of its immensity!"

We cannot now attempt to analyse this thoughtful poem, to which (not to mind theology) we should have many technical objections to offer, as, for instance, the harsh separation between verb and pronoun at the end of the following simile:—

"Her thoughts  
 Were still of thee, of Jesus, and of heaven,  
 Her home of homes! Like some sweet little maid  
 Who, coy and timid, at a stranger school,  
 Amongst the many, finds herself alone,  
 And sorrows for the hour when she shall meet  
 The faces that she knows and loves, so seems  
 She, as she grieves, and grieves!"

Earth our school, and heaven our home—this is a better arrangement than Longfellow's in "*Resignation*:"—

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,  
 But gone unto that school,  
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
 And Christ Himself doth rule."

*Rule and school*—what an unhomely idea of our heavenly home!  
 The first lines of this poem:

"Old earth at heart heaves with poetic fire  
 Which, wanting voice, bursts ever forth in flowers"—

pays to these "stars which in earth's firmament do shine" a compliment which the poet developes in a more congenial lyrical measure, where, reversing the metaphor of "one who dwelleth by the castled Rhine," he apostrophises them as

"Flowers of earth, than night's sky-blossoms brighter—  
 God-written song, breathing still of its Writer.  
 Flowers that, fresh, holy, tearful, and tender,  
 Halo-like, gird the round world with your splendour."

## WIT.

BY ISAAC TUXTON.

## III.

**HUMOUR** is wit, the wit of the emotions or feelings. Pure wit is of the intellect, and consists in the union of ideas so as to surprise and delight in the manner we have seen. It seems to me that all finite, intelligent beings can be witty, while none but emotional beings, or those which are sentient as well as intellectual, can be humorous. And so humour is a peculiarly human faculty. It consists in the fusion of contrasted emotions, of emotions of an opposite or contradictory nature, and the perception of this fusion causes the delightful sensation of humour. Surprise, of course, enters largely into this delicious compound feeling. The plainer an example is the better. We will take one here so plain as to be visible to the naked eye of even those canny men, who usually require a surgical operation to see a joke.

Artemus Ward's friend, the "cap'n" of the "Polly Ann," plying on the Wabash "canawl," being asked by another skipper did he know Bill Spikes, replied: "Wall, I reckon he can eat more pork and cabbage nor any man of his heft on the canawl. He's a ornament to his sex." Broad, no doubt, but humour most pure. Here we have a great hulking fellow, whose sole claim to distinction as put forward by his nautical friend, is, that he has no match at eating pork and cabbage. And then he adds meditatively: "He's a ornament to his sex." The emotions or intelligent feelings, called into being by this phrase, are those caused by the recollection of female beauty, tenderness, grace and virtue, while those suggested by a hulking fellow, who can eat prodigious quantities of pork and cabbage, are quite of an opposite character. The queer genius of A. Ward enables him by a happy stroke to fuse these conflicting emotions into one absurd, bewildering, and wholly ridiculous combination, on the perception of which, if any man or woman does not shake with laughter, he or she does not possess a blessed faculty which brightens and softens much of the darkneses and asperities of life; and such are, accordingly, to be regarded with sincere pity.

Of course there are many ways of regarding humour, and of explaining it, but, I think, on analysis, every instance will be found reducible to this—the fusion of contrasted emotions; and the exquisite feeling of humour is caused by the perception of this fusion. The talent of the humourist being conversant about all sorts of feelings, he is always a man of keen and catholic feeling himself, and hence he is as capable of exciting tears as laughter. Humour and pathos spring from the same complex turn of mind, or heart, or organisation. Erin "with the tear and the smile in her eye" is a land brimful of humour. Other nations may be as witty, but, I believe, no country is so witty and so humorous as our own, and especially some parts.

which every Irishman will probably put down, as the place he comes from. So do I.

Now some people, let us trust of that class which we settled should be pitied, turn up their cultivated and fastidious noses, so to speak, at American humour. If humour be a distinctive faculty at all, it must have certain essential characteristics, and so whether "it comes from the land where the sun don't set," or from Hindostan, it must have these marks, and if it have, it must be enjoyable. In fact, humour is, above all other powers, that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." I have read and heard of clever writers confining humour to certain places and races, like earthquakes and flat noses, and denying it altogether to women. They will say, Irishmen, Frenchmen and Southern Europeans in general are witty, but not humorous. None but Englishmen and their kinsmen possess this charming faculty, and it is in England alone it flourishes in all its fragrant delicacy. In America it has run wild, though still existing, owing to the fact that the English race leavens that interesting land, whose natural boundaries are, according to one of its own geographers: North, the Aurora Borealis; East, the Atlantic Ocean; West, the Setting Sun; and South, the Day of Judgment.

I consider this view very bigoted and unphilosophical. Whoever holds it cannot know much either of human nature or of the nature of humour, and cannot have had, or must have neglected, opportunities of observing various peoples. Experience shows, that men who can be humorous in English, can be so, too, in French, and Italian, and German, and can cause uproarious laughter among natives of these countries, and that, too, in most cases, by saying the self-same thing, or sort of thing, in the different languages. Then, as for the other point, who is more humorous than George Eliot (Mrs. G. H. Lewes)? Women are so full of tact, of keen and delicate feeling, that they are capable of appreciating humour far more than men, who are made of coarser and sterner stuff. Why, one of the great charms of ladies' society is, that they enjoy clever, genial conversation very much more than the ordinary run of men.

There is this great difference between wit and humour, that no one who is not clever can be witty, while children and simple people can be humorous, or at least cause the feeling of humour, while quite unconscious themselves of any design to create mirth. Of course it is the true humorist who afterwards records such instances for us, and from observing them, invents others of a cognate nature. The exquisite humour of George Eliot is exhibited most strikingly in some of her child creations; for instance, Maggie's speculations on, and narrations of family incidents in the lives of spiders and earwigs, in the "Mill on the Floss." The humour here consists in the fusion of a child's ideas of human life with insect life, there being given a certain absurd resemblance in the conduct of spiders, and earwigs, and human beings, which makes this combination possible.

If Mrs. Lewes were not a *master* humorist, she would not have caught at these traits in children. There was in *Punch*, a short time ago, a picture of some young ladies, one quite a child, just returned

that one thinks there is no more solid satisfaction than the society of cultivated and witty people. Here is a specimen of unalloyed wit, where we see the subtle intellect of an Irish peasant getting the better of that of a trained lawyer. The scene is from "Handy Andy," a clever, though coarse work of Lover's. I quote here and elsewhere in this paper from memory, except in one instance. At the election scene the lawyer examines a voter as to his right to vote. He says:—

"You are a Roman Catholic?"

"Am I?"

"Are you not?"

"You say I am."

"Of what religion are you?"

"The thrue religion."

"What religion is that?"

"My mother's religion."

"What was her persuasion?"

"She tuk whiskey in her tay."

"Come now, I'll have you. Do you confess?"

"Not to you."

"Do you bless yourself?"

"When I'm done with you I think I ought."

"Confound you! If you were dying, for whom would you send?"

"The docthor, to be sure."

"Not the priest?"

"I should get a messenger first."

"Hang you for a quibbling rogue. Tell me now, what are your convictions, your religious convictions?"

"The same as my landlord's."

"What are his convictions?"

"Faith his conviction is, that I won't pay him the last half year's rint, and I'm of the same conviction myself."

In this encounter of intellects we have a brilliant display of mental agility or acrobatism, and it must needs be a gifted mind that could see the way out of snare after snare to entrap it into admitting what it was unwilling to confess.

A friend of the writer's some time ago was taking an evening stroll, and about to enjoy a pipe after his day's work. To him, with open pouch in one hand and well-coloured meerschaum in the other, comes up an elderly female of tract-distributing, anti-tobacco school, and unto him says: "Young man, you're going astray." "Well, ma'am," replied he, "as I'm going nowhere in particular just at present, I can't be far out of my way." "Sir," said she, "I mean going astray in a spiritual point of view, in your soul." "Oh, ma'am," said my friend demurely, "you seem to be utterly unaware of the fact that I am reading for the Church." "Indeed, sir," said the elderly dame, "I am delighted to see such a fine young man making up his mind to be a minister of the Word, but before you go on with that debasing practice, which is sure to undermine your constitution and all your prospects, read and weigh well this short tract on the evils of smoking." The gentleman with a bow took the pamphlet, in which, as he said,

it was clearly proved, that for every ounce of tobacco smoked, one took into his system several cubic feet of nicotine, &c. &c., which arguments, though striking, did not convince him. So after a little quasi deliberation he said to the lady: "Madame, my reason is more or less convinced, but my heart is in my pipe, so with your permission," suiting the action to the word, "I will use this little tract to light it." "Stay, sir, stay," cried the tract distributor, seizing his arm; "look at me; I am old enough to be your mother." "Madam," said the young gentleman, with a low bow, "you may safely say grandmother."

Casting on him a look of withering scorn, and giving him up, body and soul, to his heathen propensities, the lady retired from the hopeless contest, despairing of opening the eyes of the hapless youth to the fact that he was spiritually astray, which, however, the writer can attest he was not. This is a pleasant scene, where a sensible man wittily and politely rids himself from the troublesome sermonizings of an elderly, female, self-sent soul saver.

When we laugh, we are surprised. Wit surprises us by those peculiar, hidden relations it establishes between ideas; and it is analogous in the mind to what conjuring, feats of agility, and the like are in the body. Humour, or the wit of the emotions, surprises us by the contrasts run together, which it exhibits. Hence, farce and all ludicrous incidents are humorous. In them incongruities of all sorts are thrown together. We see the contrast between what is and what ought to be, between the real state of things and the supposed state, and then we laugh with an exquisite sense of superiority over somebody or the other. "Poetry," says Wordsworth, "springs from emotion recollected in tranquillity." So, too, incidents which, when they occur, are far from humorous, become very much so in the memory, when they are over without suffering to any one. I have seen persons laugh heartily on hearing the following, which occurred some years ago, not twenty miles from where I write. A gentleman, walking along a road leading from the city, overtook a nurserymaid, perambulator, and baby. Just then a frolicsome cow, coming in the opposite direction, lowered its head, and made for the party, when the gallant fellow seized the nurserymaid, baby, and perambulator, and massed them all in front of himself. The cow, evidently appalled by the chivalrous deed, the screams of all three, and the strangeness of the spectacle, turned and fled precipitately, while the hero, without waiting for the thanks of those he had saved at the risk of their own lives, hurried off, to become the laughing-stock of the town for nine days and more. The laughter in this case is excited by the recollection of the striking contrast between what was and what ought to have been, the sense of superiority coming very strongly into play; but no one would laugh, if the vicious beast had hurt or killed the poor creatures, of whom this miserable fellow had made a rampart for the protection of his own worthless carcase.

Of course this paper is not meant to be a philosophical disquisition on the ludicrous all round, but rather a free-and-easy, after-dinner sort of chat thereupon. For the matter of that, though, I think that

under proper circumstances, more is often learnt in an after-dinner conversation than in much reading. Thought generates thought; and the living word is a great stimulus to wit and philosophical discussion.

In a former paper I said, that humour had its field apart from that of wit, but that they often ran into one another, and that the line which separated them could not always be drawn, for they were necessarily coexisting phases of the same faculty in a mixed creature like man, intellectual and emotional. In sarcasm and irony it is often hard to say whether we have an instance of wit or humour, but for the most part they belong to wit. A sarcasm seems at first to be a perfectly harmless remark, when suddenly we see it was a shaft, and a barbed one too. What seemed to be a blank cartridge turns out to have lodged an explosive projectile. The delight we experience from sarcasm is chiefly caused by the discovery we make of a subtle relation existing between an apparently harmless saying and some end which the speaker had in view to ridicule some person or thing that had incurred his displeasure. It cannot be denied that the best of us, if we are clever, are fascinated by these Mephistophelian remarks, whether we agree with them or not. To a very ugly man who was boasting that his mother had been a court beauty, Talleyrand said: "'Twas your father, then, who was not so handsome." Said the one-legged Sam Foote to a person who rallied him on his wooden member: "Why do you attack me on my weakest part? Did I ever say anything against your head?" Douglas Jerrold was in a railway carriage with a gentleman one day, who, looking out on some cows in the fields, remarked: "How beautiful and peaceful cows look in the green fields. When I am at home, I often stroll through the pastures, and sit down in the midst of the cows, reading, or sketching, or meditating. They come round me, and look at me with their calm, wondering eyes. I look up, pleased, and smile at them——" "With a filial smile," quietly said the terrible D. J.; and the calf had sense enough to cease gushing.

Irony is seeming praise and real blame, or in its milder form, seeming blame and real praise. The discovery of these surprising relations is the chief cause of delight. I have been able to find no better, no more powerful, and no more delightful specimen of irony than that which Sydney Smith gives in his lectures on "Wit and Humour." It is from the preface of "Killing no Murder." Here it is:—

"TO HIS HIGHNESS, OLIVER CROMWELL.

"May it please your Highness,—How I have spent some hours of the leisure your Highness has been pleased to give me, the following paper will give your Highness an account. How you will please to interpret it, I cannot tell; but I can with confidence say, my intention in it is, to procure your Highness that justice nobody yet does you, and to let the people see, the longer they defer it, the greater injury they do both themselves and you. To your Highness justly belongs the honour of dying for the people; and it cannot choose but be an unspeakable consolation to you in the last moments of your life, to consider, with how much benefit to the world you are like to leave it. It is then only, my lord, the titles you now usurp will be truly yours. You will, then be, indeed, the deliverer of your country, and free it from a bondage



little inferior to that from which Moses delivered his. You will, then, be that true reformer, which you would now be thought; religion shall be then restored, liberty asserted, and parliaments have those privileges they have sought for. We shall then hope that other laws will have place besides those of the sword, and that justice will be otherwise defined than the will and pleasure of the strongest; and we shall then hope that men will keep oaths again, and not have the necessity of being false and perfidious to preserve themselves, and be like their rulers. All this we hope from your Highness's happy expiration, who *are the true fathers* of your country; for while *you* live, we can call nothing ours, and it is from your death that we hope for our inheritances. Let this consideration arm and fortify your Highness's mind against the fears of death, and the terrors of your evil conscience—that the good you will do by your death, will somewhat balance the evils of your life. And if, in the black catalogue of high malefactors, few can be found that have lived more to the affliction and disturbance of mankind than your Highness has done, yet your greatest enemies will not deny, that there are likewise as few that have expired more to the universal benefit of mankind, than your Highness is like to do. To hasten this great good is the chief end of my writing this paper; and if it have the effects I hope it will, your Highness will quickly be out of the reach of men's malice, and your enemies will only be able to wound you in your memory, which strokes you will not feel. That your Highness may be speedily in this security is the universal wish of your grateful country; this is the desire and prayers of the good and of the bad, and, it may be, is the only thing wherein all sects and factions do agree in their devotion, and it is our only common prayer! But among all that put in their request and supplication for your Highness's speedy deliverance from all earthly troubles, none is more assiduous nor more fervent than he that, with the rest of the nation, hath the honour to be (may it please your Highness),

“Your Highness's present slave and vassal.”

Here I must stop, but only for the present. There is much more to be said on these interesting topics. In the next paper I hope, among other things, to say something which may justify my having called the faculty of “Wit and Humour” blessed. I hope all serious friends and the public will suspend their judgments for my use of this epithet, till they have read the reasons which can be produced in defence.

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## THE STATE TRIALS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JOHN O'HAGAN, Q. C.

(*Conclusion.*)

THESE, you may think, are horrors enough and to spare; and certainly if I could lighten this narrative in any way I should be glad to do so. But over and above these trials for the plot, there were other trials more shocking still. By an act passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth it had been made high treason for any priest ordained abroad to exercise his functions as a priest within the realm. This bloody enactment had been often put in force in Elizabeth's time, as we may

read in Challoner's memoirs of missionary priests and in the lately published work of Father Morris. But of late years the act had slept. There had been, since the restoration of Charles II., if not a toleration, at least a connivance, and amongst the scattered families through England, the poor missionaries, seculars, Franciscans, and Jesuits, had been looking after their little flocks as best they could. Suddenly, without warning or notification, they were seized and cast into prison, numbers of them were tried and convicted, and several of them executed upon the sole charge of being priests, without the slightest imputation of complicity in the pretended plot. Sir William Temple tells us in his Memoirs that he represented in strong terms to Lord Halifax the gross injustice of this proceeding, urging that after such long connivance it was an abominable thing to put the priests to death simply for their priesthood, without giving them an opportunity of withdrawing from the kingdom. To this Lord Halifax, who, as chief of the Trimmers, is a prime favourite with Lord Macanlay, answered, that if he (Sir W. Temple) spoke in this way, he would have him denounced as a Papist, adding, in almost the same words as those which Shaftesbury used to Bishop Burnet, that whether the plot was true or false, it must be upheld as true for political reasons.

And now you will ask, what part did King Charles take in all this frightful business. Charles was in his convictions a Catholic, and, as you all know, died one. He disbelieved in the plot and abhorred the witnesses; but he did not as much as stretch out a finger to save one of the victims. He felt and said that he dare not do so, save at the peril of his crown, and the one thing he was resolved upon, as he himself expressed it, was not to go upon his travels again. He was besides, as we all know, immersed in guilty pleasure, and it is miserable to have to tell that at no time were the orgies of the court more marked than when all this innocent blood was sinking into the earth.

The history of the trials for the plot is not yet half told, but the time at my disposal forces me to be very brief. Father Whitbread and Father Fenwick, who had been tried before and put back, were brought again to trial with three other priests, Fathers Harcourt, Gavan, and Turner, in the month of June. They had made some preparation for their defence. A chance at last appeared of conclusively bringing home perjury to Oates. In fact, he had been at St. Omer's during the whole month of April, on the 24th of which month he swore to having been present at the meeting of the Jesuits in London. Sixteen young men, scions of the best Catholic families in England, who were students of that College, deposed positively to the fact. All in vain. They were met by the usual ruffianly taunts, that they were drilled to say whatever their priests told them. They were termed "The boys of St. Omer's," and the old point made that their evidence was not given upon oath. In other respects the trial was full of the same sickening details as the rest, save that the prisoners fought harder and spoke more boldly for their lives. They were all convicted, and all, of course, executed. Few human utterances are more beautiful or affecting than the dying speeches in which they declared their innocence and prayed for their persecutors. After

them, Mr. Langhorne, the great Catholic lawyer, was tried and underwent the same fate. The only pause in the career of blood was the trial of Sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician. It was felt that this was coming too near the queen herself, who was now, indeed, openly accused by Oates of being a party to the plot. Scroggs, the chief justice, there can be little doubt, got intimation from some very powerful quarter that Wakeman must not be convicted, and so he demeaned himself upon this one trial in a very different fashion from his behaviour upon the others. He so put to the jury the debility and incoherency of the evidence, especially the fact of Oates having, on his first examination, exonerated Wakeman, that the jury acquitted not only him, but also some priests who were tried along with him. This acquittal for a while shook the credit of Oates and the other perjurers. It excited among the party of Lord Shaftesbury a storm of indignation against the chief justice, which made his former bloody services in their cause be wholly forgotten. He was attacked and almost impeached in parliament on account of it, and he could only retrieve himself by deep and awful protestations of his unshaken belief in the reality of the plot.

It is, in truth, wonderful to think how deep-seated and far-spread the delusion was, and how long it lasted. Nothing shows that more forcibly than the trial of the Earl of Stafford. He was not tried for more than two years after he had been committed to prison, that is, not till the month of December, 1680. He was tried, not before a chance jury picked out by the sheriff, but in the House of Lords by the whole body of the Peers of England, with all the pageantry and solemnity used on those great occasions. He was impeached by the House of Commons, who conducted their proceedings against him with great rancour. It was the old fabrication, told anew by Oates, Dugdale, and Turberville. He was found guilty by 55 of his peers to 31—a majority of 22.

Although the minds of men had begun to be somewhat shaken, still there was hardly one to be found who would venture to avow his belief that the whole story was false. That there was a basis of truth with a superstructure of falsehood, was the utmost stretch of incredulity. This state of mind is perfectly represented by Dryden's famous lines in the poem of "Absolom and Achitophel," published that very year :—

"From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,  
Bad in itself and represented worse,  
Raised in extremes and in extremes decried,  
With oaths affirmed, with dying vows denied;  
Not weighed or winnowed by the multitude,  
But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and crude.  
*Some truth there was*, but dashed and brewed with lies  
To please the fools and puzzle all the wise;  
Succeeding times would equal folly call,  
Believing nothing or believing all."

So incredible did it seem even to the ablest and fairest minds of that generation, that there was absolutely no element of truth, and that the

function of posterity would be to affix deeper and deeper the seal of infamy upon the whole black transaction.

Yet the trial and execution of Lord Stafford mark a subsiding of the waves. The populace did not fill the air with shouts of execration and triumph as they did at the former executions. When the aged peer—he was seventy years of age—before he bowed his head to the block, protested his innocence in the most affecting and pathetic terms, the people answered: “We believe you, my Lord—God bless you, my Lord.”\*

I now come to the last victim, the greatest, the most illustrious of all—our own sainted Oliver Plunket. His story naturally comes home to us with a deeper and keener interest than all the rest. It would of itself furnish forth matter more than abundant for an entire address; but it would be inexcusable in me to narrate it in detail, considering that you have it all at hand in two admirable biographies of the archbishop, one by Professor Crolly, of Maynooth, the other by the present Bishop of Ossory. There you may read and realise what was the life of an Irish Catholic primate in those days—now in prison, now a hunted fugitive among the woods and bogs, now enjoying a brief and precarious toleration, confirming, ordaining, preaching, erecting schools, doing all that could be done for education as well as religion—the revenues of his primatial see being some £60 a year.

The fomentors of the imposture in England were enraged exceedingly that they had not been able to get some corroboration from Ireland. For an insurrection in Ireland was one of the main features of the story, and it was becoming a little difficult to swallow the belief that in London, where the Catholics were not one in a hundred, they were about to rise and cut Protestant throats, if in Ireland, where Catholics were in the immense majority, they remained perfectly tranquil.

Two or three wretched friars had, because of their evil habits, fallen under the censure of the Primate, and they in their low-minded revenge became the instruments of Lord Shaftesbury's designs. Dr. Plunkett was accused of complicity in the plot, and on the 6th December, 1679, cast into prison in the Castle of Dublin. His companion in captivity was Peter Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, whom death released in the following year. It was at first intended to try Dr. Plunkett in Ireland, and he was actually brought to Dundalk for trial at the summer assizes of 1680, the alleged treason being charged to have been committed in the county Louth. No bill was found against him, because the two informers (whose names were MacMoyer and Murphy) were afraid to face a Louth jury, though composed exclusively of Protestants. They made no appearance, and the primate was sent back to his dungeon.

He then petitioned to be tried at the Bar of the King's Bench in Dublin in the ensuing Michaelmas Term. In that case, also, he

\* Prince George of Hanover (afterwards George the First) was then in London, and wrote home: “Yesterday they cut off Lord Stafford's head with as little concern as if it was a pullet's.”

would have been tried by a jury of the county Louth, for in trials at Bar the jury must be brought from the *venue* where the offence is laid. But another course was resolved on with him. The Protestant Bishop of Meath, who was intimately connected with Shaftesbury, told him plainly that any prosecution of Dr. Plunkett in Ireland, where he was known, must fail, and that if they desired to convict him, they must try him in England. He was carried over to England, flung as usual into the closest confinement, without writing materials or the power of communicating with his friends; and in Hilary Term, 1681, a Bill of Indictment was sent up against him before a grand jury of Middlesex. The Bill was not found, and the reason is told by Dr. Burnet:—

“Plunket, the Popish Primate of Armagh, was at this time brought to his trial. Some lewd Irish priests, and others of that nation, hearing that England was at that time disposed to hearken to good swearers, thought themselves well qualified for the employment: so they came over to swear, that there was a great plot in Ireland, to bring over a French army, and to massacre all the English. The witnesses were brutal and profligate men: yet the Earl of Shaftesbury cherished them much: they were examined by the Parliament at Westminster; and what they said was believed. Upon that encouragement it was reckoned that we should have witnesses come over in whole companies. Lord Essex told me, that this Plunket was a wise and sober man, who was always in a different interest from the two Talbots; the one of these being the titular archbishop of Dublin, and the other raised afterwards to be duke of Tironnell. These were meddling and factious men; whereas Plunket was for their living quietly; and in due submission to the government, without engaging into intrigues of state. Some of these priests had been censured by him for their lewdness: and they drew others to swear as they directed them. They had appeared the winter before upon a bill offered to the grand jury: but as the foreman of the jury, who was a zealous Protestant, told me, they contradicted one another so evidently, that they would not find the bill.”—*Burnet*, 502.

But in Easter Term, the indictment was found, and he was arraigned for High Treason. He urged very naturally that the facts charged against him were facts in Ireland, and that he had been advised that he could only be properly tried in Ireland. This would seem an elementary principle. But an Act of Henry VIII. had enabled the courts in England to try in any English courts treasons alleged to have been committed beyond the seas, and they chose for this purpose to treat Ireland as parts beyond the seas. Having then pleaded to the indictment he asked for time to bring over his witnesses, and they gave him five weeks—ample time now, but very scanty then when, with wretched roads, chance conveyances, and often contrary winds, weeks were spent in travelling from London to Dublin. So when he was brought up again, on the 3rd of June, his witnesses had not arrived, and further delay was inexorably refused. After all, I am bound to say I do not think it would have made much difference in the end. His witnesses, if they had come, would have met with the usual lot of witnesses for the prisoner—derided, insulted, and disbelieved.

Well, these friars, who had been brought over, were now living in the usual luxury of crown witnesses—well fed, well dressed, booted and bewigged, with the King's money jingling in their pockets, instead

of getting their scanty meal of oaten bread in a poor cabin like their apostolic brethren in Ireland. They had concocted a story outdoing, if possible, Oates himself. The prisoner was at the head of a conspiracy for the landing of a French army in Ireland, and had written to Cardinal Bouillon to accomplish it. On their landing they were to be joined by 70,000 armed papists raised by the primate. In furtherance of this military expedition he had visited all the ports in the kingdom to select a proper landing-place for the French army, and of all harbours in the country made choice of Carlingford Bay! This, as Dr. Plunkett truly said, would have been enough to scout the evidence out of court if the trial had taken place in Ireland. However, so swore the witnesses Duffy, Murphy, and Moyer—(having come into England he dropped his patronymic Mac and became Mr. Moyer). So they swore, and the prisoner had nothing to oppose but his solemn and absolute denial. He made his defence with great ability, but the jury only hesitated for fifteen minutes. In sentencing him the then Lord Chief Justice, Pemberton, seemed to outdo his predecessor Scroggs in brutality.

“Look you, Mr. Plunkett, you have been here indicted of a very great and heinous crime, the greatest and most heinous of all crimes, and that is, high treason; and truly yours is treason of the highest nature, it is a treason in truth against God and your king, and the country where you lived. You have done as much as you could to dishonour God in this case; for the bottom of your treason was, your setting up your false religion, than which there is not any thing more displeasing to God, or more pernicious to mankind in the world. A religion that is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions; the most dishonourable and derogatory to God and his glory, of all religions or pretended religions whatsoever, for it undertakes to dispense with God's laws, and to pardon the breach of them. So that certainly a greater crime there cannot be committed against God, than for a man to endeavour the propagation of that religion; but you, to effect this, have designed the death of our lawful prince and king; and then your design of blood in the kingdom where you lived, to set all together by the ears, to destroy poor innocent people, to prostitute their lives and liberties, and all that is dear to them, to the tyranny of Rome and France; and that by introducing a French army. What greater evil can be designed by any man?

Oliver Plunkett was executed on the 1st of July. In his dying speech he said:—

“You see, therefore, what a condition I am in, and you have heard what protestation I have made of innocency, and I hope you will believe the words of a dying man; and that you may be the more induced to give me credit I assure you, that a great peer sent me notice that he would save my life, if I would accuse others; but I answered, That I never knew of any conspirators in Ireland, but such (as I said before) as were publicly known outlaws; and that, to save my life, I would not falsely accuse any, nor prejudice my own soul. *‘Quid prodest homini,’* &c. To take away any man's life or goods wrongfully, ill becometh any Christian, especially a man of my calling, being a clergyman of the Catholic Church, and also an unworthy prelate, which I do openly confess. Neither will I deny to have exercised in Ireland the functions of a Catholic prelate, as long as there was any connivance or toleration; and by preaching and teaching, and statutes, to have endeavoured to bring the clergy (of which I had a care) to a due comportment, according to their calling; and though thereby I did but my duty, yet some, who would not amend, had a prejudice for me, and especially my accusers, to whom I did endeavour to do good; I mean the clergymen; (as for the four laymen, who appeared against me, viz., Florence, Macmoyer, the two Neals, and Hanlon, I was never acquainted with them), but you see how I

am requited, and how by false oaths they brought me to this untimely death; which wicked act being a defect of persons, ought not to reflect upon the order of St. Francis, or upon the Roman Catholic clergy; it being well known, that there was a Judas among the twelve apostles, and a wicked man, called Nicholas, among the seven deacons; and even, as one of the said deacons, to wit, holy Stephen, did pray for those who stoned him to death; so do I, for those who with perjuries spill my innocent blood, saying, as St. Stephen did, O Lord, lay not this sin to them. I do heartily forgive them, and also the judges, who (by denying me sufficient time to bring my records and witnesses from Ireland) did expose my life to evident danger. I do also forgive all those who had a hand in bringing me from Ireland to be tried here, where it was morally impossible for me to have a fair trial. I do finally forgive all who did concur, directly or indirectly, to take away my life, and I ask forgiveness of all those whom I ever offended by thought, word, or deed."

The Earl of Essex, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1672 to 1677, solicited his pardon from the King, declaring from his own knowledge that what was sworn against him could not be true. The King indignantly replied: "Then, my lord, be his blood on your own conscience. You might have saved him if you would; I cannot pardon him, because I dare not." However, Fox attributes the King's inaction to his usual indifference and love of ease. He says:—

"Even after the dissolution of his last parliament, when he had so far subdued his enemies as to be no longer under any apprehensions from them, did not think it worth while to save the life of Plunket the popish archbishop of Armagh, of whose innocence no doubt could be entertained. But this is not to be wondered at, since in all transactions relative to the popish plot, minds of a very different cast from Charles's became, as by some fatality, divested of all their wonted sentiments of justice and humanity."—*Fox's Hist. James II.*

The pure blood of our saintly primate was the last that flowed on account of this frightful imposture now close on three years after its commencement. Taken altogether, the "Popish Plot" forms an episode, as far as I know, *unique* in history. Not unique, certainly, in the unfairness of the procedure. There are other trials, almost contemporary, trials for the Presbyterian or Republican plot—a plot to overthrow the monarchy—the plot for which Algernon Sydney and Lord Russell suffered. The deprivation of counsel, the refusal to allow the prisoner's witnesses to be sworn, the overbearing demeanour of the judges, and their shocking and indescribable partiality were as marked in the one set of trials as in the other. The radical difference, however, is, that history, which has shown the alleged Catholic plot to be an utter fable, has established and confirmed the truth of the republican one. Again, if the laws were terribly severe, they were so not against one party alone. If in England half a dozen priests were executed for no other offence than their priesthood, at the very same time in Scotland, three poor fanatical Cameronian women, who carried the tenets of their sect so far as to refuse to take the oath of allegiance to King Charles, were sentenced to be tied to stakes on the foreshore of the sea, and to be drowned by the returning tide. This sentence was actually executed upon two of them, one of those two being a girl of eighteen. It was only the third, a child of thirteen, who was saved. But the point in which the popish plot has no parallel is th'

that for three full years the whole people of England should have been hoodwinked and led blindfold, by a gang of perjurers, as ignorant and stupid as they were villainous. That a tale which, as Fox truly says, would have been incredible, coming from a philosopher or a saint, should have found credence when uttered by lips so foul and infamous as to cast discredit upon any statement however intrinsically probable; and all this not in an age of ignorance or barbarism, but of culture and civilisation very little behind our own: the age of Newton, Milton, Dryden, and Locke—this is the marvel. Nothing could explain it but the darkness and density of the prejudice against Catholics which had become rooted and traditional among the people of England; so that positively the more horrible the charge against them the more likely it was to command belief. That licence and absolution should be given for committing murder seemed a thing of course. That to cut the throats of Protestants should be deemed by Catholics a meritorious act, was perfectly in accordance with what the jury were prepared to hear. The solemn and reiterated vows of dying men were all disregarded upon the assumption that it was the Catholic belief that the culprit would gain a higher place in heaven for telling falsehoods in the cause of the Church with his dying breath.

It would be of little interest to enter into the subsequent fate of the perjurers. You will find in Dr. Moran's most interesting book the wretched end of the apostates who sold the blood of the primate. Bedlow died during the trials, adhering to his wickedness to the last. Carstairs died at the same time, raving and crying out to be buried like a dog, for he deserved no better. Dangerfield died of a wound received in the eye while he was undergoing the sentence of flogging for his perjury. But as to Titus Oates, he also, on the accession of James II., was tried on two indictments of perjury and was convicted. The very jurymen who had sat upon the trials of the unhappy victims now came forward to give evidence against the wretch who misled them. Such perjury as Oates' was plainly murder, and the worst of murders; but so rational was the law of England that, while poor creatures daily went to the gibbet for a robbery of tenpence, this wholesale and murderous perjury was only accounted a misdemeanour. However, the judges had power, at least, to sentence him to be flogged, and they did so with a will. He got two floggings at the hands of the common hangman so desperate that any ordinary man would have died under them. But the scoundrel's hide was as tough as his conscience, and he survived the hangman's lash. Afterwards, to the eternal disgrace of the government of King William III., he obtained not only his pardon, but a pension in order to propitiate the anti-Catholic party. We may, I think, confidently trust that a delusion, so sanguinary in its effects, is most unlikely to take possession of the public mind again. Against the renewal of such awful injustice we have great safeguards in the truly equitable code of criminal procedure which we now possess, and the uprightness and impartiality with which it is administered. The prisoner now makes his defence by the ablest counsel whose services he can command. Through him he has the means of sifting, riddling, comparing, testing in every way the evidence



of the witnesses against him. His own witnesses are heard on their oaths fully and patiently. The Crown prosecutors conceive their duty to be discharged by stating the case candidly against the prisoner, without importing into their office the heat and zeal of partisans; and the judge, now irremovable by the hand of power, safe in his seat, and free from hopes and fears, has no end to look to, save that justice may be done.

If I were addressing you a few years ago, I should have had to add, in the words of the Latin poet:—

“*Pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis.*”  
 “Some traces still of ancient fraud remain.”

And I should have had to point to the sheriff's power of framing the panel from which the jury were selected as still giving to the Crown a tremendous advantage over the prisoner which, in times of excitement, might be fatally used. In Ireland, at least, this last relic of a barbarous criminal code has been swept away; and nothing shall withhold me from avowing what I am intimately persuaded of, that no measure in our time will be found to have conduced more to the dignity and independence of the Irish people, and the hearty acceptance by them of the law under which they live, than the great and beneficial reform which withdrew the selection of jurors from the domain of prejudice and passion, corruption and caprice, substituting an equal and impartial rotation of those whom the law pronounces qualified; thus realising, after many centuries, the great provision of *Magna Charta*, that a man should be tried by the judgment of his peers and the law of the land.

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## NEW BOOKS.

*I. Comets and Meteors: a Lecture.* By the Very Rev. J. B. KAVANAGH, D.D., President of Carlow College. (Dublin: Dollard.)

THOSE who have had the pleasure of perusing Dr. Kavanagh's lecture on “*Solar Physics*,” published some months ago, will welcome the announcement of a companion-lecture on “*Comets and Meteors*” from the same source. The present subject must possess an almost equal interest with the former for every class of readers, and we venture to say, that neither the uninitiated, who look for new information, nor the initiated, who seek to recover what had begun to slip from their memories, will feel disappointed on laying down this pamphlet.

The notion of popularising the results of abstruse studies, to which

Dr. Kavanagh has of late devoted so much valuable time, is, we think, a happy one. The advances made in all branches of science, both practical and speculative, within the memory of men not very old, must strike every one. We have seen the lumbering stage-coach and the uncomfortable night-boat give place to the commodious and expeditious locomotive. We have seen the land overspread by a network of telegraph wires, and men at the extreme corners of the country communicating their thoughts in the space of a few seconds. Nay, have we not seen continents joining hands across thousands of miles of angry billows, and thoughts flashed with lightning rapidity through the fathomless depths of the ocean? And though the results do not come so palpably before men's eyes, nor so closely concern them, yet the activity of astronomers, who have chosen the wider field of the heavens, has been attended by no less marvellous results. The brief glance which Dr. Kavanagh gives to these results in the introduction to the present lecture reads like a page of Eastern romance, except in this, that the unvarnished facts are more wonderful than all the imaginings of all the romancists. We believe there is no more elevating study than the study of the heavens; none so calculated to carry our thoughts above the material to the spiritual; none better suited to disperse the mists which unfortunately gather but too often around earthly eyes; and none which makes us think and feel with such reverence and awe of the Author of the universe. But these wonderful results must remain a closed book to the larger portion of the community, unless men like Dr. Kavanagh are found, men both able and willing to throw aside the veil of technicalities, in which scientists have more or less necessarily enveloped their discoveries, and display to the common gaze at least the bold outlines of these wonders.

The lecturer has divided his present subject into eight heads, and in the development of these he has given a satisfactory reply to almost every question which might be put on the subject of "Comets and Meteors," as far as the best astronomers have been able to discover. In so wide a field as that of the heavens, where millions of miles are but as units, one can hardly look for great accuracy; and, as a matter of fact, we find some of the ablest astronomers diverging very widely in their calculations. Thus, as Dr. Kavanagh points out, we were called upon to believe by Valz and Hind, two eminent astronomers, that, in 1861, we passed through the tail of a comet, while Pale, of Berlin, who is quite as eminent as either, maintains that we were two hundred millions of miles distant; and it has since been shown by the aid of the spectroscope that the tail of a comet is composed of glowing vapour of a temperature sometimes two thousand higher than the temperature of molten iron. We mention this here because some of these scientists and astronomers are men, who, coming down from the heavens, undertake to teach us with perfect accuracy on subjects which do not come under the range of their telescopes, and cannot be chemically analysed by the most perfect of their spectroscopes. Some of them would force upon us their views of our origin, our nature, and our destiny. We wonder is the time near when, by some

improved machinery, they will weigh our thoughts in a balance, as Crookes has weighed a beam of light, or from the spectrum of soul tell its chemical components.

Though we cannot, in a notice of this kind, enter on any of the various interesting questions concerning the nature of comets and meteors, yet we would direct particular attention to the portion of the present lecture which deals with the various theories regarding the formation of cometary tails. We are not acquainted with any book in which these theories and the difficulties in the way of adopting any of them are explained so briefly and at the same time so clearly. The concluding portion on meteors, or, as they are commonly called, "falling stars," will probably possess a more general interest than any other part of the lecture. To those who have perused Dr. Kavanagh's former lecture, the present requires no recommendation; to those who have not had the pleasure, we would say, read both.

II. *The Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries, and Memoirs of the Irish Hierarchy in the Seventeenth Century.* With Appendices containing original documents from the Rinuccini Manuscripts, Public Records, and Archives of the Franciscan Convent, Dublin. Fifth Edition. By the Rev. C. P. MEEHAN, C. C. (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons, 15 Wellington-quay. 1877.)

WE have transcribed the entire title-page of this work, because, taken in connexion with the name of the author, it furnishes a fair idea of its interest and worth. A very significant item in that title is the announcement that the present is the Fifth Edition. What other work on an Irish Historical subject—what other work on any subject, published in Dublin—has gone beyond the first edition? The additions made to this last edition—"emphatically the last, as far as I am concerned," says the author—are so numerous and so important as to make it substantially a new book, more so than many that, under the heading of "New Books," may be discussed month by month in our pages. Originally Father Meehan's "Irish Franciscan Monasteries" did not equal in bulk his "Confederation of Kilkenny," which, indeed, was too bulky to form, as it did, one of the small paper-covered volumes of Duffy's best series, "The Library of Ireland." But the accession of much precious matter, and the employment of a large, readable type have swollen it, not unduly, into a portly tome. The good effect of this improved external appearance on the reader's comfort and appreciation might remind one of the old mother's shrewd admonition to Enid:—

"For though you won the prize of fairest fair,  
And though I heard him call you fairest fair,  
Let never maiden think, however fair,  
She is not fairer in new clothes than old."

Even so is it, *mutatis mutandis*, with the type, and paper, and binding of a new edition like this: that *mutatis mutandis* being, by the way, an extremely comprehensive modification which might render almost any quotation applicable to almost anything.

Besides the many secret years of preparation which must needs go

before all such enterprises, Father Meehan has now for thirty years persevered in his vocation as an Irish historian. His "Flight of the Earls" and the work before us are among the most valuable and interesting of the recent additions to our too scanty stock of historical literature. Indeed, the present is two distinct works compressed into one. The first portion traces with loving diligence the story of the Franciscan monasteries at Rosserik, Kilconnell, Galway, Clonmel, Creevelea, Rosseville, Donegal, Multifarnham, Kilcrea, Moyne, Kinelahan, Armagh, Kilkullen, Kilkenny, Waterford, Wexford, and Wicklow; and as their founders were, for the most part, ancient Irish chiefs, the history of the country is linked with that of the convents. All this is condensed into some hundred pages, while twice as many are devoted to the second subject, the Irish hierarchy in the Seventeenth Century, which again of course throws a curious light on the civil history of the time. The appendix of documents and *pièces justificatives* occupies about half the volume; but no one will complain of its length who throws even a glance down the index and sees how rich a storehouse of materials, gathered from hitherto inaccessible quarters, is here laid at the disposal of the increasing, but still miserably inadequate circle of Irish readers who take an intelligent interest in the history of their country. It would require some share of Father Meehan's peculiar learning to point out the special value of certain documents given here for the first time to the public from the Franciscan archives and other original sources. A great many different subjects might be illustrated thereby; and we trust that the pages of this magazine may, in various ways, derive benefit from them. Writing in the midst of a very moist August, we are struck, in concluding this brief notice, by a passage in a letter of Dr. Comerford, Bishop of Waterford, in which, in 1629, he complains: "The country is the moistiest I saw since I left it, and the climate is so rainie and drousie continually that it doth imprint and indent a certain saturn qualitie of heavinesse, sloughishnes, lasines, and perpetuall sloute." It seems, therefore, that two centuries before Catholic Emancipation, as now half a century after it, Erin had decidedly a tear as well as a smile in her eye.

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### WINGED WORDS.

1. If I were to try to compress into one sentence the whole of the experience I have had during an active and successful life, and offer it to young men as a certain receipt for success in any station, it would be comprised in these words—"Duty *first*, Pleasure *second*!" From what I have seen of young men and their after-progress, I am convinced that absence of success arises, in the great majority of cases, from want of self-denial and want of common sense.—*Nasmyth.*

2. It was with profound wisdom that the Romans called by the same name courage and virtue. There is, in fact, no virtue, properly so called, without victory over ourselves; and what costs us nothing is worth nothing.—*De Maistre*.

3. Who pays what he owes enriches himself.—*Anon*.

4. Not to have a mania for buying is to possess a revenue.—*Cicero*.

5. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson*.

6. In all conditions and circumstances well-being is in the power of those who have power over themselves.—*Gurney*.

7. Wonderful is the magic of Drill! Drill means discipline, training, education, submission to authority, united action under a common head.—*Samuel Smiles*.

8. Care preserves what industry gains. He who attends to his business diligently, but *not* carefully, throws away with one hand what he gathers with the other.—*Colton*.

9. A hundred years of vexation will not pay a farthing of debt.—*Anon*.

10. Yes and No are, for good or evil, the giants of life.—*Douglas Jerrold*.

11. Respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready money; but to be obliged to run in debt for it is enough to break the heart of an angel.—*The same*.

12. A perfect knowledge of human nature is in the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." Few resist temptation after it has begun to be really temptation. It is in the outworks of the habits that the defence must lie. The habits which insinuate themselves into the thousand inconsiderable acts of life constitute a very large part of man's moral conduct.—*Samuel Smiles*.\*

13. Do not give out what does not come in. He who spends all he gets is on the way of beggary.—*Anon*.

14. Holiday-making to busy people is sometimes very hard work.—*Mrs. Craik*.

15. Never recall the past except to mend the future.—*The same*.

16. "Man proposes, and God disposes" is a saying so trite as not to be worth saying at all, were not its awful solemnity in mercy, as often as in retribution, forced upon us by every day's history.—*The same*.

17. There is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable.—*Addison*.

18. The most sensible men often crowd the whole amount of folly that is due from them as average human beings, into a single action, whilst by men of smaller capacity it is distributed over a long series of details, in a long series of years.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

[The converse of this is the heroism of a religious vocation embraced for ever by the deliberate choice of a short time.]

\* We owe to the author of "Self-help" many shrewd sayings beside his own.

## THE HONEY MANIA.

BY ETHEL TANE.

THERE was once a large and pleasant forest, several leagues in extent, intersected with broad green alleys and mossy bridle paths, along which passed and re-passed parties of gay young students. This was because the great University city of the kingdom lay to the south of the forest, so that students coming from the large northern towns, of course, had to cross it. All who did so remembered their journey pleasantly for the rest of their lives. The trees grew far enough apart to admit stray gleams of sunshine through the restless canopy of leaves; sometimes they circled off, so as to leave open a space of verdant meadow; and in the woods there were clear little rivulets, wild strawberries in the summer, nuts later on, bees' nests dripping with beautiful honey in the hollow trees, no robbers, and no wild beasts.

Now, it happened one dark, stormy night, that a certain powerful evil genius, flying over the earth among the fast scudding clouds, lighted on this forest, and descended into one of the meadows. He wandered restlessly round and round. It seemed to him a perfect solitude; no creature near except frightened little birds cowering in their nests; no sounds but those strange cries made by the wind as it rushed through the swaying branches.

"This is a wilderness," said the bad genius, who, having recently come from a distant planet (only stopping a short time in Asia on his way), knew very little of the geography of the earth; "I will make it my abode for a while."

Towards dawn the storm went down. The sun rose into a sky of azure, besprinkled with large, shifting cloud-masses, which soon cleared away, and left the day blue and perfect. The forest was all fresh and sparkling, and a party of students came riding through it.

The bad genius saw his new home was not quite the wilderness he had fancied. Human faces would often pass along the alleys, and merry laughter join with the chorus of birds. Had he been good, this would have made him very happy; for in this lies the distinction between good and bad genii. Both are soulless; they will cease to exist some time or other; and both know it. But while the good love and revere human beings as creatures possessed of souls, precious, immortal souls, the bad merely envy and hate them. What is the consequence? The bad genii weary themselves by their own bitter feelings, and will cease to exist long before they otherwise would; while the good, whose happy, active lives are passed in helping those in trouble, grow stronger and stronger, and will attain—not immortality, that is impossible for them—but a length of existence far beyond human calculation.

One day, not long after the arrival of the bad genius, a party of travellers crossing the forest were attacked by a savage tiger. One

was killed with his horse; the rest fled in confusion. They had never, in their happy country, seen such a beast before. The genius had flown eastward, seized the tiger in one of the jungles of Hindostan, and brought it back with him on the wings of a strong east wind. By its aid he hoped to frighten away the human beings whom he hated.

But there were plenty of brave men in that part of the world, and hunting parties were soon organized in pursuit of the huge savage cat (for that was what they called the tiger), which had so suddenly and strangely appeared. It was caught and killed, and then merry students passed through the forest as before.

Next, the bad genius bethought him of the terrible snakes he had seen in the East, some so large that they can crush a man to death in their folds, others so poisonous that their slightest bite is fatal.

Thinking the matter well over, he decided not to bring a large snake. "They would make up hunting-parties as they did in pursuit of the tiger," he mused. "But a little venomous creature that will lie hid in the grass, let a party of them settle down to sleep, glide quietly round, give one touch of its fangs to each, and behold—they never rise again! It will clear the forest for me."

And indeed events soon seemed to show the genius was correct in his wicked calculations.

A party of young men, taking a mid-day nap by a rivulet in one of the pleasant meadows, were treated after this cruel fashion. An hour later, another detachment of travellers had come up, and were looking at the circle of corpses in breathless horror. What could have killed them? There were no signs of a conflict, no external marks of any violence.

"Unhappy creatures!" said one of the travellers, as he dismounted from his horse to examine the bodies more nearly. "What can possibly—" he stopped with a scream of sudden pain, then fell heavily—the long rank grass he had stepped into rising far above his prostrate form; and the herbage rustled slightly as his unseen foe, the Indian snake, slipped quietly away. The rest gathered round their friend and raised him with tender care, but they could do him no good, for the poison had coagulated his blood, and he was already dead.

That night a great storm came up, the rain beat heavily on the poor corpses by the swollen rivulet, and the evil genius roamed through the dark forest, uttering yells of cruel triumph. Leagues away, in the old University city, half a dozen learned doctors spent the night round the traveller's body, endeavouring to discover what creature had caused his death; but as their country was naturally quite free from serpents, they failed to come to any satisfactory conclusion. The story spread, and many who were generally brave enough declared they would rather skirt all round the forest which held such a terrible little enemy than pass through it again.

In the midst of this excitement a ship came into the harbour of the city (I forgot to tell you it was a port), having amongst its passengers a grave-looking, swarthy man, with a long black beard—such as you see in Scripture pictures of the patriarchs—and ample flowing

robes of fine and brightly-coloured linen. He announced himself as a philosopher from the far East, travelling to see the different countries of the world, more especially their seats of learning. The puzzled doctors were delighted with this opportune arrival, and came in a body to lay their difficulty before the learned stranger. He listened to them with a look of quiet comprehension in his deep, dark eyes, and then asked to see the corpse. It had been already buried. "You say this was not the only victim," said the Oriental. "What has become of the other bodies?"

The doctors exchanged glances, and had to admit they were still lying in the forest; for after hearing of the kind traveller's fate no one would go and bring them in for love or money.

"Very well," said the stranger. "Give me a guide and I will examine them."

The doctors entreated him not to expose himself to this dreadful danger; all they asked was his advice.

"There is no danger," replied the philosopher, calmly, "to me at any rate. I know the creature well. It is important your country should be rid of it as soon as possible, and this I will engage to do, though it may, perhaps, take time. I will make my first attempt to-morrow morning. Any who like to come with me are free to do so, but they must promise to keep on the well-beaten tracks."

This permission was acted on not only by the six doctors, but also by various other professors, besides hair-brained students who snapped at the chance of seeing something strange, so that it was a large cavalcade which entered the forest early the next day. The attention of all was concentrated on their would-be benefactor and his powerful Negro attendant, who carried a heavy club and a short slender wand, and kept close beside his master's horse.

By-and-by they came to the fatal meadow, and there lay the corpses under the shimmering willow-trees.

"Stop you here," said the Oriental. "When I wave my hand, then you may safely join us."

So all the horsemen sat still and watched the two strangers go gleaming across the meadow in their bright, outlandish garments. When the philosopher reached the circle of dead bodies, he bent over one but for a moment, then took the wand from his servant, and looked keenly round. The turf on which he stood was short and fine, but towards the stream grew that patch of reedy grass into which our poor travellers had stepped. On this the stranger's black eyes soon fastened; fixedly he gazed, then thrust the wand in among the tall stems, whistled, made a strange, clucking sound, and spat upon the ground, uttering some solemn adjuration in his native dialect. Then, all at once, he drew back, the Negro rushed forward, and the huge club descended on a little reptile which came wriggling out as if to seek its fate. One stroke—that was enough! The Oriental waved his hand, and the horsemen came riding up pell-mell to find the crushed remains of a small yellow-spotted serpent.

"Good people," said the philosopher, when the excitement had a little subsided, "perhaps now you will bury these poor corpses; your



enemy is dead, and how he came here is beyond my comprehension. But nearer to the rising sun there are no lack of serpents, or serpent-charmers either. It is to this order of men that I belong."

Now when the cavalcade returned, there were great rejoicings in the old University City; the serpent-charmer was cheered and feasted, the crushed serpent sent to the National Museum, and a party of frolicsome students celebrated the victory by a moonlight picnic in the forest that very night.

"Try, try, try again!" That is what the children say when they can't do their sums; and the bad genius was much more bent on solving *his* problem—how to frighten away human beings from the forest—than the best little boy or girl is upon "getting the answer." Everything seemed to go quietly there for many months, in fact until the next long vacation. Then the released students came pouring into the pleasant forest alleys one glorious summer day, bent on enjoyment and holiday fun. Some had swings to fasten to any couple of trees that might grow near enough together; some dabbled in the streams for cray-fish; and one large party had brought a couple of crusty, new loaves, and intended to have a treat of bread and wild honey. What a delicious feast that was! how extravagantly thick they spread the honey on the new bread; not a heel of those loaves was left, you may be sure! Then, as the shadows were growing long, they pushed on to an inn at the other end of the forest, where they proposed to pass the night. But the bad Genius, when he found his tiger and snake so soon disposed of, had flown round the world to collect the seeds of all poisonous flowers, and had sown great patches of them near every hollow tree in the forest where a swarm of bees lived. All the wild honey, therefore, was more or less poisoned, and mine host of the Forest Inn found himself called up in the dead of the night; his young guests were seized with violent sickness. Some died, some were ill for several weeks, for the poison acted differently upon different constitutions; but the worst of it was that they did not guess what had caused the attack, so other travellers ate the honey, and suffered for it too.

Slowly, slowly, by hints and suggestions, the new malady was traced to its right cause. The half dozen doctors procured samples of the fatal honey, analysed it, and pronounced it noxious; then five of them drew up a warning to all who might hereafter pass through the forest, had it printed as a handbill, and distributed through the kingdom.

But did the students—and indeed all travellers—eat no more of the poisonous honey? for this is the point of my story, the thing you are to notice.

Well, you must know that the sixth doctor—who was quite a young man—wanted to make a name for himself, so instead of merely signing the Warning as the others did, he began a course of careful experiments with the honey on the prisoners in the gaol, and arrived at this remarkable conclusion—that *taken in certain small quantities it killed you slowly instead of at once!* Here was a comforting assurance for every one who liked honey! The young doctor blazoned forth his

discovery in a pamphlet; his fame was made; and nearly everybody wanted to taste this delicious honey which would only kill them slowly. True, it afflicted them with dyspepsia in the meantime; true, that after a supper of poisoned honey they were unfitted for their duties next day, irritable or lumpish, and inclined to snap their children up without cause; but then it was so nice: the very poison gave it a pungency they highly relished. Soon, most people preferred the forest honey to any other kind, and bee-keepers planted their gardens with the poisonous flowers to give *their* produce the fashionable "Forest Flavour."

"Would people ever be so silly?" This is what you are thinking; and very likely thinking, too, that I am silly to tell you such a story; but you cannot be more surprised than the bad Genius was when he saw grocers and confectioners collecting the poisoned honey and packing it in neat little pots for sale. He was so interested in this exhibition of human folly that he forgot his old dislike to the race and settled down finally in the Forest; indeed he lives there still. But nearly everybody likes to go from home sometimes, and so does he. Not long ago he spread his great wings and flew towards the setting sun until he hovered over two green fertile islands that lie together like sisters in the Western Ocean. These two have sent out their sons and daughters to the four corners of the earth, and wherever they settle, they thrive; so that the name of the islands is a very mighty one.

"How these wise people would laugh at the honey mania!" said the Genius. Then he descended on the larger of the two, and dwelt there for a while. And he saw how thousands of hearths were cold in the bitter weather, and thousands of larders empty; how little children went about in thin ragged clothes, with pinched faces, while their fathers spent the week's earnings in one night on—but I will tell you that presently. He looked at those richer and greater in the land, and from the tradesman to the noble he saw uncounted numbers just as much given up to this evil habit as the poor were; want had not yet come into their homes, for they had a larger store of money to draw upon; but more than want—*death*—had seized their sinful souls. Then he looked closer, and saw the saddest sight of all—poor little children who cried for their mother, and yet shrunk silently out of sight when she came in at last from that brightly lighted house at the street corner; and ladies, highborn and beautiful, who, indeed, never entered such houses, but had what was sold there brought to them in their elegant boudoirs.

He flew over to the other island, where the faces of the people were brighter and more lovable. Alas! the same scenes! "These people are very like mine at home," said the bad Genius; "respect, affection, fortune, health, the immortal soul that we poor Genii envy so—all sacrificed to the pleasure of tasting a poison."

And the poison's name was Alcohol.

## ALINE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA,

AUTHOR OF 'BORN REBELLE'S VICTORY,' "FREDERIC OSKAM," "IDA'S STORY," ETC.

## PART II.

ABOUT a year after this incident, Aline's health became so much worse that her family insisted on having fresh advice. Accordingly, she came to Paris, and Dr. J——, the then highest authority in cases of the kind, was called in. The old story of neuralgia, nerves, and so forth, which had been the refrain of all former medical men, was now pronounced a gross delusion, and the case declared one of organic disease, far, if not indeed fatally, advanced. Before, however, undertaking the case, Dr. J—— sought a consultation with four other eminent physicians. All four agreed that the malady was incurable. One was of opinion that the patient had three months to live; the others gave her six, or nine at a stretch. Dr. J—— alone declared that he would prolong her life four years at the least, while he was not without a hope of saving her life altogether, and effecting a complete cure.

These various opinions were submitted to Aline, and she heard them with as much *sang froid* as if it had been a question of spending the winter in Paris or in the country, discussed the *pros* and *cons* of each in a business-like manner, and ended by adopting Dr. J——'s verdict, and placing herself unreservedly in his hands.

The extraordinary coolness which she showed in the whole matter was, no doubt, characteristic; but on the other hand, she was upheld by the conviction that, come what might, let her be ever so incurably ill, she could not die until her children were educated, and one of them, at least, settled in life. This was the mainspring of the confidence which she yielded so fully and spontaneously to Dr. J——'s promise. Madame André was but too willing to believe and to hope; but in spite of herself, her heart sank in proportion as Aline's sanguine hopes took the old dreaded form of conviction; she felt, as before, a prophetic fear that it would end in disappointment.

"I don't feel at all sure of being cured, mother," Aline would say; "but I am perfectly certain that I shall live until my work is done; as certain as I am of my existence. Probably I shall have a terrible time of it; but what does that signify? If only our dear Lord would give me the use of my legs! *Une mère de famille sans jambes, vous avouerez que cela n'a pas le sens commun!*"

In the next breath she would express her perfect readiness to be a cripple to the end, if it so pleased Almighty God; but never, even in passing, did she speak of her death as a probability to be contemplated. With this one exception, the will of God may be said to have been her daily bread. Her first desire in every undertaking:

great and small, in every pain, in every proposed alleviation, in every act of her life, was to ascertain what was most pleasing to that divine will, and to accomplish it at every and any cost.

From the moment she placed herself in the hands of Dr. J——, her life became one of poignant privation. She may be said to have been bedridden, for with the exception of occasionally rising for a few hours in the afternoon, she never left her bed but to have it made. This forced inactivity was in itself an acute suffering to one whose ardent nature and buoyant temperament made exercise and constant occupation as necessary to her as air is to others. But she bore it as brightly as if it had been a matter of choice, and the most agreeable kind of life to her. Her room was the rendezvous of a little circle of friends who found delight in her society, and who carried away from it more brightness than they could contribute with all their anecdotes, and the fresh news that each was eager to bring to the sick room from the busy world outside. The loss of her daily Mass, and all the soul-stirring functions of the Church in which Aline ever found such consolation, was one of the heaviest of her trials; but it was borne like the rest, uncomplainingly. She was subjected, periodically, to operations of the most painful nature, but these days were red-letter days to the sufferer. It was not merely that she was resigned to suffering; she seemed to joy in it. I remember how we all laughed one day when the Sœur de bon Secours who was attending her, exclaimed almost snappishly, apropos of Aline's expressing some surprise at a person who had been rather cowardly under an operation performed the day before by Dr. J——: "Oh! it is easy for you to talk, madame, you who jump at suffering as a cat jumps at milk!" I can see Aline now, sitting, propped up against her pillows, and laughing louder than any of us at the sister's simile and the vehement way she had expressed it.

Brave, gentle sufferer! Many a laugh she gave us from her bed of pain. We used to twit her with being so coquettish in the said bed—most Frenchwomen have this weakness—and certainly the bank of snowy pillows, befrilled and embroidered, the dainty lace cap, the soft draperies of lace and cambric that composed her costume, made a wonderfully becoming *mise en scène*, and set off her alabaster complexion and sloe-black eyes to great advantage. She was not at all handsome; her features were quite irregular; and yet, somehow, they produced the effect of beauty. There was a mobility, a piquancy, and a charm of expression in her face that no one could resist; her forehead was as smooth and white as marble, and her eyes the most expressive I ever saw in a human head; fiery and tender, flashing and melting as the changing emotions stirred her soul.

Madame André used to say she defied any one to inflict a pang of self-love on Aline, because self-love was dead in her. Of course this must have been an exaggeration, since we have the word of a saint for it that self-love only dies a quarter of an hour before self. But Aline certainly had the familiar demon under such good control that those who knew her best and watched her most closely, failed to detect its presence. She was, perhaps, as free from human respect

as any one, short of a saint, can be. By nature she was inclined to a certain fastidious elegance in her dress, and her husband, like a true Frenchman, fostered this inclination, and liked to see her beautifully attired at all times. But, early of a morning, she used to steal a march on him, and run out to Mass so shabbily dressed that you would have taken her for a poor woman going off to her day's work. She carried this eccentricity so far, at last, that her mother remonstrated with her. Aline blushed, and replied laughingly: "Ma mère, it is only a poor little pretence at practising poverty. Don't grudge me the pleasure; it hurts nobody."

At the end of two years of a life such as I have described, Aline so far vindicated Dr. J——'s opposition to his colleagues, that she was able to resume something like an ordinary manner of life. She now rose every day, and was able to walk short distances. I shall never forget the first time she went out for a walk with her three children. Some few friends had assembled to see her go forth, and make a little festa of the event. The mother's face literally shone with happiness as we wished her good speed.

The following winter was one of comparative health to Aline. She was still carried up and down stairs, but with this exception, she was able to live pretty much like other people. Her gratitude for this partial restoration poured itself forth in many channels. Masses were said for the souls in purgatory, abundant alms flowed into the homes of the poor, fresh orphans were adopted, and novenas offered at the numerous shrines where prayers had been offered up for her recovery. She placed, as a votive offering, in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, a marble slab bearing the inscription: "*J'ai invoqué Marie, et elle m'a exaucée; que son nom soit béni!*"

Would that I could prolong this happy period! But it was only a palm-tree by the wayside, a well in the wilderness, where the pilgrim was allowed to drink and "rest a little while" before resuming her journey along the thorny path that remained yet to be traversed.

She was going on as usual, when one morning, quite suddenly, she was seized with a pain in the shoulder, accompanied by a swelling. It increased so rapidly in violence that those about her concluded it was either an acute attack of rheumatism, or that she sprained herself in the night without noticing it. Aline inclined to the latter idea, and yielded to her mother's advice that they should send for a woman, who was very skilful in that line, to rub the part. This operation was repeated for a couple of days, and then the lump became suddenly much larger, and the pain increased until the agony was too much for even Aline's courage, and she cried and groaned aloud. I cannot even now think, without a shudder, of the torture thus ignorantly inflicted on the poor little frame that had such cruel sufferings yet in store for it.

Madame André wrote to my mother at the end of nearly a week, and begged her to go and inform Dr. J—— of what had happened, and consult him as to what should be done. When he heard the story, he bounded in his chair, and struck the table with his clenched hand. "Good heavens!" he cried, "telegraph to them to bring her up by the first train that starts. God grant it be not too late!"

There was no time to look for lodgings. We telegraphed for Madame André and Aline to come straight to our house. They arrived late that night. Aline was suffering intensely, and was put to bed at once. Soon after daybreak next morning Dr. J—— came up to see her. The moment he laid his hand on the inflamed shoulder, indeed before he had seen it at all, his opinion was formed.

"This must be opened at once," he said, speaking very coolly (a sinister sign to those who knew his moods); "I will come at eleven to-morrow morning to perform the operation."

"Will you give me chloroform?" inquired Aline.

"Do you wish it?"

"No."

"No more do I."

And this was all she said about it. Dr. J—— left the room to give the necessary directions. A stretcher was to be provided for the patient to lie on during the operation; some other preparations were to be made, and Aline was to be kept as quiet as possible. This was no easy matter, for everything had to be got ready under her very eyes; the effect was, however, not to frighten or depress, but rather to elate her dangerously. She was in a state of high excitement the whole day, talking with animation to every one who came in, joking about the event of the morrow as if it were something quite comical, even enjoyable on the whole. In one sense it was enjoyable. The prospect of a good sharp suffering always had an exhilarating effect on her ardent soul, and the gracious, nay, the exulting way in which she welcomed the cross, amply justified the sister's remark, that the cat did not take to its favourite food more lovingly than Aline did to pain.

Poor Mme. André was less heroic, and while she moved about, seeing to the few necessary preliminaries, one would have imagined it was she who had to undergo the operation rather than her daughter. She was as white as a ghost, too weak almost to stand, yet too agitated to sit still. I can see her walking from room to room with clasped hands, now muttering prayers for courage, now bursting out into bitter lamentations over the cruel destiny that condemned her to stand, like the Mother of Sorrows, by the cross, while her child was given up to the torturers. She strove hard to keep up an appearance of calm before Aline, but the latter knew her too well to be deceived, and the effort to impart to her mother some of the divine strength that she enjoyed herself was not the lightest part of her burden.

We went off, we three at home, to get a Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires for the morrow, and to bespeak as many prayers as we could amongst our friends. The Abbé V——, Aline's confessor, came to see her early in the morning, after having offered the holy Sacrifice for her, and then everything was ready.

Punctually at the appointed hour the dreaded ring was heard at the door, and the four medical men were ushered in. My mother had gone with Madame André to the neighbouring church to spend the interval before the Blessed Sacrament; my sister and I remained

in the next room saying the litanies. We guessed pretty nearly when the operation began, but not a sound came from the patient; we heard nothing but the voice of the operating surgeon, speaking in angry tones, sending his colleagues to the right abouts, scolding the *Sœur de bon Secours*, the maid, everybody in turns; this was his custom, adopted partly with a view to distract the patient from her suffering, partly as a mask for his own emotion.

Madame André and my mother returned just as all was over. We were standing in the ante-chamber when the medical men came out; none of them spoke, except Dr. J——, who stopped and talked in his usual loud tones, cheerfully enough, if we might have trusted to that. He was strong in his praise of his "*vaillante petite malade*," and said the operation had gone off splendidly. He then hurried away, with a parting injunction to keep the sick room as quiet as possible; we might go in one by one to look at the patient for a moment; but no one was to speak to her. Madame André, of course, went first. She came out after a moment, holding up her hands in amazement. "Will you believe it! She actually made a face at me! I really think she has not suffered anything to speak of," was the mother's exclamation. My mother, greatly relieved, but still nervous, and with traces of recent tears on her face, went in next, treading softly, for the doctor had said that the slightest vibration would affect the sensitive wound. She stole a timid glance at the bed. Aline had one hand free, the left; she drew it slowly from under the clothes, and put her finger to her nose with such an irresistibly droll expression that my mother, in spite of herself, was obliged to laugh. Was it, then, true, that she had not suffered? She had suffered to the point of agony. The surgeon had been obliged to cut very deep into the flesh, quite to the bone, and then . . . One of the assistants, meantime, knelt beside the stretcher; Aline grasped his shoulder with one hand, while the other held the crucifix; she thrust her head into his breast to keep herself steady; and such preternatural strength did the violence of the pain lend her, that although he was a stout, broad-shouldered man, and she a small, fragile little creature, he declared it was all he could do not to fall backwards. She had a lawn handkerchief folded in many doubles between her teeth, and when the operation was over she had bitten it through. She told us herself that for about two minutes the agony was so terrific that it seemed to lift her off the bed: she could not conceive herself living through it one minute longer. Yet when I said what a pity it was that she had not taken chloroform and thus escaped the fiercest part of the suffering, she answered with a look in her eyes that I shall never forget, "Ah, ma chère, but what a pity it would have been to lose it! I offered it up for the conversion of E——. Only think if it obtains that!" Of course it was out of the question, now, her being moved to an hotel; we, therefore, had the consolation of keeping her with us, and doing what friendship might do to alleviate her sufferings during those terrible days. They were very precious days to me: The hours that I spent with her alone, conversing on those subjects always nearest her heart, God, his dealings with souls, the mystery of

life in its ever-varying phases, were a source of inexhaustible edification and delight to me.

The "exaltation" which had so miraculously, as I may call it, sustained the sufferer on the day of the operation, passed away when its work was done; but it was not followed, as is so often the case, by any reaction of despondency or physical depression. She retained all her playful gaiety of manner, and those who saw her through that trying period would agree with me that it was she who cheered and supported us, rather than we her. Many a time we have stood round her bed while the wound was being dressed, and been obliged to suspend the operation from the fits of laughing she would send us into by one of her droll *sorties*, the sister starting back with the sponge, or some other appliance in her hand, so as not to touch the wound, while herself and the patient shook with laughter; and when sometimes, with all her care, the nurse could not avoid inflicting a twinge of pain, Aline would make some grotesque noise, imitating an animal, or something of that sort, so as to leave the sister, who could not see her face, in doubt whether it was fun or pain that made her cry out.

But she had only now arrived at the first step of the Calvary that was yet to be climbed. In about three weeks another tumour, which had rapidly formed on the right side, had to be opened. Aline heard the announcement of the second operation with perfect coolness, and if she did not evince the same kind of radiant satisfaction as in the case of the first, she was ready to meet it with a serenity of fortitude that was the more remarkable, considering how much her mental and bodily strength had been drawn upon since then. But Madame André almost broke down under this second trial. She came in, clasping her hands, and looking the very picture of despair. Aline burst out laughing. "Eh, what will you, ma mère!" she exclaimed. "I am well served! I have always asked to have my purgatory in this world, so that I may walk straight into heaven when I die, and our good God is taking me at my word. Then you know I have always declared that I would have a 'place réservée' in heaven, up by St. Teresa and St. Augustine; serve me right again! When people have such pretensions they must expect to pay for them!"

What could Madame André say? Nothing, except that God was, indeed, taking her at her word. We were now very anxious that she should have chloroform; it seemed impossible that the frail, exhausted little body could undergo the fresh ordeal without the merciful help of that boon of modern science. But Aline would not hear of it. It was very well for children and pagans to have recourse to such things; but grown-up Christians ought to know better than to cheat themselves out of their inheritance in that fashion. What was the use of operations or suffering at all if they could not be turned into merit, if they could not show our dear Lord we could endure something for his sake? We poor cowards had no arguments against such logic as this; so the operation was performed as before, with the superadded horror of experience to intensify the pain.

From this time forth Aline's life was a prolonged martyrdom.



The dressing of the wounds morning and evening was positive torture, while the position of the tumours, one high up on the left shoulder, the other in front on the right side, made it impossible for the body to rest its weight anywhere. This was, perhaps, the most acute of her sufferings; the constant strain, the effort to prevent her weight pressing on the wounded parts, was worse than actual pain. Cushions of every shape and size were made, in order to isolate the wounds from contact and pressure, as far as it was possible, but the result was little more than a momentary alleviation.

I remember one morning when I went in to inquire how she had spent the night, she said: "Ma petite, I have realised one of the pains of the damned: complete immobility in bodily torture. I was very cowardly; I could not help crying, do you know, and asking our Lord to give me just one quarter of an hour's respite!" The tears gathered as she spoke; but she added quickly, with one of her old smiles: "*It was* very cowardly! He did not ask for a minute's respite on the cross."

A period of spiritual desolation was now approaching, during which Aline was called upon to endure the most awful of all interior trials, the one which wrung from the Man-God in his agony that cry of sorrow and reproach: "*My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!*" She felt herself forsaken. The unction and the light which had hitherto made the cross easy, and robbed the chalice of its bitterness were withdrawn, and she was left to toil on under the burden, alone and in the darkness. Alone! She thought so, or else where would have been the trial? But we know that God is never so near a soul as when He thus hides Himself, trusting her love to follow Him out into the night and watch with Him in the starless gloom of Olivet.

It was not the dread of death that quenched the light to Aline, and made her courage quail; it was the dread of leaving her children, of leaving them without a guide who would care for their souls, and look to the one thing necessary. Their natural guardian would be an uncle who, if he believed they had such possessions as souls at all, would be sure to trouble himself very little about them. Any Christian mother might tremble at the thought of abandoning her children to such guardianship; the prospect was so intolerable to Aline that she turned from it in absolute despair. Her faith, generous and full of trust as it was, could not reach to such an act of abandonment as this. She could not reconcile it with the mercy, or even the justice of Almighty God, that He should ask it of her; yet the idea that she was rapidly approaching the end was now almost a conviction. She told me—not at the time, but when the trial was past—that she seemed to see death always before her, standing behind a door that stood open from her bedroom into the drawingroom; he was like a fixture there, a skeleton, grinning at her with a scythe in his hand; no matter who came in, or how full the room was, there stood the ghastly watcher, with his sightless eyes staring at her from behind the door; at night, when she lay awake in the dark, she saw him as distinctly as in broad daylight. She began to think, at last, that she beh

it with her corporal eyes, and that the delusion was a sign of approaching madness. No person about her had the least suspicion of what she was enduring. She complained to no one but God.

Madame André, meantime, shared these fears, though in a different way. Dr. J——, from the day of the last operation, had said nothing that betrayed his opinion one way or the other; but he was extremely quiet in his manner, and civil to everybody—a fact which, as I said, boded no good. When he was satisfied with the way a case was going on, he came and went like a tempest, slamming the doors, shouting at the top of his voice as if everybody were stone deaf, and demeaning himself generally in a tempestuous manner. It was, therefore, with growing uneasiness that, day by day, we noticed him subsiding into civility and gentleness. This, however, did not last long. Perhaps a fortnight or so, and then, to the immense relief of us all, the storm began to growl, the doctor stamped and swore, and returned to his normal state of boisterous violence. He would burst into Aline's room of a morning, and begin to bully everybody and make noise enough to bring the house down. The patient's spirits rose quickly under the influence of this beneficent change, and she gradually regained her old serenity and cheerfulness.

All this time the children were in the country under the care of near relations, and a staff of trusty old servants; but if they had been alone on a desert island, their mother could scarcely have been in greater anxiety about them. They took it in turn to write every day for some weeks, and nothing could be more completely reassuring than the tone of this correspondence; but one morning Madame André received a letter announcing that the two elder girls had caught the measles. It would have been impossible to keep the accident a secret from Aline, but who was to break it to her? Her mother, after much hesitation, and with the tenderest precautions, told her the truth. She was like one distraught. It was a judgment on her! Why had she forsaken her children to look after her own health? Her confessor was sent for, and his influence, after a while, brought her round to a more reasonable state of mind. The weeks that followed were, nevertheless, a period of indescribable misery to her, although the daily bulletins were as satisfactory as could be. The third child caught the malady in due course, but all three had it in a very mild form, and were convalescent within the shortest time possible. As soon as it was safe to contemplate the journey, Aline insisted they should come to Paris. She would take an apartment, and be carried there beforehand to receive them on their arrival. There was a general outcry at this. Dr. J—— was furious; Madame André was terrified; everybody entreated and remonstrated; but we might as well have been talking to the man in the moon. Aline had made up her mind; at all risks to herself she should have her children with her.

"You believe really, then," I could not help saying to her, "that Almighty God cannot take care of them without you, and that if you had been there they would not have caught the measles?"

"Ma petite," she said—I was a head taller than she, but being a good deal younger, she always called me *ma petite*—"a mother is the visible representative of Providence on earth; it is my duty to be near my children, and if I forsake my duty I am answerable for what may come of it."

A large apartment was taken in the Champs Elysées. The thing to be next considered was how Aline was to get there. Her own idea was to be carried on a hospital stretcher, as the poor people are. Perhaps the resemblance was one of the attractions for this mode of conveyance; but Dr. J——, who had no such predilection in his mind, at once ridiculed and dismissed the plan. It was decided finally that she should be rolled up in her blankets, and placed in a carriage, every precaution being taken against her catching cold, which, far more than the pain of the transit, was what the doctor dreaded.

The journey, which lasted about a quarter of an hour from door to door, was effected without inconvenience or accident, and the presence of her children had such a beneficial effect on the patient as to fully justify her maternal instinct in risking everything to be with them. The sound of their voices revived her, she declared, like fresh air, and even the din of the practising which, needless to say, went on as energetically as ever, seemed to have a soothing effect on her nerves.

*(To be concluded in our next Number.)*

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## A MEDITATION IN A CROWD.

HOW say men, in the city's roar  
 God's voice must needs be drowned,  
 And in the city's myriad sights  
 No trace of God is found?  
 I hear his holy name proclaimed  
 By those discordant cries,  
 Better than by the thunder-peals  
 That roll in autumn skies.  
 The murmur of the forest pines,  
 The voice of ocean's strife,  
 Say not to me, "*Thy end is God,*"  
 Like the vast stream of life.  
 Here souls immortal hurrying seek  
 Their cravings to appease,  
 But farther still, as they advance,  
 Their soul's horizon flees.

The goal of all is happiness,  
Whatever road they try,  
But every onward step proclaims  
Earth does not satisfy.  
Those busy streets to thoughtful minds  
Are proofs of Paradise,  
While with tumultuous voice they cry,  
"God only can suffice."  
And cities tell this truth of God,  
Not writ in Alpine snows:  
"God's shadow makes the toil of earth,  
God's substance heaven's repose."  
For good God's shadow is, and all  
Some seeming good pursue,  
And all seek God unconsciously  
On false roads as on true.  
Hearts made for God, for God must seek  
In universal quest,  
And those that seek aright shall find,  
And finding shall have rest.  
While Athens built her myriad fanes  
To every idol known,  
One altar to the "Unknown God"  
Disproved her gods of stone;  
And Paul bewailed that sons of God  
For God should blindly grope,  
And felt his heart within him burn  
To teach a surer hope.  
So here in fanes to passions built  
Ten thousand hearts seek rest,  
While restless cravings, soaring still,  
An "Unknown God" attest.  
Then let us mix with men, and share  
Their pleasure and their pain,  
Turning our hearts and theirs to God,  
Lest all our lives be vain.  
Deep thoughts of God may fill the soul,  
In wood or lonely glen;  
But love of God who died for man  
Leads back to haunts of men.

T. E. B.

## LAACH.

BY A. WHITELOCK.

**R**EADER, if you should be of those who are privileged to visit the much-praised scenery of the Rhine, fail not, I commend you, to spend at least one of your holidays at Laach. You will, of course, break your journey at Bonn. You will stay to sate your learned curiosity in that erudite city, to saunter through the shaded alleys of Poppendorf, and to admire the palæozoic treasures piled up in the chambers of the old palace. You will linger to make acquaintance with him for whom an enlightened nation has gathered together this scientific wealth—the model university student—that youth of the close-fitting trousers, most scanty coat, and jauntiest hat—him of the knotty cudgel, the patched eyebrow, and scar-covered visage—the hero of many duels. You will see him in the beer garden, by the river side, smoke, and drink, and discourse, the while, a fashionable compound of obscenity and blasphemy; and later on, if you do not sleep too soundly, you may hear him at the head of a gay chorus of midnight revellers, intone the “Krewinkler Landsturm” under the statue of Beethoven. With these experiences you will have learned enough of his habits; go your way, and ponder over the blessings of a liberal education. As you quit this Arcadian City, I beg to offer myself as your guide for a portion of your further journey. Pray do not refuse my offer. I shall ask nothing for my services beyond the pleasure of your society on the way.

We shall travel by the railway. As we are whirled along the banks of the blue-waved river, be not tempted by Siebengebirge or Drachenfels to pause on the way. Reclining in soft ease amid the yielding cushions of your carriage you will see the wild beauties of these famed peaks to greatest advantage. Consult your “Handbook of the Rhine,” it will tell all that the tourist need care to know about them. But see! we are rounding the gloomy crag of Reinecke, and our engine, panting and trembling, curbs its giant strength and struggles to check its headlong career. We have ceased to move, and hear! the much-whiskered guard announces “Brohl!”

Here must we alight. We remain a few minutes on the platform, to watch the train go forward hissing and shrieking towards the bend of the river, where the towers and spires of Andernach are dancing in the water.

Now that it has passed out of sight, we will bespeak that solitary porter who is returning to his lounge by the station-house door. They who are called railway porters are not, everywhere, personages of importance; but forasmuch as there is none to share with the porter of Brohl the dignity of his office, great is he within his sphere, and much to be respected. Yet will a silver groschen tempt him from his attitude of repose. Thus propitiated he will accompany us to the village inn, where, in much state, is preserved the one post-chaise of which

the village boasts. On the way, we will administer to him another groschen. Thus shall we so win his favour that he will withstand the owner of the vehicle so that he do not charge us more than twice the rightful hire.

Does it delight thee to excite the admiration of thy fellow-men? If so, here will I procure thee this satisfaction in fullest measure. We will decline the invitation of the portly *Wirth* to rest us in the dingy parlour of the inn. We will elect rather to pace the narrow street without the house, while the thick-limbed horses are being harnessed. Many are the eyes of flaxen-haired village maidens that watch our movements through the little window-panes, and full oft the busy *hausfrauen* interrupt their labours and come to the open doors to observe us. At last the conveyance of which all Brohl is justly proud is drawn up in its splendour before the hostelry. The *kutscher* in the full glory of glazed hat and coat of the longest tails, sits carelessly cracking his whip over the ears of his dozing steeds, as if the task before him were, to his mind, not half so important as everybody feels it to be. The obsequious *Wirth* himself invites us to enter. Now is thy hour of triumph come. Mount with easy grace, as if a ride in the post-chaise of Brohl were to thee one of the commonplace events of life, and bid thy charioteer proceed. Curiosity and enthusiasm will burst every restraint. Housewives and maidens will rush to the doors to get a satisfactory glimpse of us as we pass; the school-children, if they are at large, will shout with delight, the dogs will bark their exultation, and a general commotion of the village will celebrate our departure.

The ride through Brohlthal (valley of the Brohl) is delightful, and marvellously doth it whet the traveller's appetite. Yet, not for this must we halt at the inn of Wassenach. True, it doth claim the sounding title *Hôtel de Laach*; most true, it doth announce, in flashing letters and doubtful French, that many culinary luxuries, including fish fresh from the lake, may be had within. But put not faith in these gilded falsehoods; the hostelry of Wassenach has ceased to be the hotel of Laach; the fish from the lake are consumed elsewhere.

We pass on. A little further up the slope of the hill we have been ascending, our heavy-limbed steeds slacken their sober pace; they are sinking fetlock deep in the sand. Thus we struggle to the top. On the farther side, we descend by a zig-zag road of yielding sand, under a long, gloomy archway of forest trees. Suddenly a bright light—the sheen of moving waters, made doubly bright by contrast with the gloom from which we are emerging—flashes upon our eyes, and the lake and valley of Laach lie radiant and smiling before us.

We follow the road that winds along the shore, gazing, as we go, at the dark woods rising over the pathway on the right, and on the bright blue water tumbling and tossing playfully in the beautiful basin below. A turn in the road brings us in front of a handsome hotel, which a pretentious signboard declares to be the *Hôtel de Maria Laach*. The *kutscher* draws up his slow-moving team before the door, and the *Wirth*—a portly corporal of the Landwehr—smiles us a pleasant welcome. You are tired and hungry. Order dinner. If you have

travelled much, you will have often halted at less comfortable resting-places than the *Hôtel de Maria Laach*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Your meal is over. Now sit you by me here at this open window, and, while you smoke your cigar, and dreamily watch the evening shadows creeping over the lake, I will tell what I know of the history of Laach.

Long ago, very long ago, in ages eocenic, the circle of hills that surround this valley was built up. The lava which forms them was disgorged by the crater whose burning throat yawned where now these cool blue waters are playing. When the volcano had spent its rage, the hills it had formed stood for years as it had left them, naked and ghastly. But there was then no eye to be offended by their unsightliness, so this did not matter much. By slow degrees vegetation crept up the sides of the volcanic mounds; grass and flowers began to grow among the crevices; a soil, bright with verdure was, in time, spread over the dark-brown masses; next, tall trees grew up and flourished upon them; and at length a forest, such as you see it now, rocked to-and-fro on the backs of the lava hills. After this the waters of the lake receded more and more into the throat of the extinct crater, green meadows spread themselves out where the waters had been, and thus was finished that landscape of mountain, forest, lake, and meadow, which stretches before us.

It must be said that the fiery powers engaged within those barriers of rock and forest did not tamely submit to their imprisonment. In aftertimes they were often heard to growl in their subterranean dungeons. Often have they been known fiercely to shake their prison bars, and to make the earth above them throb and tremble, causing thereby wild terror to the later inhabitants of Laach. The beginning of the fifteenth century of our era is the date of their last display of restlessness. They appear to have then gone to sleep in their lair, and have not been awakened since.

The history of the locality down to the appearance of man upon the scene I cannot tell. I know not if it has left any monuments of its course behind. Ichthyosauri may have sported in the lake, and megatheria gambolled upon the shore; but if they did, they died and decayed, and left after them no trace that they had been. No record is extant of the cycles of ages that elapsed between the volcanic eruption which created the encircling hills, and the comparatively modern days when man first occupied the valley.

Learned men do pretend that, at a time remote from the present, a colony of lake-dwellers settled in the lake of Laach. I will not venture either to dispute or to support their views. Certain it is that I have seen no more authentic monument of these amphibious lords of Laach than the stern of an old boat which I noticed protruding from the water, and which an antiquarian friend assured me was the remnant of a canoe which some prehistoric man had once paddled as his own. Reverence for my learned *cicerone* forbade me to quarrel with this opinion. I observed, I may state, a strong family resemblance between the foundered canoe and the lighter craft which, in our own

day, ply upon the adjacent Rhine. I ventured to suggest, as a contribution to my venerated informant's store of ethnological science, that the art of boat-making, in the district of Laach, had undergone little change since the days of the lake-dwellers. The observation appeared to strike him as equally novel and acute, and has probably long ago appeared in one of the learned periodicals which in Germany do so plentifully abound.

Neither have we much trustworthy information as to the proceedings of those lucky Treviri who, I presume, were the masters of Laach at the period when the history of Germany begins. I have not found it stated in Napoleon's history of Julius Cæsar—though it is quite as credible as many of the statements made in that remarkable work—that the conqueror of Gaul spent some of his summer holidays at Laach. He had, it is ascertained, a taste for natural scenery; he was on friendly terms with the Treviri; Laach was one of the most charming spots in their whole territory; what more probable than that, during his campaign against the Belgæ, he allowed himself a few days' relaxation in this beautiful valley. He was a lover of manly exercises; may we not surmise that he hunted boars in the woods; that, with a *campestre* on, he permitted himself a wrestling bout with his favourite lieutenant on the temptingly soft grass by the lake shore, and enjoyed a plunge in the cool, bright waters—so much cooler and cleaner than those of the yellow Tiberis at home. In fact, if the history of Julius Cæsar were yet unwritten, and I were deputed to write it, I might devote an interesting chapter to the surmisable incidents of the Great Dictator's presumably lengthened sojourn on the occasion of his probable visit to Laach. I could do all this, and be, all the while, proudly conscious that I was writing history quite as eruditely as many who have greater fame as historians than I shall ever pretend to.

But I have now nothing to do with this period of history. I am just as little concerned with that which follows—the period when the Frankish caravans were passing the Rhine, and making their way across the ruins of Roman fortifications and the ashes of Roman towns to the rich cities and beautiful lands of Western Gaul. I have nothing to relate of those stirring times; though, doubtless, Laach was then the scene of exciting incidents. I pass on to the date when the German Empire was in its might; when Pope and Emperor had divided between them the twofold sovereignty of the Cæsars, when the weak kings of France were struggling to uphold their monarchical pretensions against the power of their mighty vassals—to the date when Europe was being roused to centuries of war by the eloquence of a wandering friar; when the feudal nobility of the West had paused in their work of pillaging one another's lands, and wrecking one another's castles, to listen to the fervid words of an enthusiastic monk who called them to a field where their talents for war and plunder could be exercised with profit to their souls.

In the year 1093, there stood upon the summit of the hill before us, a castle which was the residence of Henry II., Count Palatine of the Rhine. He was lord of Laach in right of his mother, the



unfortunate Matilda of Hochstaden, who, at her marriage with Henry the Mad, had added this fief to the possession of the Counts Palatine. Henry II. had married, in her second widowhood, Adelheid, daughter of Otto of Orlamünde. Their marriage had been unfruitful, and Henry, in his old age, adopted as his heir Siegfried, his wife's son by her marriage with Adalbert of Vallenstadt. As the evening shadows began to gather over the life-day of Henry and Adelheid, they be-thought them of founding, on the shore of the beautiful lake beneath their castle towers, a monastery where their bones might rest, and the prayers of grateful monks be offered for their soul's repose. Peasant legends will have it that heaven deigned to point out the spot where it willed they should build the house they projected. One night, from the castle walls, they saw the lake and its woody shore lit up by preternatural fires. On the western shore, where a wide stretch of meadow-land separated the woods from the water, the heavenly light glowed brightest. The pious Count understood the sign, and determined to build the monastery on the spot thus miraculously marked out. He called to him Heilbert, Archbishop of Triers, Siegfried, his stepson, Henry, Duke of Limburg, William, Count of Luccelenburg, Walram and Fulk, counts of Arlo, and others of his kindred and friends; and in their presence, by solemn deed, he surrendered Laach and its belongings to the use of the Church; and this for the cure of his own soul and the obtaining of life eternal. "*Pro rimedio anime mee et eterne uite consecutione.*"\* Many wise provisions did Count Henry also make, that his princely gifts might be peacefully enjoyed by the holy fraternity for which they were destined; many provisions, too, that the monks might not be oppressed by the *advocates*, or lay protectors of the monastery. In return for his generosity he asked but this from the brotherhood, nay, he imposed it on them as an obligation, "as far as a living man could decree concerning the dead"—that himself, his wife, and all future protectors of the monastery should be interred within its walls. "*De cetero desidero, et quantum de mortuo vivens possum firmiter statuo, ut ubicunque in provincia vita excessero, nusquam nisi in prefato monasterio sepeliar. Idem de advocatis omnibus et de uxore mea fieri volo, et constituo.*"

A portion of the monastery was built, and monks from Haffligem were brought to practice and to teach within the new cloister the rule of St. Benedict.

Two years later, while the Knights of Europe were buckling on their armour for the First Crusade, and the matrons and maidens of the hundred castles that guarded the Rhine were praying for their success against the Saracen, the good Count Henry died. He was laid to rest in the corridor of the monastery he had founded, before the door of the Chapter-room, and his death was thus recorded in the Convent register:—"Anno Dni MXCV. II Idus Aprilis. Ind. IV. Epacta XXIV. Obiit piæ memoriæ dominus Henricus Comes Palatinus Rheni, et dominus de lacu, qui fundavit et dotavit ecclesiam

\* The original deed is preserved in the State Archives at Berlin. German *Geschichtsforscher* have, of course, disputed its authenticity.

Lacensem, ubi et requiescet sub Urbano II. Papa, Henrico III. Imp. Egilberto Trevirorum et Frederico Colon. Archiepiscopis."

After a lapse of two centuries the bones of the pious Count were transferred to a splendid tomb built for them in the newly-completed Convent Church by Theodorich, eleventh abbot of Laach. A lengthened copy of Latin Hexameters formed his epitaph. It began thus:—

"Anno mileno quinto novies quoque deno  
Occidit heus! clarus templo hoc tumulatus amœno  
Vir palatinus Henricus nomine comes.  
Hoc quia construxit templum, Mariæque dicavit  
Quæsumus ergo Jesu da æternæ gaudia vitæ.  
In cœlo tecum dux sit merces sua secum."

The work he had undertaken was not finished at the death of Count Henry. His last will and testament charged his stepson and successor with the completion of it. Youthful frivolity and youthful ambition, for a time, made the young Count Palatine forgetful of the duty thus imposed on him. But a series of providential reverses came to cool the ardour of these absorbing passions. In a storm at sea, when his life was in imminent danger, he bethought him of the long-forgotten injunctions of his predecessor, and he vowed to execute them if he should escape. Delivered from this danger, he kept his vow. A deed was drawn up in which, after expressing due contrition for his past neglect, Siegfried confirmed the bequests of Count Henry to the Abbey of Laach, and doomed to destruction his stepfather's favourite castle, that its presence might not distract the religious solitude of the secluded brotherhood. By the same instrument he regulated the etiquette to be observed by the monks towards their lay protectors when the latter visited the monastery, specifying the quantity of corn, hay, and wine, the number of pigs, and the number of golden crowns wherewith the monks were, each day of their stay, to present their patrons. Finally, he ordained that his own body, and those of his wife, and children, and all future protectors of the monastery should lie, after death, within its sacred walls.

A year after this, poor Siegfried died. But he was not laid to rest within the walls of Laach. He received his death-wound in the battle of Warnstedt from the hand of Hoyer, Count of Mansfeld, and he was buried far away from Laach, on the banks of the Werra. At his death the building of the abbey and church was well advanced. His son, Wilhelm, succeeded to his possessions, but inherited little of his religious zeal, and it had fared ill with the rising monastery had the new Count Palatine been its only patron. But Hedwig, the widowed Countess of Arc, who had lately taken up her residence in the village of Nickenich close by, interested herself in the work of Count Siegfried, and happily brought it to its completion. The pious generosity of Hedwig is commemorated in a distich still legible to the tourist on one of the pillars of the church choir:—

"Prolepotens virgo petimus pro munere largo  
Da tibi submisce celos Hedwich comitisse."

On the 24th of August, 1156, the Abbey Church was consecrated to the Holy Trinity by Hillinus, Archbishop of Trier, and thus was accomplished the foundation of the monastery—*Monasterium Beate Virginis in Lacu prope Antunacum*.

The Church of Siegfried and Hedwig still stands, perhaps, the most beautiful monument of Roman architecture in Europe. But the marks of old age are many and deeply traced upon it, and there is no reverent hand to wipe them out as they still gather. Unseemly rents gape in the walls, and the slates are broken upon the tower roofs. Wind and rain are silently doing their work, loosening the quaintly-carved coping stones, and disjoining the slim and graceful belfry pillars through which the voices of the abbey bells used to dash out to raise a commotion among the echoes of the neighbourhood. The grave of the good Count Henry has been desecrated. The exquisite figure which lay above his mausoleum, representing him in his knightly gear, his sword by his side, one foot resting upon the golden lion, the other upon the golden falcon, has been rudely pushed from its place. Proud and cold it had lain there, undisturbed for five hundred years, from the days of the Countess Hedwig till the invasion of Rhineland by the armies of revolutionary France. When the revolutionist soldiers had gone, some kind hand restored it to its place. It has since lain there uneasily on the shattered covering of the lovely mausoleum, and is carelessly thrust aside with a rusty iron lever when any curious tourist expresses a wish to see the interior of Count Henry's tomb. I did myself, on my first visit to the old church, ask my guide to allow me a glimpse into the recess beneath the calm, cold statue of the knight. I felt guilty, I own, in making the request, but I made it all the same. Smarting under the remorse that punishes sacrilegious curiosity, I saw the stately, helpless figure yield to the rusty bar. I peeped into the dark space below. A coffin lay at the bottom. The lid had been torn off. Within the desecrated shell there was—nothing.

The abbey built and peopled, its development proceeded by the steps which usually raised the mediæval monasteries to wealth and local influence. Many were the gifts of lands, houses, and vineyards which fell to the lot of the new foundation. Devout souls, whose salvation was all but assured, bestowed on it their earthly goods, in the hope of thus increasing the measure of their eternal reward. Lawless and profligate sinners bequeathed to it the possessions they had sinned to gain, but could not live to squander, in the hope that this act of tardy generosity would avert eternal chastisement. Knights to whom the chivalrous enterprises of the time offered wealth and fame, sons of noble houses for whom the way to the rich and titled posts of ecclesiastical government lay open—generous souls, who believed that heaven may be bought by the sacrifice of what is prized on earth, endowed the monastery with their temporal goods, and buried themselves for life within its walls.

Nor was the rising prosperity of Laach due more to the bounty of its patrons than to the skilful administration of its abbots. Piles of documents still exist to bear witness to the shrewd business spirit of

the spiritual lords of Laach. Mills, vineyards, house property, meadows, woods, and pasturages were added, by purchase, to the possessions of the monastery. Farms and houses, situated at an inconvenient distance, were exchanged for equivalents nearer hand. The immediately adjoining lands were skilfully cultivated; an aqueduct, much resembling that by which the early Roman engineers drained the Alban lake, was cut by the monks under the hills; twenty-three feet of water were thus drained off the lake, and many fair acres of rich alluvial soil added to the meadow-lands of Laach.

Nor least among the benefactors of the Abbey would I mention Eberhard, Lord of Grensau, who gave up his claim to a yearly tribute of two pairs of hunting boots, which the abbot was bound to pay him. It is well nigh six hundred years since he absolved the monastery from this tribute, yet the document which bears witness to his magnanimity still exists.

The possessions thus variously acquired were held by the superiors of the recluse brotherhood with tenacious grip. It was no easy matter to deceive the abbot as to his rights, nor was it easy to induce him to forego them. Many lawsuits against bishop, lay lord, and rival monastery did the old abbots of Laach maintain, and many are the documents still preserved in the national archives recording their success in these contests. Some of these documents are highly interesting; interesting because they record the watchful care of their own possessions evinced by these holy monks; more interesting, perhaps, because they illustrate the manners and habits of thought of an age fast fading into the antiquity where men and manners become indistinct. I have room now to mention but one.

It happened long ago, in the year 1231, that the abbots of Laach and Rommersdorf were joint proprietors of a certain number of serfs in the district of Maischied. Joint proprietorship is not always the basis of enduring friendship. It certainly was not so in the case of the abbots Gregory of Laach, and Bruno of Rommersdorf. Disputes on the subject of the serfs were frequent and bitter between them. At length the common lay protector of both monasteries, Theodorich of Isenburg, summoned the disputants before him, and endeavoured to adjust their quarrel. The arbitration began with a noisy altercation between the abbots, which was taken up and continued in still rougher wise by their respective followings. Theodorich with difficulty succeeded in appeasing the combatants. A compromise was at last effected. The abbots consented to divide equally between them the children of all future marriages contracted by the serfs in question. Theodorich, Archbishop of Trier, ratified the agreement, and peace was restored.\*

\* As the relic of an age whose manners excite our interest, though they can hardly command our sympathy, the document is worth transcribing here:—

"Theodoricus dei gratia Trevir, archiepiscopus omnibus tam presentibus quam futuris notum esse volumus, quod constituti in presentia nostra dilecti filii Gregorius abbas de Lacu et Bruno abbas de Romerstorph de consilio et consensu fratrum suorum paci et utilitati suarum ecclesiarum consulentes in futurum talem compromissionem invicem fecerunt. Si quando scilicet contingeret homines ecclesie Lacensis qui pertinent ad curtem eorum de Meisceidt et homines ecclesie de Romerstorph

Favoured by popes, emperors, and elector archbishops, the monastery of Laach grew and prospered. For centuries prosperity brought no symptoms of an abatement of religious fervour. The number of cloistered brethren increased, but the religious spirit of the community was in nothing relaxed. The temporal possessions of the monastery grew to princely dimensions, under successive thrifty abbots; but monastic discipline was not thereby impaired. Labour and prayer divided the time of the cowed brotherhood. The robust of body tilled the fields, the dexterous of hand copied manuscripts in the library, the subtle of thought wrote treatises, learned or pious, in their cells. They delved, or wrote, or prayed, but all the while they fasted. Twice a day the convent bell summoned the workers to a meal—a meal so frugal that it would have startled the most abstemious of our modern ascetics. Cabbage, often without salt, and black barley bread, constituted the whole of the *menu*. A banquet on herrings was a luxury, the recurrence of which was deemed worthy of record in the convent annals. In benediction among the monks was the memory of Wilhelm of Hochstaden, who bequeathed to the monastery an annual sum of two marks, that on the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen the community might, each year, feast plentifully on herrings. He calculated that the sum of two marks, increased by a contribution from the convent bursar, would supply the brethren with three herrings each, and he made his bequest accordingly. “Quatinus cellarius ex marcis duabus adjungens aliqua de suis censibus amministret frequentibus fratribus allecia unicuique de cetero exhibens tria,” is the text of the document which made the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen a day of plenty in Laach. The Abbot Fulbert confirmed the gift of the Count of Hochstaden, and pronounced anathema against any one who should divert it from its purpose. “Et qui uiolauerit subiaceat anathemati.”

For several centuries the monks of Laach continued this edifying life of labour and penance. But uninterrupted temporal prosperity sooner or later tells injuriously on religious observance. Laach, in time, had experience of this truth. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries many vigorous efforts were made by popes and councils to introduce strict discipline into the Benedictine monasteries of Europe. The decrees issued by these high authorities are evidence that the monks had many faults to correct. The Council of Vienne, in 1311,

invicem matrimonio copulari. Quod proles de ipsis procreata inter easdem ecclesias equaliter dividatur huic compromissioni presente et annuente consanguineo nostro Theodorico de Ysenburg advocato predictarum familiarum ecclesie utriusque, preterea et hoc insertum est in compromisso et a nobis confirmatum, scilicet, ut consuetudo dividende prolis hactenus observata de hominibus de Adanham, qui pertinent ad ecclesiam lacensem et inter homines ecclesie de Romerstorph firma permaneat et ita de cetero observetur. Nos igitur, qui semper ea que pacis sunt inter nostros subditos querere et conservare tenemur, predictam compromissionem pro bono pacis rationabiliter ordinatam pontificali autoritate confirmantes nostrique sigilli munimine roborari decernentes districte prohibemus ne quis unquam eam presumat in posterum violare. Acta sunt hec anno incarnationis dominice MCCXXI pontificatus vero nostri anno decimo nono, octavo idus septembris. (*From the Archives of Coblenz.*)

forbade the Benedictines to affect worldly elegance and knightly splendour in their dress or to carry arms, and recalled them to community life, and strict observance of rule. Benedict XII., in 1336, thought himself justified in issuing a new constitution for the order under the title *Benedictina*. The Council of Constance, in 1416, following up the beginning thus made, invited the abbots of the Diocese of Mayence to meet and deliberate on the reforms necessary in their convents. The meeting took place, and in it was begun a movement which eventually spread far and wide through Germany the renewed religious spirit. In 1422, a great meeting of the Benedictine abbots of the provinces of Trier and Cologne was held in Trier, at the instance of Pope Martin V. Fifty-nine convents were represented in the assembly. Rigorous measures of reform were adopted. The pastime of hunting was forbidden to the brethren; pleasure excursions on festival days were prohibited, and all monks errant were ordered to return to their convent within six months. The new spirit of discipline was best represented in the convent of Burssfeld, whence the movement I speak of has been called the Burssfeld Reform.

I cannot say how far Laach had fallen into the prevailing abuses. Certain it is that towards the close of the fifteenth century it was in a position to benefit by the efforts of the monastic reformers. Its abbot, John of Didesheim, was an enthusiastic disciple of the Reform, and determined to introduce it, in all its rigour, among his subjects. But the Abbot John discovered he had undertaken a task too great for his unaided powers. He first tried mild measures. Eight reformed monks of the Burssfeld observance were introduced, as a pious leaven, into the relaxed community. But the undisciplined brethren would not be edified into regularity. They endured the reproach of good example for six months; their patience being then exhausted, they expelled the apostles of reform *adhibita vi*, and "barred out" the abbot himself. The Archbishop of Trier hereupon interfered. He commissioned George von der Leyen, Governor of Mayen, to reduce the refractory brotherhood. The citizens of Mayen were called to arms, the monastery of Laach was besieged and stormed, the stubbornly rebellious monks forcibly expelled, the abbot reinstated, and religious discipline restored.

All this was, of course, highly improper; it is, perhaps, to be feared that my story is becoming disedifying. The world has grown very virtuous since the days when naughty monks were guilty of these improprieties. Martin Luther has since come, and brought back the practice of abstemiousness and self-denial among Christian men. He was a model ascetic himself, and the world he instructed is edifyingly ascetic too. It can afford to be severe on the failings of these mediæval sinners; it can cast the stone at them without fear for its own head. Which of the many censors of these dissolute monks would waste his or her time in purposeless travelling about, or visits of pleasure? Which of them would gratify his palate with food too dainty for his income, or wear a coat too fine for his station? Which of them would give himself airs in borrowed plumage, or parade himself in the gewgaws that dazzle feeble eyes? Surely not one. It

would be unjust to believe a generation so saintly as ours capable of such vices ; nay, it must be offensive to its delicacy to hear that such crimes are possible. (Chaste souls who breathe the air of Rotten-row pardon this indiscretion !) It does well to shade its pure eyes from the view of such enormities, to shudder at them in pious dismay, and to be unsparingly bitter on the system which, if it did not beget, was forced for a time to tolerate these excesses.

I acknowledge it with a sense of personal humiliation—I who must confess to an interest in the monks of Laach—they fell to the point at which they would have deserved the indignant reprobation of our virtuous age. The record of their faults is preserved. They used costly cloth in their black togas, they abandoned sandals for shoes and stockings, they affected elegance in the shaving of their heads, they displayed a passion for silver-headed walking-sticks (some of these cost as much as seven thalers), and they paid long visits to their friends outside the monastery. And their food ? Here, indeed, it is that we get a clear insight into their dissolute habits. Unfortunately for their reputation, there exists a document dating from the middle of the sixteenth century—the age *par excellence* of monastic corruption—which, on this point, reveals all their worst enemies could wish. It is the weekly bill-of-fare of the community, drawn up by the abbot, Johann Augustin, fixing the quality and quantity of the food served each day in the convent refectory. It allows to each monk, on Monday, pea or lentil soup, two eggs, and some stock-fish ; on Tuesday, gruel, two eggs, a herring boiled or fried, greens, dried fish in summer, salt fish in winter ; on Wednesday, pea-soup, greens, and fresh fish ; on Thursday, milk-soup, eggs or a herring, peas, and a cake with black sauce ; on Friday, lentil-soup, a red herring, turnips or parsnips, and fresh fish ; on Saturday, gruel, a herring, cabbage, boiled fish, and three eggs fried in butter. In addition to these dainties, the monks had, each day, a slice of cheese, and on Sundays they were granted the luxury of fruit. The damaging document I have just quoted was drawn up about the time that the pious Luther was picturing, for the edification of Germany, the *Papstesel* (Pope Ass) and *Monchkalb* (Monk Calf) side by side with his own saintly figure, radiant with the effulgence of the Divine Spirit. Verily the apostle of a humble and penitential life had not come too soon. The manners of the Pope's monks were sadly depraved. The reformers, who had been at work within the Church long before Luther, had said so in unmeasured language dictated by their unmeasured zeal. Later times took up their cry, and it swelled louder and louder as it came down to us. The character of the monks is now hopelessly gone. Let us join in the general outcry against them. They were a degenerate lot who had forgotten the virtues of their fathers ; they ate brown bread where their forefathers had eaten black, had parsnips where they had been content with cabbage, and affected red herrings where they ambitioned only fresh. Cunning fellows those mediæval knights who exchanged the helmet for the cowl ! They had a relish for the good things of this life—the gourmands !—and they knew where to find them ! Model men and

women of our chaste generation! your sense of propriety is very rigid, you have seen Schneider; your standard of morality is very high, you have studied Ouida; pity the frailty even while you condemn the failings of these hooded sinners, and give thanks that you have been reserved for an age in which the seductions to vice are few, and the number of those seduced are fewer. And you, O ingenuous youth and guileless maiden, whom, perhaps, I have scandalised by these revelations—*non prius audita virginibus puerisque canto*—forgive me if I have called a blush to your pure cheek, or made your delicate ears tingle. Your preacher has often edified you on Sunday by allusions discreetly veiled to the abuses of the convents of pre-reformation times. I have torn away the veil that hid the secrets of one of them. Is the chamber of horrors such as you had pictured it?

The further history of Laach down to the days of the first French Republic is an uneventful record. The monks lived on in their quiet valley, uninfluenced by the religious revolutions which convulsed Europe. They persevered in their old-fashioned exercises of labour, study, and prayer, while the world about them was being reformed. They continued to eat eggs, parsnips, and red herrings, and in time forgot themselves so far as to eat of beef. They quarrelled sometimes with lay lords, when the lords laid violent hands upon their property, and more than once, I grieve to say it, they resisted an archbishop when His Grace would trample on what they audaciously considered their rights.

But, these misdemeanours apart, they were good men—very good, indeed, for the ages in which they lived—though, to be sure, they would make but a sorry figure by the side of the saints of ours.

There is, it is said, a region where record is kept of the actions of simple and virtuous lives. It is well for the monks of Laach that such a registry exists. With the black-robed generations which peopled its cloisters the living world has the same acquaintance that it has with the Mastodon or Pleiosaurus—it sometimes stumbles on their bones.

In the early days of Laach, one of its inmates, I know not who, set up a slab, on which should be inscribed the names of the successive abbots of the monastery. The stone was made to hold forty names. As the centuries went by the spaces allotted to the abbots' names were, one by one, filled up. On the 31st of January, 1801, Joseph Meurer, the fortieth abbot of Laach, died, and the fortieth name was recorded upon the venerable register. On the 18th of June, 1802—pardon, oh ye Republicans!—on the 29th Prairial An X.—a new abbot was elected, and a stonecutter commissioned to prepare a new slab which should transmit his name to posterity. Both these measures were superfluous. On the 2nd of August, by virtue of the Concordat concluded in the April of that year between Pius VII. and the French Republic, the monastery of Laach was suppressed. Its inmates found a shelter where charity or pity opened a door to receive them. The price of the abbey lands was absorbed by the bottomless coffers of the Republic, its literary treasures were



distributed among various state institutions, and the rich furniture of its church carried off by the *curfs* of the neighbouring parishes.

On their way to and from the Rhine, the armies of Republican and Imperial France sometimes halted near Laach, and the look of ruin and desolation deepened on the spot at each of these visits. When they had ceased to come and go, Laach became again what it had been centuries before—a silent, beautiful solitude. A few years ago, a community of Jesuits became masters of the half-ruined Abbey; they repaired its tottering walls; built libraries, museums, and lecture halls, and bade fair to revive in the old place the glories of its prosperous days. But the laws of 1872 were passed, the Jesuits are gone, and the lovely spot is again silent and deserted, except when an occasional tourist comes hither to while away an idle day.

Dear me, how long I have been talking! Night, I declare, is upon us! How ghost-like has grown the statue of the Muttergottes on the little island in the lake! At her feet the moonbeams are playing on the furrowed waters; and hear! the owl is saluting the stars from the palsied church-towers. If the ghosts of the venerable generations who have inhabited Laach go abroad by night, they must now be preparing for their lonely walk; let us close the shutters, and leave them to make their rounds in peace.

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## A STORY OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.\*

UPTOWERING from Virginia's fertile plain,  
Where solemn grandeur holds her silent reign,  
Two giant cliffs rise sheer towards the skies—  
A massive bridge of rock between them lies,  
By man unwrought, and fresh from Nature's hand  
It spans the fearful depths with rugged band  
And gazes on the dark abyss below,  
Where, leaping from the rock, bright waters flow.  
The silver stars that fill the narrowed sky  
Into the secret depths at midday pry,  
And seem to the bewildered stranger's sight  
To deck the day with the bright gems of night.

A youthful band had sought the pass one day,  
To spend their idle hours in busy play.

\*The incident here narrated has been told in graphic prose by Elihu Burrit, the American Blacksmith.

Softly they move, and with uncovered head  
And stealthy step the rocky pathway tread,  
As though they fear by quicker, noisier pace  
To wake the guardian spirit of the place.  
They reach the cliffs where tier on tier of names,  
Graved on that mighty wall, each heart inflames :  
They burn to do what others did before,  
And shrine their mem'ries here for evermore.  
High o'er the rest gleams one historic name,  
Here loftiest, too, as on the scroll of fame—  
Immortal Washington, Virginia's pride,  
Tempts one brave youth to place his name beside.  
His opened blade he holds with surer clasp,  
Firm on a jutting crag he lays his grasp,  
Then carves upon the limestone's rugged breast  
A niche wherein his feet may safely rest.  
A foot he stands above the highest name,  
Yet yearns he now for still more glorious fame,  
And, heedless of return, doth upward go,  
Too eager in his toil to glance below.  
As the strong swimmer on the ocean's breast,  
Proud of his strength, disdains to turn or rest,  
Feeling the might his pliant limbs supply,  
Wond'ring that such as he can ever die ;  
He still, exulting 'mid the billows' roar,  
Widens his distance from the friendly shore,  
Till, cramped, exhausted, powerless 'mid the tide,  
He sinks, a victim to his reckless pride :  
E'en so the boy yon beetling rock ascends,  
Nor to his comrade's call attention lends.  
At length he gives one short, quick, downward look—  
Horror! he reels—then clings to that small nook  
With agonizing grasp. Had he but cast  
One other glance, that glance had been his last.  
But no, fix'd are his eyes upon the sky,  
Far from the giddy depths that 'neath him lie.  
Wearied by long endeavour, pale with fright,  
His every limb unnerved by that dread sight  
On which but for an instant he had gazed—  
High o'er his fearful doom the boy is raised.  
Could he but hear his father's well-known voice,  
E'en at the gate of death he would rejoice ;  
Could he but hear his darling mother's cry,  
Dead at her feet he willingly would lie.  
To die alone, within that dreary wild,  
Seems death thrice bitter to the hapless child.  
He calls ; no sound is heard by those below—  
Shall not his parents his dread danger know ?  
One comrade reads the thought that fills his mind,  
And down the pass, swift as the rushing wind,

Speeds to the parents with the fearful tale,  
 And leads them to the spot ; but what avail  
 Their cries and tears ? They cannot scale that height,  
 And hope dies in them at the harrowing sight.  
 Yet, while their prayers God's pitying aid implore,  
 They urge their boy to make one effort more ;  
 For from the crag o'erhead an eager band  
 Fling down strong cords but cannot reach his hand.  
 Pausing to rest his limbs and gain his breath,  
 The boy prepares for a stern fight with death.  
 See with what care he plies his well-worn blade !  
 See how he rests after each gain is made !  
 See how he clings to that hard flinty wall !  
 See with what care he shuns the fatal fall !  
 That niche—the last his wearied arm shall scoop,  
 And then his hand will grasp the welcome loop—  
 That niche is made ; and lo ! his trusty knife,  
 In this sore need preserver of his life,  
 Falls broken at his mother's feet below  
 Where pale and mute she prays in tearless woe.  
 On that last niche now centres all his hope—  
 Look ! there he stands close to the longed-for rope.  
 One foot slips off—he falls ! The loop's tight grasp  
 Has caught his arm within its saving clasp.  
 One joyful shout, and then, with pent-up breath,  
 They lift him slowly from the jaws of death.  
 Restored to life, to home, to parents blest,  
 Senseless he sinks upon his mother's breast.

J. P..

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## PORT PHILLIP.

*(A Preliminary Chapter in the Political History of Victoria.)*

BY SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

**I**N the lobby of the National Gallery there hangs a rude pencil sketch of a weatherboard hut on the slopes of the Yarra, overshadowed by sombre masses of the primeval forest, which less than forty years ago was the sole seat of state and authority in Melbourne. There are Australian citizens who remember that pre-historic period when Captain Lonsdale, police magistrate from Sydney, possessed, in rudimentary development, nearly all the powers now distributed between the Legislature, the Executive, and the Judiciary. But the bulk of the population—the new chums and the new generation—stand too far off from that era to know it by personal experience, &

are still too close to its familiar transactions to see them in the historic perspective, which sometimes clothes the past with poetry and romance. Young Australians are, indeed, apt to glance at the early history of their country with the eye of the scorner; to find pleasant subjects for banter and burlesque in the legend of the twin Founders, reared at the dugs of the same she-wolf of convictism, struggling over the site of the future metropolis; or, of the fathers of the state hurrying to Liardet's beach to seize their spoil of Sabine maidens as they issued from the hold of the emigrant ship. But the early history of the colony deserves quite other treatment. The first settlers have left a record of capacity, fortitude, and resources, which may claim an honourable place in the annals of British enterprise. They had not, like the pioneers of the Western Continent, to struggle with powerful tribes of fierce and subtle Indians, or to repel the invasion of European enemies of the mother country, or to face the hardships of an inclement climate and unfruitful soil; but they had to control and govern masses of men suddenly recruited from the ends of the earth; recruited not only from the British islands and foreign countries, but from the hulks and penitentiaries of convict settlements; they had to encounter on brief notice serious social and political problems, lying quite outside their ordinary experience, and to assume responsibilities and exercise authority "unto which they were not born;" and the manner in which they discharged these weighty and unforeseen duties is well worthy of being recorded.

Towards the close of the last century the spirit of maritime adventure, which three or four generations earlier had enabled England and Spain, Holand and Portugal to become conquerors and colonizers in distant regions, broke out afresh in Europe; and England and France despatched rival expeditions to the Pacific in search of unknown or unexplored lands. The English expedition was a notable success. Captain Cook discovered the eastern coast of Australia, and inflicted upon it the cumbersome name of New South Wales. The discovery was turned to good account; the discontented colonies in North America had barely renounced the rule of the mother country, when by founding her first settlement at Botany Bay, she took possession of a continent destined to furnish a compensation for their loss. This memorable transaction happened on the eve of the first French Revolution.\*

The history of Port Phillip, however, belongs exclusively to the present century. In 1802, Captain Flinders, one of Cook's associates, sailed for the Pacific in command of a new exploring expedition, and on nearing the southern coast of Australia, discovered a noble land-locked harbour, with a single inlet from the ocean, guarded by cliffs and shelving hills. It was one of the cases of simultaneous discovery, of which the annals of science and exploration disclose so many; when Flinders reached Botany Bay he found that he had been anticipated a few weeks by a little craft despatched by the Governor of

\* The continent of Australia was discovered by Captain Cook in 1770, occupied in 1788 by a convict settlement at Botany Bay.

that settlement, who had already named the harbour after his earliest predecessor, Governor Phillip. The good news was reported to England by the first homeward-bound ship, and the Colonial Office acted on it with a promptitude which has sometimes been wanting when the need was greater. Early in the ensuing year two ships freighted with convicts, were despatched to take possession of the new region ;—for at that time, and till a generation later, the chief use of a British colony was to receive the outcasts and purchase the manufactures of the mother country. David Collins, the commander of the expedition and the governor of the intended settlement, landed his men a few miles within the Heads, which lock the entrance of Port Phillip Harbour, and sat down upon a sandbank in Point Nepean ; a narrow peninsula, with the raging surges of the Southern Ocean breaking on its outer cliffs, and the tranquil waters of the bay, within bathing shores, gay with native shrubs and creepers. After a hasty and careless inspection of the neighbourhood, he pronounced it “an unpromising and unproductive country,” deficient in water and unsuitable for settlement. The district is now familiar ground, and though on a superficial view its general character appears arid and sandy, within a mile of the site of Collins’s camp there are tracts of volcanic soil of singular fertility resting on a subsoil of limestone, and abundantly supplied with wholesome water, and the country pronounced unfit for settlement is occupied by the pleasant gardens and villas of a fashionable watering-place. The land-locked harbour, which he barely entered and made no attempt to explore, was itself but the gateway to regions of rare productiveness and beauty, and of other regions rich in the precious metal, as the Eldorado of the poets.

Among the officers of the expedition, the actual character of the country could not have been altogether unknown ; there has been preserved a letter from the wife of one of them to a sister in England, which rivals the enthusiasm of later colonists for the new country :—

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of their white brothers. It must be admitted that he was fairly qualified for the task he was given to perform, which was little more than to be the medium of communication between the distant Sydney Government and the adventurous shopkeepers and sheepfarmers who constituted the new settlement. But quite different work awaited him after a time, which demanded stronger and sterner faculties than any with which he was endowed. The colonists received him with delight as a precursor of the self-government for which they already longed. The *Port Phillip Patriot* congratulated them that they were not to be subject to a military or naval martinet, but to a civilian, a traveller, and a man of letters; and burst into a strain of triumphant prophecy over the destiny that awaited them. "He comes as our good genius, to develop our resources and place us high in the scale of colonies. Colonies!—nay; he comes to found a mighty empire!"

With the Superintendent arrived some of the apparatus of local government. A branch of the Colonial Treasury was opened at Melbourne to receive the Customs duties and land fund; a Court of Quarter Sessions, and, after a little, a Supreme Court, with a resident judge, were established; a Government Surveyor took up his quarters in the district; but all these officers, from the highest to the lowest, constituted merely the outpost of the establishment at Sydney, from which they derived their authority and received their instructions. The first enthusiasm of the colonists speedily cooled; they grumbled at this Sydney supremacy, and formally demanded some direct authority in their own affairs. To make themselves heard in Downing-street from the Antipodes, when a voyage to Europe occupied half a year, and the sailing of a ship was an event in the annals of the settlement, was not an easy task. But the settlers had among them men who were active, resolute, and not easily to be turned aside; and three years after the arrival of the Superintendent, their prayer was granted, in a small degree, by the establishment of Municipal Councils in Melbourne and Geelong. This concession was received with immense enthusiasm—not so much, perhaps, on account of the local improvements which the municipalities were expected to undertake—though there were high hopes on that score—as because in communities where no legislature exists, municipal institutions serve the important purpose of communicating authoritatively the wishes of the governed to the governors. And already, when this concession was made, the ambitious young community had an object in view upon which it had set its heart. The settlement had increased with singular rapidity. In 1841, it contained upwards of twelve thousand inhabitants, a third of whom resided in Melbourne, where already four hundred stone or brick houses had arisen to supplement a thousand wooden edifices, which had in part superseded the original wattle-and-daub huts. Nearly four hundred thousand pounds had been expended in the purchase of town and country lands, and the farmers produced a hundred and twenty bushels of grain annually, in addition to potatoes and hay. But the most remarkable increase was in the flocks and herds depastured on the public lands, the fortunate owners of which were speedily becoming the wealthiest

and most influential section of the community.\* Among all these classes there existed a strong desire that the district might be separated from Sydney and constituted a distinct colony. The Sydney officials, indeed, had not used generously the supremacy they enjoyed. A moiety of the funds arising from the sale of land in a district was ordinarily returned to it in public works; but the settlers of Port Phillip found it impossible to get the benefit of this practice. Sales of Crown lands were held at distant and irregular intervals; less, it was alleged, to satisfy local wants, than to suit the convenience of speculators in New South Wales; and sometimes, before the appointment of the Superintendent, allotments situated in the centre of Melbourne had been submitted to auction, not in that town, but in Sydney, which was more inaccessible to the people of Port Phillip at that time, than Constantinople is to the citizens of London in our day. The state is justified in exacting a high price for the public lands if the money is to be expended for the local or general benefit of the purchasers—in making roads, for example, to carry their produce to market, or in securing them the prompt administration of justice. But the Sydney Government required an inordinate price, and returned only a trifling proportion of it in public improvements. Another motive for desiring separation, which did not operate less strongly, was of a moral rather than a material origin. The settlement had been founded by free men, and they were determined that it should not be polluted by convicts; whereas New South Wales, which dominated over their interests so haughtily, consisted of a population more than one-half of which was actually under penal discipline when the settlement of Port Phillip was founded. A Separation Movement, as it was called, sprang up, of which Mr. Edward Curr, a sheep farmer from Van Dieman's Land, and a man of remarkable energy, was at once the Wilberforce and the Clarkson, the most conspicuous and the most laborious member; and it commanded the sympathies of the entire community. The new Corporation became a mouthpiece for this public sentiment, and served, moreover, as a training school in the management of public affairs; and it is a fact creditable to the young settlement that the men elected to it during the period while it was the only representative body in Port Phillip, proved afterwards, when the trials and responsibilities of self-government came, to have been among the most capable men in the community.

*(To be concluded in our next Number.)*

\* Archer's Statistical Register

## HUGH ROE O'DONNELL'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE CURLEW MOUNTAINS.

This battle was fought on the 15th August, 1599. The Irish were commanded by Red Hugh and other chieftains; the English by Sir Conyers Clifford, Governor of Connaught. Before the battle, according to the Four Masters, O'Donnell, who had the day before fasted in honour of the Blessed Virgin, "as he was wont to do," caused Mass to be celebrated for himself and the forces in general, and after making his confession and rigidly repenting of his sins, he received the Eucharist, and commanded his forces to pray to God fervently for the salvation of their souls in the first place, and to deliver them from the great danger which awaited them from the English." He then addressed a stirring harangue to his soldiers in the Irish language (given at length in O'Sullivan Beare), the substance of which is expressed in the following verses. O'Donnell was completely victorious; Sir Conyers Clifford, many of his officers, and nearly 1,500 of his men were killed on the field or in the flight. The Four Masters add, "That the army offered up thanks to God and the Blessed Virgin Mary for the victory, and the unanimous voice of the men was, that it was not by the force of arms the English were defeated, but by the supplication of O'Donnell and his forces, after he had received the Body and Blood of Christ in the beginning of that day after his fast the previous day in honour of the Blessed Virgin."

**B**ROTHER chiefs, and clansmen loyal, tried in many a bloody  
fray;  
God be thanked these robber Saxons come to meet us here to-day.  
Boasting Clifford, Essex's minion, swears he'll make the rebels flee—  
We will give him hearty greeting, like to that at Ashanee.\*  
What though traitor Celts oppose us? be their number three to one;  
Greater glory to Clan Connell, when this tough day's work is done.  
Shrived at Holy Mass this morning, danger we may fearless dare;  
For we draw the sword of justice, shielded all in faith and prayer.  
Not for conquest, or for vengeance, on this blessed Lady Day,  
Not in strength or numbers trusting, do we face their proud array;  
But for Holy Mary's honour, by their tainted lips defiled,  
For the sacred rights of freemen, for the mother, maid, and child.  
Prone and bleeding lies our country, sorrow clouds her crownless  
brow,  
All the lines of peerless beauty limned in ghastly colours now.  
In the light of glories olden beaming through our dark disgrace,  
See the maddening wrongs and insults heaped upon our fallen race!  
Roofless homestead, broken altar, slaughtered priest, dishonoured  
maid—

Children of an outraged mother! whet ye well the thirsty blade.  
Scorning rock and brushwood cover, rush, like swooping eagles, forth,  
Hard and home push every pike-head, sinewy spearsmen of the North!  
Cleave in twain the lustful Saxon, tame Dunkellin's soaring pride,  
Smite the double-souled O'Connors†—traitors false to every side.

\* Ashanee—Ballyshannon, where O'Donnell routed Clifford and his forces on Lady Day, two years before.

† O'Connor Don and O'Connor Roe on this occasion, not for the first time, joined the English.

Down upon them, Banagh's chieftain! sweep their ranks your spears  
before,  
As the North wind sweeps the stubble through the gap of Barnes-  
More.

Forward! forward! brave M'Dermott, strike for fair Moylurg's domain,  
For yon lake\* in beauty sleeping, for the holy island's fane.  
Strike! and drive the swinish Saxon, herding in their sacred shade,  
Far from Boyle's old abbey cloisters, where your fathers' bones are  
laid.

Holy Virgin! we implore thee, by that abbey's† rifled shrine,  
Columcille of Doire Calgach,‡ patron of O'Donnell's line,  
Good St. Francis! for the glory of thy name in Donegal,  
Speed ye now Tirconnell's onset, till we rout them one and all.  
Should O'Donnell fall in combat—if the foe be forced to yield,  
Better death I never prayed for, than to fall upon the field,  
Where the cause of Erin triumphed, and the Saxon was laid low,  
With that green flag floating o'er me, and my face against the foe.  
Never chieftain of Clan Dalaigh to th' invader bowed the knee;  
By the black years of my bondage, it shall ne'er be done by me.  
I would rather angry ocean rolled o'er castle, cot, and hall,  
Than see any Saxon *bodach* rule in royal Donegal.  
Deathless fame in song and story will enshroud the men who died,  
Fighting God's and freedom's battle bravely by O'Donnell's side.  
Great will be his meed of glory, honoured long the victor's name,  
Pointing proudly to her kinsman, many a maid will tell his fame;  
"Lo! he fought at Doonaveragh," aged men will whispering say,  
And make way before the altar for the heroes of to-day.  
Gleaming bright through darkening ages will this great day's memory  
glide,  
Like the Saimer's bright-wav'd waters glancing onward to the tide.  
J. H.

## A VISIT TO AN AMERICAN SHRINE.

BY EDWARD J. REDDY.

HAVING visited the Philadelphia Exhibition in the summer of 1876, I found myself in Alexandria, Virginia. This interesting little town is situated on the banks of the Potomac, and bears the same relation to the city of Washington, as regards proximity, that

\* Lough Kea, at the foot of the Curlews, in which was an island having a famous monastery dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

† The Cistercian Abbey of Boyle was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

‡ Doire Calgach—the oak grove of Calgach—the ancient name of Derry.

Brooklyn does to New York, or Birkenhead to Liverpool. Unlike its namesake of Egypt, whose stench is as numerous and as well-defined as those at Cologne, the little Virginian city is a clean, healthy, and well-regulated town, and so free from pestiferous odours that Coleridge would have delighted in a stroll through its chief thoroughfare, King-street. The town is distant about seven miles from Mount Vernon, the home and burial-place of General Washington. It is further remarkable as containing the church wherein the father of his country worshipped during the last years of his life. In this same church is to be found the family pew, which is looked upon as an object of great interest by visitors.

The town has several good hotels, the largest of which is the "Mansion House," and many "Lager Bier" saloons. It may be here stated, *en passant*, that a law came into operation only a few months ago in Virginia, which is not without some interest for us at this present moment. It provides for the establishment of liquor-meters by which the consumption of drink at each bar can be properly checked. Besides paying the usual amount for a licence, each bar-room keeper or retail liquor dealer is required to hire from the revenue commissioner of his district an apparatus resembling a gas meter in appearance, and termed a "bar-room register." Each bar-room keeper, to quote the law, "immediately upon the sale of each drink of wine, ardent spirits, malt liquors, or any mixture thereof, in the presence of the person to whom it is delivered, must turn the crank of the proper register until the bell has struck once, and the indicator on its dial has moved one point or number for each drink sold by him." There is a monthly inspection of the registers, and the tax imposed consists of two and a half cents for each drink or half pint of wine or spirit, and half a cent for the same quantity of malt liquor. Nothing can be more admirable in theory than this ingenious apparatus; but, in practice, will not confirmed toppers connive at the infraction of a law whose tendency it is to raise the cost of drink?

Alexandria, Va., is admirably situated for trade, and a few enterprising merchants of the place have made a start in the ship-building line, which promises to be very successful. I was very courteously shown over the shipyard by Mr. J. Broders, one of the foremost of these gentlemen. A magnificent schooner, which was then on the stocks, has since been successfully launched and sent with a mixed cargo to Europe. The shipyard is furnished with all the latest appliances, and it seems to me only a question of time and capital to render this new industry prosperous.

But my thoughts were with the dead, not with the living. I wished to visit the grave of Washington. A local friend having made all previous arrangements, we started in an American buggy to visit Mount Vernon, seven miles distant, as I have before stated. The day was very hot, and the road, which was very lonely throughout, and in parts very badly kept, presented no feature of interest. To me, however, the drive was somewhat exciting, and at times I rather feared that our slender conveyance would be smashed to pieces, while labouring through the ruts; and I fancied that at any moment I might be



pitched headlong on to the road. As to my friend, he had no fear, and evinced throughout a coolness and self-possession which I could not help admiring. But he was accustomed to this sort of vehicle, whose chief characteristics are frailness and lightness, the latter quality, especially, being so well attained in its construction that an ordinary man could almost carry one on his shoulders. However, we arrived safely at the goal of our pilgrimage, and, after paying a fee of twenty-five cents each, we were ushered into the Mansion. This is the house in which Washington resided during the last years of his life. It is now in good preservation, though it was once suffered to go to decay, until a committee of ladies took it in hand, and by their timely exertions kept it from falling into ruins, and so becoming a national disgrace. It contains many relics of the Washington family, as also of the War of Independence. In one of the rooms is to be seen an antique mantelpiece presented by the Marquis de La Fayette, one of Washington's *aides-de-camp*. In the Library are to be seen many curious documents relating to the American revolutionary war.

Leaving the Mansion by the front entrance, and taking a turn to the right, you come to the tomb of the great general, which is a modest sarcophagus, remarkable above all things for its very great simplicity, which is in keeping with republican ideas. I could not help contrasting this unpretending monument to America's greatest son with the grandeur of the mausoleum erected to O'Connell in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin. In the immediate neighbourhood of Washington's grave are erected tablets to his wife and near relatives; though married, he left no issue. The day was very calm, and nothing seemed to break the stillness of the scene, till the solemn tones from the bell of a passing steamer\* were wafted through the air, sending a thrill of awe through my whole frame.

Many were the thoughts that crowded my mind on giving a last look at the tomb of Washington: thoughts of his youth, which the story of his exploits with the axe on the cherry-tree has made familiar to every schoolboy—thoughts of the moral conveyed by that story, in which the child proved father to the man, for his love of veracity continued to be his most distinguishing trait through life—thoughts, likewise, of the high compliment he paid to Catholics in the person of Dr. John Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, when he generously acknowledged the patriotism shown during the war by his Catholic fellow-citizens, and promised that he and America should never forget the great assistance which, during their struggle for independence, they received from Catholic France. There lie the ashes of the great man on the banks of the Potomac, like those of Buonaparte, "*aux bords de la Seine*;" but nothing could be more unlike than the motives which actuated the two. The career of the one is the exemplification of the most generous and disinterested patriotism,

\* It is the custom for the steamers on the Potomac, when passing Mount Vernon, to toll the bell and keep the ensign at half-mast in respect for the memory of the great departed.

whilst that of the other is the embodiment of an amount of ambition and thirst for conquest, which proved his ruin, as it ought to do.

It seemed strange that I and my companion should be the only pilgrims on that August afternoon; but on returning to the Mansion and inspecting the register kept for visitors, we found that some hundreds had come over by steamer from Washington in the cool of the morning, that being the more usual way of visiting this interesting sanctuary of American patriotism.

### THE SURVIVORS OF THE "STRATHMORE."

**I**T is a little more than two years since the "Strathmore" was wrecked. Fortunately for its fame it chanced to have on board two passengers who possessed the art of setting their ideas and experiences down on paper in a very agreeable manner. As the narrative of Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth—mother and son, not husband and wife—was published in the only one of the old high-priced monthlies\* that maintains anything like its original prestige, that narrative will be as novel for many of our readers as the news which is to be published in the *Freeman's Journal* of next Friday fortnight. But unhappily our summary must dispense with the minute details which give a picturesque realism to Mr. Wordsworth's account, and still more with the feminine liveliness and graceful inconsecutiveness of his mother's letter home, which begins: "I daresay you never expected to see my handwriting again, but I suppose I must be the veritable bad halfpenny, and of course have turned up once more."

The "Strathmore," of Dundee, Captain M'Donald, sailed from London for Otago, in New Zealand, early in the summer of 1875, with a good many cabin passengers. The only lady who survived out of several was so sick during the tedious voyage that the captain jokingly threatened that, unless she got well, he would land her on the Twelve Apostles—a set of rocks in the Crozet group of islands, somewhere to the west of the Mauritius, which they were nearing at the time. Much against his will the poor captain kept his word. The clouded weather had interfered with the observations for several days; and they were uncertain as to their whereabouts till at a quarter before four o'clock on the morning of the 1st of July the "Strathmore," in the midst of a thick, dark fog, struck on one of the aforesaid Twelve Apostles. The water, rushing into the lower hold, burst open the between-decks. Her bows jammed themselves in between two rocks,

\* *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, September, 1876.

while the after-end of the ship was swept by seas, completely gutting that end of the ship. The captain, thinking that she might clear herself, told the man at the wheel to keep to his post—which the poor fellow bravely did, till a tremendous wave swept him overboard, with the wheel broken to pieces in his hand.

Mr. Charles Wordsworth, when the alarm was given, hastened to his mother's cabin. No time to get her sealskin jacket which was unfortunately locked up, she tells us. Whatever preparation could be crushed into three minutes was gone through, and Mrs. Wordsworth and Miss Henderson, a young lady with her brother going to their father in New Zealand, made their way to the deck, Mrs. Wordsworth returning at the last moment for her rosary which she put round her neck. The quarter-boats could not be launched; the men had not rehearsed their parts well for such an emergency. Mr. Wordsworth helped his mother into one of the life-boats, cutting the grips and trusting to Providence that when the ship went down, the life-boat would float clear off the wreck. "We were preparing ourselves," says Mrs. Wordsworth, "as well as we could to meet our God, when, wonderful to relate, a heavy sea came sweeping along over the poop, carrying everything with it to destruction; but instead of dashing our boat to pieces, or tumbling it from the beams on which it stood, down to the deck, it caught it up and miraculously floated us into the sea. I thought at the time we were going quietly into eternity. I felt Charlie's grasp tighten, and with a prayer on my lips I think I almost was gone. We had hardly breathed when Charlie almost threw me from him, and wrenching an oar out, shouted, 'Saved, saved, by a miracle! Up, lads, and keep her off the ship.'"

To be out in a life-boat on a pitch-dark winter night was hardly yet to be saved. They toiled hard in the dark to keep afloat and to avoid dangers of all kinds. In the gray of the morning they saw another boat with Mr. Peters, the second mate, in it, who towed them to the only landing on the rocky island. Mrs. Wordsworth was hoisted up the rock with difficulty by means of a rope—the only woman saved, poor Miss Henderson being swept away from her brother a few moments before they had taken their places in the boat. She had just said to him: "Oh! Tom, we had little thought it would end this way." Besides those who had taken to the boats, some were saved by clinging to the rigging, being taken off on various trips within the two following days, before the vessel finally went down in deep water. In all, forty-nine got ashore, and forty were drowned. The survivors, even after that, picked up many useful things floating about—various eatables, two kegs of gunpowder, and divers other objects whose value was never before so well appreciated. But unfortunately the boats themselves drifted away; and fishing was not among their devices for keeping soul and body together during their imprisonment.

The island was found to be a mile and a half long, chiefly rocks, the rest being covered with a coarse grass. There was no firewood, but plenty of excellent water. Fire was kept up chiefly by the dried

skins of penguins which they stored for the purpose. Besides the scanty stock of provisions saved from the wreck, the men killed a great number of albatross and other birds which were more accessible than birds that are accustomed to the ravages of man. As vegetables they used chiefly a sort of moss with a long, spreading root. "On a cold morning you might have seen us scraping the snow off the ground, and tearing up the root with our benumbed fingers, often too hungry to take the whole of the soil off the root, eating everything ravenously, dirt and all." Worse even than the hunger were the privations caused by the cold and wet, and the wretched clothing, and the hardship of sleeping or lying in crowded shanties during the fifteen hours' darkness of that winter season.

I am at a loss to determine what particulars\* I should select from the fifty printed columns in which the two historians of the survivors of the "Strathmore" describe their weary captivity of nearly seven months on that uninhabited island, or rather that barren rock. It is easy settling the nationality of Mike O'Reardan, the able-bodied seaman who furnished Mrs. Wordsworth with the "rig-out" which helped her to stand the cold. And it is easy determining the religion of the lady herself who, in the first shock of the appalling danger, bethought herself of fastening her rosary round her neck. It was a profession of faith, in sending the narrative for publication to old *Ebony*, not to draw the pen across another tell-tale passage where she says of a time when she imagined that friends at home would have given them up for dead: "Frank Carmichael, one of the apprentices, and I, were wondering whether any Masses were being said for us on All Souls' Day." And God bless her, an Englishwoman writing in a Scotch magazine, for translating the date, March 17th, into "St. Patrick's Day."

I must pass over Mr. Wordsworth's interesting account of the succession of birds—mollyhawks, mutton-birds, penguins, &c.—which in turn supplied some of the wants of the poor sufferers. The son and mother kept one another up by mutually retailing their dreams. "Dreams were a great source of amusement—we dreamt in such a realistic manner. Having dreams was quite like having a letter by post, for they took our minds off the island, and enabled us to forget, for a time, our miserable circumstances; and any interesting ones I retailed to my mother. In the night when we awoke we invariably asked each other's dreams, which were often about something to eat, often about being at home, and the ship that was to take us off the island—always pleasant. Dreaming, in fact, was by far the pleasantest part of our existence on that miserable island."

On the 21st of January—the good ship "Strathmore" had struck on the 1st of July, you remember—Mrs. Wordsworth dreamed the last of her island dreams. On that morning she awoke, quite bright and cheerful, saying, "Charlie, I've seen *the* ship"—namely, the one that was to take them off. In the afternoon of that bleak Feast of St.

\* The account of several deaths that occurred among the poor creatures is very touching.

Agnes the dream came true. Three times before, they had seen ships passing, once in a manner that raised their hopes most cruelly. But now, indeed, the ship is coming, and has seen their flags of distress. The kindness of Captain Gifford\* and his wife, the transfer of the survivors of the hapless "Strathmore" from this American whaler, "The Young Phoenix," to the Liverpool ship, "The Childers," and their safe arrival at Rangoon, in Burmah, on the 19th of March, are duly recorded in the paper so often referred to, the liveliness of which would be guessed with difficulty from this summary of some portions of the narrative. They made the rest of their journey home in safety; for, on authority less public than *Blackwood's Magazine*, we have heard of this brave lady spending the summer after her release from that uninhabited island, in Rostrevor, one of the most beautiful spots of our *not* uninhabited island. In what a very tolerable little nook of this earth our lot has been cast, God be praised! I trust we are able to feel this without having the contrast emphasised by having our share in any such catastrophe as the wreck of the "Strathmore."

M. R.

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### AUBREY DE VERE.

THERE is the highest poetical authority for the statement that "that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." Yet, in spite of Juliet's insinuation to the contrary, there *is* something in a name; and if the son of a certain grocer in Aungier-street, Dublin, had been (as was proposed) called after his maternal grandfather, John Codd, would he have written "Lalla Rookh" or the "Irish melodies"? But whether or not a poet by any other name would sing as sweetly, no fitter name, surely, for a poet could even be expressly invented than "Aubrey de Vere." Twice within the century this name has been borne by a true poet, father and son: another proof among many such instances that genius, like gout, is often hereditary.

It cannot be an unwarrantable intrusion upon private life, or too like an extract from the "Personal" column of an American newspaper, if we venture to publish on the housetop what we find divulged in the almost authoritative pages of "Men of the Time." In the ninth edition of that interesting and very portly tome we are told that Mr. de Vere is the third son of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., of Curragh Chase, in the County of Limerick, that he was born in 1814, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. A fitting spot, too, for a poet to be born and reared is that stately mansion near Adare and the banks of the Maigue, itself standing on the margin of its wood-

\*The same Captain who, in 1866, rescued a Fenian convict when almost perishing in the open boat in which he had escaped—John Boyle O'Reilly, who is now the very successful Editor of the *Boston Pilot*, and joint proprietor of it with Archbishop Williams.

skirted lake to which "the heart untravelling" of the poet traveller turns fondly in the opening of his "Lines written under Delphi":—

"My goal is reached—homeward henceforth my way.  
I have beheld earth's glories. Had the eyes  
Of those I love reposed on them with mine,  
No future wish to roam beyond the range  
Of one green pasture circling one clear lake  
Itself by one soft woodland girt around,  
Could touch this heart. My pilgrimage is made."

His mother was sister of the late Lord Monteaigle. It is well known, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere's writings make the fact abundantly evident: as far as *he* is concerned, that he and two of his brothers—the present baronet, Sir Vere de Vere, and Mr. Stephen de Vere, who formerly, for many years, represented his native county in parliament—are converts to the Catholic faith, like two noblemen with whom they are connected by more than neighbourhood, Lord Emly and the late Lord Dunraven. We may conjecture from the dates of his writings that Mr. de Vere's conversion took place about the year 1850, or a little earlier. Before that date he had published, in 1842 and 1843, two volumes of poems which, with many omissions and changes, are embodied in the uniform edition of his works now in course of publication. This series begins with two volumes of "Poems Meditative and Lyrical," the "Fall of Rora" being honoured with special mention on the title-page of one of them for distinction's sake, and "Antar and Zara" on the other—both together comprising, in a corrected form, the whole of Mr. de Vere's secular poetry previous to the publication of the "Legends of St. Patrick," in 1872. Mr. de Vere promises that his religious poems will also be collected in a separate volume—a volume to which we look forward with eagerness as one of the most exquisite combinations of poetry and piety to be found in the literature of any country, and as going far to vindicate to Poetry the grand title of Handmaid of Religion.

Mr. de Vere's two latest works—"Alexander the Great" and "Saint Thomas of Canterbury"—have already been noticed in our pages;\* and we may seize on this excuse for passing them over and lessening by so much a field which is still far too wide for our survey. We may further economise our too scanty space by disposing here of a topic which might distract us from Mr. de Vere's poetry, namely, his prose. True poet as he is, it seems a pity that he has not oftener made prose the vehicle of his thoughts. Except his rare contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* and other periodicals—the authorship of some of which is betrayed to us in the "Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge," but of which we earnestly entreat the author to publish at least a selection in an authentic form—his only literary prose-work is his "Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey" which appeared in two thoroughly delightful volumes in 1850. To the *Dublin Review* for October in that year we may refer the reader for copious specimens, as the book itself is, we fear, inaccessible. His other prose

\* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. ii., p. 664, and vol. v., p. 85.

writings have been little more than political pamphlets, lit up, indeed, by that vividness and elasticity of style which are almost sure to mark the prose of every cultivated poet. Would that some heroic or saintly character, or some thrilling epoch in the history of the Church or of our country, had been fortunate enough to secure such an historian! But instead of sighing after what we have not, let us give thanks for what we have. And surely we are bound to feel and to express gratitude to the author of so many volumes containing some of the truest and most carefully finished poetry that the latter half of the nineteenth century has added, not to the literature of England, but to English literature, taking that word in its widest and proudest signification in which it comprises Burns, and Moore, and Scott, and *Evangeline* and *Twice Told Tales*, and the future poetry and fiction of Australia.

The classical inspiration which in Keats, in spite of his scanty culture, was so marvellously strong, has naturally exercised its influence most powerfully on so cultivated a scholar as Mr. de Vere. But in his maturity this influence happily gives way to the inspirations drawn from love of country, and love of God's truth, and God's Church, and holy creed, and from the perennial glory and tenderness of nature, and from the living interests of the world around us and above us. Even early in his career, a little later than his "Greek Idyls," he was able to make it a boast for Burns that,

"Upon life's broad highways he stood, and aped nor Greek nor Roman;  
But snatched from heaven Promethean fire to glorify things common"—

anticipating in these last words the remark of a recent critic in the *Academy*: "The sense of the common made uncommon, of the thought expressed which others only feel, of the vision and interpreting power which brings the indefinite to beautify and exalt the words and things of ordinary life and discourse—where this sense is conveyed, there is poetry; where it is not conveyed, there poetry is not."

In the present paper we are not trying to widen or deepen our own acquaintance with our poet, but rather to bring others under the influence of those poems which have impressed ourselves. We are inclined to let our first specimen be that vigorous and musical poem "To Burns's 'Highland Mary,'" of which we have just quoted a few lines; but it is too long to begin with. It occurs among those poems which Mr. de Vere prizes enough to dedicate them to Dr. Newman "with respect, affection, and gratitude."\* Another of these is called "Psyche, or an Old Poet's love;" but the date shows that the poet was not old, but young. If any one thinks that De Vere could not, if he chose, compete with his peers in warmth of colouring and the

\* *Noscitur a sociis*. The other friends to whom the separate divisions of these poems are inscribed are (besides the poet's sister) Alfred Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor, Dr. John Jebb, Kenelm Digby, and Lord Emsly; and again, Frederic Denison Maurice, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Walter Savage Landor, Sara Coleridge, John Keats, and Wordsworth. In the six last instances, indeed, the inscription is to their memory, but these also were, in life, personal friends of the poet, all except Keats.

lighter graces ; if any one thinks that it is not by the effort of deliberate preference that his Muse haunts those "cloistered snows," of which he sings *In Feslo Puritatis*, far above the sunny and sultry valley where the birds sing of love and "the honey-bearing blossoms blow:" let him read these delicious stanzas. Yet here again we are loth to take any one stone, however delicately chiselled, as a specimen of the graceful edifice. Mr. de Vere is too true and conscientious an artist not to fit part to part, and to subordinate the parts duly to the effective symmetry of the whole ; and therefore he does not break up so well into extracts. This is the case even with those works of his which seem to be made up of so many separate and independent poems, like the "May Carols" and "Inisfail." Let us—as this is October, and as October is Mary's month for many of our kindest readers away in Australia, where, the seasons being reversed, the Holy See has allowed the faithful to transfer the Devotions of the *Mois de Marie* to their brightest and most May-like period of the year—let us begin our extracts with the first of the works that we have just named.

Mr. de Vere has laid his sweetest and fairest flowers upon the altar of the Madonna. His "May Carols" form a Poet's Month of Mary. The devotional literatures of France and Italy, with their endless varieties of *Mois de Marie* and *Mese di Maria*, have nothing to compare with this tribute which our Irish poet has paid to the Mother of God, making good his claim to the proud title of Laureate of the Madonna. But, as we remarked a moment ago, this is not a collection of hymns or *cantiques*. It must be studied as a whole, if its full force and beauty are to be understood. It should be brooded over studiously and consecutively in devout meditation, and often in a spirit of prayer. Not, indeed, that we are expected to kneel always with clasped hands and downcast eyes before the Virgin's altar. The poet often leads us out into the May sunshine and describes for us the beauty of the season apart from its consecration to the Queen of Heaven. Here is a picture that deserves the epithet with which it begins:—

"Pleasant the swarm about the bough ;  
The meadow-whisper round the woods ;  
And for their coolness pleasant now  
The murmur of the falling floods.

"Pleasant beneath the thorn to lie,  
And let a summer fancy loose ;  
To hear the cuckoo's double cry ;  
To make the noontide sloth's excuse.

"Panting, but pleased, the cattle stand  
Knee-deep in water-weed and sedge,  
And scarcely crop the greener band  
Of osier's round the river's edge.

"But hark ! Far off the south wind sweeps  
The golden-foliaged groves among,  
Renewed or lulled, with rests and leaps—  
Ah, how it makes the spirit long



"To drop its earthly weight, and drift  
Like yon white cloud, on pinions free,  
Beyond that mountain's purple rift,  
And o'er that scintillating sea."

What other poet, in listening to that "suppressed sobbing" which the sea, as it strikes the shore, keeps up even on a sunny day in May, would be reminded of the audible thrill of devotion which runs through the worshippers in an Irish country chapel at the moment of the Elevation?

"Brow-bound with myrtle and with gold,  
Spring, sacred now from blasts and blights,  
Lifts in a firm, untrembling hold,  
Her chalice of fulfilled delights.

"Confirmed around her queenly lip  
The smile late wavering, on she moves ;  
And seems through deepening tides to step  
Of steadier joys and larger loves.

"The stony ash itself relents,  
Into the blue embrace of May  
Sinking, like old impenitents  
Heart-touched at last ; and, far away,

"The long wave yearns along the coast  
With sob suppressed, like that which thrills  
(While o'er the altar mounts the Host)  
Some chapel on the Irish hills."

But these are mere flowering shrubs climbing up the outer walls of the temple. The porch thereof—to mix our metaphor a little more—is a preface of considerable length, in which Mr. de Vere, with characteristic grace of style and subtlety of thought, lays the solid doctrinal foundation of his poetic structure. That the shackles of verse do not hamper him in the accurate statement of dogma we can afford space for only one example:—

"When from beneath the Almighty Hand  
The suns and systems rushed abroad,  
Like coursers which have burst their band,  
Or torrents when the ice is thawed ;

"When round in luminous orbits flung  
The great stars gloried in their might ;  
Still, still, a bridgeless gulf there hung  
'Twixt Finite things and Infinite.

"That crown of light Creation wore  
Was edged with vast unmeasured black ;  
And all of natural good she bore  
Confessed her supernatural lack.

"For what is Nature at the best ?  
An arch suspended in its spring ;  
An altar-step without a priest ;  
A throne whereon there sits no king.

"As one stone-blind that fronts the morn,  
The world before her Maker stood,  
Uplifting suppliant hands forlorn—  
God's creature, yet how far from God!

"O Shepherd Good! The trackless deep  
He pierced, that lost one to restore!  
His universe—a wildered sheep—  
Upon his shoulder home He bore!

"That Universe his Priestly robe,  
The Kingly Pontiff raised on high  
The worship of the starry globe :—  
The gulf was bridged, and God was nigh."

One more May Carol, and we must turn away from a book which proves so well what needs no proof, that the Virgin Motherhood of Mary, if it were not Faith and Truth, would at least be Poetry and Beauty:—

"Mother of Love! Thy love to Him  
Cherub and seraph can but guess :—  
A mother sees its image dim  
In her own breathless tenderness.

"That infant touch none else could feel  
Vibrates like light through all her sense ;  
Far off she hears his cry : her zeal  
With lions fights in his defence.

"Unmarked his youth goes by : his hair  
Still smoothes she down, still strokes apart :  
The first white thread that meets her there  
Glides, like a dagger, through her heart.

"Men praise him : on her matron cheek  
There dawns once more a maiden red.  
Of war, of battle-fields they speak :  
She sees once more his father dead.

"In sickness—half in sleep—she hears  
His foot, ere yet that foot is nigh :  
Wakes with a smile; and scarcely fears,  
If he but clasp her hand, to die."

It would, we fear, seem almost profane to pass on from this theme which the poets have sung often, to a theme which they have sung but seldom, and have, indeed, left to be celebrated in prose by Mr. Caudle—from the praise of mothers to the praise of mothers-in-law: else we might open Mr. de Vere's new poem, "*Antar and Zara*," and listen to the latter addressing the mother of her *future* thus:—

"Mother of him I loved and love,  
My mother, too, ere long, to be!  
With loving words his choice approve,  
And take thy daughter to thy knee."

In this purely passionate Oriental Romance, his latest work in order of publication, we seem to detect the same inspiration that

breathed through one of his earliest, "The Infant Bridal," as, for instance, in the twelfth song of Part V.

This and other poems on which we fain would dwell we pass over in order to devote whatever space remains to us to "Inisfail" and the "Legends of St. Patrick." In these, as in almost every page of his writings, but in these more emphatically, Aubrey de Vere proves himself a devoted Irishman, as well as a fervent Catholic. It is our firm conviction that no true Irish Catholic could be a true poet without showing himself in his poetry to be an Irishman and a Catholic. This does not rest solely on the poet's sensitiveness to external impressions of scenery and associations, as Tennyson is said to show clearly in his poetry that he comes from the fens of Lincolnshire; nor yet on this, that the true poet has a generous, loving heart, and the generous, loving heart grows fond of the persons and things around and loves to speak of them. But the special circumstances of Ireland and of the Catholic Church, and in particular, of the Catholic Church in Ireland, are such that no soul with real poetry in it could believe in Ireland and in Ireland's faith without making profession of both faiths in song; for of the true poet it is peculiarly true that from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks.

Mr. de Vere assuredly cannot be reproached with reticence on this score. On the contrary, his exclusive devotion to themes connected with the Catholic Faith or with the history of his country has been made the subject of reproof by many a critic. Let us summon as a witness the *Saturday Review*, which bears as date the very day on which we write these words—but sixteen years ago—September 14th, 1861: "Mr. Aubrey de Vere," it says, "has cultivated with creditable and profitable care a genuine poetical faculty. His verses are skilfully constructed, his language is polished and accurate, and he has always a definite meaning. But—" and the rest of the article is an emphatic protest against the piety and patriotism which inspire the choice and treatment of the poet's themes, regretting that "so much taste and ability should be wasted on uncongenial controversy." "National creeds," the writer goes on to say, "and undisputed and universal traditions form part of the proper materials of poetry." And is not Catholicity the national creed of Ireland? But of course alien hearts, unless specially generous, cannot warm to the lays which embody the aspirations and traditions of a Faith and a Country which are not theirs. More shame on those who for want of heart, and more pity for those who for want of culture, are insensible to the pathetic beauties of the story and the scenery of the land in which they live, and to the glories of the Faith for which they pretend they would be glad and proud to die.

"Inisfail" has in its plan the charm of novelty. It is a noble effort to represent the characteristic history of a nation in a series of songs and ballads such as might have been sung by those who lived among the events recorded. In each of the three divisions of this "Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland" are poems also referring back to earlier periods of Irish history; but all the parts are modulated and interwoven with the consummate patience of a loving skill which would need in the

studious reader somewhat of a like skill and love to appreciate duly. The spirit in which Mr. de Vere approaches his great theme may be gathered from these last words of his Introduction to *Inisfail* :—

“It has been said that Irish History abounds in touching and dramatic details, but that it is essentially fragmentary. Religion imparts completeness to it. When Religion threw off the bonds of centuries, a deliverance precious to all who sincerely respect freedom of thought and freedom of conscience, Irish History entered on its consummation, and justice won the most remarkable of her triumphs in modern times. Had it been otherwise, Irish History would have been no theme for song. Most unfit for poetry, however pathetic it may be, is any subject the substance of which is but violence and wrong, and the resultant of which is despondency. Under the tumults with which poetry deals there is ever an inner voice of peace. Memory—mournful and faithful—has been called by some the great Inspirer of Poetry. There is a Hope, the sister of devout Memory, which is its inspirer no less. Such Hope may stand on a tombstone; but her eyes are fixed on heaven; and if her Song begins in dirges it ends in hymns.”

Here is one of these hymns that it ends with :—

“Who is she that stands triumphant  
 Rock in strength upon the Rock,  
 Like some city crown'd with turrets  
 Braving storm and earthquake shock?  
 Who is she her arms extending;  
 Blessing thus a world restored;  
 All the anthems of creation  
 Lifting to creation's Lord?  
 Hers the Kingdom, hers the Sceptre!  
 Fall, ye nations, at her feet!  
 Hers that Truth whose fruit is freedom;  
 Light her yoke; her burden sweet.

“As the moon its splendour borrows  
 From a sun unseen all night,  
 So from Christ the Sun of Justice  
 Draws his Church her sacred light.  
 Touched by his her hands have healing,  
 Bread of Life, absolving Key:  
 Christ Incarnate is her Bridegroom;  
 The Spirit hers; his Temple she.  
 Hers the Kingdom, hers the Sceptre!  
 Fall, ye nations, at her feet!  
 Hers that Truth whose fruit is freedom;  
 Light her yoke; her burden sweet!

“Empires rise and sink like billows,  
 Vanish and are seen no more;  
 Glorious as the star of morning  
 She o'erlooks their wild uproar:  
 Hers the Household all-embracing,  
 Hers the Vine that shadows earth;  
 Blest thy children, mighty Mother!  
 Safe the stranger at thy hearth.  
 Hers the Kingdom, hers the Sceptre!  
 Fall, ye nations, at her feet!  
 Hers that Truth whose fruit is freedom;  
 Light her yoke; her burden sweet.

"Like her Bridegroom, heavenly, human,  
Crown'd and militant in one,  
Chanting Nature's great Assumption  
And the Abasement of the Son,  
Her magnificats, her dirges  
Harmonise the jarring years;  
Hands that fling to heaven the censer  
Wipe away the orphan's tears.  
Hers the Kingdom, hers the Sceptre!  
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!  
Hers that Truth whose fruit is freedom;  
Light her yoke; her burden sweet!"

And here is an "Evening Melody" which, we must confess, seems somewhat out of place even in the gentler and more hopeful strains of Part III. of "Inisfail," unless it be intended, by the description of an evening radiant and calm, such as comes after many a stormy day, to illustrate the gradual transfiguration of Ireland, after all her sorrows, through the blessed influences of religious Faith and Hope:—

"O that the pines which crown yon steep  
Their fires might ne'er surrender!  
O that yon fervid knoll might keep,  
While lasts the world, its splendour!"

"Pale poplars on the breeze that lean,  
And in the sunset shiver,  
O that your golden stems might screen  
For aye yon glassy river!"

"That yon white bird on homeward wing  
Soft-sliding without motion,  
And now in blue air vanishing  
Like snow-flake lost in ocean,

"Beyond our sight might never flee,  
Yet forward still be flying;  
And all the dying day might be  
Immortal in its dying!"

"Pellucid thus in saintly trance,  
Thus mute in expectation,  
What waits the earth? Deliverance?  
Ah no! Transfiguration!"

"She dreams of that 'New Earth' divine,  
Conceived of seed immortal;  
She sings 'Not mine the holier shrine,  
Yet mine the steps and portal!"

An interesting light is thrown on these melodious stanzas by a passage which occurs in "Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge." "I have often spoken of you to Mr. de Vere" (she writes from Eton on September 8th, 1845), "and yesterday I told him that the views which he was setting forth in regard to the future world, the glorified body, and the new heavens and earth, were in spirit and to a great

degree in form extremely similar to those I had heard you express and warmly enlarge upon. Mr. de Vere cannot bear to part with our human body altogether, nor with this beautiful earth with its glorious canopy. He wants to keep these things, but to have them unimaginably raised and purified and glorified. *I* think that *they* must go, but that all the loveliness and majesty and exquisiteness are to be unimaginably extracted and enshrined in a new unimaginable form in another and to us now inconceivable state of existence. He said (so like you), 'But I want *this Earth* to have a fair trial, to have it show what it can be at the best, in the highest perfection of which it is capable, which never has been yet manifested.'

The same view which is here attributed to Mr. de Vere finds expression elsewhere in the most subdued passage of that magnificent "Ode on the Ascent of the Alps" which thrills us through anew with something of the glory and ecstasy that we have felt in climbing Irish mountains which would hardly seem to be tiny hills at the foot of Mont Blanc:—

"Lift up not only hand and eye,  
Lift up, O Man, thy heart on high:  
Or downward gaze once more; and see  
How spiritual dust can be!  
Then far into the Future dive,  
And ask if there indeed survive,  
When fade the worlds, no primal shapes  
Of disembodied hills and capes,  
Types meet to shadow Godhead forth;  
Dread antitypes of shapes on earth?  
O Earth! thou shalt not wholly die,  
Of some 'new Earth' the chrysalis  
Predestined from Eternity,  
Nor seldom seen through this;  
On which, in glory gazing, we  
Perchance shall oft remember thee,  
And trace through it thine ancient frame  
Distinct, like flame espied through flame,  
Or like our earliest friends, above  
Not lost, though merged in heavenlier love—  
How changed, yet still the same!"

In a lending library copy of the somewhat disappointing volumes from which we have just quoted the prose opinions of our poet, we were amused lately with sundry comments, pencilled in the margins by a feminine hand, all betraying the writer's sympathy with the least Catholic of the sentiments expressed by this not unworthy daughter of the great S. T. C. But we forgave the bigotry of the fair annotator when we read her query, "Is this Aubrey de Vere?" written beneath a passage (Vol. II., p. 384) to which the editor prefixes no proper name, but calls it merely the "Character of a Friend." Mrs. Coleridge thus writes, in 1850, to Professor Henry Reed of Philadelphia:—

"I have lived among poets a great deal, and have known *greater* poets than he is" (she had known Wordsworth and her own father), "but a more *entire* poet, one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament. I never knew or met with. He is most amiable, uniting a

feminine gentleness and compassionateness with the most perfect manliness, both negative and positive. He is all simplicity, yet graceful and so gracious; sportive and jestful, yet with a depth of seriousness in his nature ever present. It is rather the habit of his mind to idealise *ad libitum*; but this, if a defect, is the defect of a large and beautiful intellect. His mind is like his face, which seems to be all eye and forehead; not that it is disproportioned in size, but that the eyes and forehead alone fix the attention and seem to constitute the face."

The reader of Sara Coleridge's correspondence and the student of Mr. de Vere's poems will be disposed to reply in the affirmative to that marginal query wherewith our unknown scribbler aforesaid violated the rules of the lending library.

Although our one or two samples of "Inisfail" have been taken from its least characteristic portions, we must now pass on from it, in the hope that this difficult exercise of self-denial may in part save us from the charge of peppering our pages inordinately with inverted commas. If we were to cull one poem from each of the three parts, our choice might fall respectively on "the Bard Ethell," "the Battle of Benburb," and "All Hallows;" and it is significant that these are among the longest in each division. Many critics have implied that Mr. de Vere's poetic talent did not reach its best till he addressed himself to the wider and more sustained themes of his recent dramas; and before that "the Bard Ethel," which we have just named, and the "Legends of St. Patrick," seem to us to be more successful in their kind and degree than the too literary and allusive poems in which a story that might be rolled out into a simple ballad is compressed into two or three stanzas. So, also, out of his miscellaneous poems we trust that Mr. de Vere's own choice would fall, like ours, on the "Autumnal Ode," the "Lines near Shelley's House at Lerici," the "Ode to the Daffodil," and the twin Odes on the Ascent of the Apennines and of the Alps—two eloquent bursts of spiritual and physical exultation, breathing the purest air of mountain summits. Doubtless it is not without design that in the arrangement of the final edition of his works Mr. de Vere winds up the last volume of his "Poems Meditative and Lyrical" with the first of these poems of our predilection. The lessons preached by this autumnal season upon which we are entering—after too little preparation on the part of summer—have never been inculcated in a loftier strain of thought or in richer or more chastened diction than in Mr. de Vere's "Autumnal Ode."

Here we must end our notice which has done little more than name among the works of this great Irish and Catholic poet those which have most impressed our hearts and minds. We have not dwelt on that volume which, if we were confined to a single volume, we should, perhaps, select as containing Mr. de Vere's best—the "Legends of St. Patrick," with their pleasant alternation of rhymed and blank verse, the latter measure not having been often employed by him before except in "The Sisters," a pathetic tale which strangely seems to have no place assigned to it in the author's last arrangements.

Many will wonder that saints not found in these pages were not chosen for this honour in preference to some who have here their leaflets. In using them, as originally designed, for distribution among the members of religious communities, pious associations, convent-schools, &c.—for which purpose they may still be procured in convenient fourpenny packets, each packet containing the saints of one month—it would be a pleasant, pious, and profitable exercise to supply, in manuscript, on a similar plan sketches of such saints as may be missed with most regret from the monthly lists in the various communities which use this device for honouring God in his saints. As Father Bowden suggests, persons who are unable to take part in any such monthly distribution of the single leaves, may practice the devotion by opening the book at random at the proper month, and taking as their patron for the month the saint on whose page they alight. But better, perhaps, and even easier to follow these *Miniature Lives* day by day.

Besides the calendar of the months which precedes each volume, the last volume very properly ends with an alphabetical index of saints' names, and another index of subjects, referring to the pages in which their special virtues and other pious subjects are discussed.

### III. *The Winner Recorded.* (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1877.)

Poking fun at any particularly silly book which crosses our path is a luxury from which we think it our duty to refrain, when the book in question is merely silly. This self-denial is sometimes difficult.

### IV. *The Alexandra Gift Book.* (London: Clarke & Co.)

No date of publication is given on the title-page of this work, but we know it is not recent enough for criticism. We mention it simply for the purpose of transferring to our pages the only two pieces of which we envy it the possession, and to which, also, we have the shadow of a claim which shall be indicated further on. The first of these is called "A Blind Girl's Song," though there is not very much of the "blind girl" in it.

"Breeze that blows from the seaward,  
Where the strong wave breaks and dies,  
Bringing a kiss of sunshine  
To lay on my darkened eyes;  
My heart doth make thee question,  
And longs for thy low replies.

"Where are the cloudlets drifting  
Over the woodland below?  
Which way hover the sunbeams  
Wavering to and fro,  
Under the nut-tree branches,  
In where the violets grow?

"Know'st thou a tall white bracken,  
Under an oak-tree it grew,  
A lazy, nodding dreamer  
That drownsed the long day through,  
Charmed by the voice of water  
And the sky's delicious blue?



takes away his reader's appetite for the story itself. Our object at present being different, we must leave Iza to tell her own story, which will be all the more interesting from its connection with that Russia which holds so prominent a place at this moment on the stage of the world, though not precisely the place that she, six months ago, expected to occupy before the reaping of the harvest. This book, however, has nothing to say about the Schipka Pass or Bulgarian atrocities. It was written and published before the war, and this elegantly printed volume is the second edition of it.

As a work of art, it deserves high praise. There is a great variety of well-defined character and of well-managed incident. The liveliness of the style and the generous spirit which animates the book will be readily conjectured by any one familiar with the author's name or names; and those names, especially the true one, have happily grown very familiar to our readers during the past year. The last page of our last year's volume announced the first work on whose title-page Miss O'Meara placed her most Irish of names—that "Life of Frederic Ozanam," which has been greeted with generous appreciation by the English press, down to the *Saturday Review* of a fortnight ago—and on the first page of our present volume she began under the same name to tell the story of "Robin Redbreast's Victory." "Iza" is, perhaps, the most finished of her writings. Any Catholic lending library that is increasing its store in this department will be safe in letting its choice fall upon "Iza's Story."

II. *Miniature Lives of the Saints for Every Day in the Year.* Edited by HENRY SEBASTIAN BOWDEN, of the Oratory. (London: Burns & Oates. 1877.)

THESE two beautiful little tomes contain "miniature lives" of some three hundred and sixty of the saints, one leaf for each. The face of each leaf contains an outline of the life of the saint to whom that leaf is dedicated—in which outline (says the Editor) great care has been taken to ensure historical accuracy—while the reverse of the leaf bears as its title a virtue characteristic of the saint, and comprises an exhortation, a maxim of the saint or of some spiritual writer, an anecdote to illustrate the virtue chosen as the saint's special characteristic, and then a text from Holy Scripture. Scanty as are the dimensions within which the plan of the work confines each of these lives, many very distinguished writers have combined in producing them. The Editor, at the conclusion of his preface, gives his thanks, amongst others, to Dr. Newman and Cardinal Manning, Father Bridgett, the Redemptorist; FF. Porter and Goldie, S.J.; Mr. Robert Ornsby, and Sister Frances Raphael, O.S.D.—this last name being, as the "American Catholic Quarterly" informs us, the religious title of Miss Draine, Prioress of Stone, in Staffordshire, to whom we owe "Christian Schools and Scholars," "Songs in the Night," and much more that is excellent.

As the number of saints, even of those who are the objects of special devotion among the faithful, far exceeds the number of days in the year, these two small volumes can, of course, only contain a selection.

ordeal which he himself has gone through, consolation and enlightenment which they might seek in vain in any of the more elaborate works of controversy written of late years by so many of the learned and devoted men who, at the cheap cost often of the sacrifice of nearly every earthly good, have embraced the Catholic faith.

VI. *The Child's Book of the Passion.* By JOSEPHINE M. MACAULEY (Dublin: Charles Eason, Middle Abbey-street. 1877.)

THIS little book contains instructions on the Passion of our Divine Redeemer, prayers for the Way of the Cross, the Seven Dolours, and other devotions of a kindred nature, all treated with a view to youthful readers, not, however, in being written in a *goody* childish fashion, but in being clear, plain, pointed, and dwelling on the subjects most likely to strike the young. The manner in which the book is brought out by the publisher makes it very convenient for the uses for which it is intended.

VII. *Maxims and Sayings of the Rev. F. W. Faber, D. D., Priest of the London Oratory of St. Philip Neri.* Arranged for Every Day in the Year by a Religious of the Congregation of the Adorers of the Most Precious Blood. (London: Williams and Butland, 13 Dublin-street. 1877.)

IT was a kind and happy thought of this good nun to share with us her collection of Father Faber's best sayings, gathered from his writings so many and so various. A great deal of taste and care has been displayed in compiling and publishing this exquisite *tomato*, even to the elastic band which holds together the leaves that are sure to gape a little with being so often opened. As many editions are likely to be required, we may suggest two slight technical improvements, or at least two changes which we think would be improvements. How did the printing-office supply such an extravagant number of inverted commas? The appearance of the pages would be improved by the abolition of these most unnecessary marks of quotation which precede and follow each little sentence. Secondly, the compiler ought not to have been so literally accurate in giving Father Faber's words, as to put within brackets the nouns which some of his pronouns stand for. For instance, under the date of April 26, we read that "all His [God's] own material creation is worthless to Him in comparison with one peasant's heart, or with one child's first serious prayer." It would have been better to have introduced God's name without this parenthesis, as if this sentence stood alone, as it stands alone here.

It was a good thought, too, to mention in a note, under June 28, that Father Faber was born on the 28th of June, 1814; and, further on, that Father Faber died at the age of 49, on Saturday, within the Octave of the Feast of Our Lady of Seven Dolours, September 26th, 1863. The sayings appropriated to those two dates have a touching personal significance. Let us cull from these pages a page of Winged Words. The longest of them will be recognised as having

been turned very skilfully into the form of a sonnet by Sister Mary Stanislaus in a recent number of this magazine.

We must not omit to thank the compiler for giving carefully the page of each volume from which these thoughts are taken, and mentioning in the beginning, after her Introduction, the dates of each of the editions which she made use of in this charming and edifying compilation.

VIII. *Industrial Art*. No. 1. July, 1877. (London: Hardwicke & Bogue.)

A FEW words of welcome which we addressed to this new beginner at the time of its first appearance were, by accident, overlooked. Though already more than half a century of months separates us from our own First Number, we are still young enough to sympathise with every No. 1, and to be disposed to greet it with *Ad multos annos*. The present candidate for public favour is intended to be "a monthly review of technical and scientific education at home and abroad." It contains a good deal that will interest those who are not concerned in its special subjects, and much more that will interest and instruct those who are. The Firm under whose auspices it appears are the publishers also of the *Popular Science Review*, and many handbooks for Naturalists, and they have special resources for bringing out effectively an illustrated periodical like *Industrial Art*.

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## WINGED WORDS.\*

### XX.

1. Every moment of time may be made to bear the burden of something which is eternal.

2. Truth is not ours to bate and pare down. Truth is God's; it has God's majesty inherent within it, and it will convert the souls of men, even when it seems rudest and most repelling.

3. We must strain our ears to catch the divine inspirations, or they will sound only like an inarticulate murmur, when they are not inaudible altogether.

4. A sad cloud of misgivings must hang over the memory of him whom Jesus invited to follow Him, and who turned away. Is he looking now in heaven upon that Face from whose mild beauty he so sadly turned away on earth?

5. How much more God is longing to give us at our prayers, if only our prayers would ask for more, and would ask it more boldly, more hungrily, and more believingly.

\* These are all taken from the "Maxims and Sayings of F. W. Faber," which we notice elsewhere among "New Books."

6. There are many things which it is hard to face in death; there are few harder to face than neglected prayer.

7. God, while blessing the earth with its beautiful and precious things, wants only for Himself the spirits of angels and the hearts of men.

8. God loves to come to lonely hearts which other loves do not fill. This is why bereaved hearts, outraged hearts, hearts misunderstood, hearts that have broken with kith and kin, and native place and the grave of father and mother, are the hearts of his predilection.

9. If we would but let each day's grace lead us whither it will with its gentle step, its kind allurements, and its easy sacrifices, what a sweetly incredible nearness to the world of saints should we not find ourselves before many years were gone!

10. Nothing is small to a God who is so great. It is this thought which renders so vast a majesty not tolerable only, but so sweet, intimate and so intensely dear.

11. A man who lets himself have too many things to do is always a foolish man, if he is not a guilty one.

12. There are no disappointments to those whose wills are bound in the Will of God.

13. The best part of a man's treasure of merits are the things he has left unsaid.

14. The more humble we are, the more kindly we shall talk; the more kindly we talk, the more humble we shall grow.

15. One of the greatest surprises at our judgment will be the sight of what we might have done for God, and have not done.

16. The ill doing of a good thing is a very great evil.

17. If you are young and look onward to the opening trials of life, if you desire to find yourself strong in God's grace, and established in holiness, you must be sure of prayer; if you are middle-aged and not so holy as you feel you should be, and look on to old age and its peculiar difficulties, you must be sure of prayer; if you are old and look on to death and all that follows, be sure of prayer. Let us all look up to the bright heaven above us. Are you to be there? Is it to be your everlasting home? Be sure of prayer.

18. Holiness is a very spacious thing, and God always fills in our hearts all the room which is left Him there.

19. God is what He is, and we cannot change Him by any views of ours.

20. A heart without sorrow is like a world without a revelation. It has nothing but a twilight of God about it.

21. Who ever did anything well which he had not feared to do? What is there upon earth that is worth doing which is not worth fearing also?

## PORT PHILLIP.

*(A Preliminary Chapter in the Political History of Victoria.*

BY SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

## PART II.

BUT another and a greater change was at hand. New South Wales, originally ruled by a Governor with absolute power, temporal only by a right of appeal to the Colonial Office, twelve thousand miles away, had long claimed from the Imperial Parliament some form of self-government; and in 1843, a Legislative Council was created consisting of twenty-four members, two-thirds elected by the colonists, one-third nominated by the Crown. The Port Phillip district had six members assigned to it; a boon of which it could take little effectual advantage, for the men upon whom it might best rely could not abandon their shops or stations to live in a distant city only reached by a voyage averaging a fortnight. The representation was valued chiefly as a still more authoritative organ for demanding separation, upon which their minds were now firmly fixed. In the second session of the new Assembly, the Rev. Dr. Lang,\* who had been elected for the Port Phillip district, though a resident in Sydney, moved the Assembly for an address to the Queen praying that Port Phillip might be erected into a separate colony. The motion was supported by the representatives of the district, but opposed by all the members for New South Wales, with a single exception, but a memorable one—that of Robert Lowe, who is now employing his great powers upon a more conspicuous stage. The utter failure of the motion induced the Separatists to carry their complaint to a higher authority. They memorialised the Home Government, setting forth the grievances to which they were subject, and the remedy they sought. The application was answered with unexpected promptitude. The late Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, who, when a young man, had seen something of colonies, administered the Colonial Office at this time, and frankly recognised the force of their claims; but in order to proceed upon safe grounds, he directed the Executive Council of Sydney to take evidence on the question. The Executive Council, consisting of Government officers looking to the Colonial Office rather than to the

\* Dr. Lang had been elected in preference to Mr. Edward Curr, the Father of the Separation movement, mainly, it is said, by appealing to national and sectarian feeling, Mr. Curr being an Englishman and a Roman Catholic; Dr. Lang, a Scotchman and a Presbyterian Minister. Dr. Lang has been, in my opinion, an extremely useful as well as a remarkably able public man; but it seems to have been always impossible to reckon upon the moment when he would start aside from the common path on an impulse of this sort. I had the satisfaction, a generation after separation, to induce the Parliament of Victoria to recognise his services in that transaction by a grant of £1,000.

colonists for favour, entered on the inquiry without any predetermination to render it abortive. After hearing all the evidence tendered to them, they closed their investigation, with a report in favour of Separation. But by the time the report reached England, Sir Robert Peel's Government was broken up on the Corn Law question, Mr. Gladstone sat in the seat of Lord Stanley, and the work was in some measure to begin over again; the fluctuation of Government in England proving at all times a fruitful source of trouble and delay to the colonies. The leaders of the movement, however, did not slacken their exertions. The press kept the subject constantly before the community, meetings were held, funds subscribed, and an agent despatched to England to "flap" the Colonial Office on their claims. New wrongs were instanced to increase the public ardour; money had either been refused for necessary works by the Legislative Assembly in New South Wales, or voted and then treacherously diverted to some Sydney project. A few lighthouses, wharves, jetties, and custom-house offices for the essential purpose of trade, a couple of gaols, some police offices, and a court-house for the administration of justice, a lunatic asylum, a post-office, and two small bridges constituted the entire public works which had been executed in the Port Phillip district. These were merely the necessary equipments of the Executive; the agencies for collecting its revenue and upholding its authority; not undertakings primarily designed for the public convenience. A little later a bridge was commenced over the Yarra at Melbourne, the only considerable bridge erected in a country larger than England; while a quarter of a million of contributions to their Land Fund had been sunk in Sydney improvements. At length, in the summer of 1848, when Europe was electric with revolutionary passions and the hope of marvellous events, a peaceful *coup d'état*, but effective in its way, was struck on the small stage of the aspiring little settlement. At the nomination of the Port Phillip members to serve in the Sydney Legislature which happened at this time, not one candidate appeared. Mr. Leslie Foster,\* who afterwards took a notable share in colonial affairs, had in the first instance been a candidate, but at the last moment was induced to retire. Nothing, it was conceived, would so effectually realise to the Colonial Office the distrust and contempt entertained by the colonists for the existing system as an abstention like this by an entire community; and it would have the additional advantage of compelling a more respectful attention to their demands in the New South Wales Legislature, as that body could not proceed legally to business in their absence. The local authorities were alternately in a panic and a rage; and exercised all their skill to defeat the popular device. A few days later, at the nomination for the borough of Melbourne, which was separately represented, Mr. Foster reappeared as a candidate. He was duly proposed and seconded, and as a single vote would suffice to elect him, the ingenious strategy seemed for a moment to be defeated. The colonists, however, had not exhausted their resources. It was moved by Mr. Thomas M'Combie, and seconded by Dr. Greaves

\* Now Mr. Foster Fitzgerald.

(to whom we may safely attribute the device), that the Right Hon. Earl Grey, then Secretary for the Colonies (for there had been another change), was a fit and proper person to represent the borough. A poll was taken, and the noble Earl was elected by a triumphant majority over his local competitor. Mr. Latrobe, the Superintendent, and official persons in general were much scandalised at this profane use of the name of a Peer and a Cabinet Minister; for in those days the official uniform in colonies usually covered a temper and demeanour closely akin to those which flourish under plush—grand and haughty to the ordinary world, but deferential and submissive to its proper master. Such a people, they said, were manifestly unfit for self-government; which is scarcely, I think, the reflection it will suggest to a candid reader. The Secretary of State, however, took the matter, like a man of the world, in good part: and it was doubtless this stroke which awoke him thoroughly to the conviction which he soon afterwards expressed, that Port Phillip representation had become an unreal and illusory, not a substantial, enjoyment of representative institutions.\*

But 1849 arrived, and the hope held out by Lord Stanley five years before was still far from accomplishment; and in the life of a growing settlement five years is a huge span. It was confidently stated, indeed, in letters from London, that the Colonial Office had at length made up its mind to assent; but the colonists had been taught by experience that there were many slips between the promises of that department and its performances. Suspicion and anxiety grew intense, when it was accidentally discovered, by the publication of papers submitted to the Imperial Parliament, that the Superintendent had been sending home confidential despatches to the Colonial Secretary, assuring him that any form of constitution which substituted a chamber elected by the people for such a nominee Council of Advice presided over by the Governor as had formerly existed in New South Wales, would be "ill suited to the real state of the settlement, and would render the administration of its government a task of extreme difficulty and responsibility." A community thwarted in its dearest purpose is not often forbearing or even just; and the comments of the press on the Superintendent's confidential despatches were ferocious enough not to be pleasant reading even at this distance of time.

But though the Act erecting a new colony was not forthcoming, the colonists learned that the Colonial Office meditated transmitting them a gift for which they had not asked. A ship freighted with ticket-of-leave men was despatched to Port Phillip, on the pretence that New South Wales had invited convicts, and Port Phillip was still undeniably a district of New South Wales. From the foundation of

\*The Sydney Legislature could not be constituted without the Port Phillip members, and the Governor ventured on the step of ordering a new election to be held for the Port Phillip district at Geelong (which cherished an angry rivalry with Melbourne), and though the Separatists set up Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, local men (of considerably less distinction) were chosen by the Geelongese.

the colony there had been a general understanding among the settlers to keep it free from convictism. For the two or three unsettled years before the arrival of a Superintendent, some persons had applied for assigned servants, according to the practice of the time. But from the period when the new community became organised, it seems to have steadily determined upon two things: to claim self-government, and to shut out the felony of Great Britain and Ireland. In 1845, a cargo of convicts from England arrived in the bay, but the news created such a storm of wrath in Melbourne that they were ordered by the Superintendent to proceed to Van Diemen's Land, where more than forty years before Governor Collins had carried their predecessors. And now, in 1849, when the desire of self-government was about to be gratified, the renewal of the attempt wounded their pride as much as it alarmed their fears. A meeting was held, organised by Mr. Edward Wilson, whose name is inseparably connected with the resistance to this social pollution till its complete triumph; and where Mr. Fawcner and Mr. O'Shanassy, Mr. Heales, and Mr. J. S. Johnstone, all of whom were destined to take a conspicuous part in the affairs of the colony, were spokesmen of the popular determination that the convicts should not be received. The magistrates of the city and district met soon afterwards, and endorsed the popular decision. By a fortunate coincidence, the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Charles Fitzroy, was on a visit to Melbourne at the moment; able to witness the excitement, and hear the personal remonstrance of the colonists. So effectually did they use this opportunity that Sir Charles, a *ci-devant* dandy, aiming only to keep things quiet, speedily promised that no convicts should be permitted to land in Port Phillip till the feelings of the community were made known in Downing-street. The colonists on their side had already arrived at the determination that no convicts should be intruded upon their wives and children, whatever might be the response of the distant oracle. The prison-ship, however, the "Randolph," in due time reached Hobson's Bay,\* and the captain, refusing to be bound by the concession of the Governor, insisted on his right to land his passengers; inasmuch as if he failed to do so he would imperil his insurance. Another public meeting was immediately called, at which Dr. Greaves, Mr. Colin Campbell, Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, Mr. M'Combie, and Mr. Langlands, all representative men in a certain sense, renewed the protest of the colony. They declared that England had no constitutional right to tax the colonists for imperial purposes by requiring them to maintain a portion of her criminals; that the introduction of felons would discredit the fair name Port Phillip had begun to acquire in England, and deter the most eligible class of emigrants from coming out, and finally, "that they had never received convicts, and were prepared to undergo any extremity rather than submit to do so." It was determined that the prisoners should not be permitted to land. This intrepid resolution, like all daring action, was originally the work of a few, but it suited the temper of the people, and was adopted

\* The "Randolph" arrived in the Bay on August 9th, 1849.



with as near an approach to unanimity as can ever be attained in communities where individual opinion is free. "The convicts must not land," became the popular watchword. The Governor was in those days an absolute sovereign; wanting, however, the instrument without which absolute government is only a constitutional fiction. Having as little the temper as the resources necessary to play the part of a tyrant, he adhered to his promise, and the captain at last yielded to his peremptory orders, and set sail for Sydney. Thus for the second time in half-a-dozen years the colonists successfully protected themselves against the mischievous errors of the Colonial Office. But the flame was too violent to subside with a temporary success. It spread to Sydney, where the convicts were also refused admission, though the Imperial Government were able to plead a certain amount of local sanction for sending them there; finally it spread to Van Diemen's Land, then still a penal settlement, but where the younger colonists were determined to deliver it from this reproach. Popular meetings and munificent contributions in all the colonies marked the depth of the public feeling, which finally resulted in an Intercolonial League, with its headquarters in Van Diemen's Land, to secure the complete abolition of transportation to the Australian colonies. Though convicts had never been received in Port Phillip or South Australia, the colonies had a common interest in bringing the system to an end, as every prisoner who escaped from Van Diemen's Land loved to make a grand tour of the colonies for his amusement and profit. Mr West, an Independent minister, and a man of vigour and culture, became president of the League, and was its chief motive power, and did not relax his work till the end in view was accomplished. The movement was conducted throughout within the limits of the law which regulates public order, even as that law is interpreted in Crown colonies, but the younger men were impatient of repeated disappointments, and the daring spirit which emptied the tax tea into the waters of Boston harbour might have been easily awakened by any arbitrary stroke of authority. The Imperial Government, however, though tardy in their decision, being much embarrassed with the difficulty of disposing of their criminals, gradually yielded all that was demanded of them.

Meantime, the Port Phillip question was at length making decisive progress in England. A committee of the Privy Council, to whom the subject had been referred by Earl Grey, reported in favour of erecting the district into a separate colony, and suggested that the name of Victoria might be conferred upon it; and an Act of the Imperial Parliament gave effect to both these recommendations. In the opening of the Australian summer, November 11th, in the year 1850, the news of these events reached the new colony. The joy of the people passed all bounds. There were public rejoicings for four days; processions, sports, bonfires, illuminations, public and private feasts could scarcely exhaust their enthusiasm; and to the present time every recurring anniversary is celebrated as a public holiday under the title of Separation Day. When the delirium had abated little there were not wanting grounds of apprehension and cavil

the new statute. The Imperial Parliament, feeling ill qualified to deal with minute details demanding local knowledge, had empowered the New South Wales Legislature to fix the franchise and distribute the representation of the new colony at its discretion. But the New South Wales Legislature were precisely the persons whom of all others the new colonists most feared and distrusted. From the date of Mitchell's discovery, Sydney merchants and bankers had taken possession of large tracts of the public lands of Port Phillip, which they held as tenants of the Crown, and the town population were jealous of their monopoly, and disposed to fear the subserviency of all their class on political questions to the representative of the Crown. These squatters were supreme in the Sydney Legislature, and it was feared they would employ their power to make the representation in the new colony partial and unequal. This fear did not prove ill-founded. When the Act fixing the representation of Victoria became law, it was found that thirty thousand of the town population got seven members, or one member to every five thousand inhabitants; twenty-one thousand of an agricultural population got three members, or one member to seven thousand inhabitants; seven districts, chiefly pastoral, with fourteen thousand inhabitants, got seven members, or one member to two thousand inhabitants; and a number of purely pastoral districts with five thousand eight hundred inhabitants got three members, or one member to nineteen hundred and a fraction. Squatters had obtained three times as much political power, relatively to their number, as townsmen and farmers. Speaking at a later period of this distribution, an adequate judge affirmed that "*the rottenest of the old English rotten boroughs was respectable compared to the impostures of 'representation' that have been deliberately created in Victoria.*"\* And this legacy from the Sydney Legislature did not prove a light evil in the end.

On the 11th of July, 1851, the Governor-General at Sydney issued writs for the first election; on the 15th of the same month, Mr. La Trobe was sworn in to the office of Lieutenant-Governor, to which he had been elevated; the principal persons in the public service underwent a similar happy metamorphosis, and from being subordinates in Melbourne, and outpost of New South Wales, became judges, executive councillors, and heads of departments, in a separate State; and the Colony of Victoria was definitely organised. Captain Lonsdale, the first police magistrate, who had long acted as secretary to the Superintendent, was hoisted to the office of Colonial Secretary: from the body of the colonists the Governor was able to select an Auditor-General in Mr. Charles Hotson Ebdon, one of the first squatters who crossed overland from Sydney after the discoveries of Major Mitchell; and an Attorney and Solicitor-General in Mr. William Foster Stawell and Mr. Redmond Barry, of the local bar. Mr. Hoddle, a surveyor who had been relegated to the Port Phillip District many years before by the Sydney Government, was named Surveyor-General. These

\* Mr. Chapman, ex Colonial Secretary in Van Diemen's Land, now a judge in New Zealand, writing to *The Times*.

gentlemen had, after a little, to bear the strain of new and unprecedented responsibilities, and were long held accountable for much which they could not control as well as some things which they undoubtedly mismanaged. Mr. Chapman, in a pamphlet bearing his name,\* ventured to declare that the Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria found himself surrounded by "the very weakest Executive in all the colonies." Mr. Lowe, somewhat later, and when the censure was certainly less applicable, assured the House of Commons that the Victorian Executive "having been trained in the school of dependence upon New South Wales, when everything of importance was referred to Sydney, were totally unequal to the duties which unforeseen circumstances threw upon them."† But in the opinion of the colonists, the officers selected from their own ranks made a favourable contrast in aptitude and ability with the effete veterans of the old system; and it is certain that Mr. Stawell, who, as Attorney-General, long continued to direct the public affairs of the colony, was a man in many respects singularly well qualified for his office. Of a vigorous intellect, indefatigable industry, and clear integrity, he only wanted more sympathy with the mass of the community, and less of that love of victory at all costs, which is the weakness of strong men, to be an eminent ruler. At this period, however, he can scarcely be regarded as a free agent; he was the adviser of the Governor only as far as his advice was sought, and it was still supposed to be the first duty of a colonial functionary to satisfy the Colonial Office; to satisfy the colonists came only second, after an immense interval.

The new colony consisted of a territory the size of England and Wales, lying in the most southern, which in this hemisphere means the most cool and temperate, region of Australia. It is embraced on the south by the Pacific Ocean, which now carries the commerce of Europe and Australasia into five seaports—two of them land-locked, and among the safest in the world—and on the north by the Murray, a great river navigable for nearly a thousand miles. It lies in the same latitude as the warmer countries of Southern Europe, possesses a climate with all the charms and many of the inconveniences which distinguish the climate of Italy and Greece, and produces abundantly whatever fruits or cereals are to be found between the Mediterranean and the Hebrides. Since Columbus gazed with rapture on the teeming valleys of Cuba, no man had seen a new country more richly endowed with the gifts of nature.

A great change had taken place in the character and extent of the population, their pursuits, and their possessions during the fifteen years which had elapsed since the landing of Batman. The four white men who constituted that expedition were now represented by a population of nearly eighty thousand. It had grown with a rapid, steady increase. In 1841, as we have seen, the population had reached twelve thousand. In the five years between 1841 and 1846 it nearly trebled; in the four years between 1846 and 1851 this great increase

\* Responsible Government for the Australian Colonies. By H. S. Chapman.

† Memorandum on Australian Constitutions.

again more than doubled. Of these eighty thousand about half resided in Melbourne and the surrounding district. Official statistics\* estimated the members of the learned professions at that period at three hundred and fifty-five, and "other educated persons" at a thousand. Among the mercantile and enterprising class there had been some sudden reverses, owing mainly to over-speculation in land, but there was a sound trade steadily extending, and some conspicuous instances of great prosperity. Building land, which had been purchased at about £40 an allotment of half an acre at the early land sales, sold in a few favourite positions for £40 a foot. The houses in Melbourne had increased to upwards of four thousand, of which three thousand were of stone or brick, the remainder "of all shapes, sizes, materials, and colours." But no mere statistics, and no European experience, will realise to a stranger the actual aspect of a new town in a new country. The four thousand houses, which look so trim and regular in a tabular return, were sown in patches over a wide-straggling township, where groves of wattles and clumps of gum trees still reared their sombre foliage. Next to the ambitious stone house of the successful merchant there squatted, perhaps, a wooden shanty, roofed with zinc or tin, or it might be a tent, or a hut constructed out of packing cases, or there was a vacant space strewn with broken bottles, and the tin boxes which carry unwholesome dainties from Europe. Right in the middle of the highway stood, perhaps the stump of a gigantic gum-tree, lately felled or burned; at ten perches distant you saw some public establishment at which you needed to transact business, but between you and it ran a natural watercourse cut by the semi-tropical rain in the porous soil—a rapid current if it were full, and if it were empty such a chasm as one man's fancy yawned for Curtius in the Roman Forum. Close to the busiest marts of industry was often a quagmire, upon which a flock of geese found recreation; and men plunged through swamps of mud and sludge, or raised clouds of gritty dust, as they tramped through the city to their daily industry. It resembled a settlement in the American far west in its external aspect, but with the external aspect the resemblance ceased. There was no violence or disorder; no roughs or rowdies. No man carried arms, every man knew all those whom he met, as he might know his neighbours in an English country town. Outside the official class there was practical equality, and a man's social position depended upon his character and capacity alone. The dress and habits of the people were simpler than those of a village at home, and nobody considered any task menial which was necessary to the successful pursuit of his business. Old colonists love to tell stories of Mr. Such-a-one carrying home the groceries of his customers in a hand-barrow; or Mr. Such-another standing behind his bar in shirt-sleeves and open vest; both having attained to a rank in latter times which lends the stories a touch of malice. But this is the common history of new settlements. Miles Standish no doubt blackened his own jack-boots on occasion, and John Arden probably car-

\* Archer's "Statistical Register."

ried home the dinner of his chief on a skewer; only life was more indolent on the banks of the Yarra, and less coloured by ceremony or chequered by action than in military stations. The settler in the frozen swamps of Canada, or under the biting winds of Massachusetts, had to maintain a constant struggle with nature that he might win daily bread and shelter, and his labour was liable to be interrupted by the savage whoop of the redskin; but the genial air and bountiful soil of Australia tend to create a certain generous indolence and *insouciance*, which characterised the population at that time, before gold, the great disturber, came; and to the dwellers in towns the native race was not an object of terror so much as of contempt and pity. The colonists were indolent, it is said, but not idle; it is certain that they established the essential agencies of civilised life with commendable promptitude. Churches and schools of the principal Christian denominations had been built in Melbourne, and were served by a clergy who lived in tolerable peace together. There were two or three national societies and the rudiments of a club, but institutions for public amusement or culture there were none; and they were not greatly missed, for the habits of the people were purely domestic. An annual race meeting, indeed, brought out the whole population in their holiday attire; and in later times, when rival amusements are not wanting, it has still the same attraction. The young Australian loves the horse with an attachment that resembles the passion of the Arab or the Scythian rather than the tepid goodwill of the European.

In the country districts the squatters reigned supreme. There was some beginning of a farming class, fifty thousand acres of land were under cultivation; but a prodigious expansion had taken place in pastoral pursuits. The squatters employed nearly seven thousand men rearing stock and saving wool, and their sheep had increased to upwards of five millions, accompanied by a proportionate supply of horses and horned cattle. The fertile lands discovered by Major Mitchell had found masters, and masters who knew their value. A friendly critic of the period\* paints these pioneers of civilisation a little *en beau*. In a pamphlet, published in London in 1850, he affirms that there might be found among them "men retired from their professions, whether clerical, military, naval, legal, or medical; and the younger sons of good and even noble families, who preferred seeking an active independence to pursuing the lounging life of drones in the mother country." There might also be found among them, however, prudent overseers, and even shepherds and stock-riders who had managed to buy out their masters; and adventurous farmers and artisans who had risen by prudent industry to find an opening in this fortunate pursuit. Their precise tenure of the public lands and their relations to the Executive were questions which constantly disturbed the future annals of the colony. Here we have only to take note of the inevitable influence of a class so prosperous in a community so limited. Their prosperity, however, had not been without check;

there had been serious fluctuations in the value of money and in the price of wool; but though individuals suffered, the class had prospered. The stock in the colony was valued at three millions and a half, of which nearly all was theirs, and the fixed property in purchased land, houses, and improvements belonging chiefly to other classes, was barely worth as much more.

To estimate this community by its numbers alone would give a very inadequate gauge of its power and resources. Every fifth man you met had done some successful work. He had made a prosperous business, or reclaimed and fenced wild land, or imported valuable stock, or explored new country, or at lowest had built a house and planted an orchard and vineyard, when orchards and vineyards were in effect, nurseries for the whole community. Or he had taken part in the successful resistance to the Colonial Office on the convicts question, or co-operated in the movement for Separation. At any rate, he had furnished evidence of a certain vigour and decision of character by crossing two oceans to seek a new home. And the life of the squatter, who in those days lived on his station, and partook of its cares and toils, and its occasional dangers, was training in a sort of rude chivalry—rude enough, in truth, sometimes. Whoever has seen the charming mansions and gardens, and the graceful plantations and parks which a few of the great flock-owners have created in latter years, will not be warranted in assuming that they developed by natural progression, from brick or wooden villas and patches of green kitchen garden. In not a few cases they were preceded by squalid huts, roofed with bark, and standing in the midst of shambles or pelties, reeking with foul air, and where fruit, vegetables, and milk were unknown luxuries. And the feats of chivalry were often no more than unequal encounters with the black man. But those early settlers were trained by the nature of their pursuits to frank, fearless lives, at a time when men travelled with no other guide than the firmament and the landmarks of nature, and no protector but their right hands. Highways and bridges or punts there were none, and houses of entertainment in the bush were far apart; but hospitality was universal, and if there were no question of their "rights," of which they were as jealous as Alabama planters, these big-bearded, sun-burnt men were pleasant hosts and good fellows; and, for any adequate public need, would have furnished such soldiers as rode after Stonewall Jackson. The settlement had escaped by a singular fortune—not to be too much rejoiced over, perhaps—the suffering and perils which tried the early colonists of America; but if they were not disciplined in war, they had been taught the equivalent virtue of self-help, not having been too tenderly fostered, as we have seen, by the Colonial Office, or aided in any manner from the resources of the empire. Into this peaceful community, free from all gross excesses, not fevered by the desire of sudden wealth, reposing, like untroubled water, under the genial sky of the South, there was soon to burst a turbulent stream, and presently a rancid sewer; and many years passed before the sediment disappeared and the waters were again clear and tranquil.

## AN EXPERIENCE.

**S**HE was a pilgrim on a weary road,  
 The path of expiation. All her way  
 Lay clear revealed before her, to where glowed  
 The distant homelight, a far flickering ray  
 Closing the long ascent; the ground she trode  
 Was flinty-hard, and flowerless, and gray  
 As the thick-clouded vault of winter sky  
 That o'er her spread its gloomy canopy.

Long had she walked upon that weary track  
 With steadfast eye, and firm though bleeding feet;  
 Nor timid nor reluctant glanced she back  
 When the December tempest raved and beat;  
 Nor when some softer breeze revealed the lack  
 Of the relinquished flowers she deemed so sweet:  
 She did not fail nor falter; and at last  
 She thought the anguish of her doom was past.

Yet must she still fare on, in toil and pain,  
 Though not, as erst, in hopeless misery;  
 At times she heard faint breathings of a strain,  
 Vague, distant, strangely sweet—the minstrelsy  
 Of the far Home she trusted soon to gain,  
 Seeing its pale lights grow more clear and nigh  
 As onward, upward, with unfaltering will  
 And quickened step, in hope she journeyed still.

Till sudden, all was changed—the steep ascent,  
 The tempest, and the flinty track, and all  
 The scene of her lone pilgrimage—a rent  
 In the gray firmament let warm light fall  
 Upon her head, so long in shadow bent;  
 And the whole heaven shook off its cloudy pall,  
 And the path vanished in a blaze of flowers,  
 And something whispered: “Rest a few brief hours.”

So, with a thrill of joy, she laid her down  
 Within her sudden Eden of sweet rest;  
 Nor was her pilgrim vesture careless thrown  
 Aside, but drawn more closely round the breast  
 That heaved so high with gladness long unknown;  
 Till streamed the sunlight from the crimson West,  
 And breathed the south wind o'er her shielded form,  
 The dear, unwonted south wind, wild and warm.

While round her thronged the flowers, and overhead  
Bright creatures flitted upon rainbow wings;  
Roses and golden lilies bloomed to shed  
Warm fragrance near her, and all lovely things  
Became the south wind's ministers, and spread  
A feast of joy with tender comfortings  
Before her—till entranced among the flowers  
She little thought how sped the flying hours.

And though no serpent and no thorns were there,  
Nor poison in the south wind's tenderness,  
The end for that poor pilgrim was despair,  
At least such pain as words may ill express,  
When clear and sudden, through the balmy air  
Broke forth the doom of her brief happiness—  
"Thy rest is over, and thy Dream-land gone;  
Rise, pilgrim, now, and thankful journey on."

Then all was over, and she stood once more  
On the old track, beneath the clouded skies:  
The gray hill rose more steeply than before;  
She could not see the Home-lights, for her eyes  
Were blind with tears; she heard the night-wind roar,  
But not, as once, Heaven's distant harmonies.  
And she had half unclasped her pilgrim vest,  
And the wind beat on her unsheltered breast.

Her limbs are languid, and the way is steep—  
Her spirit fails her, and the night is near;  
Her goal is distant, and her faint steps creep  
Reluctant onward, with less hope than fear.  
She looks not back, yet cannot choose but weep  
For the brief Eden-glimpse that was so dear;  
And for that wind, to whose last warm caress  
She trembles still in the cold wilderness.

Her will is firm although her heart is frail,  
Therefore she journeys on with spirit set  
To do her pilgrim task and not to fail—  
So that in time her wild and weak regret  
Will turn to brave repentance, and avail  
To speed her home, and make her soul forget  
Its short enchantment, and the shock of pain  
With which she takes her pilgrimage again.  
M. La T.



## ALINE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN REDBREAST'S VICTORY," "FREDERIC OZANAM," "IZA'S STORY," ETC.

## PART III.

THINGS went on without any sensible alteration until the summer had set full in, and then the whole party went to the seaside. They returned with the invalid pretty much the same as when she left. The change had produced some general improvement; she ate and slept better; but the march continued to be steadily downwards; she was thin to emaciation, and pale to ghastliness; the flow from the two wounds was as copious as in the first days, and was slowly, but steadily draining away her life. Doctor J—— was gradually relapsing into a disquieting gentleness. He spoke reassuringly, but no one was deceived by this; no one but the patient herself who, in proportion as hope died away from every one around her, grew sanguine. She had, in fact, worked back to the old conviction that her death was impossible, that it was only a question of time, and of more or less suffering until her health was restored.

"I know," she would say sometimes, "that it is extremely doubtful whether I will ever make what you call a recovery of it; it is quite possible—in fact I think it is very likely—that I shall be a kind of invalid all my life; but I find that in reality that does not so much matter; I see that I can superintend the education of the children as effectively as if I had the use of my legs and were always in the midst of them; so I am quite ready to be a cripple to the end of my days if our Lord so wills it."

The Sœur de bon Secours would venture, perhaps, to hint at the desirableness of being ready to make even the sacrifice of her life if our Lord so willed it; but Aline would smile, and say something about that being a very natural thought for a religious, but that a mother had more insight to God's will when her children were concerned. How could it be his will to send three immortal souls adrift in life with no proper protector? For Madame André did not count; she was in wretched health and not likely to survive the shock of Aline's death many months, and then the children would be at the mercy of their uncle, who would marry them off as fast as he could to three eligible young men, never troubling himself whether they were Turks, Jews, or Atheists, provided they were otherwise qualified to make good husbands. Madame André and the Abbé V—— looked on and listened with the deepest anxiety, while Aline expressed herself in this strain:

"It is very sad, but let it not disquiet us," said the Abbé one morning on leaving the sick-room: "God will dispel the delusion in

good time; you will see; He never will allow so generous a soul to die in such dispositions."

He did not, at the same time, disguise from Madame André that it made him anxious, and he left nothing undone himself to open the eyes of his penitent to the peril of clinging so obstinately to her own will. The error was all the more dangerous from the fact of its being rooted in Aline's indomitable faith. I have known many persons of strong and ardent faith, but I never knew any whose faith resembled hers; there was something of her own peculiar originality about it. If it did not sound too daring, I would say that there was an element of humour in it. She would argue the point with our Lord, like the woman of Canaan, bringing up his own words to Him with a boldness that would have come near irreverence on the lips of one who loved less, and whose soul was less controlled by that humble fear on which all true love is built. But with her it was a child arguing with a fond, tender father, who *might* be coaxed into yielding, though it was more likely he would remain inexorable. There was opposite her bed a touching picture of our Saviour carrying the cross; Aline's eyes were constantly seeking this picture, dwelling on it with a long look of mingled compassion, entreaty, and reproach that were more touching and expressive than any words. She seemed to be holding a conversation with the thorn-crowned Head, listening and answering in silence; then suddenly she would make a speaking-trumpet of her hand, and shout out to it, startling us all: "*Mon bon Jésus!* I don't speak loud enough; that is why you don't answer me! Well, now I am going to shout at the very top of my voice, so that you *must* hear me!" Then she would turn on us, and say that we, too, prayed in whispers, *du bout des lèvres*, and this was why our prayers were not heard. "You should 'shout out' like the prophet," she would say, "and then they would hear you, *là haut*, and give you what you want just to get rid of you. You know what our Lord says Himself about importuning Him, and hammering at the door until it is opened!"

God was a living presence to Aline. We would all say, no doubt, that He is a living presence to us. But practically He is not. He is an Almighty power dwelling in some region beyond and above us, an omnipotent, abstract Being to be invoked; a law, a fear, a religion, anything and everything short of a close, living presence, a Person here in the room with us—with me as I write, with you as you read—seeing, hearing, touching us. God was really this to Aline. And so with our Lady and the saints and angels. They were living, personal friends, invisible, but present and close; persons whom she could speak to, and who were listening to her as we were. "Dear mother!" she would cry, closing her poor little wasted hand, and speaking through it in a loud whisper, "are you deaf, or are you angry? Why won't you answer me! It's not kind. Ask your dear little Jesus to do what I want; coax Him for this next feast! You *know* He won't refuse you!"

But the one thing she thus persistently implored was the one that was persistently denied. She was wasting away so visibly that, to all who saw her, life was now a question not of years, scarcely even of

months. For it was difficult to believe that nature could hold out much longer. The process of dressing the wounds was daily becoming one of greater torture. The body was so sensitive that it was impossible to lay a finger even on the sound parts without causing her exquisite pain; all the contrivances which had hitherto afforded some relief had become useless; we were obliged to turn her in the bed with sheets folded like swathing bands; the effort of lifting her to a sitting posture for the purpose of dressing the shoulder was performed with the utmost difficulty: her maid bent over her on the bed, Aline clasped both hands round the woman's neck, and was slowly lifted up as the latter rose. Those hands, once so beautiful, were now so distorted as to resemble claws rather than human hands, and so sensitive that to support herself while sitting up, she was obliged to clutch the end of an eiderdown pillow; she dared not hold by any one, lest an involuntary pressure should hurt the fingers and send the pain tingling all over her body. As long as it was possible, the doctor insisted on her being taken up every day for a couple of hours, and carried into the drawing-room for change of air. But as spring came on, this had to be given up; the only alleviation henceforth possible was obtained by constantly changing the pillows and little cushions, so as to cool the feverish and emaciated body. The sisters in attendance—there were two now, one for the day and one for the night—declared they had never seen anything living so thin; the frame was exactly like a skeleton, the mere wreck of a body. Yet even in this extremity Aline retained her old brightness to an extraordinary degree. Her sick-room was still the rendezvous of a circle of friends who seldom let a day pass without coming to see her. She took the liveliest interest in everything that was going on in the world outside. The elections were taking place just then, and she followed the struggle between the various candidates with an excitement that was surprising to us all. Every new book that appeared on a sympathetic subject was an event of interest to her; she was not able to read, or even to be read to, except for a few minutes at a time, and then she reserved her strength for some spiritual work; but she liked us to read other books, and then to tell her about them. I happened to be reading *Frank Fairleigh* at the time, and I always feel grateful to the author of that charming novel when I recall the delight it afforded my friend. I can see her now laughing heartily over the hero's comical adventures, and exclaiming when I had finished retailing my narrative for the day: "Ah, ma petite, why have we not the sense to write books like that in French! Clever and spirited, and yet so innocent that while old people can enjoy them, the young may read them with impunity."

But a day came at last, when Aline was compelled to acknowledge that the sacrifice which she had considered impossible, and recoiled from so obstinately was, in truth, to be demanded of her. I might be tempted to conceal, or at least to be partly silent as to the effect of this conviction on my friend, if I were not adhering rigorously to facts, and describing them, not as I might have wished them to be, but as they really were.

When Aline first awoke to the reality of her state, and came face to face with the certainty that her recovery, admitting that it was yet possible, was altogether improbable, her first impulse was to bow unmurmuringly to the will of God. But beneath this act of conformity there lurked in some secret fold of her heart the hope, almost the belief, that the sacrifice was still a good way off, and might, by dint of prayer, be postponed still further. At least, looking at things in the light of subsequent events, this is how it strikes one. Madame André was less serene in her resignation. If her faith never failed, there were moments when the sight of her child's sufferings tried it to its foundations, and when the *fiat* of submission, so bravely uttered by the victim, seemed beyond the mother's strength.

At such times Aline was the one who strove to encourage and uphold her. "Ma pauvre mère!" she would say, shaking her head with an affectionate smile, "how *can* you doubt but that it is good and best for me to be as I am! You know I am here by God's will, and so long as we are sure of that what does the rest matter? What does the time, or the manner, or anything else signify?"

But while Madame André agreed with the principle of this, the application of it was more than she could bear. It was the doctors' doing in a great measure, she argued; they had misunderstood and mismanaged the case so long! If they had not been so ignorant, how much of this torture might have been avoided! It was easy to bow to God's will, but the stupidity of human beings was not so easy to forgive. Poor dear Madame André! She was like the rest of us. It was the old story of Balaam beating his ass because he himself could not see the angel that was stopping the way. We are all of us given to maltreating our poor ass.

The removal of the broken splinters of bone from the wounds necessitated most painful operations from time to time, and these afforded Aline rich opportunities for the exercise of fortitude and suffering love. She continued her practice of offering up the pain on each occasion first, for the soul of her husband, and then for the conversion of some sinner, and the relief of the souls in purgatory. Finally, however, one day on coming out of her room after one of these operations, Dr. J—— declared that it should be the last; he would inflict no more useless torture on her. It may be that the agitation of his countenance, or some expression that escaped him in the room, informed Aline of this determination, but from that day forth a change came over her. She never alluded again to her recovery, but fell into a state of complete dejection. It was evident to those around her that she had relinquished all hope of life; it was equally clear to the few who could read the silent symptoms of her soul that she recoiled more than ever from the thought of death. She could not accept it. She could not bring her mind to see how it could be God's will, or to reconcile the decree with his mercy, or even his justice. I recall even now with pain the effect some words of hers produced on me at the time, and I think it was the same day that the Abbé V—— came out of her room with a look of distress on his kind face that he did not attempt to conceal.

"Pray, pray with all your hearts!" he said; "it is awful to see her in this state. But God is merciful; He will open her eyes; it cannot last so to the end!"

Meantime, the blindness was terrible to those who only saw the present, and could not see beyond. Things were at this point when one afternoon, early in the month of May, two Sisters of Charity came to pay Aline a visit. They were full of a miracle which had taken place a few days previously in the church of the Lazarists, where the relics of St. Vincent de Paul were exposed; I do not remember whether there was any fête of the Order just then, or whether it was simply because of the month of May. The miracle was a striking one. A young girl, who had for years been completely paralysed, made a novena to Our Lady and St. Vincent, and was carried into the church on the ninth day, heard Mass there, and immediately after rose up and walked out of the church perfectly cured. One of the sisters who related the event had been an eye-witness of it. They entreated Aline to make a novena to their saintly founder, and go to venerate his relics on the closing day, promising that the entire community would join with her in it. She took fire at once. It was arranged there and then that she would begin the novena next day, letters being despatched to other friends and communities inviting them to join in it. I came in, soon after the sister's departure, and found her in the highest state of excitement. She was going to be miraculously cured! There was no other way for it. The doctors had brought her to death's door, and could do nothing now but bury her. Well, our good God was going to let them see! He would speak the word, and their proud science should be confounded; they would see her made whole by faith, by the sole power of God, when all human remedies had failed. She continued in this state of elation all day. Every person who came in was requisitioned to join in the novena; the miracle was announced as if it were already performed.

"Only fancy the astonishment of *le papa J—*," as she called the doctor, "when he comes in and sees me up and dressed and advancing to receive him! What a triumph it will be to show him how the bon Dieu can 'planter' the learned faculty, and send their fine science to the right abouts! If it only converts him! He is sound at heart, *le papa J—*; I have great hopes that it will."

A few days later, when the prayers were going on in every direction, the Baronne de R—, a friend of Madame André's, came in to say good-bye; she was leaving Paris, and expressed her regret at having to go before the novena was out.

"Yes, I am sorry you will not be here to witness the miracle," said Aline, "but I will telegraph to you on my way home from the church so that you may say the *Te Deum* for me at once."

Madame André listened, and groaned in spirit. She had so often seen Aline *exaltée* in this way. She remembered how it had been before her husband's death, how buoyed up she had been with hopes of a miraculous cure, and how those hopes had been deceived. She forebore from a word that could betray how little she shared the present anticipations; but Aline, who read her mother's face like an

open book, remonstrated with her in her own fashion. "Ma mère, it is clearer than ever to me at this moment that I cannot die, and yet die I must without a miracle; God knows that, and He is going to perform the miracle. Patience! a few days longer and you will see!"

An incident occurred during the novena which deeply distressed Aline. The Abbé V——, who was, of course, joining in the prayers, though imploring a different miracle, came one morning to give her Holy Communion; but, owing to some unforeseen circumstance, he came earlier than his wont, and none of the servants were down; so after ringing several times, and waiting nearly a quarter of an hour, he was obliged to go away. When he told Aline of this next day, her grief was insupportable; she burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break. "Oh, to think of His coming and knocking and waiting at the door, and having to go away!" she cried, kissing her little crucifix again and again; "Oh, mon pauvre Jesus! I did not mean it! I never heard you!" It was all the Abbe V—— could do to console her, and when some hours later I came in, her eyes were still red, and her first words were to tell me of the "malheur" that had happened her the day before. It had been a serious preoccupation from the first how Aline was to get to the church. Her going in a carriage was now out of the question; she could not have borne the jolting even at a foot pace, and on a stretcher she would have been too much exposed to take cold. The only possible conveyance we could think of was a sedan chair. It was settled, therefore, that she should go in one.

But, as we soon discovered, this was easier said than done. We scoured Paris in vain for a specimen of that antique conveyance so dear to our great-grandmothers. At last some one had the bright idea of writing to the director of the opera, and asking for the loan of one. I don't think the precise motive of the proposed journey was explained, but anyhow, the director sent a most courteous reply, informing Madame André that the largest and handsomest chaise-à-porteurs in the Garde meuble of the opera was at her disposal, and would be at her door punctually on the morning she named.

And so it was. Good gracious, shall I ever forget it? We were in the salon when it arrived; the doors were thrown open, and in tramped two porters of seemingly gigantic stature, carrying between them a gorgeous machine all gold without and crimson within, with a royal crown on the top of it, gilt cupids perched on the corners, royal arms emblazoned on the panels, neither more nor less, in fact, than the chair used by Catherine de Medicis in the opera of the Huguenots. A cry of dismay greeted the apparition, and we rushed in to tell Aline. Of course the pilgrimage was at an end; the idea of making an exhibition of herself in the streets in this harlequin's coach was not to be thought of. But Aline was delighted.

"The very thing!" she cried, when it was brought in for her inspection; "they will take us for a masquerade, and so we are! Just look! Did any one ever see such a figure off the stage, or out of the hurchyard!" And she held up her poor skeleton hands and laughed

at them. Brave, gentle martyr! Weary were the days and nights that had brought her to this figure that she was so ready to laugh at.

There was no question of dressing her. She was rolled up in an immense cloak of the flimsiest saracenet, lined with quilted eiderdown, which had been made on purpose for the occasion, so as to combine both warmth and lightness as much as possible. One of the big porters caught her up as if she had been a bundle. We could hardly repress a scream as we saw him whip her up so unceremoniously, and, without more ado, squeeze her in through the narrow door; but he evidently did not hurt her the least bit, for she was laughing all the time. It was like a beginning of the miracle, for the nurses could scarcely touch her with their tender, skilful fingers without making her wince. Just as she was packed up, and every one was ready, a loud ring at the door caused a frightful panic. If it should be Dr. J——! “*Ces messieurs,*” said Aline, pointing to the burly porters, “will have the kindness to throw me out of the window, and you will all jump after me. There is nothing else for it!” Happily it turned out to be a false alarm; and after we had all drawn a breath of relief, the cortège, the strangest, assuredly, ever witnessed by the streets of Paris, so used to strange spectacles, sallied forth on its way. I remained behind ostensibly that some one might be there to welcome Aline on her return. The truth was I had not the courage to go with them. Madame André went in the carriage with the youngest girl; the other two walked on one side of the chair, and a *Sœur de Bon Secours* on the other. The crimson blinds were drawn down; but Aline could peep through them, and got more than one fright, fancying that she saw the doctor’s familiar chocolate-colour coupé coming upon them.

I stood at the drawing-room window and watched the little caravan until it was out of sight. Then I knelt down and joined in the litanies and psalms that the pilgrims were to recite on the way. It was a miserable, dreary morning, more like March than May; the sky was leaden colour; it had rained in the night, and a drizzly rain was falling still; everything was calculated to damp one’s spirit. Aline had first announced her intention of walking home, and it was only when the effect she would produce on the trottoir, in her floating mantle of eiderdown, was made apparent to her, that she reluctantly consented to abandon this triumphal march, and to drive back in the carriage with her mother. The distance from the Champs Elysées to the Rue de Sévres, going at the pace they were obliged to keep, was calculated to take about an hour and the same back; so, allowing half an hour to remain in the church, they could not be home before half-past one.

Several friends came in to await the return of the expedition. I was too excited to talk, so I went into Madame André’s room, which was off the salon, opposite Aline’s, and remained there by myself, rushing to the window, as the time drew near, every time a carriage drew up near the house, dreading to see the gilt chair behind it. It was the longest two hours and a half I ever spent in my life. At last, when I was not on the look-out for it, a carriage came rumbling in under the porte cochère. A few seconds more, and the door-bell

sounded. They had come back ; but how ? I dared not open the door and look. If she was cured, and able to walk in, a joyful cry would soon tell me of the event. I listened with a beating heart. There was a dead silence, and then the heavy tramp of feet crossing the salon and entering Aline's room. I waited a few minutes, still not daring to go out, when Madame André opened the door and beckoned to me. "Come, she is asking for you !" she said. There was no need to put any questions, I went in alone, and there, in the bed she had quitted a little while since so full of buoyant hope, lay Aline, just as she had left it.

"Well, *ma petite* !" she exclaimed, in a voice that sounded strangely exulting, "you see I am back again ; the miracle has been performed !"

Her black eyes were shining ; she was slightly flushed. "*My God ! she has gone mad !*" was the thought that flashed through me. I suppose I looked terrified, and thus betrayed what was in my mind, for she said quickly : "I am not mad. I have been mad for some time past, but I am quite sane now ; I never was more so in my life. I tell you the miracle has been performed. Not the one I asked, but a greater and a better one. I was blind, stone blind, *ma petite*, and God has given me sight ! I had a bandage over my eyes, and He has torn it off. I am ready to die to-morrow, this moment if He wishes it. As to my children, I have no longer the smallest anxiety about them. God wants no one to do his work. He can save and guard without me the souls He created without me. It was all an aberration of self-love, an insatiation of pride. Well, He has cured me of it ! While I was praying before the relics, I felt the scales falling from my eyes as palpably as if my wounds were being closed up. The other would not have been a greater miracle. Oh, the mercy of our God ! Only think if He had let me die in my blindness ! If I had died with that blasphemous pride in my heart !"

The tears were streaming down her cheeks ; her soul seemed moved to its very depths. She looked to me like a creature in an ecstasy. And so in truth she was ; in an ecstasy of gratitude for the mercy that had wrought this wonder in her, and saved her by a sweeter miracle than the one she had so passionately implored.

God does nothing by halves. The cure He condescended to work in his servant was as complete as it was kind. From that day to the day of her death, which took place about six weeks later, Aline never wavered once in the act of self-abandonment she had made in the church of the Rue de Sévres. Her one desire henceforth was to detach herself from life and all its ties. She permitted herself no tender adieux to her children, those idols that had stood so long between her faith and its centre ; she contented herself with writing a few lines of farewell to them which they received after the hand which had traced them was at rest. I do not recollect the whole, but the spirit which suffused that last message is still fresh in my memory with some of the principal passages. After a few impressive words, recommending the poor to her children, reminding them that God

3, in a certain degree, made our mercy to those suffering ones the



measure of his mercy to us, "Come to me . . . . because when I was hungry you fed me, when I was houseless you took me in . . ." she continued: "Remember these words, my children, so as never to lose the merit of your alms-giving; but, at the same time, I trust that your hearts will always feel the need to make others happy."\* She spoke of the shortness of life, and the folly of attaching ourselves to earthly happiness, and then added: "Our days of suffering are our best and happiest days, and when we find ourselves on our death-bed our only regret is that we have so few of them to offer to the divine mercy. Bear this in mind, my beloved ones, when the cross is pressing on you. In case I should not be able to bless you at the last moment, I give you my blessing now. Receive it in the name of the living God; may his blessing be ever upon you, and may you ever prove yourselves worthy of your glorious title of Christians!"

One crowning mercy awaited Aline at the end. She had always expressed a great dread of dying without Extreme Unction, while, at the same time, her desire to reserve the magnificent graces of the Sacrament to the very last moment, made her reluctant to receive it an hour before it was absolutely necessary. No new symptom appeared to indicate that the supreme moment was nearer than usual, when, on the 20th of June, early in the morning, the sister who had dressed the wounds ran in to Madame André, exclaiming: "The end is coming, madame! The wounds are bleeding. We must send for M. l'Abbé; there is no time to lose!"

A messenger was despatched, and the Abbé V—— returned with him. On being told that he had come and for what purpose, Aline evinced some surprise, and it was after some hesitation that she acquiesced, observing: "If I have yet a few weeks to live, it is a pity."

The holy oils were administered in the presence of her mother and her children.

On leaving the room after the ceremony, the Abbé V—— exclaimed: "What a brave soul! I never saw anyone make a sacrifice to God with such an *élan* of generosity. Her only regret is that she has so little to offer Him. And yet, poor child, life has strong ties for her!"

It was about a quarter to eleven when he left the house. Aline remained in silent prayer for some ten minutes after his departure; then she suddenly began to wander, and as the clock struck eleven she was quite delirious. The agony had begun, and she never afterwards regained consciousness; at least she never spoke consciously; though just at the end we fancied, from the movement of her hand, that she was trying to strike her breast, while her eyes sought the crucifix, and remained fixed on it till she breathed her last.

At midnight, on the 21st of June, her spirit passed away.

\* \* \* \* \*

You will, perhaps, care to hear how God fulfilled the trust that

\* It sounds more tenderly expressive in French: "J'espère que vos cœurs auront toujours besoin de faire des heureux."

Aline bequeathed to his sweet Providence. Her three children are married, and to men whom she might herself have chosen from among many; Christians, not in name only, but in deed.

Madame André still lives. But her task is done, and she looks calmly for the summons that cannot now be long delayed, the message that will bid her enter into the everlasting rest that awaits those who have passed through many tribulations here.

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### MUCKROSS ABBEY.

**I** STOOD in the midst of the mouldering pile,  
 'Neath the shade of its cloistered yew,  
 And the thoughts that filled my mind the while  
 Round its walls a radiance threw.

For I chose not to think of the reckless power  
 That had spread desolation wide;  
 But my mind wandered back to a brighter hour  
 And the days of a nation's pride:

When songs of praise through her valleys swelled,  
 And her cloisters echoed the prayer,  
 That told of the faith and love that welled  
 In the hearts of good men there.

Oh! who can stand in this hallowed aisle,  
 Nor feel that the story told  
 By each sacred sign in this grand old pile  
 Is a story that never grows old?

The stones thus chiselled by loving hands  
 May crumble into decay,  
 But the faith they preach for ever stands  
 Growing stronger day by day.

We may sigh to think of the hapless strife,  
 That left us such roofless fanes;  
 But the faith within receives new life,  
 And the heart fresh courage gains.

For thou, O Muckross! wast builded by man,  
 And, like man, thou art doomed to fall;  
 But passing well since thy day began  
 Hast thou served the Shaper of all:

Who lavished around thee this fairy scene  
 Of mountain, and wood, and wave—  
 Who shall live when these giant hills have been,  
 And the universe finds a grave.

D. G.

## AN AUSTRALIAN CHILD OF MARY.

BY MELBOURNENSIS.

**T**HERE is something peculiarly beautiful and touching in the resigned and peaceful death of a young girl. It is a sacrifice to the Creator of all that is delicate and interesting in nature, united with what is lovely in grace; and although we are saddened that a young life, the centre of much hope and love, is nipped in the bud and prematurely withered, we cannot but acknowledge that it is better for her who is taken away. We feel that she has gained much at little cost, for she has escaped the ordeal of the world's trials, and has entered soon upon a brighter and happier existence.

These thoughts are suggested by a death which occurred towards the end of last year in Richmond, a suburban town not far from Melbourne proper. The death we refer to is that of the first who has passed away from among the Richmond Children of Mary. The young deceased was born of Irish parents, and died in her seventeenth summer. The angel of death came as she sank beneath the wasting power of consumption, and

“ — struck God's lightning from her eyes,  
And bore Him back the flame.”

She had always been remarkable for tender piety and a disposition gentle, amiable, and retiring. When the association of which she was a member was established by the Jesuit Fathers some years ago in the church of St. Ignatius, Richmond, her name was among the first of those enrolled; and she soon became, what she never ceased to be, a favourite with her young companions. She felt an ardent desire to consecrate herself to God in religious life, and endeavoured by earnest prayer and studious diligence to render herself worthy of so favoured a vocation. But early last year symptoms of decline manifested themselves. She wasted away, and so rapid was the progress of the disease that she was reduced, before the lapse of a few months, to a state of utter prostration. Feeling that death would soon come for her, she prayed fervently that she might be spared to see the commencement of the month specially consecrated to the Virgin Mother, whom she loved. Her prayer was heard—she died on the third of October.\* So holy and full of peace was her end, that it proved a source of much consolation to her weeping relatives and friends.

On the day following her death, the Children of Mary assembled in the church of St. Ignatius to recite the Office for the repose of her soul. Dressed in white, and wearing round their necks the broad band of blue, to which the silver medal was attached, they took up

\* October, the May of the Southern Colonies of Australia, is observed as the Month of Mary in the archdiocese of Melbourne.

their usual position in front of our Lady's altar. They themselves had tastefully decorated the altar with lights, fresh green plants, and a profusion of fragrant flowers. They formed an interesting and pleasing spectacle, as with low, sweet voices they recited the solemn prayers of the Church. The Rev. Father Dalton, S.J., their spiritual director, addressed to them after the Office a few very feeling words on the death of their late companion. The precious remains were brought early next morning to the church and placed within the rails of the Blessed Virgin's altar. Several Requiem Masses were celebrated for the departed soul. When the coffin was being removed, after the usual ceremonies and prayers, a white-robed choir of sixty Children of Mary preceded it from the Virgin's altar to the hearse, chanting a plaintive hymn. On reaching the hearse, the young girls formed into two ranks, and the coffin was borne through their midst to its place beneath the white plumes. Attired as they were, they accompanied the funeral in waggonettes, following immediately the family mourning-carriages. When they arrived at the gate of the Kew Cemetery, they again formed in procession, and moved slowly after the cross along the neatly-gravelled walks of the burial-ground towards the spot chosen for the grave of their young friend. The pall was borne by six of the principal members of the Association; and the sisters of the deceased walked after the coffin, dressed in mourning, yet wearing the white veils and medals of Children of Mary. The procession surrounded the grave in the form of a circle, and chanted the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The air to which the Litany was sung was singularly sweet and plaintive. The funeral service was performed, and then, finally, as a parting tribute of affectionate sorrow, the Children of Mary approached and cast into the grave bouquets and garlands in great numbers. The coffin was hidden from sight by the bright falling flowers—the frail but touching memorials of departed worth and yearning affection.

The obsequies of this Child of Mary befitted her guileless life and holy death. Gentle and unobtrusive, she led a life which attracted not, it is true, the notice of the world, but which was, doubtless, more pleasing in God's sight than many that have been loudly applauded by men. Her death was in keeping with the innocence of her life. It was the holy and peaceful departure of a pure spirit for its home. We have no need to mourn for such a death. We grieve not for it, just as we do not grieve but rejoice when we see the eagle which has long pined in bondage, suddenly break away and wing its exulting flight back to the solitude of its native crags. She is gone. Her young spirit has taken to itself wings. It has sped beyond the limits of earth, and is at rest. The departed is, to use the good old phrase, joined to her fathers, that great people of God who walked during the time of trial in the paths of Christian faith and love. All who knew and loved her may well be reconciled to her departure hence, though it must needs cause them some natural sorrow. As often as they recall her amiability of character and the purity of her life, regret will be, to a certain extent, mingled with their resignation,

and they might fitly give expression to their feelings in the lines of Milton "On the Death of a Fair Infant:"

"But, oh! why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,  
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
To turn swift-rushing, black perdition hence?  
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art."

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## DOGBERRY AND VERGES.

*Leonato*.—"What is it, my good friends?"

*Dogberry*.—"Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter. An old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows."

*Verges*.—"Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I."—*Much Ado about Nothing*. ACT III., SCENE V.

THERE are few characters of Shakspeare's creation that cause more genuine mirth than Dogberry and Verges, the foolish constables. It is not their stupidity, their blundering, or their self-conceit which are ludicrous, so much as their perfect seriousness and unsuspectingness of the fun they create. Now, it has often seemed to us that Protestants miss some of the very best literary fun in the language, because they are not aware how many Dogberries and Verges there are among historians. Just as a foreigner, imperfectly acquainted with our language, and assisting at a performance of Shakspeare's play, might well catch the wit of Benedick and Beatrice, while he would only wonder at the laughter caused by the dialogue of the constables; so Protestants, from an imperfect acquaintance with Catholic matters, may "miss the fun," when respectable authors blunder, with ludicrous gravity and with perfect good faith, over some technical Catholic phrase or historical allusion.

We propose to give a few specimens of such blunders; and if we have to spoil the mirth of those who see through them at once, by somewhat tedious elucidations, we must ask their forbearance. It has been our lot, sometimes, to explain an English pun to a simple, kind-hearted German. The laughter is elicited slowly, but it comes heartily in the end. Here, then, is our first sample of Dogberryism:—

A work well got up, and of considerable pretension, appeared in 1870, on the "History and Antiquities of Coventry." The author, Mr. Poole, thus writes regarding the Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages: "These sacred mysteries were introduced at Chester some time before they were got up at Coventry, and it is alleged that Ranulph Higden,

a Benedictine monk, had to visit Rome three times before he could get the Pope's permission to have the plays done in English. It also appears that by this time the head of the Church had come to the conviction, that the effect of these performances was far different from that hoped for on their first introduction—the religious edification of the people; for the moral deterioration resulting therefrom had become so manifest, that a thousand days' pardon from the Pope and forty days' pardon from the bishop of the diocese, was necessary to wipe out the sin of attending them. But the evil had gone too far to be put down, and the only alternative was the granting of pardons or indulgences, to excuse an offence so habitual that the temptation to its commission was irresistible."\*

This was written by an educated man, and a painstaking and generally competent historian, and yet Mr. Poole must not be offended; we say that we can find no better illustration of his attack on the citizens of Chester, than that of Dogberry against the villains arrested in Messina.

*Don Pedro.*—"Officers, what offence have these men done?"

*Dogberry.*—"Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixthly, and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves."

*Don Pedro.*—"Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?"

Yes! what was the offence? Mr. Poole, reading of indulgences, feels sure there must have been offences; and finding the indulgences granted to those who frequented the miracle-plays, he concludes that the miracle plays themselves were the "habitual and irresistible offence." We cannot help conjecturing that the historian of Coventry must have had in his mind the famous Coventry pageant of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom, and that he has thrown back, in his mind, the riot and indecencies of this entertainment, of Protestant origin, upon the pious and edifying representations which were the delight of Catholic times. Catholics, at least, do not require to be told that, though indulgences suppose offences to have been committed, yet they are neither given for their commission nor in palliation of them, but are granted to encourage works of charity and piety, among which was reckoned assisting at a scriptural pageant.

Dogberry might, indeed, have brought a true charge against the authorities in Coventry of late years, that they had "belied a lady" as well as a nobleman, for most assuredly the amiable and holy Leofric, husband of the Lady Godgifu or Godiva, never exacted from her the abominable sacrifice which the modern pageantry commemorates, and which the poem of Tennyson has so marvellously depicted. As to the miracle-plays, they represented the Life and Passion, Death and Triumph of our Divine Redeemer, the joys and sorrows of his blessed Mother, or other pious incidents in the legends of the saints.

\* "Coventry, History and Antiquities," p. 38.

For being present at these representations indulgences were granted; not to all, but to those only who rendered themselves capable of the grant. And for this it was required that the candidate should confess his sins with true contrition and purpose of amendment, make restitution of any ill-gotten goods, seek reconciliation with any whom he had offended, grant pardon to his enemies, and, in a word, set his whole life in order. It is now, and was then, and ever has been, an undisputed maxim among theologians, and a public doctrine impressed upon the people, that no indulgence could be gained by any who were not already reconciled to God—not, as Mr. Poole supposes, obstinately bent on satisfying their own sinful desires, but, on the contrary, penitent for past sins and resolved on a virtuous life. The indulgence was a remission of the temporal penalty still, perhaps, due to these forgiven sins. Surely it is unworthy of an historian, writing at the present day, to repeat exploded fables originated by we know not what calumniator, in the heat of controversy two centuries and more ago. Even Luther, who, in the most unmeasured language, poured out contumely against indulgences, never pretended they were permissions to commit sin. He denied that they have any value at all, and asserted that they were fictions and devices to raise money; but there he stopped. The nearest approach to the later calumnies which can be found in the writings of Luther is the following, which it may be worth while to give, both because of the answer it elicited, and because it shows how very different were the objections of those who knew the workings of Catholic doctrine and discipline from the dreams of those who only read of them in books.

Luther writes in his Defence, or "Assertion," of the articles which Leo X. had condemned: "Even if indulgences were anything, what would they be but remissions of good works? For, are they not supposed to remit works of satisfaction? And what are works of satisfaction but good works, and good sufferings? So that, even thus, if indulgences were really something, they would be more pernicious than now that they are nothing. What more wicked fraud, then, than to remit men's good works, and to grant them freedom to be indolent, under pretext of piety, only to suck money out of them?" Luther understood the Catholic doctrine that, when the guilt of sin has been remitted, there may be, and generally are, relics and penalties which must be cleansed away in this life or the next. He knew how this doctrine was urged to induce men to fast, to pray, to give alms, to do works of mercy, to deny themselves and be patient in afflictions. Since, therefore, it was also taught that an indulgence remits a part at least of such penalties, Luther, with his usual sophistic rhetoric, tries to set one doctrine in opposition to the other, that he may ridicule them both. But of course it is a very different thing to pretend, as Luther does, that an indulgence makes Catholics less austere, or less fruitful in works of mercy than they otherwise would be, or at least ought to be, and to assert, as some Protestants have done, that an indulgence is a direct permission to sin, a licence to do wrong without its being wrong, or, as Mr. Poole seems to think,

a tolerance of sin, and an attempt to make it, not less wicked but less penal.

We fear that the exposure of Dogberry's blunder is involving us in a serious discourse instead of a merry laugh. But, in truth, while we cannot but smile at such curious stumbling over words, our hearts are sad to think that prejudice, not stupidity, has caused the stumbling. We would fain say: "Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter . . . but in faith honest." But is it honest to write about Catholic matters without having an even elementary knowledge of them—a knowledge which may be obtained in every Catholic manual, and perhaps in every respectable Protestant cyclopædia?

Should any Protestant inquirer suspect that the doctrine on indulgences has been purified by the Council of Trent because of the outcry of the Reformation, we assure him that the practice indeed was reformed, but the doctrine taught now was always taught. In proof of this we will quote the answer to Luther of one who was his contemporary, and whose noble freedom of speech, whose saintly life and death, suffered for conscience, put him far above the suspicion of palliating evil. Our witness is John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, whose zeal was aroused by Luther's mendacity, and who, in 1523, published a reply to the work of Luther from which we have just quoted. He first reminds the German reformer of his inconsistency; since by his new doctrine about justification he gives a plenary and universal indulgence from all temporal penalties whatever, making every pardoned soul free from every debt to the justice of God. If, then, Luther's argument against the use or grant of indulgences were good, it would tell tenfold against himself. But Fisher answers more directly that the object of the Pope is not to make Christians slothful in good works, but, on the contrary, more alert in the service of God, from finding themselves so mercifully freed from debt. And lest this should be called an empty theory, he appeals to experience. "Indulgences," he says,\* "are never granted except in favour of some good work which has the form of piety."† Now, whoever is penitent for his past sins, is in that state of charity in which he is capable of merit; and, therefore, when he undertakes, in such a state, the prescribed work, for the glory of God, he will merit an increase of charity. Besides this, it must be remembered, that the hope of gaining an indulgence causes many to raise their souls to God, and to prepare themselves to gain it by a good repentance and confession, which they would not have done had they not been urged by the grant of the indulgence. And, again, the renewal of faith in God which the gaining of indulgences requires, is no slight spiritual fruit. Christ promised to St. Peter and his successors that they should loose sinners from every bond (*Matt.* xvi. 19). A sinner, conscious

\* "Assertionis Lutherane Confutatio," fol. 90 (ed. 1523).

† He means that the work required as a condition for gaining the Indulgence must be one good in itself, as taking part in a crusade against the Turks, assisting at a miracle-play, and the like. But as these works were not necessarily good, but might be badly done, he says they must at least have the form of piety, the candidate for the Indulgence supplying the substance.



to himself of his fearful sins, and knowing what penalties he must have incurred, draws near and asks from the Sovereign Pontiff the pardon which Christ has authorised him to give, and believes without the slightest doubt in Christ's word. Such faith, when joined to charity in the sacrament of penance, will not only ensure him remission of pain but a large grant of grace from God." Fisher then goes on to show that the gaining of indulgences leads to joy, to peace, to longanimity, patience, benignity, and all the other fruits of the Holy Ghost. And if these fruits are not found in all, if many abuse these pardons, in that they think more lightly, perhaps, of sin now that indulgences are so commonly granted, and the old canonical penances remitted, this is merely what may be said of the clemency of God. The ingratitude of sinners who abuse that clemency is greatly to be deplored, but God's clemency must not, therefore, be abolished or denied. This is what the martyred Fisher thought of indulgences at the beginning of the sixteenth century; and that the priests and people of Chester and Coventry were well instructed in the nature of true repentance, Mr. Poole may assure himself if he will study in Wilkins' "Concilia" the treatise on the sacrament of penance, which Alexander Stavenby, bishop of those cities in the thirteenth century, had drawn up for the use of his diocesans.

Here we take leave of Mr. Poole, but we have other specimens of Dogberryism, which we reserve.

T. E. B.

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## ADELAIDE PROCTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

**S**T. CATHERINE of Genoa complained once to our Lord: "Lord, thou biddest me love my neighbour, and I can love only Thee." And He said to her: "Catherine, they who love Me love those whom I love."

When one is about to speak of Adelaide Anne Procter and her poetry, there is no incongruity in beginning with a saint's name on one's lips; for, as a clever American poet and critic remarks, "It is like telling our beads or reading a prayer-book to turn over her pages, so beautiful, so pure, and unselfish a spirit of faith, hope, and charity pervades and hallows them."\* To this exquisite soul also, as to the saint whom we named at the beginning, our Lord addressed, not in vain, that warning: "They who love Me love those whom I love."

\* Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Victorian Poets," reprinted from *Scribner's Monthly*. Miss Procter is most popular in America. The prettiest one-volume edition of her Poems is printed at Boston.

Whom does He love? He loves all the souls for whom He died and He died for all; but the special objects of his predilection—favourites of his Heart, are little children and the poor.

I trust that many of you\* are sufficiently familiar with Miss Procter's writings to be able to call up instantly before your memory abundant proof of the completeness with which had been granted her that prayer which she often prayed: "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like thine." He made her heart like his own in filling it, like his own heart, full of love for God's suffering poor and full of love for God's little innocent children. "From the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh:" her full heart happily overflowed in song. It is delightfully significant that the children who are always to be little children in all that is best in childhood—the children who will never grow old—the little ones whom God takes to Himself in childhood's purity and freshness: these pet lambs of the Good Shepherd are the theme of the last but one of Miss Procter's last volumes of poems, while the very last of all is an appeal for the poor. Not the entire volume to which we refer—the "Chaplet of Verses"—is itself one eloquent appeal for the poor who are so utterly poor as to be homeless and "houseless by night."† It was published for the benefit of a Night Refuge in London similar to that which was founded in Dublin by the late Father Spratt, and which is maintained with noiseless efficiency by the Sisters of Mercy in Cork-street, in an unfashionable quarter of this city, to which few of you have been so adventurous as to penetrate. With the exception of some picturesque and lively fragments of letters from Italy, and a paper about "The Women Watchmakers of Christchurch" in the *Englishwoman's Journal* for December, 1859, the only specimen that we possess of Miss Procter's prose writing is the beautiful but very practical and business-like Introduction to this "Chaplet of Verses." Less as a sample of the prose of our poetess than as an earnest plea for your sympathy and help in favour of the kindred Institution which I have mentioned. I will take a few sentences from this Introduction:—

"There is scarcely any charitable institution which should excite such universal such unhesitating sympathy as a Night Refuge for the Homeless Poor. A shelter through the bleak winter nights, leave to rest in some poor shed instead of wandering through the pitiless streets, is a boon we could hardly deny to a starving dog. And yet we have all known that in this country, in this town, many of our miserable fellow-creatures were pacing the streets through the long weary nights, without roof to shelter them, without food to eat, with their poor rags soaked in rain, and only the bitter winds of heaven for companions; women and children utterly forlorn and helpless, either wandering about all night, or crouching under a miserable archway, or, worst of all, seeking in death or sin the refuge denied them elsewhere. It is a marvel that we could sleep in peace in our warm, comfortable homes with this

\* I retain, for the most part, the form under which this paper formed one of the series of lectures, some of which have been published in the pages of this Magazine, namely, the papers on "Mrs. Jameson," "Richard Dalton Williams," and on the "Literary Studies of Ladies."

† Among the "Unpublished Verses" of Barry Cornwall, lately given to the world, there is an appeal for a Night Refuge, written, no doubt, at his pious daughter's instigation.

horror at our very door. . . . We all meditate long and often on the many kinds of sufferings borne for us by our blessed Redeemer; but, perhaps, if we consider a moment, we shall most of us confess that the one we think of least often, the one we compassionate least of all, is the only one of which He deigned to tell us Himself, and for which He Himself appealed to our pity in the divine complaint, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head."

Adelaide Anne Procter was born at 25 Bedford-square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825.\* She was the eldest daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, the author of "English Songs."† and of many refined dramatic poems, who has succeeded in passing into literary history almost exclusively under his *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall. Mr. Procter belonged to the legal profession, and after his marriage he very wisely and properly devoted himself to his money-making prosaic duties, first as a conveyancer, and after his call to the bar in 1831, as Commissioner of Lunacy, and from this time he wrote very little poetry; yet there are in his daintily finished songs many pretty allusions to his "golden-tressed Adelaide," whose birth inspired the following sonnet which we disinter from one of the old forgotten annuals:—

"Child of my heart, my sweet beloved first-born!  
Thou dove that tidings bring'st of calmer hours!  
Thou rainbow that dost shine when all the showers  
Are past—or passing! Rose which hast no thorn,  
No spot, no blemish, pure and unforlorn,  
Untouched, untainted! O my flower of flowers!  
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,  
To stranded seamen life-assuring morn.  
Welcome, a thousand welcomes! Care, which clings  
Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold:  
New hope springs upward, and the bright world seems  
Cast back into a youth of endless springs.  
Sweet mother, is it so? or grow I old,  
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?"

The "sweet mother" to whom the poet turns here at the end—though indeed the eyes and heart can pass, in prayer and everywhere, from the Child to the Mother without turning—Adelaide's mother was Miss Anne Skepper, the daughter of the accomplished lady who, by a second marriage, became the wife of Captain Basil Montagu. As Mrs. Procter is still living, and as we are thus debarred from speaking of the mother of our poetess, let us conjecture, from the description given of her *grandmother*, something of the domestic influences that helped to form her disposition and character. The

\* In "Men of the Time" the date 1835 is given; and this mistake is repeated in the "Necrology" of all the editions of that work since Miss Procter's death: The other houses which were in succession her home were No. 5 Grove-end-road, St. John's Wood; then, 13 Upper Harley-street; and lastly, 32 Weymouth-street, to which her father removed in 1861. Many will look with interest on these places, as we do at No. 20 Dawson-street, here in Dublin, when we are told that Mrs. Hemans lived there for some time before her death.

† The best known of these is "The Sea! the Sea!"—which sea, the only time he was on it, made this enthusiastic seaman very sick.

editor of B. W. Procter's "Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes"—who, by the way, has the same initials (and the same publisher) as the author of the "Unknown Eros," with whom internal evidence would also dispose us to identify him—has written of Miss Skepper's mother as follows: "The manners, at once stately and genial, of Mr. Basil Montagu and his wife have few or no counterparts in modern society. The stateliness was not that of reserve, but of truth in action; and the geniality arose, not from easy good humour, but from earnest good will. Of Mrs. Basil Montagu it may, indeed, be said, that for a young man 'to know her was an education.' Even at a time when her great personal beauty was slightly (it was never more than slightly) obscured by age, there was that about her which no well-disposed and imaginative young man could long behold without feeling that he was *committed* thereby to leading a worthy life. If the reader is inclined to smile at this praise as somewhat obsolete in its mode, let him be assured by one who knew Mrs. Montagu that it seems so only because that style of woman is obsolete."

It seems that the chameleon does not take its hue from its surroundings so rapidly or so completely as we used to be told; but child-natures, especially those of more refined temperament, still possess this exquisite sensitiveness. We are therefore prepared to find the poet's "sweet beloved first-born" showing the same precocious fondness for books which Barry Cornwall himself betrayed as a four-year-old; nor was the daughter of the woman whom "C. P."\* has just described for us likely to check her unduly, though, thank God, there was no such cruel mistake made as that of which the American girl, Lucretia Davidson, was the victim about the same time. Nay, instead of being brought too much forward, perhaps she was not encouraged enough: for we are told that her father had no idea of her having ever attempted to turn a rhyme until her first little poem saw the light in print. This circumstance does not, I confess, raise Barry Cornwall in my esteem. He ought to have found out his little daughter sooner. No wonder, however, that Dickens, though an intimate friend of the family, never suspected that the heart of this modest, cheerful maiden who poured out the tea for him was full, like his own, of "household words," or that it was she who was to afford him what his biographer considers the keenest of his gratifications as editor. "My mention of these pleasures of editorship shall close with what I think to him was the greatest. He gave to the world, while yet the name of the writer was unknown to him, the pure and pathetic verse of Adelaide Procter."† It was therefore natural that to the editor of the periodical in which nearly all her separately-printed poems had appeared they should turn for an introduction to the splendidly illustrated edition of her "Legends and Lyrics" which was published the second Christmas after her death. Though I feel that I am too long in reaching Miss

\* See IRISH MONTHLY, p. 530 of the present volume.

† Forster's "Life of Dickens," vol. iii., p. 456.

Procter herself—that is, her poems—I will give Dickens's account of the way in which she began her literary career:—

"In the spring of the year 1853, I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal, *Household Words*, a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen. How we came gradually to establish, at the office of *Household Words*, that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I have never discovered. But, we settled somehow, to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable: so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me, than Miss Berwick the governess became. This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas Number, entitled, 'The Seven Poor Travellers,' was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick; and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter. The anecdote I have here noted down, besides serving to explain why the parents of the late Miss Procter have looked to me for these poor words of remembrance of their lamented child, strikingly illustrates the honesty, independence, and quiet dignity of the lady's character. I had known her when she was very young; I had been honoured with her father's friendship when I was myself a young aspirant; and she had said at home: 'If I send him, in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers.' Perhaps it requires an editor's experience of the profoundly unreasonable grounds on which he is often urged to accept unsuitable articles—such as having been to school with the writer's husband's brother-in-law, or having lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew, when that interesting stranger had broken his own—fully to appreciate the delicacy and the self-respect of this resolution."

And now we must make a few extracts from the volumes in which, a few years before her death, Miss Procter was with much difficulty induced to collect her poems, and which at once assumed in public estimation the high place they have since maintained, edition after edition being called for, and the present demand being, we are informed, far in excess of that for the writings of any living poet except Tennyson. Let our first samples be those two which we were about to quote at the very beginning as expressive of the love which filled her soul for God's suffering poor and for little children. Many have tried to comfort the heart of Rachel when mourning for her children taken from her arms too soon, and "refusing to be comforted because they are not." I think that this lyric of consolation by one who was destined never to feel that holy grief herself is far the best of all such vain attempts. The very name she gives to these who are "not lost but

"But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; then the boy looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned and said to the patient pale face on the bed: 'I see the star!' and then a smile came upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say: 'God bless my brother the star!'"

"And so the time came, all too soon! when the boy looked out alone, and there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the stars not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw through his tears.

"Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining path from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed of the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taking that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

"All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

"But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host. His sister lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither: 'Is my brother come?'

"And he said 'No.'

"She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried: 'O, sister, I am here! Take me!' and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

"From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister gone before.

"There was a baby born to be a brother to the child: and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

"Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces. Said his sister to the leader: 'Is my brother come?'

"And he said 'Not that one, but another.'

"As the child beheld his brother in her arms, he cried: 'Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!' And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

"He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said: 'Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on thy darling son!'

"Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister to the leader, 'Is my brother come?'

"And he said, 'Thy mother!'

"A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, 'Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!' And they answered him, 'Not yet, and the star was shining.

"He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in a chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

"Said his sister to the leader: 'Is my brother come?' And he said, 'Nay, he is his maiden daughter.'

"And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him: a celestial creature among those three, and he said, 'My daughter's head is on my sister's arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby who can bear the parting from her, God be praised.'

edited under the auspices of the Society for the Industrial Employment of Women, and to which the most distinguished writers, especially of her own sex, contributed. I slip in this little bit of fault-finding lest I should be unable to animadvert hereafter on Miss Procter's occasional defects in execution, her choice, sometimes, of unmusical metres, as in the otherwise excellent "Carver's Lesson," her too frequent diffuseness, and her insufficient exercise of that "last and greatest art—the art to blot."

When Miss Procter wrote the tender and thoughtful verses we have just read, her mother had only one of these "Links with Heaven," a little Edward, who died in his sixth year. Of her three sisters, two became Catholics, as she herself did about her twenty-fifth year; "an incident," says the editor of B. W. Procter's Autobiographical Fragment, "which does not appear to have even ruffled the family peace and affection." I feel so grateful to Charles Dickens (I cannot *mister* him) for the genial and attractive sketch by which he helped to spread the popularity of his favourite contributor, and I feel so grateful to him especially for bringing out prominently this event of her conversion to the Catholic faith, and her holy and useful Catholic life thereafter, and her sweet and happy Catholic death, that I will even go a little out of my way to present him to you anew under a very amiable aspect by giving you *his* views, also, on this same subject of the dead as our "Links with Heaven"—his prose translation of his young friend's poetry, if indeed this be prose. This short and feeling idyl has a chance of being quite new to many of us, as (strangely enough) it is not included among his collected pieces. Mr. Forster gives a letter in which Dickens speaks of his dissatisfaction at seeing there was nothing tender and affectionate in the proposed materials of the second number of *Household Words*, and how "in the railway train (always a wonderfully-suggestive place to me when I am alone) I was looking at the stars and revolving a little idea about them"—all ending in this "Child's Dream of a Star:"—

"There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

"They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

"There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger, and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-and-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, 'I see the star!' And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, 'God bless the star!'

Dives and Lazarus! Oh! the perennial power of our Lord's words. It is good to din those names, with all their terrible associations, into people's ears in this comfort-loving, poverty-hating, money-worshipping age. Nor is this denunciation to be confined to the very well-to-do, to those who fare sumptuously every day and are clothed in purple and fine linen, and real sealskin jackets. I have heard of two little country lasses going together to a National School, one of whom thought herself a regular Miss Dives because her father owned, perhaps, six acres of land, while her companion's father had not six rods. She accordingly considered it her duty to get quite frightened after a sermon about Dives and Lazarus, such as I am now preaching under false pretences; and she turned with patronising piety to her humbler comrade, saying: "Oh! Peggy Muldoon, it's well for you that are poor, but how can *I* ever get to heaven?" Nay (to make the matter still more practical), even among those who are neither countesses nor kitchenmaids, but something between, there is a very real significance in that warning which Clarence Mangan, I am sure, gives more pointedly even than his Irish original:—

"O Woman of Three Cows, agra! don't let your tongue thus rattle;  
Now don't be saucy, don't be stiff because you may have cattle.  
I've seen—and here's my hand to you I only say what's true—  
Aye! many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

"Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their dispenser:  
For worldly wealth soon melts away and cheats the very miser;  
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows,  
Then don't be stiff and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

"Your neighbour's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,  
Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has.  
That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows—  
But if you're strong, be merciful, good Woman of Three Cows!"

Supposing we were (as the excuse for turning up one's nose at one's neighbour) to substitute for the "three cows" the possession of a little more money than one's neighbour, a little higher social position, a little more brains, a little better looks, and all the foregoing little superiorities less real than imaginary—and don't you think that some "women of three cows" might occasionally be found in attendance at a course of Afternoon Lectures for Ladies?

If the present Lecture should ever steal into print, the reader, turning over the pages, will be surprised to see Miss Procter's name at the head of a page like this, with the Irish accent somewhat too emphatic. Yet, Englishwoman as she was, she had warm sympathies for the country and race that are, thank God, identified with the Faith which she embraced. The longest poem in her "Chaplet of Verses" is "Milly's Expiation," a priest's story of Connaught in the terrible famine-year. I will, in passing, take this thought from it:—

"Yes, those days are now forgotten; God be thanked! men can forget;  
Time's great gift can heal the fevers called Remembrance and Regret.  
Man despises such forgetting, but I think the angels know,  
Since each hour brings new burdens, we must let the old ones go—  
Very weak, or very noble, are the few who cling to woe."

In the same volume Miss Procter shows again her sympathy for



Ireland by her generous invective against the lying, venal hypocrisy of the so-called "Irish Church Missions," beginning "Spare her, O cruel England," which has often been quoted at the yearly meetings of the friends of St. Brigid's Orphanage. Let us pass on to some less familiar portion of her writings; for which reason, and also on account of their length, I will take my next extract from none of her tales in verse like the "Angel's Story" or "A Tomb in Ghent," though this class of her poems, catering for the story-devouring appetite of the reading public, has, perhaps, done most for her popularity. The following piece will do us all more good, especially if we read it over in private with a few personal applications, chiefly by way of contrast. It is inspired by that marvellous entreaty which, even under the sterner dispensation of the Old Law, long before the Heart of Jesus had throbbed against the heart of his Immaculate Mother, the Creator addressed to his poor human creature (Prov. xxiii. 26): *Præbe, fili mi, cor tuum\* mihi*—"Child, give Me thy heart."

"With echoing steps the worshippers departed one by one;  
The organ's pealing voice was stilled, the vesper hymn was done;  
The shadows fell from roof and arch, dim was the incensed air,  
One lamp alone, with trembling ray, told of the Presence there!

"In the dark church she knelt alone; her tears were falling fast;  
'Help, Lord,' she cried, 'the shades of death upon my soul are cast!  
Have I not shunned the path of sin, and chosen the better part?'  
What voice came through the sacred air?—'My child, give Me thy heart!'

"'Have I not laid before thy shrine my wealth, O Lord?' she cried;  
'Have I kept aught of gems or gold to minister to pride?  
Have I not bade youth's joys retire, and vain delights depart?'  
But sad and tender was the voice—'My child, give Me thy heart!'

"'Have I not, Lord, gone day by day where thy poor children dwell,  
And carried help, and gold, and food? O Lord, Thou knowest it well!  
From many a house, from many a soul, my hand bids care depart.'  
More sad, more tender was the voice—'My child, give Me thy heart!'

"'Have I not worn my strength away with fast and penance sore?  
Have I not watched and wept?' she cried, 'did thy dear saints do more?  
Have I not gained thy grace, O Lord, and won in heaven my part?'  
It echoed louder in her soul—'My child, give Me thy heart!'

"'For I have loved thee with a love no mortal heart can show;  
A love so deep my saints in heaven its depths can never know:  
When pierced and wounded on the cross, man's sin and doom were mine,  
I loved thee with undying love, immortal and divine!

"'I loved thee ere the skies were spread; my soul bears all thy pains;  
To gain thy love My Sacred Heart in earthly shrines remains:  
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs, without one gift divine;  
Give it, My child, thy heart to Me, and it shall rest in Mine!'

\* On the word *cor*, even in this solemn context, some one has made a conundrum in a Latin distich, which we may try to translate:—

"Dimidium sphaeræ, et sphaeram, cum principe Romæ:  
Hæc tria redde Deo, sicque beatus eris.

"Half a sphere, a sphere, and then the first of Rome—  
Give to God these three, and heaven will be your home."

"In awe she listened, and the shade passed from her soul away!  
In low and trembling voice she cried, 'Lord, help me to obey!  
Break Thou the chains of earth, O Lord, that bind and hold my heart;  
Let it be thine, and thine alone, let none with Thee have part.

"Send down, O Lord, Thy sacred fire! consume and cleanse the sin  
That lingers still within its depths: let heavenly love begin.  
That sacred flame Thy Saints have known, kindle, O Lord, in me—  
Thou above all the rest for aye and all the rest in Thee.'

"The blessing fell upon her soul; her angel by her side  
Knew that the hour of peace was come, her soul was purified.  
The shadows fell from roof and arch, dim was the incensed air:  
But peace went with her as she left the sacred Presence there!"

Ah! we dare not put to our Lord the questions to which this generous soul evidently expects the answer, *Yes*. We have not laid on his shrine the sacrifice of youth and wealth. We have not worn our strength away with fast and penance. Probably God does not ask all this of us; but certainly He asks that dearer offering, without which these offerings would be valueless in his sight; and louder and louder his voice whispers within us, "*My child, give Me thy heart!*"

As a specimen of the clear and simple way in which Miss Procter tells a little story in rhyme, let us give what is called here "A Legend," but what might be better distinguished as "The Preacher and the Laybrother":—

"The monk was preaching: strong his earnest word,  
From the abundance of his heart he spoke,  
And the flame spread—in every soul that heard  
Sorrow and love and good resolve awoke:—  
The poor lay brother, ignorant and old,  
Thanked God that he had heard such words of gold.

"Still let the glory, Lord, be thine alone,'  
So prayed the monk; his heart absorbed in praise:  
'Thine be the glory: if my hands have sown  
The harvest ripened in Thy mercy's rays,  
It was Thy blessing, Lord, that made my word  
Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

"O Lord, I thank Thee that my feeble strength  
Has been so blest that sinful hearts and cold;  
Were melted at my pleading—knew at length  
How sweet Thy service and how safe Thy fold,  
While souls that loved Thee saw before them rise  
Still holier heights of loving sacrifice.'

"So prayed the monk: when suddenly he heard  
An angel speaking thus: 'Know, O my son,  
Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were stirred  
And saints were edified and sinners won  
By his, the poor lay brother's, humble aid  
Who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed."

As the end of the year is drawing near (and the end of our space much nearer) let us try to dispose ourselves to receive "The Old Year's Blessing" in all its fulness by taking to heart these words of genial and thoughtful wisdom:—

"I am fading from you, but one draweth near,  
Called the angel-guardian of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces coldly you forget,  
 Let the New Year's angel bless and crown them yet.  
 For we work together; he and I are one :  
 Let him end and perfect all I leave undone.  
 I brought good desires, though as yet but seeds ;  
 Let the New Year make them blossom into deeds.  
 I brought joy to brighten many happy days ;  
 Let the New Year's angel turn it into praise.  
 If I gave you sickness, if I brought you care,  
 Let him make one patience, and the other prayer.  
 Where I brought you sorrow, through his care at length,  
 It may rise triumphant into future strength.  
 If I brought you plenty, all wealth's bounteous charms,  
 Shall not the new angel turn them into alms ?  
 I gave health and leisure, skill, to dream and plan,  
 Let him make them nobler ; work for God and man.  
 If I broke your idols, showed you they were dust,  
 Let him turn the knowledge into heavenly trust.  
 If I brought temptation, let sin die away  
 Into boundless pity for all hearts that stray.  
 If your list of errors dark and long appears,  
 Let this new-born monarch melt them into tears.  
 May you hold this angel dearer than the last,—  
 So I bless his future, while he crowns my past."

I cannot return to this subject again, nor can I pursue it further now.\* My selections have been chiefly from the least known, and therefore naturally the least remarkable of Miss Procter's poems. I wish that space still remained for some of her stronger and more thoughtful pieces, such as "Treasures," "Be Strong," "Golden Words," and many others in which you would find her trying to say true things well, not merely making verses—full, always, of sincerity and deep, thorough thought, and therefore dealing more in verbs and nouns than in adjectives and conventional epithets. These are some of the characteristics of Adelaide Procter's poetry—tenderness, devout feeling, and a meek and cheerful Christian sadness, with great justness of thought and a graceful accuracy of diction. She did not begin too soon, though in her peculiar circumstances and surroundings there would have been

\* Let us here join together two notes, one of which ought to have found a place where reference was made to Charles Dickens's account of Miss Procter's conversion. During his travels in Italy he tells us he saw in a dream "poor Mary's spirit," and that he asked "What is the true religion ? Perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best ; perhaps it makes one think of God oftener and believe in Him more steadily." And the spirit said : "For *you* it is the best." ("Forster," vol. ii., p. 124.)

The other item which I wish to insert here out of its place regards the Night Refuge referred to at p. 692. Each week the *Freeman's Journal* gives a paragraph like this which I take from that useful and able journal of this date (Oct. 9.)

"ST. JOSEPH'S NIGHT REFUGE, CORK-STREET.—The following is the weekly return of admissions to the Night Refuge (founded 1861, by the late Very Rev. Dr. Spratt) for homeless women, children, and girls of good character, who there receive nightly shelter and partial support : Thorough servants, 100 ; housemaids, 37 ; parlourmaids, 39 ; charwomen, 63 ; children's maids, 45 ; laundresses, 50 ; cooks, 32 ; shirtmakers, 36 ; cloakmakers, 30 ; dressmakers, 25 ; staymakers, 29 ; bootbinders, 28 ; plain workers, 40 ; machinists, 27 ; petty dealers, 35 ; fieldworkers, 70 ; travellers, 25 ; children, 39. Total, 750."

Think of all the miseries of many kinds to which all these would be exposed if, like their Divine Master, they had not where to lay their heads.

temptations to that for one less modest and self-restrained. Nor, on the other hand was she called away too soon, when she died so peacefully and so brightly on the Feast of the Purification, 1864, in her 38th year, and ten years before her father. She had done her work; she had lived her poem as well as written it. Both have gone with her to increase her share of heavenly joy; and in another sense both remain behind, her sweet memory and her holy songs—these last above all, helping many now and in future years to refine and spiritualise their thoughts, and to turn their human affections into “Links with Heaven.”

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### COR PURISSIMUM.

**O**FTEN the soul, quite sick at heart and weary,  
 Grieves that it loves not Jesus as it would,  
 Thinks of the past so stained with sin and dreary,  
 Sees how its waywardness his graces hath withstood.  
 Courage, poor sinner! take comfort from this thought :  
*One heart has ever loved Jesus as it ought.*

Sad is the soul as it views the world surrounding,  
 Sees its sweet Saviour forgotten or unknown,  
 Sees all around iniquity abounding,  
 While love for Jesus in many cold hath grown.  
 Courage, poor sinner! take comfort from this thought :  
*One heart has ever loved Jesus as it ought.*

Yes, there is one—one only and no other—  
 All her heart's love was given to her Son :  
 So we will love with all our hearts this Mother  
 Who, loving Jesus, our love hath rightly won.  
 Courage, poor sinner! take courage from this thought :  
*Mary has ever loved Jesus as she ought.*

So, dear Jesus, when we so often grieve Thee,  
 Turn thy sad eyes upon thy Mother's heart.  
 She ne'er hath been unfaithful, ne'er did leave Thee—  
 Oh! we rejoice that there consoled Thou art.  
 Courage, poor sinner! take comfort from this thought :  
*Mary has ever loved Jesus as she ought.*

D. C.

*In Festo Puritatis B.V.M., Oct. 21, 1877.*

## WIT.

BY ISAAC TUXTON.

## IV.

A HUMAN being may be intensely happy without showing external signs of gaiety. Indeed, it is only some of the lighter or lower forms of happiness, which show themselves in smiles and laughter. Still water runs deep. The absorbing delight of successful philosophical or mathematical investigation throws up no rippling smiles or billowy laughter. Generally such investigation is accompanied by grim looks, contracted brows, and clenched jaws, though often, too, a deep, heart-felt, elevating sense of thirst for knowledge being satisfied displays its presence by an expression of face, which may be called a rudimentary smile. If the law of evolution be eternally continuous, if our nature be indefinitely perfectible, smiles and laughter may become rudimentary as we see they actually do become even now with highly cultured men during the happy hours of their highest joys. But of this hereafter. Our business at present is with the cause of one of these lighter forms of happiness—with "Wit," which, I think, may be pretty accurately defined as, that faculty which takes in and gives out the ludicrous. Wits and humorous incidents would not be appreciated by human beings, unless we all had in a greater or less natural or cultivated degree this faculty. Whatever causes laughter, is either witty itself, or at any rate can be related wittily, and so can be very fairly introduced into papers written under the general title of "Wit." It is no harm to remark here that our language is philosophically free and easy. Wit is only one of many words which may mean a faculty or its act, or an act and the fact by it produced. The laughable then being always the effect of surprising fusion of ideas, fancies, or emotions, everything laughable partakes in some way or other of the nature of Wit.

"You must ha' been an uncommon nice boy to go to school with," said Sam Weller to Job Trotter.

"I was, sir," replied Job, heaving a deep sigh, "I was the idol of the place."

"Ah," said Sam, "I don't wonder at it. What a comfort you must ha' been to your blessed mother."

Whether the arch-gammoner Job was or was not, is not what I am here concerned with, but with boys, who though they are said to be very troublesome, especially from ten to thirty, for all that are not so bad for their master to go to school with, and in and out of class hours often give some comfort and joy to him by their very humorous answers and remarks both written and spoken. A friend of mine gave his class as a subject for an English poem "The Geese of the Capitol." A mature disciple began his verses thus:—

"The Gauls came down from their northern home,  
With a view to sack the city of Rome,  
And were it not for that well-known *fleecy* flock,  
That city never would have recovered from the shock."

Laughter, let me repeat, springs from surprise generated by perceived union of incongruities or what seems so, which perception lays the flattering unction to our soul that we are superior *hic et tunc* to some person or persons in some thing or things. Hence, humorous simply means the ridiculous, and a refined sense of humor is only the internal faculty, of which laughter is the external expression in an educated or cultured state. The causes of laughter in the above four lines are many. I consider that the second line is very amusing. The phrase "with a view to" is rather rhetorical and wholly unpoetical, and then being applied in its staid old-fashionedness to the terrible swoop of the northern barbarians it becomes humorous in the extreme. The odd ring of the rhymes, united with quite prosaic language and a total disregard to metre is another *causa*. In the last line we can imagine an utterly unpoetic hobbledehoy bringing it out sedately, and adding to its absurdity by his unconsciousness of its not being all that could be expected from a would-be poet.

A few years ago I was examining a class of small boys in French and Latin. In the French paper for "I foresaw" one genius gave it "je quatre adage." He had taken down evidently "I four saw," and his dictionary supplied "quatre" and "adage" as the Gallic equivalents. Surprise at his misdirected ingenuity and amazing blunder-headedness is the chief cause of amusement. A rival in the Latin tongue for "this was a calamity of a terrible kind" turned out of his literary workshop, "hoc erat calamitatem terribile benignum." This is nearly as good as an instance of vigorous translation given in a very amusing article in *Macmillan* some time ago. The English was: "the Consul spoke for his family." Carefully done into Latin it ran "Consul radius nam ejus familia." The article to which I refer had a great many good things of the same kind. They were all guaranteed genuine. The writer of the article was a schoolmaster. In reply to the question, "What is the difference between *ně* and *nē*," one of his boys answered: "*Ně* asks a proper question, and *nē* asks an improper one."

Boys make ludicrous mistakes when writing from dictation. This gentleman relates that the following were among the good things he got in this department. For,

"Come back, come back, he cried in grief,  
My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

Tom, Dick, or Harry sent in,

"Come back, come back, he cried in *Greek*,  
My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

For something which ran somewhat this way:—

"He was missed at the feast, he was missed in the forest,  
He was missed in the fight when our need was the sorest."

was sent in,

"He was missed at the feast, he was missed in the forest,  
He was missed in the fight when our need was the *sawdust*."

and best of all; for,

"The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infirm and old,"

irrepressibly bungling genius wrote

"The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infernal old."

Infernal old." Perhaps the most pungent charm in this is that it is a phrase so thoroughly boyish, which we can imagine a boy to use with deep earnestness never suspecting that he is doing aught but hinting to the life the venerable parasite from the same point of view, which the "orphan boy" perennially took of him. The dash of unconscious profanity here and often is another source of relish. gain, contrasted emotions.

One of my own boys, a short while ago, when asked to write out the touching lines of Arnold:—

"A dative put—remember, pray—  
After *envy*, *spare*, *obey*, &c."

opened my eyes considerably to the danger of teaching boys through oral repetition only by writing it thus:—

"A dative put—remember pray—  
After *envy*, *spe*, *robai*."

Two phonetic geniuses always spelt "solemn," "wrong," "knock," "solm," "rong," "nok," while a third informed me in an essay on "Joan of Arc," that "the Maid of Orleans went to the scaffold with the most edifying obsequy," whatever that means. Another well-fed youth repeating the line from the "Traveller," "the naked negro panting at the line," rendered it "painting at the line." I could not help asking him, "was it a coat of paint he was giving himself?" The following is a faithful copy of part of a geography paper sent in lately by a young gentleman. I cannot give the questions, but here are some of the answers:—

E. M. D. G.

"1. The gangies. the fast [first?] contenant Europe asiaminer Afrika America knew york edwinburgh kamtschkatka washington mediterranean sea about three hundred miles nort latitude about one thousand miles west latitude.

2. Mexico france spain holand dun raven lake finister lake dover &c., &c., &c.

We can imagine Master So-and-so engaged on this paper. Determined to do justice to asiaminer, knew york, and edwinburgh, his fingers and face are smeared with ink, regardless of expense. All rules of how to hold the pen, fingers flat, thumb screwed up, tips of fingers inch or little less from point of pen, hand resting on desk, elbow well in, handle pointing towards shoulder, copy set four square, are flagrantly violated. His tongue, with black patches on it from divers

licked-up blots, protrudes, and is held in position by a firm grip of the teeth, all which, combined with tossed hair, contracted brow, and curiously twisted body and legs, indicate how anxious the young geographer is to give asiaminer and the rest that position on the earth's surface, determined for them by the cosmical laws of nature in this *rerum concordia discors*.

The cold-blooded way in which boys speak of the most dreadful crimes and catastrophes, contributes much to the humour of their remarks. Goodness knows the best of us realise, in but a very faint manner, the awful truths, and facts, and possibilities, and probabilities of woe, by which we are surrounded; and well for us it is, that such is the mysterious law of our being, for no one could be cheerful or even sane, if such terrors were felt in all their dire dreadfulness. But with boys, past or remote crimes or sufferings are the merest abstractions, from which they derive very little or no painful feeling; and hence it is, wars and plagues and desperate deeds only excite their spirit of adventure or romance, but never seem to impress on them in the least the *vanitas vanitatum*. As a slight illustration of this I will give here some amusing verses from a book, which every schoolmaster should read, and would read with much pleasure and more profit. Professor D'Arcy Thompson in "Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster," speaking of his schoolboy experiences, says:—

"A Latin couplet might be exchanged for English verse. Our subject one day was *Latro*, or 'The Robber.' I composed my own couplet in Latin, and furnished a friend with the following English equivalent:—

" 'The wicked, lurking robber, when'  
The harmless traveller passes his den,  
He seizes him by the tail of his coat,  
And robs his money and cuts his throat.'

"I remember, also, a pair of verses on the subjects 'Patroclus' and 'The Last Judgment,' given in, without the least idea of joking, by a contemporary. The first ran:—

" 'Let us mourn, let us mourn, let us mourn for our friend;  
Let us mourn for our friend and protector;  
Let us mourn, let us mourn, for Patroclus is dead;  
He is killed by the man-slaying Hector.'

"And the second:—

" 'What can the righteous man expect,  
But to go up to heaven erect?  
What can the wicked man desire,  
But to go down to hell-fire?'"

Hitherto the professor. Of course the first and the last of these poems are the ones illustrative of boyish cold-bloodedness. In the last the humorous *dislocation* of "expect" and "desire" is a material element of its fun. When an English judge decided, that the doctrine of eternal punishment was not an article of Anglican faith, the *Saturday Review* said, "that many worthy men were wroth with his lordship



for depriving the British Christian of his hopes of eternal damnation," which rather profane joke I quote merely as a parallel passage.

A small pupil of mine at a day-school was due every morning at a rather early hour, but was continually five minutes late. Now, this young man was so self-righteous, that under no circumstance would he admit he was ever to be blamed, but always had an excuse. "Ah, you little rascal," said I to him, as he trotted in one morning late and puffing as usual, "why don't you get up five minutes sooner?" "Sure I do, sir," whimpered the *παῖς ἀμύμων*, as I called him. More laughs than this did that "blameless boy" cause. Writing about a ghost, he called it a "hopgobbler," and "that bourne whence no traveller returns" he spoke of as, "the home of the gobblers." Pathetically describing Cicero's death he wrote: "When he got old, he got into a kind of box, and one day he put his head out of the top, and got chopped."

When stupid boys are being taught anything that is a little abstract, their stolidity and machine-like answering sometimes go a little way, by their absurdity, to make up for their teacher-torturing properties. I had inculcated with reiterated earnestness that "the *subject* was that about which something was said, and the *predicate* was, what was said about it." "Now, Jones," said I to a strapping lad of imperturbable brains, "what is the subject?" "That about which something is said about it," replied Jones, with about as little expression in his bucolic eye as even it could subsist upon. A little chap, who could almost have been cut out of Jones without being missed, explaining how the subject and predicate could be enlarged, gave as an example, "boys run," and then "fat boys run slowly." "Fat," said he, "is the enlargement of boys." "Harry," said I, impressively, to a little fellow who worked in the kitchen of a college, and to whom I gave lessons in the three "rs" during some spare half hours, "the rule for division of fractions is, 'invert the divisor, and proceed as in multiplication.' Do you know what 'invert' means?" "Noa, I doant," said the young North Briton, for such he was. "Well, then," I explained, "if you took Tommy (a fellow-kitchener) and turned him upside down, you would invert him." "Oh, sir," exclaimed Harry, "I seen a lot of little boys invertin' theirsels last Sunday on the Green."

Another young native of that part of the world being asked, "which was the greatest festival of the year, replied: "Poncake Tuesday," and a third gave as a reason for the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise that they had eaten up all the fruit. One of the most exquisite bits of child-humour I ever came across was in a critique in the *Spectator*. The incident was this. A little curly-headed boy of six runs into the play-room, where his sisters are chattering, and sets to work to fish for mice through some chinks in the wainscoting. His tackle is a crooked pin, a piece of cheese, and twine. After a while, he cries impatiently: "Will you hold your tongues, for how can a mouse bite if he hears any one talking?" As if the mouse were only too anxious to bite if he could do so, consistently with precedent and a due sense of what was to be expected from him.

We have been hitting the schoolboys rather hard, perhaps. Turn

about is fair play, so we must have a rap at the schoolmen, schoolmasters, professors, *et hoc genus omne*.

As a boy, I used to laugh myself at the quaint jingling of Kerchever Arnold's immortal verses, a couplet of which I have already quoted. Every schoolboy knows:—

“By *ut* translate infinitive  
With *ask, command, advise* and *strive*,  
(But not so with *jubeo*, nor  
With the verb deponent *conor*)  
And never be this rule forgot,  
Put *ne* for *ut* when there's a *knot*,”

as a schoolfriend of mine rendered the orthodox “not.” The knot and the tangle come very often in the theme and in the convolutions of the schoolboy's brain, poor fellow. Thomas Kerchever himself never penned two bolder lines than these in which he sings:—

“*Accedit*—you may think it odd—  
Is followed both by *ut* and *quod*.”

Though these verses are laughable, they are decidedly most useful, and boys will learn eagerly what is taught them in this way. Throwing items of knowledge into verse is a capital way to preserve them in the memory green. With a certain amount of honest pride and conscious merit I venture to publish here a couplet of my own on the spelling of a word which had long baffled me:—

“With two t's and an l  
'Battalion' you spell.”

This versicle I submit as a model and incentive to hundreds of others. Schoolmasters' sayings and doings may be laughable and useful, or useful and not laughable, or laughable and not useful. “Who dragged whom around the walls of what?” may or may not have been asked by a learned pedagogue; but questions, problems, and other scholastic products have been and are given to the light much less suggestive, often as absurd, and immeasurably more hopeless with respect to solution, than the above. The limits of an ordinary paper will not permit me to prove by actual examples all my assertions, nor would such a course be congenial to an easy-going commentary on wit phenomena, still I will bring evidence to bear me out, and if occasionally the connexion of what I say with wit be somewhat subtle, it may be useful one way or the other, and so I may gain a point. Professor D'Arcy Thompson, in his reminiscences of school, says: “Our apprenticeship to the Latin muses lasted for about two years. Your kitten may reach his full intellectual powers in a few months; but it takes time to form an elephant or a poet. I subjoin a few sets of quasi-arranged lines. We had probably transferred to Latin verse some thousands of similar sets, before we spread our wings for original flights.

“‘THE HORSE.

“‘The fiery steed, his tail in air proudly cocked,  
Not without much neighing traverses glad pastures.’

“ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

“To thee, O Alexander—learn, O ye kings, being admonished—  
Glory having been attained, Bacchus was a sad end.’

“The bee from various flowers sips sweetest honey;  
Speckled as to little body and yellow as to double legs;  
We, too, gather honey on Parnassus, a boyish crowd,  
Yellow as to legs and cærulean as to flowing robe.’

“When duly prepared for more adventurous effort, we were set to practise upon all the heroes and sages of antiquity; upon all seasons; upon diverse accidents of fire and flood; and the Gradus was our Helicon. *Magnanimus* would help Phaëthon on his hexametrical ride: Alexander was practicable with a preliminary *fortis*: Hercules would have been an unmetrical brute, but for his *alias* of Amphitryoniades, that pushed out like a promontory half way across the page.”

How improving, how developing to the mind and stimulative of thought these exercises and thousands of others like them must be to nine-tenths of the classes at our schools. Oh! the mystery of sluggishness, active and passive; oh! the mystery of bungling that prevails throughout the world, and nowhere more than in educational establishments. I have heard an experienced classical teacher say, that one great reason why the Latin grammar is so superior as an instrument of education to interesting subjects like physical geography, is the great aversion boys have to it. They hate Latin grammar; they would delight in physical geography properly taught. Overcoming this hatred and indulging this delight seem to constitute the deepest reasons\* why Latin grammar should be so much more excellent than physical geography, according to this view. I have heard another learned and worthy man speak in tones of strong disapproval of a school where little boys were taught, and enjoyed being taught, such things as Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis. It is true, that these marvellously interesting physical theories and facts are now-a-days made the vehicle for diffusing infidel principles; but, seeing that boys, and even small ones, get deeply interested in hearing the wonders of nature explained, why should they not be taught these things, and at the same time taught to rise from “nature up to nature's God?” Boys will listen with open mouths and wondering eyes to “the fairy tale of science.” They will ask questions, they will object, they will bring all their little store of experience to bear upon what you tell them; satisfied with your answers for the time, things that will occur during play-hours with their kites, tops, marbles, balls, within their own consciousness will supply them with further confirmations of or objections against your mind-opening statements and simple proofs regarding phenomena of heat, and light, and motion, and air, and water, and health, and sickness. This *supplementary* knowledge opens their minds, awakens their powers, gives them a thirst for knowledge, a taste for reading, love and respect for their teacher, and almost

\* Of course there are much deeper reasons for believing that there is no better instrument for the severe and accurate training of the youthful mind than the intelligent study of Latin and Greek literature. Difficulty is an element in discipline

secures their success both here and hereafter. I do not mean to say that classics and other dry work can be dispensed with. The study of language, the study of the most perfect languages, cannot be set aside. But I would have a class where the physical sciences would be *interestingly* taught, and the results of scientific research *interestingly* explained to boys from twelve years old up. It need not in the least interfere with Latin grammar, and may save from despair and destruction many a seemingly mashed-turnip-and-sawdust-brained youth, in whose brain pulp the mysteries of Latin grammar cause no satisfactory molecular action.

That ancient problem, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* has been solved by an English official on the G. S. and W. Railway, who appointed a countryman of his own "Inspector of Overlookers;" but a similar question has been asked by Professor Thompson, where he says: "Ah! reader, it were an easy task to examine our undergraduates, but who shall examine our examiners?" So far this problem has not received even an approximative solution. It was proposed in 1864, and Mr. Herbert Spencer ("Sociology," p. 97), writing more than ten years later, says: "Examiners, and especially those appointed under recent systems of administration, habitually put questions of which a large proportion are utterly inappropriate. As I learn from his son, one of our judges not long since found himself unable to answer an examination paper that had been laid before law students. A well-known Greek scholar, editor of a Greek play, who was appointed examiner, found that the examination paper set by his predecessor was too difficult for him. Mr. Froude in his inaugural address at St. Andrew's, describing a paper set by an examiner in English History, said: 'I could myself have answered two questions out of a dozen.' And I learn from Mr. G. H. Lewes, that he could not give replies to the questions on English literature, which the Civil Service examiners had put to his son. Joining which testimonies to kindred ones coming from students and professors on all sides, we find the really noteworthy thing to be, that examiners, instead of setting questions fit for students, set questions which make manifest their own extensive learning." Here we have evolved schoolmasters presented in a painfully ludicrous guise; so blown out with vanity as to make an absurdly immoral use of their position. How true the picture is, any one may judge for himself, who will look over the examination papers of the various universities and other examining bodies. When the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, was giving evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, he was asked by a vigorous advocate of the London University System: "But, Mr. Dean, have you seen the London University examination questions?" "Yes," replied the dean, "I have seen the questions, but I have never seen the answers."

I am not an admirer of Prince Bismarck. Nevertheless, I am willing to be amused by his highness. Last August there was a very pleasant discourse of his in the *Times* concerning professors, who were members of the German parliament. He said they came into the house with all their schoolmaster instincts untamed. When speaking they imagined their audience to be essentially the same as their

classes; they spoke as imperiously and dogmatically as if such were really the case; opposing or contradicting their statements and refuting their arguments took them painfully by surprise, and made them furious; in a word, such was their peculiar reasoning skill, that e'en though vanquished they could argue still. The Chancellor's picture of the schoolmaster turned legislator was to me as amusing as Goldsmith's immortal lines. Both hit off with equal pungency the salient points and weaknesses of pedagogues in different circumstances. Abernethy, the famous surgeon, in his lecture-room was monarch of all he surveyed. He had the pedagogic instincts strongly developed. As witty as he was imperious, scarce any one dared to oppose him. He sometimes met his match, however. One day, after lecturing on accidents caused by explosions, he asked a student:—"Now, Mr. Smith, what is the first thing you would do, if a man were blown up with gunpowder?" "I should wait till he came down," said Mr. Smith. Abernethy, nettled at the reply and stung by the laughter of the class, smiling bitterly, retorted: "And pray, Mr. Smith, what muscles should I put in motion, were I to proceed to kick you out of the room for that impertinent answer?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm, sir," replied the student, "for I should instantly knock you down." This is pure wit. We are surprised and delighted at the relation discovered between the professor's question, that seemed final, and the student's answer, so manly, so triumphant for himself, so humiliating for the slashing professor. What adds to the charm is, that two wits were engaged, and victory declares itself for the younger against a redoubted gladiator in the arena of browbeating and intellectual bullying. There is another good story of Abernethy, which shows his rough and ready *humour* in a different sphere. One of our countrymen rushed into the hospital one day, and shouted: "Och, be the powers, docthor, but my son Tim has swallowed a mouse." "Och, thin, be the powers," said the 'docthor' (himself an Irishman), "your son Tim had betther swallow a cat."

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## NANO NAGLE AND THE CENTENARY OF THE PRESENTATION ORDER.

THE twenty-first day of the month on which we are entering will be a joyful solemnity for the members of that holy Institute which takes its name from the festival of that day. The Presentation Order, on the 21st of this November, the Feast of our Lady's Presentation, celebrates the centenary of its first foundation.

The present is an age of tercentenaries and centenaries and anniversaries, and such like commemorations of past lives and past events

The children of light do wisely in copying some of the earnestness and versatile zeal for which the children of this world are remarkable. This is one of the world's devices. But, indeed, the Church herself is the best model to copy in the fidelity of her affection and reverence for the memory of her heroes. To seek their patronage, to emulate their virtues, and to cherish their fame, are duties which she imposes either upon all her children or else upon certain tribes and families amongst them, linked more closely with the departed by ties of race or spiritual kinship. Still more are the religious orders in the Catholic Church bound to foster a filial devotion towards their founders. Not less, but perhaps more, in degree though not in kind, is this loyalty due to one like Nano Nagle, who is not yet proposed to the general veneration of the faithful, but is, as it were, the exclusive property of her spiritual daughters.

Nano Nagle has happily not been left without a record in the religious history of Ireland. The details of her life which Dr. Coppinger, Bishop of Cork, embodied in a sermon soon after her death, were published at the time, and have often been reprinted. The late Dr. Dominick Murphy, Dean of Cork, contributed to an early number of the *Dublin Review*\* a biographical sketch which was afterwards enlarged and published separately. But to the Rev. Dr. Hutch, of St. Colman's College, Fermoy, it was reserved to give, in 1875, the fullest account of the Presentation Order and its holy foundress under the title of "Nano Nagle, her Life, her Labours, and their Fruits." (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.)

When in a letter the phrase "of course you have heard" introduces a bit of news, it is pretty sure to be still new to us, though we are supposed to have certainly heard it before. Of course, then, the reader is acquainted with the general outline of Nano Nagle's life. He knows, too, that she was first cousin to Edmund Burke, "the greatest genius (says Macaulay) since Milton." A hundred years earlier, the son of Edmund Spenser married Ellen Nagle—which accounts for the son of Queen Elizabeth's laureate becoming a Catholic. Nano, or Honora Nagle, was born in 1728, a full century before Catholic Emancipation. It is pleasant to hear she was so full of girlish freaks that Garret Nagle had to comfort his wife with a "Never mind, poor Nano will be a saint yet." The turning point in her career was that raw winter morning in Paris (whither she had gone in those penal days for her education) when, coming home from a ball, she saw some pious people, chiefly the poor, waiting at the porch of a church in their wish to hear the first mass. The contrast affected her powerfully; and, as her soul was generous and strong, this impression was not speedily effaced, as such impressions are in many souls. She determined to give herself wholly to the service of God and to draw many others in various ways to his service.

As is very often the case with the divine instruments, God drew

\* This article made the character of Nano Nagle so familiar to a certain set of children who overheard their elders discussing it, that once, playing as was their wont at conundrums and such like fireside pastimes, one of them twisted her name into the very obvious anagram—*On an Angel*.

her on step by step, not letting her know at first all that He wanted from her. Before establishing an institute of her own to be devoted exclusively to her own work of predilection, the education of the poor, Miss Nagle was employed by God to introduce the holy daughters of St. Angela Merici into Ireland. In all the souls that the Ursuline Nuns have trained to piety in the middle and upper classes, with all the sacred social influences that each of these Ursuline pupils has exercised, and will exercise over fathers and brothers, and many another—in all this good, Nano Nagle has a founder's share.

But her special, divinely appointed task was the foundation of the Presentation Order. We now-a-days, no matter what effort we make, can form no idea of the backward, downcast, downtrodden state of our people at this period. After the desolation of the penal days, Nano Nagle's name is called in Gerald Griffin's poem "the first shooting of light in the gloom." She it is whom he apostrophises thus:—

"Hail, star of the lowly! apostle of light,  
In the glow of whose fervour the cottage grew bright!  
Sweet violet of sanctity, lurking concealed,  
Till the wind wafts the leaf and the bloom is revealed.  
By the light of that glory which burst on thy youth  
In its day-dreams of pleasure, and woke it to truth—  
By the tears thou hast shed, by the toil thou hast borne,  
Oh! say shall our night know a breaking of morn?"

The gentle and gifted man, who, moved by the same spirit, taught the poor Cork children as a Christian Brother, was not the only poet to sing her praises. The dramatic incident alluded to somewhat vaguely towards the end of these lines is the subject of "The Lesson Heeded," by Miss Harriett Skidmore ("Marie") of San Francisco. Among the Centennial Hymns we may select the following by the wife of Kevin Izod O'Dogherty, which shows that "Eva," of *The Nation*, has not in her exile quite forgotten her beloved art:—

"A hundred years unto thy glory, Lord!  
Unto the glory of thy name alone—  
A hundred years, all thine in work and word,  
Now solemn stand before thy great, white throne!

"They come with countless treasures in their hands,  
More pure than gold, more fragrant than the rose;  
The myrrh and frankincense of Eastern lands  
Are not more precious or more sweet than those.

"A hundred years of praises and of prayer,  
Of struggles with the hosts of sin and death,  
Of dauntless courage and of triumphs rare,  
Adown the narrow and the thorny path.

"A hundred years of teachings all divine,  
Of earthly passions purified—controlled—  
Of hope and love around the Cross entwined,  
Of error gently led unto the fold;

"Of hidden, silent martyrdom that wrought  
 In blessed lowliness unknown—unnamed;  
 Of sainted souls that, having bravely fought,  
 The amaranthine crown and palm-branch claimed;

"Of holy ones, athirst for righteousness,  
 That pierced with eager eye the distant skies—  
 Striving the ways of evil to repress,  
 With all the grandeur of self-sacrifice.

"Thou knowest, O Lord! from Dives' purple state  
 Thy children turned, where, crouching in the dust,  
 The lowly beggar faint and stricken sate,  
 To crave of wealth o'erflowing one small crust.

"For thee they sought the desolate of earth,  
 To guard and tend with loving heart and hand;  
 For thee they walked in ruin dark and dearth,  
 Till blessings fell like dew upon the land!

"And pain and sorrow that would fain benumb  
 The weary mortal on his gloomy way,  
 Became as wings to soar to that bright home  
 Where shine the splendour of the perfect day.

"Accept the offerings, Lord, before thee laid!  
 And as the past, so let the future be—  
 That centuries, in glorious light arrayed,  
 May yet arise to praise and honour thee!

"*San Francisco, Cal., June 21, 1877.*"

Nano Nagle will be better pleased to be lost and forgotten in her children, to have their praises sung rather than her own. And therefore I will give, promising that this shall be the last of my quotations, the simple and truthful lines in which the Presentation Nun is described to the life by "Mary," another poetess of *The Nation* newspaper in its golden age—the late Ellen Downing, of Cork, of saintly memory, who will soon, I trust, be introduced more fully to the readers of this magazine:—

"I like to sit and think about the Presentation Nun,  
 Her life so little known or praised—her labours never done.  
 It rarely comes her way to hear a word would seem to prove  
 That she is recognised on earth as one who works for love.

"Men do not see her good works shine, and scruple not to say  
 Her talent hid within the earth can only rust away.  
 They twit her with her idle prayers, and show the service true  
 That to the sick, and maimed, and poor, St. Vincent's daughters do.

"Long may St. Vincent's daughters walk like angels through the land,  
 And read a lesson to the world it needs must understand;  
 But no more gracious mission yet hath minstrel ever sung  
 Than that with which her God doth charge the Presentation Nun.

"No time she finds to reap on earth, so ceaselessly she sows;  
 She watches still the dawn of life—let others watch its close.  
 Her task is with the youthful mind, her place is in the school,  
 Her whole perfection twined about the one unvarying rule.



"But seldom does the eye of man upon her work look down;  
Yet not the less does God behold the labours God will crown.  
Nor never turns his glance aside, nor less reward will pay,  
Because his roughest work is done to-morrow as to-day.

"For God it is no task to watch the ever-shifting throng—  
To track each individual life from out the school-house gone.  
He crowns the hardy battles fought in black temptation's strife—  
He leads the weeping wanderers back to the fresh springs of life.

"And for the saints that He has kept—the sinners He has won—  
He has his chosen day to thank the Presentation Nun,  
Who vows her life to labours here, unheeded, as his own;  
And when his harvest-time has come, will reap what she hath sown."

The venerable John of Avila, who sent many a novice into the Society of Jesus, but did not enter it himself, compared himself in this respect to a church-bell which summons the faithful to Mass, but always remains itself outside. Many have imagined, partly on account of her relations with the Ursulines, that, though Nano Nagle was the foundress of one order of Irish nuns and, in a less strict sense, of two, she herself never became a religious. This is quite an error. Miss Nagle and her first three companions pronounced their simple vows as Nuns of the Presentation on the 24th of June, 1777. The feast of the Baptist's Nativity was thus the birthday also of the Order, and, as such, it has this year been kept in many convents as the centennial feast.\* But almost on that very day, the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, during his last visit to Rome, laid before our most holy Father the Pope the following statement which, for certain reasons, seems important enough to quote exactly:—

"One hundred years ago (1777) when the persecutions against Catholics were somewhat abated in Ireland, certain pious ladies founded in the city of Cork a school for girls, and by degrees formed themselves into a religious order, which was approved of by Pius VII. in the beginning of this century, and the vows made therein declared solemn. The Nuns of the Presentation, who began in this manner, founded, by degrees, convents throughout Ireland, in which, with much fruit, they teach young girls, and particularly the children of the poorer classes. This hundredth year from the foundation of their first school, these Nuns of the Blessed Virgin humbly supplicate your Holiness to grant them leave to celebrate by a novena or triduum of devotions in their churches and oratories."

On the first of July, the Holy Father, in acceding to this petition, granted a plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, to all the faithful who shall assist thrice at the three days' devotions, and the like indulgence to all who shall assist at the nine days' devotions at least five times; an indulgence also of seven years being granted to all the faithful each time they assist at any of the above-mentioned devotions.

\* Another candidate for these centennial honours might be next Christmas Day, the hundredth anniversary of the opening of the first house of the Presentation Order.

The limited but valued portion of our constituency for whom foregoing details possess a special interest will thank us for another announcement made in the official document from which we are quoting, namely, that on the same occasion the Pope granted permission to the Nuns of the Presentation Order in Ireland to celebrate henceforth the Feast of the Presentation as a double of the first class with an octave. It is a pity that the phrase "*moniales Presentationis quæ in Hibernia commorantur*" seems not to include the Sisters also in their glorious exile of zeal and charity at St. K. and the Golden Gate.

Nano Nagle, like St. Jane Frances de Chantal, was forced to abandon her first intention of devoting her spiritual daughters not only to the education of the poor but to the visitation of the sick and the external charitable works to which the Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of Charity were soon after permitted to consecrate themselves. She was not long spared to watch over her infant institute. She died in the South Presentation Convent, in Cork, on the 20th of May 1784, in her 56th year.

Of the seventy-three Presentation Convents into which that first convent has multiplied, the greatest number are, of course, in Ireland—none north of Drogheda. In England there seems to be only one Presentation Convent—that at Manchester; and in the United States they have only planted themselves at the two extreme points—New York and San Francisco. They are much more numerous in New Zealand, and in Australia they are spreading, the last foundation being in May, 1874, at Wagga Wagga, of "Claimant" notoriety. When the Presentation Nuns of 1977 are preparing for their second Centenary, one of them should ferret out this present paper in a musty and faded copy of the fifth volume of the IRISH MONTHLY. They will be puzzled at the phrase with which the preceding sentence concludes. But there is no time now to explain to that Sister Student of the twentieth century who Sir Roger Tichborne was or is.

And so the work goes on, humbly, silently, steadily—some eight hundred of these virgin daughters of the New Eve devoting their lives to prayer and to the education of some twenty thousand of the poorest of their sex, training them up in faith and piety and knowledge, and so preparing them for the dangers of their lot, whilst themselves leading hidden lives of poverty, chastity, and obedience, in the seclusion of their simple and holy and happy convents. And this is not for a few years or for a hundred years: for this year is their second centenary, and still the work goes on. What a work! And how blessed a thing to have any part whatever in such a work! How great the reward must be the glory and joy for ever of having had therein the merit and reward of God's chief instrument, the first mover and founder. Surely it is nothing more than the truth to say, as has been said, since the days of the Mary of Erin, St. Bride of Kildare, no woman has more closely interwoven her name with the hearts of the Irish race than the venerable Nano Nagle.

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Suppression of the Society of Jesus in the Portuguese Dominions.*  
By the Rev. ALFRED WELD, S. J. (London: Burns & Oates,  
Portman-street. 1877.)

A SPIRITUAL writer has said something to the effect that "Holy Indifference" requires a strong preference for what is more perfect. Somewhat in the same way certain critics refuse the credit of impartiality to all historians and biographers who have not an emphatic bias against the personages whose acts and characters are under discussion. Gibbon, Froude, and such like are, according to these critics, the only impartial authorities where the records of Christianity or Catholicity are concerned. They certainly are pretty sure not to be unduly prepossessed in favour of Christianity and Catholicity; and anything that they admit to the credit of either must be accepted as indisputable.

Father Alfred Weld has no pretensions to impartiality of this sort with regard to the subject of his recently published History. It forms the twenty-second volume of the Quarterly Series which has been issued four times each year, for many years past, under the editorship of the Rev. Henry Coleridge, S. J., with a regularity all the more surprising when we consider the size and importance of the works of which the series consists.

The present volume is only the first of several which will be devoted to the History of the Suppression of the Society of Jesus. It narrates the suppression of the Society in the Portuguese Dominions; but, as it is the first to open the subject, it necessarily refers also to its more general aspects. Paraguay, Pombal, Malagrida—one needs merely a superficial acquaintance with this epoch of history to recall names of places and persons like these, the very mention of which suggests the varied and often pathetic interest that the book possesses. The most painful ingredient in that interest is the number of good and well-meaning persons who may be drawn to take part in injustice when led astray by their own prejudices, or duped by wicked men, able and plausible as wicked men sometimes are. To some religious institutions in the Catholic Church is specially applicable that illustration which compares the different appreciation of the Church itself from within and from without to the difference between the appearance of the stained-glass window of a cathedral as seen by one of the worshippers in its aisles and the same as seen by a passer-by in the street.

- II. *Nora.* Translated from the German. By PRINCESS MARIE LIECHTENSTEIN. (London: Burns & Oates. 1877.)

THE author of this translation, known before by her work on Holland House, seems in her preface to place Ferdinande Von Brackel, the writer of her story, on a level with Lady Georgiana Fullerton in England, and Madame Craven in France. If "Nora," as represented in this

translation, be a fair sample of the German lady's talents, it seems to us extravagant praise to compare her with the gifted author of "Grantly Manor," and so many other excellent novels. The other term of comparison is not so far above her. "Nora" professes to show that God's flowers bloom upon every soil; but we do not think that the plot, devised for the purpose of inculcating this lesson, was very happily chosen or very successfully carried out. As regards the English dress of the story, there are, in every page, peculiarities of diction (to use an euphemism), which ought to have been edited out of the volume at some stage of its existence. To a work of this kind, written with excellent intentions, we should be glad to feel ourselves able to give more unqualified praise.

III. *Sun and Sunbeams: One of the Fairy Tales of Science.* By J. O'BRYNE CROKE, M. A. (Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Figgis. 1877.)

THIS neat little poetical *brochure* owes its name and its metre to "Locksley Hall," from which also it takes its motto:—

"There about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime,  
With the fairy tales of science and the long results of time."

But even with this relationship confessed or paraded, is not Tennyson's couplet—

"For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of man grow wider with the process of the suns,"

is it not parodied somewhat too closely, without acknowledgment, at the close of these lines:—

"There's a hidden life in all things, there are pulses evermore  
Beating, beating, throbbing, throbbing, this vast universe all o'er;  
Beating ever, throbbing ever, and a gracious purpose runs  
Forth through all sublime creation, round with all the circling suns."

The subject of the poem is the wave-theory of Light. Mr. Croke displays considerable skill in throwing into this ballad-form some of the speculations of philosophers like Tyndall, more intent, however, than they on looking through nature up to nature's God. But surely such a theme would have been treated more satisfactorily in the metre of the "Essay on Man."

IV. *Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism.* By NICHOLAS SANDERS, D.D. Translated by D. LEWIS. (London: Burns & Oates. 1877.)

WE are unwilling to defer any longer our cordial recommendation of this very important work, though our space does not allow an adequate review of it, even in proportion to the very scanty limits assigned to our book-notices. It gives in a large library volume a very ably executed translation of the famous treatise *De Schismate Anglicano*. The authority of the work is vindicated in Mr. Lewis's Introduction, which is, in itself, a learned treatise of some hundred pages on Henry VIII.'s Divorce, as illustrated chiefly by

recent State Paper revelations. Throughout the whole volume, very exact and laborious notes give the chief dates and facts in the life of each prominent person mentioned in the text, and bring the latest historical materials to illustrate the subject. Besides a good and full index, the Translator has added the "Annals of the Schism," beginning with "1471, Thomas Wolsey, born at Ipswich; 1477, birth of Sir Thomas Boleyn; 1491, birth of Henry VIII." The study of this dismal subject is necessary for many. The present work is an important contribution thereto.

V. *The Eternal Years*. By the Hon. Mrs. ALFRED MONTGOMERY. (London: Burns & Oates. 1877.)

Mrs. MONTGOMERY'S beautiful little treatise on the "Eternal Years," is written very thoughtfully, with much grace of style and often eloquence. The theme—God in Eternity and in Time—is a daring one even for a theologian; and we therefore think it well to mention that these devout and glowing pages have passed through the *American Catholic World*, under the Editorship of the Paulist Father, Isaac Hecker, and that in their present shape they are preceded by a preface of some length, from the pen of the Rev. George Porter, S.J., formerly Professor of Theology, at St. Beuno's College. "The Eternal Years," and "The Divine Sequence," form together a very remarkable work to proceed from the lively, feminine pen which gave us lately those lively travel-sketches, entitled, "On the Wing," together with the Tales, which are, in a certain degree, guaranteed by appearing after Mrs. Montgomery's name on the title-page of the present work.—"The Bucklyn Shaig," "Mine Own Familiar Friend," and "The Wrong Man."

VI. *October, Month of the Holy Angels*. By M. L'ABBE RICHARD. (London: R. Washbourne. 1877.)

THIS is one of a series of little books called "The Twelve Months sanctified by Prayer." It did not reach us in time to be recommended to the devout reader for use during the month for which it is specially intended. But the angels watch over us and pray for us in all months, and not in October only; and our duties to them, in return, are not confined to the month that is just gone by.

VII. *The Three Tabernacles*. By THOMAS A KEMPIS. Edited by the Rev. M. COMERFORD. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1877.)

THIS small quarto is one of the neatest productions of the Dublin press. The treatise is somewhat in the style of Thomas a Kempis's "Valley of Lilies." The excellent translation of a Protestant writer of a century and a half ago is followed, except where he mutilated his text according to the *adapting* policy which Anglicans still follow in enriching their devotional literature from Catholic sources, as they are fond of doing.

## WINGED WORDS.

## XXI.

1. The human heart is like a millstone : if you put wheat under it, it grinds the wheat into flour ; if you put no wheat, it grinds on, but then it is itself that it wears away.—*Anon.*

2. That penalty's the best to bear

Which follows soonest on the sin ;

And guilt's a game where losers fare

Better than those who seem to win.—*Coventry Patmore.*

3. Knowledge is a steep which few may climb, but duty is a path which all may tread.—*Epic of Hades.*

4. An age which can find Love in no poetry except " love poetry " is a cold-hearted age and one of narrow sympathies.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

5. Heaven disappoints our fears much oftener than our hopes.—*Anon.*

6. High and sustained excellence of artistic performance must be wooed with industrious thought and patient renunciation of small desires.—*George Eliot.*

7. I believe that the best way to a person's head is through his heart.—*Barry Cornwall.*

8. Plato denied admittance to a poet in his ideal republic ; and his republic has remained ideal.—*The Same.*

9. Poetry is a great means of applying and commending the dictates of reason to the imagination, for the better moving of the appetite and the will.—*Lord Bacon.*

10. The proper answer to abuse is contempt ; and contempt does not show itself by contemptuous expressions.—*Macaulay.*

11. I think that prompt payment of debts is a moral duty ; knowing, as I do, how painful it is to have such things deferred.—*The Same.*

12. The names and memories of great men are the dowry of a nation. Widowhood, overthrow, desertion, even slavery, cannot take away from her this sacred inheritance. Whenever national life begins to quicken, the dead heroes rise in the memories of men, and appear to the living to stand by in solemn spectatorship and approval. No country can be lost which feels herself overlooked by such glorious witnesses.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

13. Live as long as you may, the first twenty years is the longest half of your life.—*Southey.*

14. It is astonishing how much good goodness makes. Nothing that is good is alone ; it makes others good or others bad—and on, like a stone thrown into a pond which makes circles that make other wide ones, and then others till the last reaches the shore.—*Canon Moseley.*

## IN THE FIVE ACRE FIELD.

BY KATHARINE ROCHE.

## CHAPTER I.

## AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

A LITTLE more to the right, if you please, sir. Thank you; that will do."

And the young artist who was blocking out the first outlines of my portrait went on with his work, in a methodical, businesslike manner, which to me augured well for its successful completion. Meantime, I took advantage of my position as sitter to subject him to a scrutiny as careful as the one I was myself undergoing from him—and perhaps even more critical.

He was quite young—not more than three or four-and-twenty at the outside—with a pleasant, boyish face, and bright, honest gray eyes. There was no affectation of the picturesque in his dress, his rough tweed suit being such as my own boys wear, while his light brown hair was cut close and brushed up into a crest over his square forehead, in regular schoolboy fashion. He was not exactly a gentleman, but the natural refinement of his appearance, and his entire freedom from pretension, would have effectually prevented his being stigmatised as vulgar or underbred.

The way it came to pass that I was sitting to him for my portrait was this. I had an old friend, a clever, kind-hearted man, although somewhat eccentric, whose great delight it was to patronise young artists, and give a helping hand towards launching them out into the world where, if truth be told, they were seldom heard of after. This young man, Michael O'Hara, was Shaw's latest *protégé*, about whom he was somewhat less enthusiastic than usual, saying that, although able to draw with feeling and correctness anything he had once seen, he was deficient in imagination and entirely lacked creative power. To me, who am not an art-critic, it seemed that the power of accurately representing visible fact was a very great one, and the acquisition thereof a sufficient aim for at least the early years of an artist's career; but in deference to Shaw's superior judgment, I kept guard over the expression of my admiration for Michael O'Hara's bits of landscape, which always gave me a feeling of fresh air and sunshine, and for his spirited studies of old applewomen, beggars, and bare-footed children. In spite of the defective quality of his genius, Shaw took a personal interest, stronger even than usual, in O'Hara; I think it must have been the lad's bright face, and pleasant manner, which had won his heart, and made him exert himself to the utmost in obtaining orders for his *protégé*. Shaw had, of course, sat for his own portrait, and the lifelike crayon head in which the strong individuality of the original had been caught and carefully rendered, so

pleased my wife, that she set her heart upon having a **similar** portrait of me. I consented to sit without much difficulty, **knowing** that so doing would please both her and Shaw, while **benefiting** the portrait artist, in whom, without ever having seen him, I was **perverse** enough to take an interest seldom felt by me for the latest thing in general discovered by my friend. Accordingly, I found myself one morning in O'Hara's studio, employed, as I have said, in a critical study of his personal appearance.

He worked on for some time in silence; then perceiving, I suppose, that I looked bored, he made some shy attempts at conversation, to which I responded, and we were soon engaged in a discussion on general topics, wherein he displayed considerable intelligence and a familiarity with literature which somewhat surprised me. At a time, I contrived to bring the conversation round to his own professional prospects, concerning which he spoke with frankness and simplicity. I asked if he had taken many portraits. "No," he said, "up to this he had had few orders, but he hoped for more; his principal occupation lay in teaching. He gave lessons in some of the large schools in the city, and had private pupils besides. He had managed very well up to this; but in future," he added, "I must work harder, for," with a shy, blushing laugh, "I am married now."

"Are you, indeed?" I said, adding mentally; "about the most foolish thing you could have done, my lad. I suppose, too, that you have married some one in or beneath your own rank, who will be a weight round your neck all the days of your life. You ought to have waited another ten years, and then married a woman who could have given you a helping hand upwards, intellectually and socially."

Had he told me that he was *going* to be married, I should almost have ventured to say this or its equivalent aloud, for I had seen much in my day of the evils arising from imprudent marriages of struggling professional men. As things were, however, such remarks would have been as useless as impertinent; so I tried to say some commonplace words of congratulation; but he, perceiving the constraint in my manner, withdrew into his shell, and for some time neither of us spoke. At length he told me that he had come to a part of his work which could be carried on without the sitter, and asked if I should not like to rest myself by walking about the room. Glad of any change of posture, as well as of an opportunity of breaking the awkward silence, I assented, and began my tour of inspection round the studio; a good-sized, scantily furnished room, quite destitute of the picturesque properties usually affected by young artists. A number of sketches and studies hung around, or rested in modest retirement with their faces to the wall. I began to examine some of these, and to ask questions concerning them, now and then venturing on a little criticism, to which O'Hara submitted with a very good grace, sometimes acknowledging the truth of my remarks, at others questioning them, and supporting his own opinion in a sensible, straightforward manner. At length I came to an unfinished picture which struck me as far beyond anything of O'Hara's that I had yet seen. It was a small oil-painting of two figures; one nearly finished, the other as yet



in outline. On one of the projecting stones of a rude stile, leading across a low, bramble-grown wall, sat a girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age. Her cotton dress was pinned up over a dark woollen petticoat, short enough to show the small, stoutly-shod feet; a brightly-coloured shawl or handkerchief was crossed on her neck, and her round, white arms were bare to the elbow. She was very pretty, with hazel eyes and brown hair; the expression of her face, gentler and less roguish perhaps, than is usual among Irish girls of her class. Between her loosely-clasped hands she held some ears of corn and crimson poppies, and her head was bent, as if she were listening to the words of the person who leant against the wall by her side. This figure was, as I have said, still in outline; it was that of a heavy, clumsily-built young man in peasant dress. Behind these two figures stretched a long perspective of hilly slopes, ending in a heathery mountain summit; the foreground was a bit of corn-field, on one side of which the tall, ripened ears were still standing, while on the other they lay prostrate on the ground, showing that it was harvest-time. The subject was a commonplace one, but it was carefully and delicately treated; while the girl was so beautiful, her attitude so graceful, and withal so natural, as she sat enthroned upon the stile, in the sunny, breezy corn-field, that it would be hard to find a more charming little picture of its class.

"This seems to me by far the best thing of yours I have seen, Mr. O'Hara," I said. "I hope you mean to finish it."

"I am trying to have it ready for the Abbey-street Exhibition in the spring, sir," he answered. "I intended it for last year, but somehow I had no heart then to finish it."

At this moment, the studio door opened, and a girl entered whom, in spite of the change in her attire, I at once recognised as the original of the picture. She was now in a dress of some soft gray material, made in a simple and unpretending manner, yet such as any lady might wear, and her brown hair was coiled at the back of her head, in the very perfection of artistic simplicity. But becoming as this dress was to her fair face and slender figure, and little as there was of awkwardness or *gaucherie* in her movements, I still could not help thinking that the costume of the picture was her natural one, and the more ladylike attire recently assumed. She went straight over to O'Hara, and resting her hand upon his shoulder, looked smilingly down upon his work, while he raised his bright face towards hers with a look of fond, proud admiration, very pleasant to see. The two would have made a pretty picture themselves at that moment. She was evidently quite unconscious of my presence, and he appeared for the moment to have forgotten it. Presently, however, he made a gesture, drawing her attention to the corner where I was trying to appear absorbed in the contemplation of an anatomical study. She coloured crimson on seeing me, and saying a few words in a low voice to O'Hara, left the room.

As I settled myself again in the sitter's chair, I said: "That young lady is your wife, I presume, Mr. O'Hara?"

"She is, sir."

"And the original of the picture I so much admire?"

"Yes. I did not think, though, when I began that picture, she would ever be my wife."

"Indeed, I said. "I am beginning to suspect, Mr. O'Hara, there is some little romance in connexion with your marriage. As I can see that it has ended happily, I have no hesitation in asking you to tell me the story."

"There is really no story to tell, sir. None, that is, which interests me."

"You do not know that until you try," I said. "Come, Mr. O'Hara, it is part of the duty of a portrait-painter to amuse his sitters, and you cannot, in this instance, find a better means of so doing than by telling me the story."

"Well, sir, since you are kind enough to take an interest in me, I will do my best to tell it to you." And pointing his chalks afresh, and with the determination that the story should not for a moment be allowed to interfere with his work, he began.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIVE ACRES.

"You must know, sir, that the year before last I went on a sketching tour in the county Wicklow, walking from place to place, and staying for a few days wherever I found anything likely to make a good subject for a sketch. One of these halts was made at a village called Kilgrennan, which commands a view of the distant mountains, the view I was particularly anxious to attempt. Accordingly, I took lodgings in the village, and having obtained the requisite permission, I the next morning established myself and my sketching apparatus in a large field of oats, just then in the hands of the reapers, and which, in addition to affording me a good point of sight for my picture, would also form a foreground to it, in picturesque contrast to the gray and purple hills, and bit of dark plantation, of which its chief features were to consist. I do not ever remember beginning a sketch under such pleasant conditions. I had settled myself in a corner of the field, sheltered by a large thorn-bush, and commanding a full view of the busy scene, while the brilliant sunshine, clear atmosphere, and mountain breeze, all tended to raise my spirits, and increase my aptitude for work. I stopped my regular employment many times in the course of the morning to make a hurried sketch of some picturesque figure among the binders, or note the passing effect of the cloud shadows on the hills. At length, just as I was thinking of laying aside my brush, and eating the dinner I had brought with me, my eye was caught by a figure coming quickly down a sloping pasture-field, on the other side of the stone wall near which I sat. It was that of a girl in a blue cotton gown, with a scarlet handkerchief over her shoulders, and carrying a large earthen pitcher in her hand. At first

I merely noticed her as a bit of colour against the green field ; but as she came nearer, I perceived that she was exceedingly pretty, and I felt pleased when I saw her mount the stile not far from where I sat, and, resting her pitcher on the top of the wall, jump lightly down into the field. As she advanced, she was quickly surrounded by the group of reapers and binders, to whom she served out the milk from her pitcher, taking care that no one should be left without his or her fair share. This done, she returned slowly towards the stile, accompanied now by one of the reapers, a heavy, clumsy-looking fellow, with a shock head of red hair, and a dull, coarse-featured face. He could not have had much chivalry or courtesy in his nature, for I noticed that, although unburthened except by his sickle, he allowed the girl to carry the pitcher herself. When they reached the stile, the girl seated herself upon it, in a quiet businesslike manner, while her companion leaned against the wall, smoking his short pipe, with the air of a man who performs a not disagreeable duty. The girl listened to his apparently brief remarks, with an expression of quiet contentment, smiling gently at times ; her fingers busy with the arrangement of some ears of corn and poppies which she had gathered as she passed through the field. If, as I supposed, the pair were lovers, they were not a very well-assorted couple, as far, at least, as appearance went. At the end of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, the girl rose, and recrossing the stile, took her way again along the path by which she had come, while the man, putting his pipe, still alight, into his pocket, sauntered lazily back to his work.

“ Meantime, I had employed myself in making a hasty sketch of the girl as she sat upon the stile, and I spent a good part of the day, which ought to have been devoted to my study of the mountains, in working up this sketch. I thought that it would, if finished, make a very pretty little picture, and I determined to call, on my way home that evening, at the farmhouse, and ask permission to leave my things there for the night, so that if, as I supposed, my model were the farmer’s daughter, I might see her again and obtain from her, if possible, the promise of a regular sitting.

“ So, that evening, when the last of the little troop of reapers and binders had left the field, I too gave up work, and laden with my painting apparatus, took my way to the thatched and whitewashed farmhouse, standing a couple of fields off. As I drew near, I saw in the doorway the same pair of figures that had attracted my attention in the morning. The girl was so absorbed, either in her knitting, or in the conversation of her companion, that the latter was the first to perceive my presence ; his salutation, ‘ A fine evening, your honour,’ causing her to look up, and greet me with a half shy, half friendly smile. I made my request concerning the painting things, which she answered with ‘ To be sure, sir, and welcome.’ Then going before me into the large earthen-floored kitchen of the cottage, she spoke to the old farmer, who was smoking comfortably in a corner by the turf fire.

“ ‘ Father, this is the gentleman that was painting to-day in the

Five Acre, and I'm after telling him he may leave his things here for the night.'

"The old man rose, and welcomed me in a courteous, almost dignified manner, while Nelly pointed to a corner of the kitchen, where she said my things would be quite safe for the night. Before putting them away, I exhibited my landscape, which called forth many exclamations of wonder and delight.

"'Well,' said Nelly, 'I never thought to see the Five Acre put into a picture, and there it is, so that any one would know it; and the meadow beyond; and look, Phil, there's the mountain with the white road twisting round it, and the clouds and the trees, just as we see them overright us this minute.'

"'Sure enough, 'tis wonderful,' said Phil. 'I suppose now, sir, you gets a dale o' money for them pictures?'

"I did not think it necessary to enlighten Phil as to the precise market value of my productions, so I asked:

"'How much, now, do you think, this one would be worth?' but he absolutely declined to commit himself by giving any opinion on the subject.

"Meantime, Nelly had discovered another object of interest in the picture, for she silently pointed out to her companion the rough indication of a white cottage and group of farm buildings half way up the hill.

"'Well, now to think o' that, Nelly,' said Phil, as soon as he had made out what the few strokes of the brush were intended to represent; 'to think of our house being put into a picture!'

"'Is that your house?' I asked.

"'Tis, sir. Anyway 'twill soon be. The two old men, my father an' hers,' with a jerk of his thumb towards Nelly, who immediately struck in with a 'Whisht'; then, going on rapidly, as if to stop farther revelations, she asked:

"'Do you ever paint pictures of people, sir?'

"Here was the opportunity I wanted. I took out the sketch I had that morning made of herself, and showed it to her. Her wonder and delight at being put into a picture were something worth seeing; and even the old farmer himself, coming back from his chimney-corner, put on his spectacles to look at his daughter's portrait, saying, 'That it was very like Nell, only not purty enough;' a criticism to which Phil assented with, 'Thru for you, sir,' glad apparently of an opportunity of being complimentary without too much mental effort.

"I then expressed my wish to paint a larger picture of the same subject, explaining that to do so properly I would require a few regular sittings, which I asked Nelly to give me. She made no difficulty about it, appearing pleased, in a simple, childlike way, at the idea of any one wanting to paint her picture. Our arrangements were therefore quickly made, and for many subsequent days I used to put by my outdoor work a couple of hours before sunset, and take my way to the farmhouse, where Nelly was waiting for me. She made an excellent model, always willing to sit patiently as long as I wished,

and the study of her head, which I was making, progressed rapidly. She and I soon grew to be friends, and I quickly learned from her what little there was to be told concerning her past life. Her mother had died when she was very young, and she had lived a good deal with her grandmother in the town of Wicklow, going to the convent day-school. Her aunt was a lay-sister in the convent, and the nuns had all been kind to Nelly. She always paid them a visit, she said, when she went over to Wicklow to see her grandmother, and sometimes she sung in the convent choir at vespers. She appeared very fond of the sisters, and I thought perhaps her greater refinement might be in part due to their teaching. She was also in the habit of reading the newspaper to her father, who, like many of his class, was a keen politician, and in this way she had picked up a good deal of information, and could talk very intelligently on many subjects. In short, before my sketch was finished, I awoke to the consciousness that I was very much in love with my model, and that unless I could win her for my wife, life would be to me but a dreary look out.

"You see, sir, although I seemed to Nelly and her father to be a gentleman, and was always treated by them as far above them in social standing, I was not so in reality. My father keeps a little shop in a country village down in Westmeath, and my poor mother, God be merciful to her, although as good a woman as ever breathed, was plain and homely in her ways, and would have thought you were laughing at her if you had spoken of her as a lady. But for an old gentleman in our neighbourhood, who took notice of me and my drawings when I was a little fellow, and persuaded my father to send me up here to Dublin to study, I would have been at this present moment behind the counter in our shop. So you see there was nothing out of the way in my taking a fancy to Nelly. I knew what a lady ought to be, having had many among my pupils, and it seemed to me that in real gentleness and refinement, Nelly was equal to any of them.

"But there was no use in thinking of her, as I told myself that sunny Sunday morning, when I first found my feelings shaping themselves into thoughts and wishes. It was foolish of me to let myself drift into love for her, knowing, as I did, from the first moment I saw them together, that she and Phil were going to be married. Even before I was conscious of any personal feeling in the matter, I had thought it a pity that a girl so pretty and refined as Nelly should marry this dull, awkward fellow, as far below the average of their class as she was above it. I could not form any judgment as to her feeling for him; she always welcomed him kindly when he came, appearing even glad to see him, but this from one of her gentle disposition did not count for much, particularly as I believed that he and she had been playfellows from childhood. At length, I remembered that I had no positive grounds for assuming that she was to marry Phil. I had from the beginning taken it for granted that such was the case, but I had never heard it stated in so many words. If she were not actually promised to another, I had a full right to take my chance, and I determined to put the direct question to Phil himself without delay.

"As I was strolling through the village after Mass, waiting until it was time to go back to my lodgings to dinner, I suddenly turned a corner of the road, and came upon my rival, engaged with some other young fellows in trying who could throw a heavy stone to the greatest distance. I stood awhile to watch the contest, and when the little group had dispersed, I joined Phil, and endeavouring to propitiate him by offering him some of my best tobacco, I led him on to talk of his own affairs, which, indeed, he was willing enough to do. He really seemed a simple, honest sort of fellow, and if there was little romance or sentiment in his composition, neither was there any harm. Yes, he said, he was keeping company with Nelly Ryan; his father and hers had been talking things over, and had it all nearly settled. His father had taken a farm for him, 'that white cottage on the hill, you know, sir, that you put into your picture;' and old Ryan was to stock it, so that he and Nelly would be very comfortable.

"I managed to bring out a few words of congratulation, saying how fortunate I considered him. 'Oh, yes, he knew he was in luck; Nell was a very good little girl, and the best hand at making butter in all the country.'

"I did not go back to dinner that afternoon, but spent it in walking rapidly up the steep mountain paths, going over and over again, in my own mind, every argument I could think of to convince myself that there would be nothing base or dishonourable in trying to win the prize on which I had set my heart from this dull boor, in whose eyes his promised wife's greatest recommendation was her skill in making butter.

"But invariably, as soon as I had apparently succeeded in convincing myself, would come the recollection that it was not fair to judge of Phil's feelings by his manner of expressing them. He had known Nelly all her life; his love, be it much or little, was given to her; and why should I, a stranger, who had never even seen her ten days before, step in and rob him of his all, merely because it would be to me a greater treasure than to him? And then, what right had I to assume that I could, if I so willed, win her from him? Was it not an insult to Nelly to suppose for a moment that she would throw off her allegiance to the lover of her whole life for the sake of a stranger, were he possessed of ten times the advantages, social and personal, which I could, in my wildest flight of vanity, claim for myself? This reflection made it easier for me to act in the manner which I had all along known to be the right one, and I made up my mind to return to Dublin next morning; for although I had not yet come quite to the end of my tether, either as regarded time or money, I had lost heart for pursuing my trip any farther, and I felt that my only chance of cure lay in the hardest work I could find to do.

"So I turned and walked wearily back to my lodgings, which I reached in a state of complete exhaustion, for I had gone on until I was tired, forgetting that I should have to retrace each step, and wet through with the thick, drizzling rain, which had set in while I was on the hills. The next day was also wet, the mountains being shut out of sight by thick veils of mist and rain, as I walked along the

muddy road, and through the damp fields to the farm, to take away my painting things, and say good-bye to Nelly. I told her that I had heard something the day before which obliged me to return to town immediately. She seemed unaffectedly sorry for my departure; and her father, who came in while I was there, hoped I would be coming that way again next year. Promising if I were, to look them up, and wishing Nelly every happiness, I went away, and before evening was back again in my Dublin lodgings. The weather had cleared by this time; and as I saw the sun shining on the wet pavement, and watched a bit of blue sky between the chimneys of the opposite houses, I thought how lovely the mountains and fields must be looking, and wished myself again among them.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### A PRACTICAL MAN.

“I HAD rather a hard time of it after that; I had no heart or spirit for anything, and the state of depression I was in told upon my work. I could not put Nelly out of my head; the most I could do being to remind myself continually that she was by this time, in all probability, another man’s wife. At length I thought that if I could, once for all, transfer the image which haunted me to canvass, I might, perhaps, be able to leave it there; and so I began the picture you see. My plan was not a success, so far as putting the model out of my head went, in fact, rather the reverse; but as I worked, something of my old delight in my art returned, and I felt happier. When, however, it became necessary to paint in the figure of my rival, I could not bring myself to do it, and so laid the picture aside in an unfinished state.

“When summer again came round, bringing with it my holidays, I resolved that the first place visited in the course of my trip should be Kilgrennan. I thought that if I had once seen Nelly established in her new home, I would in future be able to think of her only as Phil’s wife. Leaving my luggage, therefore, at the nearest railway station, I set off one fine day in July to walk to Kilgrennan. Nothing there appeared changed, except the Five Acre Field, which was now planted with potatoes; a far less picturesque crop than the waving oats of last year. Passing the turn to the Ryans’ farm, I took my way to the cottage on the hill, which Phil had pointed out as his, and on reaching it, the first thing I saw was that gentleman himself, mounted on a large hayrick which he was thatching. He came down at once on seeing me, showing his recognition by a broad grin, and a pull at his flame-coloured forelock. After greeting him, I said, in as unconcerned a manner as I could assume, ‘I suppose you are married by this.’

“‘Faith I am, sir,’ said he, ‘married these six months an’ more. Won’t you walk in an’ rest yourself sir,’ an’ herself ‘ll get you a drink o’ new milk after your walk.’

"I followed him into the kitchen, perceiving at the first glance that, although clean and tidy, it was destitute of the little attempts at decoration visible in Nelly's old home. Phil placed a chair for me, and called 'Kitty' loudly two or three times. A good-humoured voice answered, 'I'm coming; have a minute's patience, Phil,' and a tall young woman with a broad, freckled face, and hair even redder than Phil's own, entered the room.

"'Here she is, sir,' he said, with something of the pride of proprietorship in his tone. 'Kitty *aleah*, this is the gentleman I was telling you of that was painting here last summer. Will you get him a drink o' milk, for he's tired after his walk.'

"'You're kindly welcome, sir,' said Kitty; 'sit down, an' I'll bring you the milk in half no time.'

"'Is that your wife?' I asked, as she left the room.

"'Of course it is,' said Phil, 'who else would it be?'

"I was for the moment too much stunned to speak. The intelligence did not give me any pleasure, as I could only account for it on the supposition that Nelly had married some one else. She must have treated poor Phil badly, though in that case he had been easily consoled.

"'When I was here last,' I said at length, 'it was not to this young woman you expected to be married.'

"'No then,' said Phil, reflectively, 'it was not. I believe, sir, the time you was down before it was with Nelly Ryan at the farm beyond I was keeping company.'

"'She is married to some one else, I suppose?'

"'She's not, then. But she's a girl that need never be at a loss for a husband.'

"'How comes it that she did not marry you?'

"'Why, you see, sir, just about the time you went away I heard tell of this other girl that lived a few miles on the other side o' Rathdrum, an' found that I had a good chance of getting her if I asked. She had three cows, an' Nelly was only to have two,—so in coorse I made up to this one.'

"I had lived the greater part of my life in the country, and so was not ignorant of the way in which marriages are *arranged* amongst the farming classes, but I had never heard of anything which came up to this.

"'And do you mean to tell me,' I said, 'that you gave up the girl you—fancied, and married another, for the sake of a cow?'

"'Faith, sir,' said he, rubbing his red head in a perplexed manner, 'I can't for the life o' me see *the differ of a cow* between any two girls in Ireland.'

"I believe, putting Nelly out of the question, that I did not myself see much difference between any two girls in Ireland, or in all the world; but the difference between her and the rest was something wonderful. I was so divided between the impulse of embracing Phil, and the equally strong one, which prompted me to knock him down, that I was fortunately saved from doing either, and remained quiet, until Kitty came back with the milk and some griddle cake, which



she set before me, pressing me to eat and drink, in a kindly, hospitable fashion. She really was a decent, good-humoured young woman, and made a far more suitable wife for Phil than my pretty Nelly would have done.

"I went away as soon as I could without ungraciousness, and walked straight across the fields to Ryan's farm, feeling the world a very different place from what it had been half an hour before. As I approached the cottage, I heard a low sound of singing, and looking over the half door I saw Nelly sitting in her old place by the window, knitting in hand, and I stood watching her unperceived, until some involuntary movement on my part caused her to look up. I had dreaded seeing her changed, but her smile was brighter than ever, as she came quickly to the door and welcomed me again to Kilgrennan. She has since told me that at first she fretted a good deal at Phil's desertion, but that she got over it after a time. Her affection for him had been merely the result of habit and old friendship, and did not long survive the breaking of the tie which bound them together. The way was thus clear for me, and I made such good use of my time that at the end of my holiday I took my wife home with me. Friends have since told me that I did an imprudent thing in marrying, but I am not afraid. My teaching connexion has increased of late, and I have regular employment on one of the illustrated papers. We have a little money in the savings bank, too, given us by Nelly's father instead of the two cows, which would have been of little use to us here."

"May I ask," I said, "if you still intend the second figure in your picture to be a portrait of Mr. Phil?"

"Certainly not, sir," said he, laughing. "No, I think I must put myself into the picture. I would not like to paint any other man as my wife's lover. A very little alteration in dress will make quite a respectable farmer of me."

And, indeed, were it not for the look of culture in his face, he would have passed very well for a good-looking young farmer of the best type.

"What name do you intend giving your picture?" was my next question.

"I was thinking of calling it 'In the Five Acre Field,' sir. It would be as good a name as any other."

On going last week into the large room of the Abbey-street Exhibition, the first picture which caught my eye was "In the Five Acre Field," hung upon the line and marked with a red star.

## AN ODE FROM HORACE (II. 14)-

BY STEPHEN DE VREE.

**A** LAS ! my Postumus, our years  
 Glide silently away ; no tears,  
 No loving orisons, repair  
 The wrinkled cheek, the whitening hair,  
 That drop forgotten to the tomb.  
 Pluto's inexorable doom  
 Mocks at thy daily sacrifice :  
 Around his dreary kingdom lies  
 The fatal stream whose arms enfold  
 The giant race accursed of old :  
 All, all alike must cross its wave,  
 The king, the noble, and the slave.  
 In vain we shun the battle roar  
 And breakers dashed on Adria's shore ;  
 Vainly we flee, in terror blind,  
 The plague that walketh on the wind ;  
 The sluggish river of the dead,  
 Cocytus, must be visited,  
 The Danaid's detested brood  
 Foul with their fifty husbands' blood,  
 And Sisyphus, with ghastly smile  
 Pointing to his eternal toil.  
 All must be left : thy gentle wife,  
 Thy home, the joys of rural life ;  
 And, when thy fleeting days are gone,  
 Th' ill-omened cypresses alone  
 Of all those fondly cherished trees  
 Shall grace thy funeral obsequies,  
 Cling to thy loved remains, and wave  
 Their mournful shadows o'er thy grave.  
 A lavish, but a nobler heir  
 Thy hoarded Cæcuban shall share,  
 And on the tessellated floor  
 The purple nectar madly pour—  
 Nectar more worthy of the halls  
 Where pontiffs hold their festivals.

## THE USES OF POPULAR LITERARY INSTITUTES.\*

BY LORD O'HAGAN.

SOME months ago, I had business in Donegal, and the friends who then received me, with a cordial kindness I shall not soon forget, showed me, amongst other objects of interest, the handsome building—in which we are assembled—at that time approaching its completion. They told me of the motives which had prompted them to attempt the establishment of a new institution for popular instruction and enjoyment, and of the purposes to which they meant to devote it. They told me, further, that it would be non-political and non-sectarian, and that its advantages, social, moral, and intellectual, would be freely shared by all. They did me the honour of expressing their belief that, if I would assist at the opening of it, I might promote its well-being and do some public service. I could not refuse compliance with their wishes. Accordingly, I am here: and I shall be happy if my presence may avail for the smallest benefit to a good work in which I rejoice to participate.

So much it becomes me to say, in explanation of my coming, for such an object, to a place with which I have no immediate connexion. But I would not have you regard me as altogether a stranger to your county. I have owed good offices to many of its friendly people. I have been long familiar with its scenery and its annals. I have not been unconscious of the common pride of Irishmen in a district forming, with its gray mountains and pleasant valleys, one of the loveliest portions of that girdle of beauty which compasses the shores of our island; and I have shared their common interest in the brilliant deeds and sad reverses which have made your local history so picturesque and touching. I do not forget the relations of your ancestors, in the ages that are gone, with the old Celtic stock to which I am proud to owe my origin; or the struggles, the triumphs, and the sorrows which once associated, for good or for evil, the fortunes of Tyr-Connell and that fair Tyr-Owen in which my fathers dwelt. With such feelings and such memories, I am glad to be amongst you.

I have thought, on full reflection, that I shall best discharge the duty cast upon me by telling you, briefly and plainly, the reasons why I regard this Institute as honourable to those who have founded it; fit to confer real benefits on your community, without distinction of party or religion; and worthy of the support of reasonable men. I may so, perhaps, do more practical service than if I entertained you with an address on some special subject of literary or scientific interest.

\* This Address was delivered at the opening of the Letterkenny Literary Institute, on the 4th of October, 1877. We have thought it very desirable that the lessons it inculcates should reach as many as possible of our countrymen; and for this purpose Lord O'Hagan has revised the report for publication in our Magazine.—  
ED. I. M.

And first, let me say how much I am gratified by the reflection that your undertaking is the spontaneous issue of your own intelligence and free-handed liberality. It is a monument of self-reliance and self-assertion, and furnishes an example which other parts of Ireland would do well to imitate.

You are far away from the centres of wealth and commerce. You have no means to lavish on palaces of industry and stately edifices such as, elsewhere, attract the praise of men. Until now, no railway has reached this town; though, happily, the want will soon be supplied, and its great capabilities of improvement properly developed. Your people remain in comparative isolation. They do not share the battle of life with the fretful energy and absorbing care which mark the civilisation of our time. They have compensation, and possibly more than compensation, in simplicity of manners and domestic purity, such as, if they can be matched, cannot, certainly, be bettered in the world. They are "kindly Irish of the Irish" still, largely speaking their own old language and following their own old ways.

Yet, under a strong sense of the need of giving to your young people a higher intelligence and a better training, you have, in such circumstances and for such a community, from your personal resources, erected a structure, with all fit appliances towards that good end, which you have reason to be proud of.

I do not undervalue the aid of the Treasury. I do not hold cheap the sanction of the Government. There are undertakings to the success of which such aid and sanction are essential. There are institutions which cannot exist without them. In these countries, perhaps, the danger is, that the principle of "*laissez-faire*" may be applied excessively, and that assistance to individual effort may be too grudgingly afforded by the State. But, on the other hand, without trust in themselves no people can prevail. Governments must remove obstacles to action. They ought to assist where assistance is indispensable, and will be of manifest advantage to a nation. But we must for ever be our own best helpers. Our own successes are the real and the true—

"Et genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,  
Vix ea nostra voco."

What is properly ours is of our own making; and De Maistre was not far wrong when he said, that what costs us nothing is nothing to us.

Cities in your northern province have built up a great prosperity without the aid of special favours from parliaments or administrations. They are proud of their independence, and keenly enjoy the triumphs they have gained. In your place and measure, you are treading in their footsteps; and the proceedings of this night should inspire and sustain all who are prepared manfully to strive in the spirit of the promise: *Aide toi; le Ciel l'aidera!*

There are many towns in Ireland, more populous and far more rich than this, in which such institutes as yours would be of inestimable advantage. What you have done, with narrower means and

poorer opportunities, they may wisely imitate; and I regard it as a chief credit and blessing of your work, that it furnishes encouragement and guidance to voluntary efforts of a like kind, which may mould for good the lives of coming generations.

I have spoken of the spirit of your action. Let me turn to some of its aims and probable results. The founders of this Institute saw that, in a place so remote, and in circumstances so unfavourable, the opportunities of self-improvement for the young were very scanty. They saw, also, that in our time, the acquisition of knowledge has become, for most men, at once an absolute condition of success in life and a probable assurance of it. Competitive examination—whatever may be its shortcomings, and they are many—opens the way of honourable progress: and those who cannot accept its chances must often abandon hope and wither in obscurity. Irishmen have not been slow to avail themselves of the better system which has superseded the monopolising favouritism of the past; and, wherever they have been permitted to obtain needful culture, they have taken foremost positions in the intellectual race.

Unhappily, that culture is too often beyond their reach. The condition of education amongst us is still, in many respects, very deplorable. This is not the place or the time to consider why it is so; to discuss the vexed questions which are largely raised about it; or to suggest the measures by which it may best be improved. Taking it only in connexion with the matter I have in hand, I am content to indicate that whilst our primary schools are, in many respects, excellent, and do enormous service, whether subsidised by the liberality of the State or conducted, without earthly reward, by nobly self-sacrificing brotherhoods and sisterhoods—we are miserably wanting in the appliances of intermediate instruction. In that respect, the provision for our middle classes is utterly inadequate. Even the seminaries which they formerly frequented have been, to a large extent, destroyed by the inevitable rivalry of new institutions, primarily designed only for the masses: and they have lost, in numerous districts, the opportunities of training in classics and science which were enjoyed by those who went before them. The result, unquestionably is, that a grievous want is felt throughout the country. The proper preparation for competition is often unattainable. The level of intelligence is lowered; and we hear from examiners for matriculation in colleges, and from persons of authority abroad, serious complaints of the imperfect information exhibited by Irish youths, often of high natural capacity and eager aptitude for study, but put at disadvantage and subjected to defeat, by an absence of early instruction for which they are, in no way, responsible.

This is sad; and it is sad, also, to feel that, as another consequence of the want to which I point, we are failing in the circulation and enjoyment of a sound and wholesome literature. The bookshops in our country towns are not nearly as numerous or as well furnished as they ought to be, or as they would be if we were a reading people; and although there are still publishers in Dublin of enterprise and energy, the trade in books has manifestly deteriorated.

And thus the evil works, by action and reaction. The decadence of schools of a higher order induces a want of that taste for letters which "grows by what it feeds on;" and the absence of that taste diminishes or destroys the sense of the importance and necessity of mental cultivation, which would compel the creation of a teaching power sufficient to produce it.

I speak of this subject with pain; but with a profound conviction that it is of the most vital moment to the very highest interests of Ireland. This is no time for retrogression. It is no time for standing still. The world is moving forward, and we should be ashamed to lag behind. We are not wanting in the faculty of progress. We do not lack quickness of perception, or capacity of labour, or appreciation of the profit and delight of intellectual activity. We have no reason to suppose that the qualities which, rightly employed, won for our country, in the long gone centuries, the proud title,—"*insula doctorum et sanctorum*"—are not ours to-day. And we are more fortunate than our forefathers of later generations. Still, as I believe, only in the opening of a happier era, and affected inevitably by the evils of a melancholy past, we have seen great changes which have swept away many difficulties and invited our country to a new career of moral and material advancement. I do not speak as a politician, in an address to an Institute which is strictly non-political; and I avoid any subjects of possible controversy in an assembly which, happily and exceptionally, comprises men of the most various views in politics and religion. But we must all concur, that we cannot rest in contented ignorance, or fail to prepare ourselves to make the best use of the good influences which promise a better future for our race. I earnestly trust, we shall not: but, surely, it is lamentable that whilst the want of a higher education, which I have deplored, continues unsupplied, generation passes after generation, with lapsed opportunities and baffled hopes, and individual sacrifices are as numerous as national discredit and disaster are extreme.

The responsibility is great, indeed, of those who are, in any way, answerable for the continuance of such a state of things. I have referred to it as illustrating one of the main motives of the founders of your Institute, who resolved that, in their own sphere, they would strive to relieve themselves from any share in that responsibility. They could not control the action of governments or infuse wisdom into the counsels of politicians. They were tired of waiting, whilst childhood grew to adolescence and youth to age, without the advantages needful for the progress of a people, and due to them as social and moral beings. They saw that they could supply those advantages, at least within narrow limits and in a moderate way, and give to the families of your town and country, some opportunity of becoming acquainted with the literature of the past and the present, and keeping abreast with the progress of modern intelligence. They saw, also, that they could assist the youth of Donegal, in striving for that honourable advancement which is no longer compatible with stagnation of the mental powers.

Accordingly, they undertook the task which is to-night completed.

They set about the erection of this commodious building, which will afford the use of a library and reading-room, a circulating library, a fine lecture hall, and a schoolroom of great proportions, for instruction in the mornings and the evenings. The design was carried into effect without noise or ostentation, and its framers may congratulate themselves on its perfect success. In a place like this, their effort must have been difficult as their end was good: and those who come after them may yet have reason to hold their names in benediction.

If the scheme be carried to its results in the wise and energetic spirit which has given it origin, sound instruction may be secured, and a comprehensive and well selected library formed at little cost: and those, to whom the means of mental training are now denied, will be enabled to cultivate that friendship with books which endures when other friendships fail us—which time does not chill or change of fortune weaken—which stimulates our youth to worthy action, and solaces our age in its decrepitude. They may disport themselves in every region of the vast domain of letters. They may form that love of reading which Gibbon declared he would not exchange for the treasures of the Indies. They may study the historians who chronicle the workings of Providence on earth, and develop the philosophy which teaches by example. They may rejoice in communion with

“The gentle poets who have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight in deathless lays,”

and grow familiar with the thinkers by whom the great dogmas of morals and religion have been maintained, for the salvation of society and the completer assurance of our immortal hopes. And, now and hereafter, gifted men may be found amongst you, who, without such instruction and endowment, must have sunk into their graves,

“To fortune and to fame unknown,”

but, with their aid, may play high parts in the world's great drama and cover with honour the land that bore them.

So far for this Institute, as an instrument for intellectual training. Its founders had another end in view. They desired that it should also afford harmless and wholesome enjoyment. They had found that here, as elsewhere in Ireland, habits of intemperance have done much injury. I do not believe that, amongst you, they are carried to such excess as in other places. But intoxication is the unspeakable curse of our people; and “*principiis obsta*” has always been the counsel of the wise. It was conceived that to correct such habits and to prevent the formation of them, the supply of simple and honest pleasures would be of high importance; and that supply has been sought not only in the literary organisation of which I have spoken, but also in appliances more exclusively for amusement—a billiard-room, ball-courts, and things of a like kind.

Of this branch of the Institute, all who know human nature and human life are sure to approve. If it avail, in any way, to check intoxication, it will be a priceless blessing. Need I speak of the miseries and scandals with which that vice has blighted a country,

but for it eminently moral and almost free from the taint of serious crime? You all know how fearful are its consequences. It blackens the fairest prospects and withers the highest hopes. It dulls the intellect and kills the best affections of the heart. It destroys the sweet charities of life; makes God's great gift of free will vain; and degrades natures that were generous to the overmastering slavery of the basest self-indulgence. It makes earthly pandemoniums of homes which should be happy, and dooms their inmates to life-long torture. It gives criminals to our gaols, and beggars to our workhouses; and perverts the prosperity which increases wages and should increase comfort and strengthen virtue, into a devilish engine for the proportionate increase of vice and wretchedness. Exaggeration of its evils is impossible. Their enormity transcends the force of language. The squalid dwelling, the outraged wife, the starving child, the shattered frame, the quick decay, the delirious agony, the despairing death-bed, and the pauper's grave—these are familiar horrors which proclaim, with eloquence more scathing than words can utter, the fate of the drunkard and the misery of all who have relations with him. The old poet understood our fallen nature when he said:—

"Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!"

If, on the contrary, he takes the downward course, he will grow far worse than mean, and to the ungoverned appetite of the brute may be swiftly added the atrocity of the demon.

No wonder that men labour to find the remedy for an evil so grievous. It is not easy of discovery. Mere legislation will not suffice. Sumptuary laws have never moralised a people. Bad men are not made good by act of Parliament. Statesmanship may do much in removing the occasions of sin and the incitements of temptation. It may make wise sanitary arrangements, which help on spiritual as well as material progress; and whatever in this way may be reasonably accomplished, we are bound to do by our most sacred obligations to humanity and to God. But true reformation must come from within. The root of moral evil is in the soul of man, and until it is torn away no real cure can be effected by external action.

Unless changed habits and changed feelings induce a change of life, statutes threaten and judges punish vainly. The Roman satirist expressed a truth of all time in his pregnant question:—

"Quid leges, sine moribus,  
Vanæ proficiunt?"

If moral restraint is wanting, what avail your laws?

Neither, for the children of toil, is it sufficient to feed the intellect with knowledge. When long hours have been spent in labour, men need repose, and crave for occupations which may not tax further their out-worn energies. The exhausted body does not accept as pleasure a strain upon the mind: and imperfect information and poorly cultivated tastes do not well prepare us to engage with



easy satisfaction in grave thinking, or any high exercise of the imaginative faculties.

After a hard day's work, men seek a pleasant evening; and this we must afford them, or the consequences will be formidable. We must try to wean them from evil, and lure them to good, by inducements suitable to their condition and capacities, of which they can appreciate the value. We must show them that enjoyment is not the monopoly of vice; and supply it in wholesome forms, as the alternative of that which leads to shame and ruin.

I rejoice to say, that the founders of the Institute have recognised these truths, and desire to give them practical application. They know that, for those who are absorbed in long and exhausting labours—even when the law has done its best, and such imperfect, mental discipline as their circumstances permit has been applied to them—there is still need of a kindly care which shall lead them to the way of well-doing in the vacant hours, when idleness, "the mother of mischief," prompts them to dangerous thoughts and unseemly actions.

Leisure is a blessing or a curse, according to the use we make of it; and for masses of our people, as things stand, it is almost universally a curse. In most of the continental nations, there are ample opportunities for utilising the periods of rest, which the Creator has made necessary to our existence. In many of them, the climate alone is a source of happiness. The brilliant sunlight, the buoyant air, the continuous clearness of the atmosphere invite to out-door pleasures, which are cheap and simple as they are sufficing; and no one can have seen the multitudes who congregate to partake of them, when the day is over, in some of those favoured lands, without the assurance that—

"They feel it is a luxury to be."

Besides, the "sweet South" has in its climate none of those incitements to indulgence in stimulating drinks which are found in the cold and humid North, and its superior temperance has small merit, for there is little inclination to excess.

And, then, in other countries, there are often arrangements of the best kind for the gratification of the multitude. Their houses may be humble, but they are generally neat and clean. Spacious parks are opened, giving health and comfort to those who use them: and music is supplied abundantly, of high quality and without cost to individual persons.

In Ireland, unhappily, things are otherwise. Our climate—excellent in many ways—is soft and genial, and, save in certain conditions of health, wholesome and enjoyable. But it is uncertain, and has too much of damp and gloom to tempt us to much continuance under the open sky.

The dwellings of our working classes are often unfit to shelter human beings—incapable of order or decency, and a positive scandal to our civilisation.

Of the other appliances for popular comfort and recreation at which I have glanced, we have lamentably few. I do not believe

that, in all Europe, they are so poorly furnished; and I know few duties of statesmanship or enlightened charity more imperative than that of endeavouring to supply them.

What are—what must be—the effects on our social condition? The artisan, who has been engaged in weary and unbroken effort from the early dawn, comes home at night to a place, as I have said, sometimes unfit for human habitation—disgusting in its squalor and pestilential in its filth—to find his family huddling together, without the most ordinary means of making life pleasant or endurable. He may have four or five hours to spend after his work is over; and how, in such circumstances, is he to get through them? Is it wonderful that he withdraws from his dismal den and its foul surroundings, and seeks, in the absence of all better things, the light, the warmth, and the companionship of the public-house, where he finds excitement, and purchases it, too often, by ruining his body and his soul?

Or, take another case. The early closing movement had a great aspect of beneficence. It seemed accordant with the wisest speculation and the most genial kindness, that young people should have their working hours abridged, and be so enabled to cultivate themselves and make their lives more agreeable and better. And this good result, I have no doubt, has sometimes been obtained. But suppose an assistant or apprentice in any town, where shops close at six or seven o'clock, finds himself, after discharging his duties faithfully throughout the day, driven to consider what he shall do with his evening. He may have no friends to visit. He may have no aptitude for study. He may have no books to read. What is he to do? How is he to while away the dreary minutes till his bed hour comes? And shall we be surprised if, in the absence of all means of employing them profitably, he turns them to ill account, and allows himself to be drawn to the haunts of evil which will be found always inviting him to enter? What is his alternative? What is his protection? He may resist temptation for a time: but our humanity is very weak, and we know little of it, if we wonder at his almost inevitable fall.

I am aware that efforts have been made to give working people dwellings fit to be occupied without the moral mischiefs to which I have pointed. And I know, also, that good employers in great houses have arranged for the care and instruction of their young servants during the evenings. Those who have done such things are entitled to all honour; and a great deal more, I fervently trust, may be accomplished in the same direction. But, meanwhile, enormous mischiefs continue to prevail: and the illustrations I have chosen are sadly practical and real at the present hour.

The value of your Institute, if it tend, in any material degree, to supply the want I have described, cannot be over-estimated. The law must do its part. The school must do its part. The church must do its part; but neither coercive penalties, nor opportunities of literary acquisition, nor earnest zeal and eloquent remonstrance, sustained by the divine authority of religion, will dispense with the necessity of weaning men from vice by giving them facilities for the

practice of virtue, and antagonising temptations to evil indulgence by attraction to a worthier life.

The ideal set before themselves by the founders of your Institute was, in this regard, a very noble one. If it be realised, as it certainly may be, one great want of our time will be supplied for this part of the island; and again, the example set by you may have, as it ought to have, ready imitation in many an Irish town, where people who are good, and wish to be better, are longing for the helps you design to afford. With pleasant rooms, and attractive literature, and musical performances, and friendly conversation, and innocent amusement, you may redeem from error and confirm in virtue. Man has been described as a "bundle of habits:" and those which he forms, under such happy influences, will purify his nature and give order to his life.

I might say more of the uses to which such an institution may be applied, but I have pointed sufficiently to its importance, for the purpose of social morality and educational training. Need I urge the duty of affording it efficient support and keeping it in healthy activity? Need I press upon those for whose benefit it has been created, and who should be very thankful for it, the necessity of availing themselves of its advantages, and the propriety of demonstrating their gratitude, in the most acceptable way, by practically showing how well those advantages are appreciated and how profitably they are employed?

To many, I trust, it may open a prosperous career: to some it may give the opportunity of rising to high position by the cultivation of special gifts: to all, who come within the sphere of its influence, it should be a welcome agency for making them wiser and better men. And all should receive the help it offers—even if that help should not bring the endowments of riches or of rank, which the world most values—with a deep sense of the aid it may afford to secure the blessings derived from a cultivation of those pure affections and a firm adhesion to those sound principles, which, in every station, exalt the human character, and give to our existence on this earth its truest dignity and grace.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
High thoughts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

We are not born into the world merely to secure material advantages, to hunt after honours, or accumulate wealth; and the humblest man who comes into the halls we open to him, to-night, with an honest purpose of self-improvement and a real design to seek such guidance as may make his life more useful to his fellow-creatures, and more satisfactory to his own conscience, may find in them more profit, although he remain in his obscurity, than many another whose stronger ambition and greater powers may send him forth from them to achieve a loftier place.

But, though this be so, and though it is fitting that the true value of culture should not be misestimated, or the relative importance of

material and spiritual advancement misunderstood—for the mass of men the prizes of success are required to prompt them to fruitful action; and those prizes may be honourably sought and won with blameless pleasure. There are few of us who could address Fortune in the words of the Laureate:—

“Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands,  
For man is man and master of his fate!”

In one sense, he is—in the sense of which the Stoic dreamed and which the Gospel realised by its counsels of self-abnegation and detachment; but there are not many so learned in the science of the saints, as to be indifferent to the results of their endeavours. And I do not suppose that the young men who may be attracted to this Institute will not strive to utilise its training by arming themselves for the difficulties they must encounter, if they would outrun their fellows and make their mark in life. Very many of them, I am sure, will do so: and they may well be emboldened to the trial, by the knowledge, that, in spite of disadvantage and discouragement, Irishmen, in latter times—as I have already noted—have held their own, and more than their own, in the endless competitions which have tested capacity and acquirement. In no boastful spirit, I again remind you that, proportionally with their numbers, their successes have been very great. In every branch of the Civil Service, they have forced for themselves an honourable recognition. Abroad, they have risen to the most coveted and eminent posts. A Northern Irishman\* directs the commerce of the Chinese Empire. Another Northern Irishman—a very dear and honoured friend of mine—after holding, with high distinction, the Premiership of the great dominion of Victoria, now occupies the foremost place in its Legislative Assembly by the unanimous choice of its representatives.† Our colonies have—I believe, every one of them—had Irish governors; and a distinguished compatriot of your own, born almost within a stone’s-throw of the place in which I stand, has held the dignity successively in Queensland, New Zealand, and Victoria.‡ I cannot speak, as I would wish, in his own presence and that of his venerated brother, of another Donegal man who reached, at an early age, the highest position at the Bar of the colony in which he had chosen to commence his professional career; and, having well and faithfully discharged the high functions of its Attorney-General,§ has returned—at once with youthful vigour and ripe experience—to win new honours in his own land.

I have thought fit to refer to these things, because such examples of well-won success may profitably excite honest emulation and rouse dormant energy; but is it needful that I should appeal to recent events, in this historic region, where thronging memories of the past connect themselves with your effort of the present, and impel you to make it worthy of the men who have gone before you?

Those memories are proud and they are mournful I do not ask

\* Mr. Hart. † Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. ‡ Sir S. Bowen.  
§ Mr. Edward Mac Devitt.

you to recall the days of pomp and splendour when the O'Donnell stood upon the Rock of Doon, and received from the successor of Columb-Cille the white rod which symbolised at once the authority, the purity, and the justice with which he promised to wield the sceptre. Nor shall I stir you with a narrative of the conflicts of the time when a Fitzgerald, the bravest of the Anglo-Norman race, encountered the chieftain of Tyrconnell, and each fell, fighting, by the other's hand. Nor shall I tell the sad story which, to this hour, so touches the hearts of Irishmen, of the flight of the great Earls from the Rathmullan shore to hide their broken fortunes in the obscurity of exile, and yearn, through dismal years, for return to the land they loved, until foreign earth received their dust in the capital of Christendom.

But it is fit and becoming that I should ask you to remember, whilst we inaugurate an Institute designed to diffuse knowledge and improve morality, that Donegal, in the distant past, when intellectual darkness was settling down upon the world, and the ruin of Imperial Rome was followed by barbarous anarchy, had teachers, eminent alike for their learning and their sanctity, directing schools which possessed liberal endowments and gave sound instruction, not to the Irish only, but to those who sought it from afar—*amandandi in Hiberniam ad disciplinas*. The most conclusive evidence assures us that, in the sixth century, Moville and Clonard and Derry had seminaries whose masters were of high repute; and, in that century, to be trained in those seminaries, was born, close to this town of Letterkenny, the illustrious man to whom, it is said, in your ancient Martyrology, the Apostle of Ireland prophetically gave the title of Dove of the Churches. He was, at once, a poet, a scholar, and a saint. In his own country, he was the founder of many schools and monasteries. He encouraged the bards of his time to preserve the muniments of their nation: and when his zeal in God's service drove him to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the Scottish Isles—radiating from Iona the light of learning and religion across tempestuous seas, and spending himself in toils and wanderings to evangelise the people of Britain—he continued to be an earnest student, and left writings behind him which justify the eulogium of Adamnan, his biographer and successor, on his eloquence and wisdom. On such an occasion as this, there is a special fitness in the reverent recollection of one so wise and holy, who always combined intellectual labour with his works of piety and mercy: and whose name, after 1,400 years, is still dear to the hearts, and blessed by the tongues of the people around us.

One remembrance more it behoves me to awaken—that of the Four Masters, to whom we owe the preservation to Ireland of the mass of her historical recollections—"the immortal life of a historical nation"—which, but for their labours, must, to a great extent, have perished for ever. When they gathered, with pious care, the ancient records which had been spared by time and civil strife, and made a faithful digest of them in those Annals which O'Curry describes as "the largest collection of national, civil, military, and family history ever brought together in this or, perhaps, any other country," they did

We will not say that the above is comparatively a favourable specimen of Mr. Wright's critical talents, but rather—to borrow Dogberry's phrase—that it is “flat burglary as ever was committed.” “Unbelieving brother!” “Arguments and persuasions to enter Christianity!” Why, the brother in question is no other than the famous St. Benedict, at the time of this history an old man, and an abbot renowned for sanctity. As to the storm, overflowing streams, and impassable roads had everything to do with the occasion, and were the very answer to St. Scholastica's prayer, whereas “roaring thunder and flashing of forked lightnings,” which Mr. Wright describes, were no more the substance of the miracle than “qualms of conscience” were its effects. For the sake of those of our readers who may be unfamiliar with the life of St. Benedict we will transcribe from the “Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great,” the history of what St. Aldhelm made a metrical paraphrase:—

“The sister of St. Benedict, called Scholastica, dedicated from her infancy to our Lord, used once a year to come and visit her brother. To whom the man of God went, not far from the gate, to a place that did belong to the abbey, there to give her entertainment. And she, coming thither on a time, according to her custom, her venerable brother, with his monks, went to meet her, where they spent the whole day in the praises of God and spiritual talk, and when it was almost night they supped together. And as they were sitting at the table, talking of devout matters, and darkness came on the holy nun, his sister, entreated him to stay there all night, that they might spend it in discoursing of the joys of heaven. But by persuasion would he agree unto that, saying that he might not by any means tarry all night out of his abbey. At that time the sky was clear that no cloud was to be seen. The nun, receiving this denial of her brother, joining her hands together, laid them upon the table, and so, bowing down her head upon them, she made her prayers to Almighty God, and lifting her head from the table, there fell suddenly such a tempest of lightning and thundering, and such abundance of rain, that neither venerable Bennet nor his monks that were with him could put their head out of the door. The man of God, seeing that he could not, by reason of such thunder and lightning and great abundance of rain, return back to his abbey, began to be heavy, and to complain of his sister, saying: ‘God forgive you, what have you done?’ To whom she answered: ‘I desired you to stay and you would not hear me; I have desired our good Lord and He has vouchsafed to grant my petition; wherefore, if you can now depart, in God's name return to your monastery, and leave me alone.’ And so by that means they watched all night, and with spiritual and heavenly talk did mutually comfort one another.”\*

It would seem, then, that Mr. Wright's criticism of St. Aldhelm's taste, however just in principle, was singularly misapplied; for St. Aldhelm has carefully avoided the snare, which might have entangled many a modern poet, of dilating on the terrific peals of thunder, and

\* “St. Gregory's Dialogues,” Book ii., ch. 33.

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the regions of Sherwood Forest, we cease to wonder at the virtuous indignation of Robin Hood and his outlaw crew at the sleek sensualists of the cloister." In another place of the same work, Mr. Irving again moralises on this document: "This order, he says, was originally simple and abstemious in its mode of living, and exemplary in conduct; but it would seem, that it gradually lapsed into those abuses which disgraced too many of the wealthy monastic establishments; for there are documents among its archives which intimate the prevalence of gross misrule and dissolute sensuality among its members."

It will be noticed, that in both these passages, Irving writes quite positively, as of a fact known to himself, and admitting of no doubt or denial. He does not say: "It is reported," or, "I have been told," but distinctly, "There are documents." You would say he had had the parchment scroll in his own hands, and had carefully read it from end to end: "After inspecting these testimonials of monkish life, we cease to wonder." He gives us to understand, that wonder had filled his unsuspecting mind till then, how holy monks could be the object of dislike to Robin Hood and his merry men. But wonder ceased when these damning proofs at last convinced him of the monastic abominations, and he understood that the outlaws of the forest were models of virtue compared with the "sleek sensualists of the cloister."

Unfortunately for this charming bit of scandal, the brass eagle had been given or sold to Southwell Minster, and the parchment scroll has been scrutinised by more experienced eyes than those of Lord Byron or Washington Irving. Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt has published in the first volume of the "*Reliquary*,"\* the following letter from the Rev. J. Dimock, then a minor canon of Southwell to the Rev. J. Gresley: "The document found in the ball upon which the eagle stands, upon which Washington Irving founded his good Protestant legend, blackening the character of the poor old monks, proved on examination, by a competent reader, to be one of the general Pardons which were forced upon the religious houses by Henry V., as a means of raising the wind when about to embark for the French wars. It has about as much to do with the man in the moon, as with the Pope; and almost as much with the morals of the man in the moon's wife (if he has one), as with those of the Newstead monks. It is simply a sample of State dodgery when intent on plundering the Church."

We cannot, then, hesitate to qualify Irving's assertions as wilful misrepresentations or libels. No doubt, he believed what he asserted, but this belief was utterly inexcusable. He certainly would not have written with so reckless a disregard of calumny, had he been treating of any other subject than Catholic monks and Papal dispensations.

When preparing his life of Mahommed, had he come upon a charge against the false prophet or his followers, in itself utterly absurd, and of the most atrocious nature, instead of hastily picking it

\* At p. 202.

up, and repeating it positively and minutely, he would have doubted, have examined his authority, and made quite sure that he misunderstood nothing. But in writing of Christian men, who made a public profession of following the counsels of their Divine Master, he not only makes no such inquiries, but, what is worse, he pretends to have made them. "After inspecting these testimonials," he says, "we cease to wonder." Yet we know that either he had never seen the document at all, or could not read it sufficiently to master its nature. To use his own expression, these passages of his book throw "a rather awkward light," not on the monks of Newstead, but on the prejudices which stained a mind otherwise amiable and generous.

We have said that we are reminded of Dogberry's examination of Conrade and Borachio.

*Dogberry*.—"Masters, do you serve God?"

*Con. Bor.*—"Yea, sir, we hope."

*Dog.*—"Write down—that they hope they serve God. Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?"

*Con.*—"Marry, sir, we say we are none."

*Dog.*—"A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah [*to Borachio*], a word in your ear, sir. I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves."

*Bor.*—"Sir, I say to you, we are none."

*Dog.*—"Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale."

*Con.*—"Away! you are an ass."

*Dog.*—"Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? Oh, that the sexton were here to write me down an ass! . . . No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witnesses. I am a wise fellow; and one that knows the law, go to; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. Oh, that I had been writ down an ass!"

Washington Irving certainly was not an ass, but a highly accomplished and most delightful writer. The more's the pity that he should have made an ass of himself when passing judgment upon Catholic monks.

T. E. B.

## A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

COLD is the winter, and dark is the night,  
 Spotless and pure lies the untrodden snow;  
 Hark to the song of God's messengers bright,  
 Bringing glad tidings to mortals below,  
 Glory to God in the highest be given,  
 Peace be to men of good will upon earth!  
 God has come down to dwell with us from heaven—  
 Let us welcome our Saviour's birth.

Angels have come in the dead of the night,  
 Filling the plains with the brightness of day,  
 Jesus is born, the Gentiles' true light,  
 Chasing the darkness of ages away.  
 Glory to God in the highest be given,  
 Peace be to men of good will upon earth!  
 God has come down to dwell with us from heaven—  
 Let us welcome our Saviour's birth.

Yes, He has come to this strange world of ours—  
 Without, like the snow; like the black night, within:  
 Outside, the sunshine, the trees, and the flowers;  
 Inside is nought but defilement and sin.  
 Glory to God in the highest be given,  
 Peace be to men of good will upon earth!  
 God has come down to dwell with us from heaven—  
 Let us welcome our Saviour's birth.

Come to the manger so rude, where He lies;  
 Whisper thy thanks in his listening ear;  
 Gaze on the love that shines forth from those eyes,  
 Eyes that shall often be flooded with tears.  
 Glory to God in the highest be given,  
 Peace be to men of good will upon earth!  
 God has come down to dwell with us from heaven—  
 Let us welcome our Saviour's birth.

These little hands and these feet for thy sake  
 Soon shall be cruelly nailed to the Tree;  
 Fair is the forehead—ah! soon it will ache,  
 Wearing its terrible thorn-crown for thee.  
 Glory to God in the highest be given,  
 Peace be to men of good will upon earth!  
 God has come down to dwell with us from heaven—  
 Let us welcome our Saviour's birth.

Think of that little Heart burning with love,  
 Eagerly longing thy poor heart to gain :  
 Soon it will break, its affection to prove—  
 Say, shall such love for thee all be in vain ?  
 Glory to God in the highest be given,  
 Peace be to men of good will upon earth !  
 God has come down to dwell with us from heaven—  
 Let us welcome our Saviour's birth.

Saviour ! too long have we wandered away,  
 Seeking from creatures what *they* cannot give !  
 Teach us, Child Jesus ! born for us to-day,  
 To joy but in Thee, for Thee only to live.  
 Glory to God in the highest be given,  
 Peace be to men of good will upon earth !  
 God has come down to dwell with us from heaven—  
 Let us welcome our Saviour's birth.

D. C.

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## THE LEGEND OF THE RED LILIES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS VECILLOT.

**A**T Kintzeim, in Alsace, there stands a castle in ruins. It was there that the lilies first grew red. This was how it happened :  
 The castle was once the home of Thierry de Koenigsheim, young, brave, and handsome, the last of his illustrious race. He lived there with his mother and a young ward of his mother, who had been the companion of his childhood, and whom he was soon to marry. They were both pious Catholics. I need not say that they loved one another: they loved as lovers do in legends.

Now, there came from the centre of France a band of heretics who spread themselves over Alsace, preaching a better religion, they said, than the old one. They began to plunder the castles, to destroy the churches, and to put every thing and every one to fire and sword. The nobles took up arms. Thierry de Koenigsheim went down from his hills into the plain at the head of his vassals, drew together many of the Catholic nobility, came up with the heretics, fought them valiantly, and freed the country. But in the last encounter, that which completed the defeat of the invaders, the young knight received a deadly wound.

Feeling that he would never recover, Thierry made them take him back to Kintzeim that he might give a last embrace to his mother, and

bid his betrothed farewell. The men were able to carry him to the porch of his home; but there they were forced to pause, his strength was failing so fast. So he was laid on the grass and the flowers that grew in front of his tower; and amongst these flowers were some beautiful lilies, white as the robe of virgins, pure as the heart of a child.

The lady of Koenigsheim and the maiden ran to meet him, weeping. The dying man made a sign to them to wait. The chaplain of the castle approached alone and heard the sincere confession of the good young knight who had offered his life for the holy Church and all the Christian people. When the brave knight had received absolution, then the poor mother and the sorrowful betrothed advanced, and he bade them adieu, and died.

They bore into the castle the mother who had fainted away. The betrothed knelt down beside the corpse, as motionless as it, in the first agony of an endless grief, and yet trying to pray. At that moment an angel appeared and said to her: "Be comforted, I bid thee, on the part of the Virgin Mary and of Jesus, the Saviour. God has shown favour to thy betrothed, who was faithful to all that he loved, and who gave his life for his brethren. Thierry is in heaven. As a proof of his salvation, look at these flowers on which his blood has flowed." She looked at them. The lilies that had been bathed with the blood of her brave young knight were red. Thus it was that the red lilies first came to be.

And so, sorrowful even unto death, even unto death she gave thanks to God.

M. R.

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## THOMAS IRWIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT may have been perceived by our readers—by some of them, as being of a more prosaic turn, with feelings, probably, of qualified satisfaction—that for some time past one standing item in our monthly bill of fare has been a poet served up with such sauce as we could provide. Who comes next? Let us not go to the other world for him, but take, this time, one who is still treading the surface of "this moonlit planet of ours, third in order from the sun." Is there not the happiest assurance that Adelaide Procter, to whose limpid note we last listened, is now in heaven, where we might almost dare to apply to her St. Bernard's words, "*dulciori quodam et elegantiori carmine lætificatura est civitatem Dei?*" She has her share of to-morrow's Feast rather than of the day after (to-day is Hallowe'en); and we may hope and pray with confidence that such also is the lot

of another in our gallery of poets, the virtuous and pious D'Alton Williams.\* But our garlands must not all be gathered from graves, even when the gravestone is an Irish cross. And here in this fair City of the Hurdles is a poet living in the midst of us, not troubled, methinks, with overmuch recognition. His name may be quite new to a large percentage of the readers of this paper. (How much would five per cent. amount to in this instance?) That name figures on one title-page as "Thomas Irwin," on another as "Thomas Caulfield Irwin." Let us take the shorter form, especially as the two initials "T. I." form the signature under which Mr. Irwin may be traced through Irish periodical literature. What if we introduce him in precisely the same manner in which we formed his acquaintance "twenty golden years ago," or perhaps just a little more? It was in the *Dublin University Magazine*† of that remote date, in one of those *olla podrida* articles in which Jonathan Freke Slingsby or some other was wont to attempt a rather pale and flabby imitation of the "Noctes Ambrosianae" of Kit North in *Blackwood*—weaving together the contributions of Maga's poets with as pleasantly variegated a thread of commentary as the weaver could spin for the purpose. In one of these papers the following poem was ushered in with considerable but not undue emphasis, just as Professor Wilson, with greater emphasis and much greater authority, forty years ago introduced Samuel Ferguson's "Forging of the Anchor" in one of those famous "Noctes" aforesaid:—

"In the gloomy mountain's lap  
Lies the village dark and quiet;  
All have passed their labour-nap,  
And the peasant, half-awaking,  
A blind, yawning stretch is taking,  
Ere he turns to rest again;  
There is not a sound of riot,  
Not a sound save that of pain,  
Wheresome aged bones are aching;  
Lo! the moon is in the wane—  
Even the moon a drowse is taking.

"By the blossomed sycamore,  
Filled with bees when day is o'er it,  
Stands the forge, with smoky door;  
Idle chimney, blackened shed—  
All its merry din is dead;  
Broken shaft and wheel disused  
Strew the umbered ground before  
it,  
And the streamlet's voice is fused

Paintly with the cricket's chirrup,  
As it tinkles clear and small  
Round the glooming hearth and wall,  
Hung with rusty shoe and stirrup.

"Yes, the moon is in the wane;  
Hark! the sound of horses tramping  
Down the road with might and main:  
Through the slaty runnels crumbling,  
Comes a carriage swinging, rumbling;  
Round the steep quick corner turning,  
Plunge the horses, puffed and championing:  
Like the eyes of weary ghosts,  
The red lamps are dimly burning.  
Now 'tis topt—and one springs down.  
And cries unto the sleeping town—  
'Ho! for a blacksmith—ho! awake—  
Bring him who will his fortune make!  
The best, the best the village boasts."

\* Those who read the particulars of the exiled poet's family which we ventured to furnish at page 398 of our present volume which is now so very near its end, may be interested in an early death announced in the New Orleans newspapers brought over by the last American mail. "On Friday, October 12, 1877, at 4 p. m., Lizzie, youngest daughter of the late Richard D'Alton Williams, aged fourteen years and nine months."

† After many vicissitudes this periodical, which has for many years been printed and published in London, has just this month cast away the last shred of its Irish connection by effacing the word "*Dublin*" from its title.

Up springs the brawny blacksmith now,  
And rubs his eyes, and brushes off  
The iron'd sweat upon his brow,  
Hurries his clothes and apron on,  
And calls his wife and wakes his son,  
And opes the door to the night air,  
And gives a husky cough;  
Then hastens to the horses standing  
With drooping heads and hotly  
steaming,  
And sees a dark-eyed youth out-hand-  
ing  
A sweet maiden, light and beaming.

"He strikes a lusty shoulder-blow:  
'Four shoes,' he cries, 'are quickly  
wanting;'  
His face is in an eager glow.  
'Take my purse and all that's in its  
Heart, if you in twenty minutes  
Fit us for the road.' The smith  
Looks at the wearied horses panting,  
Then at the clustering gold;  
And thinks, as he falls to his work,  
He dreams—a mind-dream, rusty  
murk,  
That this is but a fairy myth,  
A tale to-morrow to be told.

"But now the forge fire spirts alive  
To the old bellows softly purring,  
In the red dot the irons dive;  
Brighter and broader it is glowing,  
Stronger and stronger swells the  
blowing,  
The bare armed men stand round and  
mutter  
Lowly while the cinders stirring—  
Ho! out it flames 'mid sparkles drop-  
ping,  
Splitting, glittering, flying, hopping;  
Heavily now the hammers batter,  
All is glaring din and clatter.

"In the cottage dimly lighted  
By the taper's drowsy glare,  
Stands the gentle girl benighted;  
By her side for ever hovers  
That dark youth, oh, best of lovers!  
Daring all that love will dare  
With an aspect firm and gay:  
Now the moon seems shining clearer.  
Hark! a sound seems swooning nearer  
From the heathy hills; the maid  
Listens with ear acute, and while  
One with brave, assuring smile,  
Smooths her forehead's chestnut braid,  
The danger softly dies away.

"Now the forge is in a glow,  
Bellows roaring, irons ringing;  
*Three are made*, and blow on blow  
Sets the patient anvil singing;  
'Another shoe—another, hark ye,'  
Ra-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra-rap;  
Split the ruddy sheddings sparky,  
Ra-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra-rap;  
Strikes the quick and lifted ham-  
mer  
On the anvil bright and worn;  
While amid the midnight there,  
Beyond the noisy streaming glare,  
With a yellow misty glamour,  
Looks the moon upon the corn.

"On the hill-road moving nigher,  
Hurries something dimly shooting,  
Glances from two eyes of fire:  
'Haste, O haste!' they're working  
steady;  
Cries the blacksmith, 'now they're  
ready.'  
Pats the pawing horses, testing  
On the ground their iron footing;  
Helps the lady, lightly-resting  
On his black arm up the carriage;  
Takes the gold with doubt and won-  
der—  
And as o'er the stones and gorses  
Tramp the hot pursuing horses,  
Cries with voice of jolly thunder—  
'Trust me, *they* won't stop the mar-  
riage!'

"Scarce a minute's past away  
When, oh, magic scene! the vil-  
lage  
Lies asleep all hushed and gray:  
But hark! who throng again the  
street  
With roaring voices, brows of  
heat?  
Come they here the town to pil-  
lage?  
No. Across the road, o'erthrown,  
Carriage creaks and horses moan;  
'Blacksmith, ho!' the travellers  
cry—  
Not a taper cheers the eye;  
While a-top a distant hill  
Flushed with dawn-light's silent  
warning,  
Speed the lovers toward the morning  
With a rapid right good will;  
While behind that father fretting,  
The pale night-sick moon is setting."

Surely there is plenty of fire here. We had written this remark  
before adverting to the circumstance that the poem is called "The

Forge"—a subject in which "plenty of fire" is not out of place. All the changes of the scene are put before us very vividly and really. Any one who has watched the work of a smithy will feel the intensity of that expression "In the red dot the irons dive." You can hear the husky cough of the blacksmith and the soft purring of the forge bellows, and then presently the pursuing carriage with its night-lamps:—

"On the hill-road, moving nigher,  
Hurries something, dimly shooting  
Glances from two eyes of fire."

How thoroughly well rhymed, too, the piece is, with a good deal of originality in the metre, yet nothing forced, save the rhyme which pairs with "minutes;" and the diction, also, is very good and pure except one or two affected turns somewhat "rusty murk," as far as we understand that expression, which is one of them.

A small clique of students with literary proclivities, seeing "T. I." appended to the foregoing poem at its first publication, and not knowing who "T. I." might be, determined to keep a sharp look-out for those initials, and saw them next marking out for notice "An Artist's Song," which (by an accident which sometimes happens) appeared simultaneously in the *University Magazine* and *The Nation*—an artist's song, indeed, a very artistic piece of work, tinged with a refined transcendental Bohemianism, and full of the true Berangeresque spirit, quaintly pathetic and very musical. Having an antipathy to Béranger himself, though not quite so violent a one as Louis Veuillot justifies so powerfully and so humorously in sundry passages of his delightful "Ca et Là," we shall pass over these dainty lyrics in which the Irish poet echoes the Frenchman—never, indeed, with even the faintest allusion to those topics which make too many of Béranger's gay chansons unreadable. Here is one sample of this phase of Thomas Irwin's poetry. It is "the Poor Poet to his Verses:"—

"Come to my fireside. Sing to me to-night,  
Poor Verses, echoes of my vanished years;  
Though all unknown to fame and fortune's light,  
My heart still guards you with its smiles and tears.  
Old Memories, though in jarring music sung,  
And rough to other ears, still sweet to mine,  
Your voice recalls the days when I was young,  
And morning makes the dullest things divine.  
Sing, Verses, sing! the night is dark and cold;  
Sing, though your voices gain but little gold.

"Rise, Scenes of Banquet, flashing far and wide,  
Your chambers silvered from the fountain's rain!  
Pace proudly forward, Prince and beaming bride,  
And let the minstrels sound their richest strain!—  
Alas, that feast so fragrant and so prime,  
With meats and wines was coloured hue on hue,  
When one good dinner in the Lenten time  
Made me plethoric for a day or two:  
Sing by my fireside, as in days of old,  
Poor singing children gain but little gold.



"Come, Fairy fancies, breathing of the moon,  
Dance, little Elves, through your enchanted bowers !  
In some dim garret rose the airy tune  
That timed your tiny footsteps o'er the flowers.  
Soar, daring songs of Liberty and Right,  
Let tyrants tremble !—but awhile be still,  
For in the landlady's sour face to-night  
The rent seemed scrawled as blank as in her bill—  
Sing by my ear—but be not loud or bold—  
Poor singing children gain but little gold.

"Rise, Strains of Passion, from the twilight land,  
Where lovers pace along the glimmering stream,  
And whisper low, and press the parting hand,  
And homeward wander in a happy dream.  
Ah ! where is she who woke my earliest lay,  
Whose fearless faith was mine, for woe or weal ?  
Along the noisy streets but yesterday  
Her carriage splashed me o'er from head to heel :  
Sing, Verses, by my hearth—*that* tale is old,  
Poor singing children gain but little gold.

"Dear lonely offspring of a lonely heart,  
No rich saloon resounds with your acclaim ;  
No eager student wafts you from the mart,  
Or critic stings you with an epigram ;  
Beside me rest concealed from stranger minds,  
Content if some old comrade, loved and known,  
Lists to your lay by evening light and finds  
Within your soul some tremblings of his own.  
Sing, Little Ones, and round me closer fold,  
Such singing children gain but little gold.

"Yes, we have wandered heart by heart, unseen,  
Round foreign shores, and through the ocean's blast,  
Far from the memoried Isle whose fields of green  
Sleep in the spectral stillness of the past :  
Oft, oft, when far away I've looked through tears  
Into the dying light that o'er them shone ;  
Where all I loved amid the happier years,  
Where all save you who sing of them are gone.  
Sing, Memories, sing—the heart that can behold  
Heaven in the sunset little heeds its gold."

These specimens of Mr. Irwin's poetic style (or styles, for he has several) and the specimens still to be given, are taken from his first little book of "Versicles," as the later volume of "Poems" (published by M'Glashan and Gill in 1866) is more readily procurable than its predecessor by those who may desire to extend their acquaintance with a thoroughly poetic nature. Indeed, we are not sure that as true and favourable an estimate of the poet might not be formed from the earlier and smaller tome. There is no immaturity of conception or execution in the pieces which must have been composed when he was a very young man. But no poet, and certainly not Gresset himself, is

"Persuadé que l'harmonie  
Ne verse ses heureux présents  
Que sur le matin de la vie,  
Et que sans un peu de folie  
On ne rime plus à trente ans."

Not even at twice thirty do poets consider themselves superannuated. Yet who knows whether Keats' place among the poets would have been such as it is, if he had not felt the daisies growing over him so early?

We have not named Endymion at random, but because our Irish poet has been influenced by him much more than we could desire. On this influence we may lay part of the blame of what too many will seem matter for praise rather than blame—Mr. Irwin's poetical daintiness of diction and his devotion to "la gracieuse théologie de la Grèce," as M. Villemain calls the Grecian mythology. There is quite too much paganism in the human heart; and especially in too many poets like Goethe, even their most virulent admirers acknowledge, with M. Gustave Planché, "un fonds de paganisme invincible." In the amiable, poetical form which this paganisme takes in the poems of John Keats, he is followed by Thomas Irwin who, too often for our taste, has echoed *Les Vœux Steriles* of Alfred de Musset:—

"Grèce, ô mère des arts! terre d'idolâtrie!  
De mes vœux insensés éternelle patrie!  
J'étais né pour ce temps où les fleurs de ton front  
Couronnaient dans les mers l'azur de l'Hellespont."

To the same warm seas and Grecian vales of the old classic days Thomas Irwin flees for his inspiration. Some of his most delicious music chants the vagaries of nymphs and satyrs, always, however, as innocently as if they were Irish fairies or like his shepherd maiden whose "happy blood rosies her face in a soft, modest mist." His longest poem is "Orpheus," and his stateliest the "Death of Hercules." From this portion of his work many a melodious line and bright fancy might be culled. But those old Greek themes have little life for us. "Pan is dead." Mrs. Browning says so, and she is a good authority; for if ever woman was, with regard to Greek, free from the prejudice of ignorance, it was Elizabeth Barret Browning:—

"Earth outgrows the mythic fancies  
Sung beside her in her youth,  
And those debonair romances  
Sound but dull beside the truth.  
Phœbus' chariot-course is run:  
Look up, poets, to the sun!  
Pan, Pan is dead."

In these days when blasphemies more horrible than Voltaire's worst are not only tolerated but paraded in literature, one feels disposed to be almost grateful to this great poet (not merely poetess) for marking so emphatically the epoch of Pan's death.

"'Twas the hour when One in Sion  
Hung for love's sake on a cross;  
When his brow was chill with dying,  
And his soul was faint with loss;  
When his priestly blood dropped downward,  
And his kingly eyes looked throneward—  
Then, Pan was dead."

Now, that dead Pan and those vain false gods of Hellas figure too prominently in Mr. Irwin's poetry, and "those debonair romances sound but dull beside the truth." The truest things of time and eternity are the highest themes for poetry. To such high themes—the fittest for poet's use if the world were fit to listen—this troubadour does not aspire, he hardly seems to look towards them. He shows no deep convictions and little earnest concern about any thing very important for this world or the next. Coming in contact with vehement politicians (many of his pieces appeared in *The Nation*, and his best Mæcenas at one time was the senior member for Louth) there is not a trace of contemporary politics or politics of any kind in his writings. The same hankering for the unreal, the unseen, the far-off, that draws him, as we have said, to Greece in the past, draws him to Italy in the present. He is more at home with "the gay grasshopper panting in the sultry grass," than with the commonplace streets around him, with their alternations of mud and of "dust, mud's thirsty brother"—the last phrase not being Irwin's, but from Robert Browning's last "transcription" of Eschylus. The sunny, the antique, the weird, the quaint, has power over him—anything that takes him away from the slush and sleet of winter, from the dust and glare of summer, from bills and debts and "that eternal want of pence that vexeth public men," especially if they deal in verses. The very first poem with which he leads off in his first volume is "An Italian Holiday," full of the rich glow that fancy, at least, associates with that fair land which Devin Reilly described thus in the opening paragraph of a fierce political article in John Mitchel's famous *United Irishman*, called "The Lombard Lesson," which deserves the epithets that Moore gives to Dr. Drennan's beautiful but rebellious song: "Lying under the snow-white Alps, like an emerald under a virgin's zone, is the plain of Lombardy. Green verdure covers it, as a garment; and through it are woven, in chords of silver, fairy lakes and fairy streams. Elms walk over it, linked arm-in-arm with the festooned vines. And over all is the sky of Italy, serener and more thoughtful, of a deeper and more illimitable blue—and that historic dream of past greatness which keeps Italy eternal." Yet even amid the attractions of his Italian holiday, our poet yearns towards an island in the north—from the Apennines he flies back to the Mourne mountains. As the prose partition is now thick enough between our two layers of verse, let us quote this part of the poem:—

"Ah, well! as we turn from the lattice with eyes by the glory made blind,  
A dream through our memory floating comes soft as the ocean-cool'd wind:  
A vision of temperate beauty far off, but for ever anigh,  
Like spring on the skirts of the summer, is shaped on yon northern sky.  
Rise, Realm of the heart and the fancy, old land of the emerald lea!  
Where the blue peaks of Wicklow are gleaming through soft rainy lights o'er the  
sea:

Where drowse the dim Glendalough ruins 'mid legends that live in their gray,  
As fresh as the many-leaved ivy that curtains their walls from decay;  
Where the rich palace spires of Killarney bend over the arbutus brakes,  
And mirror their purples at sunset, along the sweet dreamland of lakes;  
Or northward, where sunbeam and shadow roll over strong Carlingford's crest,  
The gray monarch shrines from the ocean one water of beauty and rest.

Sweet Bay, where we've wandered in autumn, by leafy old roads in the noon,  
 Or under the woods of Rostrevor sailed silently on with the moon;  
 While the fisherman paused in his rowing, and pointed beneath, as he told  
 Of the proud city merged in the waters all scattered with armour and gold.  
 There oft have we seen from the casement, when days of old festival came,  
 The bonfires in midsummer twilight drape Mourne's gray bastions in flame;  
 Oft watched as the dusk windy evenings fell blankly along the low bar,  
 The forms of the dim stormy shipping rock under some tempest-eyed star;  
 While thunder-mists curled on the headland, and luridly hung o'er the plain,  
 As the long-gathered heat of the inland swept seaward in lightning and rain."

This craving of the poetic heart, on which we have animadverted for places and persons with the glamour and azure hue of distance and enchantment upon them, makes our poet at home with Shakspeare and the age of Anne. Indeed, to read down the titles of his poems in the table of contents would be almost enough to justify one in saying, "This is a poet." For instance, "Shakspeare's Drinking Bowl," an ingenious, original, and eloquent homily beyond a doubt with no better text than this clause from Shakspeare's will, "I give and bequeath to my daughter Judith my broad gilt silver bowl." Some Elia in the twenty-first century will disinter this sculpturesque poem with delight:—

"Oh! for the broad gilt silver bowl  
 That oft to Shakspeare's lip was lifted,  
 Brimm'd with sack or jovial wine,  
 That cast across his spacious soul  
 A ruby sunset, whence there drifted  
 Rarest thought and wit divine!"

Then rare Ben, and witch-like Webster, and sententious Selden and Beaumont, and Herrick, and Fletcher, and Raleigh, are touched off in a few artistic stanzas as probable *convives*.

"Never yet, since bold and bright,  
 The Wine God with Bacchantes feasted  
 In the grape-woods of sweet fable,  
 Shone a cup amid such might  
 Of mirth, and laughter jovial-chested,  
 As the cup of Shakspeare's table."

And, when the bowl has been industriously plied for some time, mark what an appropriate system of arithmetic is employed to calculate the result:—

"When the wine had flushed their blood,\*  
 Autumn scarce could count on grapes  
 Half the wondrous wit that crown'd them,  
 Or great Winter's cloud and flood  
 Image the fantastic shapes  
 Powerful fancy raised around them."

\* The printer has put "flushed their brows;" but the tyrant Rhyme rules otherwise.

Let us give just one stanza more out of fourteen, suppressing even the answer to this question :—

“ Shall yet again our star be given  
 One, dearest Shakspeare, like to thee,  
 With heart of love, and brain of power ;  
 Bright wandering troubadour of heaven,  
 Sweet minstrel of humanity,  
 With music for the poorest bower ?”

Irwin's love for the most marvellous of all poets betrays itself incidentally in “The Old Friend.” This old friend is the poet's cloak, which, amongst other adventures, once became “poverty's hostage” at a pawn-office; but that was in the genial summertime when a cloak was *de trop*.

“ Many bright days you pined, but when clouds white with cold  
 Rose over the city, I marched to the den  
 Where you lay ; and you well may remember I sold  
 Three precious old volumes, to ransom you then.  
 Three comrades were lost, though I still, it is true,  
 Saved Shakspeare to read, when enfolded by you.

“ Ah ! dear old companion, no more must we part,  
 For, should poverty pinch, even Shakspeare must go.”

Aye, even Shakspeare ; and that is for the poor poet the forlornest depth of destitution.

Our oases of quotation follow one another so closely as almost to turn the wilderness of criticism into a garden—like that Yankee who, riding on the highway, passed the milestones so quickly that he thought he was riding through a graveyard. However, as we desire to introduce Mr. Irwin fairly to such readers as have neither of his volumes in their hands, we must still crave permission to cite one or two passages that are very characteristic of his genius—a word that we are not afraid to apply to him.

But let us relieve the monotony by a paragraph of fault-finding. A critic must needs find out faults. His motto is that which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of his worst villain, Iago : “I am nothing if not critical.” What we have already said anent Mr. Irwin's predilection for quaint, dreamy, ethereal themes, was not said by way of complaint, but as furnishing data for mapping out his place among the stars. But we complain that he has sometimes imitated Keats when Keats himself was spoiled by Leigh Hunt. His poetic diction is not always pure, limpid, natural. He uses new words, and he uses old words in very new ways, making nouns do duty for verbs, and so forth. Some of his compound epithets are very good, but they are often too daring, and there are too many of them. Then he is sometimes affectedly obscure, like another of his favourites, Tennyson. Tennyson's “Sisters” and Irwin's “Sir Rollo's Death” are almost as puzzling as Foote's story about the bear that went into the barber's shop to be shaved. “‘Humph !’ says the bear, ‘no soap here !’—so *he* died, and *she* married the barber.” Who the different people are in all three cases, and what they do, the present deponent wotteth not.

but it is all very weird, and quaint, and musical, and, "if not, at least 'tis"—poetry.

But we give up in despair. We had hoped to say our say about Thomas Irwin's poetry this month and to return to the subject more. As some, however, who read this paper have not had and never have any more of this Irish poet than what we are gratified to give to them, and as we have said strong things which our poems, not yet referred to, seem needed to justify more fully, we entreat the gentle reader—the present reader of taste who has persevered to the end, not the poor creature that broke down in the middle of the third page—to dismiss us for the present with a smile, saying more sincerely than the Athenians said to St. Paul: "We will hear thee again concerning this matter."

## NEW BOOKS.

I. *The Lectures of a Certain Professor.* By the Rev. JOSEPH FARREN (London: Macmillan & Co. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1877).  
We know not in what context the lines occur originally:—

"You say that you wished to dissemble your love,  
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

A very reasonable question in sooth, which we probably quote incorrectly, and which we only quote as an emphatic way of expressing our purpose not to "dissemble our love" for this exquisite book so far as to ignore it altogether. The peculiar relations in which the Magazine happily stands towards this book and its author must prevent us from at least announcing that it has just been brought excellently by one of the two or three foremost London firms which are very honourably jealous of the prestige that their very name on the title-page carries with it. There has not yet been time for any of the organs of criticism to pronounce judgment on this new candidate for public favour. The Irish press has long ago decided on the remarkably high degree of literary merit which these "Lectures" possess. *The Nation* has spoken of them as "charming essays, full of delicate humour, valuable for the keen introspection they display, and for the useful truths which they bring out in the quietest and pleasantest manner imaginable." Another reviewer says that "Montaigne might have written them in his better moods;" and a third, with an alliteration which would be very trying to Cockney organs of speech, declares that "the Certain Professor waxes rather than wanes in

“vigour, vivacity, and verve.” The *Freeman's Journal*, and, to go outside the press of Ireland, the *Dublin Review*, the *Tablet*, the *Weekly Register*, &c. &c., have paid many cordial tributes to the thoughtful and genial eloquence which has made so many readers look out eagerly for each fresh contribution from a writer who will henceforth be known by his own name. For that name a place in literature is now secured.

“What I want,” said Mr. Gradgrind, “is facts.” The “Lectures of Certain Professor” may not be very popular in the Gradgrind family. Not many facts from history or science are put crudely forward, though the essence of much reading of all kinds pervades and saturates these pages. But “not by bread alone doth man live;” and there are many facts not involving statistics and numerals and dates and proper names; and there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in Mr. Gradgrind's philosophy. Of these other things the Certain Professor discourses ingeniously, shrewdly, sympathetically; and, as one glides pleasantly onward, many a useful lesson is driven home, many a kindly and holy feeling is excited, and many a germ of thought is sown in the mind that may hereafter spring up and bear good fruit in due season.

We have expressed only a very little of what we feel about this book; but this may be for the present enough to commend to the people and priests of Ireland this compact and elegant edition of a series of essays which have already delighted thousands, and are destined, as the years go on, to delight and edify their tens of thousands.

II. *The Battle of Connemara*. By KATHLEEN O'MEARA, Author of “The Life of Frederick Ozanam,” “A Daughter of St. Dominic,” “Iza's Story,” Life of Thomas Grant, first Bishop of Southwark,” &c. &c. (London: R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row. 1878.)

YET another tale from one of the most graceful as well as the most diligent pens at present enlisted in the service of the insatiable reading public. This time Antaeus touches his native earth and gains new vigour therefrom. We are not aware that Miss O'Meara, in spite of her very Irish name—and, as some of her readers are in doubt as to which of her names is the real name, we may state plainly that “Grace Ramsay” was only a pseudonym—we think this is the first time that she has laid the scene of any of her stories in her native country of Ireland; and even the “Battle of Connemara” shifts after a time from the neighbourhood of the Twelve Pins to the more familiar streets of Paris. It is a charming story charmingly told, with (for its space) quite a wonderful amount of well managed incident and well defined character. Some touches seem to us, however, very unreal in the midst of so much that is life-like. The conversation of the peasants is generally very good. An Irishwoman should know better than fall into a bit of false brogue, of which English writers are often guilty. Our good people do not call for the “*praste*.” The diphthongs *ie* and *ee* are never thus confounded with *ea*. An old peasant, in making the statement “I feel very *weak* this *week*,” will pronounce only the first of these words like *break*.

But the way that *Punch* pronounces *priest* in coining Irish *bé* betrays their cockney origin.

Miss O'Meara does justice both to the English convert clergymen Mr. Ringwood, and to Father Fallon, the Irish country priest. Mr. and Molly Torry, secondary characters, are among the best in the book. The bits of description which are very sparingly introduced are well done. By the way, what is "the battle of Connemara?" We had expected something about the ghastly struggles of Souperism but there is not a word. The struggle in Lady Margaret's soul does not answer to this title. Mr. Ringwood's doctrine about a final offer of grace is put too harshly. There is no limit of grace till life is over *dum spiro, spero*.

We have found as many faults as we could; but we intend this as a proof of our warm appreciation of the merits of Miss Kathleen O'Meara's latest addition to the already long catalogue of her works.

### III. *Life of St. Willibrord, Archbishop of Utrecht and Apostle of Holland*. (London: Burns and Oates. 1877.)

THIS is the life of a Saxon saint who, during fifty years of missionary labour, preached the Christian faith, baptized whole tribes of converts, built churches and established monasteries among the fierce northern race that inhabited the lands between the Maes, the Moselle, and the Rhine. The gracefully written narrative was finished thirty-three years ago, and intended to form one of the series of "Lives of English Saints," edited by Dr. Newman before his conversion. It is published now for the first time, along with a life of St. Lioba, who ought not to have been ignored on the title-page. She was a kind woman of St. Boniface, and with other nuns aided him in his labours in Germany. It is remarked in the appendix that the tone

\* Miss O'Meara's tale is laid amongst the very people whom the author of "Queen of Connaught" has slandered. This writer thus blesses, while intending to curse, the Connaught Celts. We give the worst of her letter to the *Daily Telegraph* to add force to the praise which the virtues of the Irish peasant extort from the bitter enemy who can accuse them of ingratitude. They are only too grateful to very slight provocation:—

"He is staunch to his kinsmen and his people, but he hates the 'stranger'; he is unclean in his habits and degraded in his superstitions; he can remember injuries, but he is without gratitude; he is passionate, without courage; and he is excitable, without stability. His spirit is tender, but his heart is hard; and, to crown all, he is utterly at the mercy of the priest. There is nothing, in short, to distinguish him from his Celtic brother in the Western Hebrides of Scotland, except that he is habitually untruthful, and that he still clings to a faith which the other deems morally extinct. This is the dark side of the picture; there is a light side, too. The Irish Celt loves the scenes where he was born, and the roof which shelters him from birth. He is a dutiful son, a faithful husband, a kind father; though his person is unclean, his affections are pure, and he is without bestial vices; he is patient in suffering, unwavering in trust, where his trust is given; he tills a few sad acres for bare life, and wears a few poor rags for bare warmth; but, so long as he is undisturbed, he is uncomplaining; and, above all, he softens the hard heaven of his lot with the dews of a simple faith in heaven. No greeting, however casual, is complete without its thanks and benediction. 'A fine day, thank God,' is the simple formula, spoken as a matter of course; and even in a drenching shower, we have heard the words, 'A fine, fresh day, thank God,' come from the lips of a passing peasant-woman soaked to the skin."



"somewhat overwrought in the descriptions of conventual life, of which the writer was at the time practically ignorant." This ignorance and unreality form part of the interest in those Anglican Lives. Picturesque descriptions of scenery are seldom written by natives of the place, but rather by strangers hurrying past. Sir Francis Head spun two lively but rather flippant volumes out of "A Fortnight in Ireland." What might not Mr. Gladstone do after his month amongst us?

IV. *Holy Childhood: a Book of Simple Prayers and Instructions for Little Children.* By ROSA MULHOLLAND. (Charles Eason: Middle Abbey-street, Dublin.)

UNDER the well-deserved title of "A Real Children's Prayerbook" we addressed a few words of cordial welcome to "Holy Childhood" at the time of its first appearance. The publication of a new sixpenny edition of it, with some improvements and additions, furnishes us with an excuse for bringing it anew under the notice of our readers. One of the most attractive of these additions is the simple insertion of the author's name on the title-page, which also most properly omits the "very" that originally qualified the "little children." The book will be useful and agreeable even for some who would hardly be called and who would certainly not call themselves little children. A casual glance at its pages might not lead one to suspect that it was anything more than an ordinary compilation of devotions for the young. But it is very much more. It is an original composition, involving the exercise of more taste, thought, and true literary skill than many an important work for maturer readers. Goldsmith said that if Dr. Johnson took to writing fables, he would make the little fishes talk like whales. The author of "Holy Childhood" commits no such mistake; and we might be very sure she would not, when we remember that she is the author also of "Five Little Farmers," of "Puck and Blossom," and of "The Little Flower Seekers." She does not make the little children pray like big people. Besides prayers exquisitely simple and touchingly appropriated to all the wants and feelings of her young readers, she has most useful, pleasant, and practical instructions about Prayer, about Confession, about the Holy Mass, &c., together with a dozen of the completest and most forcible homilies that could possibly be written for children on the faults to which they are most liable—passion, telling lies, greediness, envy and jealousy, pride, disobedience, laziness, cruelty, &c. The literary skill displayed in these chapters is very great, as is also the knowledge of child-nature which dictates such wise advice and such effective ways of driving it home to the young folks concerned. Even "children of a larger growth" will relish these Lilliput Lectures on spiritual subjects; and there are none of us who might not be helped to hear Mass better and to say our beads better by reading all that is said here about the Holy Mass and the mysteries of the Rosary. We wish we could brighten our pages with some of the brand-new hymns that are scattered up and down the tiny tome—such as "the Shining City," or else the melodious opiate provided for the "child who cannot sleep at night," or the hymn "To my Angel," which begins:—

"Beside my little bed at night,  
Close there sits an angel bright;  
Softly in my ear he sings,  
Round me folds his downy wings.  
O angel dear,  
I have no fear,  
I know so well that thou art near."

The publisher has done full justice to the book, bringing in the most effective style for its special purposes. If any child up his or her nose at a sixpenny book, especially at this Christmas season, of course gilding and nicer binding may, if they double the cost for them (or their mammas). Catholic mothers, convents and all who are interested in children will perform an act of piety very agreeable to the Divine Child whom Christmas is worshipped, if they promote the holiness of childhood by using this boon conferred on Christ's little ones by the lady who has accomplished so much for them in other ways.

V. *A Popular Life of our Holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth, collected from the most reliable Authorities.* By the Rev. RICHARD BRENNAN, A.M., Pastor of St. Rose's Church, New York. Sixth Edition. (New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers; Dublin: M. M. Gill & Son.)

THE five editions of this work which have already been put into circulation have been taken, we suppose, by the American public, and it is hardly known as yet on this side of the Atlantic. We know of no books better suited for colportage among our Catholic people in Ireland, if the system of book-hawking were in use among us. Within and without, it is an attractive book, and well deserves the name of a "Popular Life of Pius the Ninth," though we fear the luxurious printing and the lavish ornamentation and illustration must swell the cost considerably. There are admirably engraved portraits of His Holiness in many different circumstances, portraits of five of his predecessors, of Cardinal M'Closkey, and many others (amongst which we are surprised not to find our Irish and our English Cardinals) with large and well executed pictures of interesting places, such as Loretto, the interior of St. Peter's, the Vatican Council in Session, &c. &c. Father Brennan has done his part of the work most satisfactorily. He disclaims all pretensions to the credit of producing anything like a learned History of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth. He has merely "attempted to make this venerable Father better known to his children, to make them familiar with the glories and trials, triumphs and humiliations, of one of the greatest Popes, to place before them the picture of his life, adorned as it has been, and still is, thank God, with the fairest virtues that have ever graced the soul of an occupant of Peter's Chair."

VI. *Industry and Laziness. A Tale.* By FRANZ HOZMAN. Translated from the German by JAMES KING. (London: R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster-row. 1878.)

"'You speak like a book, Jack,' replied John derisively." And there is no doubt that John, however wrong on other points, was

perfectly right in this. Jack Bridewell, who holds a brief for Industry, is occasionally a little stilted and unlike real life, and a little too prone to talk blank verse in the bosom of his family. But it is a useful story, and on the whole so well told that we wonder it is not better. Is it Franz Hozman or his translator that has made the events take place in Sheffield, London, and Dover? Any book that tries to save boys and young men from copying the example of John Collins deserves to be encouraged, especially when it is so very readably written and printed as the present Tale, which, perhaps, carries its heart on its sleeve and parades its moral on its title-page somewhat too openly.

# VI. *Songs of a Life.* By CHARLES P. O'CONNOR.\*

WE have merely set down the title of this work at present, for the purpose of calling attention to a forthcoming volume by the same "Irish peasant-poet," to give him the name in which he glories. The prospectus of the new volume gives certainly a very remarkable chain of testimonies to the merit of its predecessor, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Examiner*, and a number of less able journals, but still more from distinguished persons to whom this self-educated working-man submitted his literary handicraft. The expressions quoted from their letters, prove, indeed, the kindness and cordiality of the writers; but nothing but sterling worth in the poems themselves could account for such a conspiracy of generous words of praise and encouragement, from persons like Matthew Arnold and Algernon Swinburne, Lord Lytton and Sir Gavan Duffy, Professor Blackie and Professor Dowden (poets both), Jean Ingelow and Lady Wilde, Tom Taylor, Editor of *Punch*, and Edward Kenealey, Editor of *The Englishman*, the brothers Rossetti and the brothers Sullivan, and, besides many others, a man who can be paired with no one else—Dr. Newman. We must, as we have said, let the character of Mr. Charles O'Connor, as a poet of the Robert Bloomfield, if not the Robert Burns stamp, rest for the present on this external authority.

# VII. *Mary Immaculate, Mother of God; or, Devotions in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary.* By the Rev. T. H. KINANE, Adm., Thurles, Author of the "Dove of the Tabernacle," and of the "Angel of the Altar," with a Preface by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper Sackville-street. 1877.)

THE story goes that a certain writer of bad books became a fervent convert, and, on his death-bed, was grieving over all the evil that his books had done and would go on doing; but the pride of authorship was so strong in death that, when his confessor tried to comfort him with the assurance that his books would do no harm because they would not be read, the dying man took the suggestion exceedingly ill. Similar consolation can never be offered to Father Kinane, if he ever,

\* As Mr. O'Connor's book is to be published by subscription, it may serve the object if we mention the author's address—Heath Cottage, 6 Atlas-street, Greenwich, London, S. W.

by any possibility, could come to regret the publication of this book, and the two which preceded it. They have been read, and will be read by very many. The success of the present work is furthermore guaranteed by the warm praises bestowed on it by a great many Irish bishops, to whom it was submitted beforehand by the pious and zealous priest who, amidst the constant labours entailed by the active administration of a large cathedral parish, finds time for writing and publishing three such books as the "Dove of the Tabernacle," the "Angel of the Altar," and now, "Mary Immaculate, Mother of God." The toil of composing the book is only a small part of the labour, time, and anxiety, involved in the issue of such books, especially when intended for the people of Ireland. The type employed, and the other details, are the best that could be selected for a work designed for wide and popular use. Though it is a book for "all the year round," the date chosen for its first appearance is specially appropriate, placing it beneath the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, under that title, from which it takes its name, and which is honoured on the eighth of this month.

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### CECILIA CADDELL.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

IT is fitting that the pages of this magazine should contain some record, however slight, of one who took so practical an interest in its fortunes as was shown to the last by the lady whose name we have but just now, two months after her death, erased from some printed lists of our contributors. Even if her name had never appeared in those lists; even if, after all her previous literary labours, with her numerous social engagements and occupations of zeal and charity and her constant exercises of piety, with her habitual ill health and with the close of her life (as it proved) so near at hand, Miss Caddell had ignored, as under such circumstances she might have been expected to ignore, the modest new candidate for the favour of the Catholic public: even in this supposition those previous labours of hers in the field of Catholic literature would have established her claim not to be allowed to pass away without remembrance. She did not, however, thus hold aloof from our enterprise, but engaged in it with all the eagerness of a literary novice who has still before her the exquisite luxury of correcting her first proof-sheet. Her first appearance in our pages occurs about midway through our second volume, where she describes "the Festival of the Banners at Lourdes in 1872." In our third volume her biographical sketch of Madame de Saisseval runs through five numbers. Still more numerous are her contributions to our fourth volume (1876), in which her little fiction of "The Dark Pond of Chateaulandrin" is followed by the truer and more interesting

story of the "Early Life of Madame Barat," the holy Fountress of the Sacré Cœur Nuns; while her last paper describes a visit that she paid to "Aix and the Falls of Grézy." She had no notion—writers seldom have such a notion—that those picturesque pages were the last of her writings that would ever appear in print.

Cecilia Caddell was the second daughter of Richard O'Ferrall Caddell of Harboursston (near Balbriggan) in the county Meath. Her mother was the Hon. Pauline, sister of the late Viscount Southwell. She was thus related to the Gormanston family, and herself a member of an old Catholic family which, while clinging to the old faith, has had the knack of clinging also to the old homestead and the old family estates. How this was managed in the troubled times in Ireland it is very hard to understand. A glance at the county history has shown us King Edward, in 1295, calling on William Caddell of Harboursston to furnish troops for the Scottish war. When Sir Phelim O'Neill and the Ulster "rebels" were unsuccessful in 1642, among the consequent outlawries we notice Richard Caddell of Harboursston. Almost at the same date Robert Caddell was sheriff of Drogheda in 1637, and the same Christian name and surname—borne by the present head of the family—figure earlier in the year 1413.

The social position to which Miss Caddell was born is alluded to thus far for the purpose only of enhancing the merit of that industry which she displayed, and for which most people need the stimulus of a wholesome necessity.

We have not sought for any details about the slight vicissitudes of her life. Of many much more distinguished careers this summary has been given:—

"That they were born, it cannot be denied;  
They ate, drank, slept, wrote deathless works, and died."

Her works, which, whether deathless or not, have not died with her, are nearly all devoted to the illustration of Irish history and of the Catholic faith by means of fiction. The longest of these are "Wild Times," and "Nellie Netterville: a Tale of the Times of Cromwell;" but she is better known by her shorter and simpler tales, "Blind Agnes; or, the Little Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament," and "Little Snowdrop." Of the former the Messrs. Duffy published a fifth edition in 1873. It has been translated into French and Italian. The names of other stories written by Miss Caddell are "Lost Genevieve; or, the Child of an Especial Providence," "Never Forgotten," "Tales of the Festivals," and "The Miner's Daughter." She also wrote a popular "History of the Missions in Japan and Paraguay," "Summer Talk about Lourdes," "Three Days' Preparation for Holy Communion," "The Virgin Mother and the Child Divine," "Sœur Marie," and some, probably, which have escaped our search. Her name or her initials (C. M. C.) will be found pretty frequently in the earlier volumes of the *Lamp* and the *Month*; and one at least of the historical novels which we have named made its first appearance in the large American magazine, the *Catholic World*.

This literary activity was only one of the means which Miss Caddell employed for solving satisfactorily that problem which many

ladies find so difficult—namely, how to get something to do, how to spend their time usefully, how to enjoy a more intellectual pleasure than the promenade concert or the skating rink, and in general, how to demean themselves, especially in their leisure hours, a little more like to rational animals—for, after all, ladies also are rational animals—more like to beings with immortal souls than is, perhaps, in the generation, the wont of the average daughter of Eve in the middle and upper classes.

The mortuary card which lies before me bears on one side the words: "Of your charity, pray for the soul of Cecilia Caddell, who, after many years of suffering, died at Kingstown,\* fortified by the Holy Sacraments of the Church, September 11th, 1877, in the sixteenth year of her age." On the other side, under a diminutive photograph of our Lord pointing to his Heart, and saying: "Behold the Heart so loving and so little loved," are grouped two or three sacred texts which have been culled for their special significance. "She hath not eaten her bread idle," though, as we have seen, her circumstances might be thought to have doomed her to that. "They will instruct many unto justice, as stars for all eternity;" and she has done so in other ways beside her books, which all have their lesson to teach—under such a story-like name, for instance, as the "Miners Daughter," interweaving solid instruction about the holy sacrifice of the Mass. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy." Her life was devoted to works of mercy. The priests of her neighbourhood and in many other places can conjecture how large a proportion of her means was expended in judicious and unostentatious charities; she supported many destitute children in various orphanages; and she provided that the worldly substance, of which God had entrusted to her the stewardship, should after her death continue her good works in the service of charity and religion. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." One of her books which we overlooked in our enumeration of them is, "Flowers and Fruits: or, the Use of Tears." She had herself experience of suffering. Her health had broken down utterly for twenty years before her death, chiefly through her devoted attendance on her parents during the years of sickness which preceded their departure—not far removed from one another, for her father died on the 3rd of January, 1856, and her mother four months after, on the 5th of May. Her own subsequent years were one long illness—a circumstance which adds immensely to the merit of the active and cheerful life that she forced herself to lead. So it was to the last. She was sustained in death, as she had been sustained in life, by her profound devotion to that Sacrament which is our viaticum not merely at the journey's end, but all through our journey; and the prayer she had once prayed was granted:—

"Jesus, when my hour is nigh,  
Let me rest, thy arms within—  
Thus to die is not to die,  
But to quit a world of sin."

\* She was buried on the 18th of September in the family vault in Stamullen churchyard, near her ancestral home.

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